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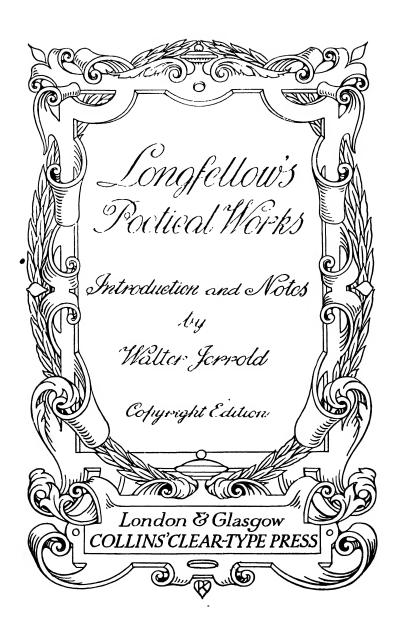
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HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW



BIOGRAPHICAL INTRODUCTION.

ALTHOUGH a knowledge of the lifestory of a poet is rarely essential to the full understanding of his poetry, there are several reasons which might be rendered showing why it is well to have a collection of his works prefaced by a biographical sketch; but the reasons which make all others supererogatory are, that we all like to know what manner of man he was who penned the pieces which entertain, instruct, or elevate us; and it is convenient to have such brief presentation of a man's biography prefacing ka volume comprehending the main result of his life's labours.

In the character of Longfellow there is nothing to shock any preconceived ideas of what the life and character of a poet should be. He was a man loved and admired by all who came in contact with him, a poet who did not "cultivate the Muse" in retirement and aloofness, but mixed with life and saw it on all sides. He consistently refused to be troubled with things which disturb the serenity of outlook which he early conceived to be his duty to his fellows. His was one of those sunny natures which take no soilure from unfit surroundings; he insisted, in Hood's beautiful phrase, upon smelling the rose above the mould—as little affected as light, which it has been said passes through pollution unpolluted. He deliberately chose a sunny outlook. His character was lofty, his life simple, and in his work we find a rare blending of lossiness and simplicity—simplicity such as has led some hasty folks to condemn him out of hand in colloquial criticism as no poet. Proper consideration of his work shows him a poet no less surely

than Blake, Keats, Shelley, Hood, Poe, Tennyson, or Rossetti are poets, different in kind, as those poets differ each from the others, but no less surely poet. English admirers have, perhaps, sometimes been shy of fully expressing their genuine feelings, owing to the extravagance of laudation in which some of Longfellow's own countrymen indulged; one of these, writing just twenty years ago, declared that Emerson, Lowell, Holmes, Whittier, Longfellow, and Bryant "appear to educated Americans superior severally in genius and in accomplishment to anyliving English poet save Tennyson." As though this was not emphatic enough, he added in a footnote, "this is a plain statement of an indubitable truth." It might be a truth that such appeared to be the case to "educated Americans," but we can only say "so much the worse for them!" At that time-D. G. Rossetti had died a few days before the above words were written-England could range Brown-Swinburne, George Meredith, William Morris, Christina Rossetti, and Coventry Patmore against Mr. Underwood's half dozen: and without wishing to claim too much for them "severally in genius and in accomplishment," I think that any fairminded critic, English or American, would admit them as not inferior tr the American poets named. The controversy is an idle one, and need not be pursued further. It is an aspect of the large question on which Longfellow himself once briefly commented when he wrote, "every author has the whole past to contend with; all the centuries are upon him. He is compared with Homer, Dante, Shakespeare, Milton."

In September, 1831, Longfellow married Mary Storer Potter—"lovely alike in mind and person"—daughter of the Hon. Barrett Potter of Portland.

The translation of poetic riches from other tongues, a practice which probably grew out of his work as Professor of Modern Languages, was an important part of Longfellow's development as poet, and most of his volumes contained each a small sheaf of translations. His first book - apart from educational works—published in 1833, was The Coplas of Don Jorge Manrique, with a few other translations, and an essay on the moral and devotional poetry of Spain; in the same year he also published the first portion of Outre-Mer: a Pilgrimage Beyond the Sea; the second part was issued in 1834, and the-completed work was published in two volumes in the following year. These were his first books, though he was contributing articles to the North American Review and other periodicals.

In 1835, Longfellow accepted the appointment of Smith Professor of Modern Languages and Literature at Cambridge (Mass.), with leave of absence for travel, and once more, accompanied by his wife, he set his face eastward, spending a summer in Norway and Sweden, and the autumn and winter in Holland and Germany. At Rotterdam, in November, he suffered a severe blow, when his wife was taken ill and died. He threw himselt resolutely into study, and a year later returned to a shadowed home to begin the duties of his new Chair. If ever a man was fitted for family life, and the best that is to be had of social intercourse, it was the sunny-tempered professor, who had looked forward to a happy companionship with his wife at Cambridge, but had to take up once more a life of solitude: "I like intimate footings; I do not care for general society," he had declared. It is an interesting fact that when he went to Cambridge he lodged in the house in which Washington had stayed, and which was later to become his own property. His post was by no means a sinecure, for besides the duty of lecturing, the professorship carried with it the duties of chief of the instructors. whose work he had to overlook. Gradually the work of the Chair came to irk him more and more, but he continued to hold the appointment for seventeen years, until his acknowledged position as poet made it possible for him to live upon his income from literature—a state to which he had long and eagerly looked forward: for, as his brother has put it, literature was his earliest ambition, his most real interest, his constant point of view, his constant refuge.

Apart from the duties of his professorship, from 1835 to 1852, the story of Longfellow's life resolves itself largely into a record of poems written and of volumes published, of quiet retirement at his well-loved Cambridge. within easy reach of Boston-an intellectual centre of no mean importance in the mid-part of the nineteenth century—with a few great and well suited friends as neighbours. The quiet lite agreed well with his tastes. was a great reader, and, as he himself nas put it, "the secret studies of an author are the sunken piers upon which is to rest the bridge of his fame spanning the dark waters of oblivion."

Although it was as an original poet that Longfellow was to win fame, it was as a translator and a writer of prose that he first challenged the critics with books—to say nothing of some works of an educational character which he had prepared while at Bowdoin.

In 1839 he published Hyperion, a prose romance full of beauty, charged with sentiment, and of unusual value for its very marked autobiographical character. An opening paragraph may show how intimately it was so:—

"The setting of a great hope is like the setting of the sun. The brightness of our life is gone. Shadows of evening fall around us, and the world seems but a dim reflection—itself a broader shadow. We look forward into the coming lonely night. The soul withdraws into itself. Then stars arise. and the night is holy. Paul Flemming had experienced this, though still young. The friend of his youth was The bough had broken 'under the burden of the unripe fruit,' and when, after a season, he looked up again from the blindness of his sorrow, all things seemed unreal. Like the man whose sight had been restored by miracle, he beheld men, as trees, walking. His household gods were broken. He had no home. His sympathies cried aloud from his desolate soul, and there came no answer from the busy, turbulent world around him. He did not willingly give way to grief. He struggled to be cheerful—to be strong. But he could no longer look into the familiar faces of his friends. He could no longer live alone, where he had lived with her. He went abroad, that the sea might be between Alas! between him and the grave. him and his sorrow there could be no sea, but that of time."

With but slight changes, that passage would apply to Longfellow after the death of his wife, and indeed his own thoughts and experiences enter largely into this book. The year that saw its publication saw also the issue of his first volume of poetry, Voices of the Night, comprising those verses included in

the section of his collected works so named, and also the "Earlier Poems," which immediately follow. It was a remarkable volume, when we remember that it included the Hymn to the Night, A Psalm of Life, The Reaper and the Flowers, Footsteps of Angels, and Flowers, pieces which, in a few years, were to become familiar indeed as household words wherever the language in which they are written was spoken. The poet was at once recognised as something of a new force in American literature, and British readers were not long in realising that America, in this slim book, had sent over-seas the most significant piece of poetry which it had up to then been hers to utter. Rarely, indeed, has so slight a volume added so materially to the stock of familiar poetry, though there have not been wanting critics to jeer at the vagueness and seeming contradictions of the most widely celebrated of the pieces named. Two years later came Ballads and Other Poems, a volume which served to strengthen the poet's hold upon his readers, including, as it did, The Village Blacksmith, The Wreck of the Hesperus, and Excelsion.

In the summer of 1842 came a brief third visit to Europe, this time in accordance with medical advice, when the poet stayed for a while with Charles Dickens at Gadshill, and "took the waters" at Marienbad. On the return voyage, Longfellow wrote a few poems on Slavery—the question then dividing Americans ever more and more irreconcilably into two camps: and on reaching home threw himself wholeheartedly on the side of freedom in the bitter struggle by publishing these few but forceful pieces by themselves as Poems on Slavery. It was not; a time for a man of genius to stand

idly by, and nobly did Longfellow express himself in what was a national crisis.

On July 13, 1843, the poet married Francis Elizabeth Appleton, daughter of a well-known Boston merchant, whom he had first met in Switzerland several years earlier—the Mary Ashburton, it is generally assumed, of his sentimental romance, Hyperion. year of his second marriage saw the publication of a more sustained piece of work than any he had hitherto attempted in The Spanish Student, which may be described as a kind of "morality" play, and perhaps the least successful of the poet's longer writings. In the autumn of 1843 he received proposals to become editor of a series of selections from the *Poets and Poetry* of England, and the work was completed in several volumes in 1845.

This was a period of great poetic activity with Longfellow, and his journal records, especially during the autumn of 1845, a long list of work done. A page from the journal, dated November, 1845, will illustrate this, and lead us naturally to his second long poem.

"IIth.—Wrote a sonnet on Autumn. "12th.—Began a poem on a clock, with the words, 'Forever, never,' as the burden, suggested by the words of Bridaine, the old French missionary, who said of eternity: 'C'est une pendule dont le balancier dit et redit sans cesse ces deux mots seulement dans le silence des tombeaux.-Toujours, jamais! Jamais, toujours! Et pendant ces effroyables révolutions, un réprouvé s'écrie, "Quelle heure est-il?" et la voix d'un autre misérable lui répond "L'Eternité!"'

"13th.-Walked in the garden, and tried to finish the Ode to a Child, but could not find the exact expressions I wanted to round and complete the whole.

"14th.—Felt more than ever to-day the difference between my ideal homeworld of poetry, and the outer, actual, tangible prose world. When I go out of the precincts of my study, down the village street to college, how the scaffoldings about the Palace of Song come rattling and clattering down!

"16th.—Before church, wrote The Arrow and the Song, which came into my mind as I stood with my back to the fire, and glanced on to the paper with arrowy speed. Literally

an improvisation.

"24th.—Got my last proof from the printer, so that my second boy and my fourth volume of poems come into the world about the same time.

"25th.—Walked to town. with T., and afterwards went to see the Hydrachon and Mr. Koch, who knows it comme s'il l'avait fait, which some people maintain is the case. Met Emerson in the street, smiling and friendly. Called on Prescott, in his new house in Beacon Street, and took a leisurely survey of his library and the study above, with the escalier dérobé à limaçon.

"27th. — Thanksgiving day, with such a rain as I have seldom seen at any season. Sumner dined with us. We drank the baby's health under the title of Chevalier Neukomm, on account of his being a new comer and a great musician—in his way.

"28th.—Set about Gabrielle, my idyl in hexameters, in earnest. I do not mean to let a day go by without adding something to it, if it be but a single line. F. and Sumner are both doubtful about the measure. To me it scems the only one for such a poem."

A week or so later and the journal entry ran-"I know not what name to give to-not my new baby, but my new poem. Shall it be Gabrielle.

or Celestine, or Evangeline?" It is scarcely necessary to say that the last was the name adopted, and that the first, in its masculine form, was given to the hero. Of the source of this story it will be more fitting to speak when we reach its publication.

Meanwhile there was published The Belfry of Bruges and Other Poems, a small volume including much that is characteristic of the poet's best work, and some pieces—such as The Bridge, The Old Clock on the Stairs—which have come to be among the best known, certainly the most often quoted, of Longfellow's poems. In 1846, too, was published a small volume of selections entitled The Waif, for which Longfellow wrote as proem that exquisite song beginning, "The day is done."

The next year, 1847, saw the completion and publication of the idyl in hexameters to which the poet had determined to devote his energies from November, 1845—Evangeline: a Tale of Acadie. The story was told by a visitor who had come with Nathaniel Hawthorne to dine with Longfellow. This visitor, Mr. H. L. Conolly, said that he had been vainly trying to induce Hawthorne to write a story on an incident which had been told him by a parishioner—that of a young Acadian maiden, who, at the dispersing of her people by the English troops, had been separated from her betrothed lover. They sought each other for years in exile, and at last met in a hospital where the lover lay Longfellow was greatly impressed by the story, and said to Hawthorne: "If you really do not want the incident for a tale, let me have it for a poem," and Hawthorne readily consented. The result was, of course, Evangeline. The closing lines

were written on the poet's birthday, February 27, and the poem was published on October 30. It met with a cordial reception in America, both on account of its pathetic story and as being a national poem—an American theme treated by an American poet. In England it was received no less warmly. Against its popular reception, however, was to be set the division of the critics, who were at once more or less set by the ears over the discussion of the suitability of the English language for hexameters. Some said one thing and some another, and though Oliver Wendell Holmes in America, and William Whewell in England were with the poet, yet many, while commending the poem, qualified their praise by condemning its measure. It is generally admitted by scholars that the English language does not lend itself to setting in hexameters; still, the experiment has been tried by a number of poets, and Longfellow himself was to essay it again, while perhaps the most eloquent testimony in its favour lies in the fact that Evangeline remains probably one of the most generally read of modern narrative poems. course, it might have been as successful in another measure; indeed, Longfellow tried turning a passage into common rhymed English pentameters. A fairer test, I think, would have been to try it in blank verse. The passage with which he experimented is at the close of the third section of Part the Second, dealing with the song of the mocking-bird, and in the pentameters it ran-

"Upon a spray that overhung the stream, The mocking-bird, awaking from his dream, Poured such delitious music from his throat That all the air seemed listening to his note. Plaintive at first the song began, and slow; It breathed of sadness, and of pain and wee; Then, gathering all his notes, abroad he flung

The multitudinous ausic from his tongue,—
As, after showers, a sudden gust again
Upon the leaves shakes down the rattling
rain."

To many readers, even though they may admit the technical superiority of this form, the original is far more attractive, better in keeping with the slow-moving, tragic tale of Evangeline's love and the life-long quest after her lover. A week after the publication of the poem, Longfellow wrote, "Evangeline goes on bravely. I have received greater and warmer commendations than on any previous volume. public takes more kindly to hexameters than I could have imagined." Acknowledging Hawthorne's hearty congratulations he said, "this success I owe entirely to you, for being willing to forego the pleasure of writing a pure tale which many people would have taken for poetry, that I might write a poem which many people take for prose."

The year of Evangeline was a notable one in another way to the author of that poem, for it was then that Agassiz, with whom he was to have the warmest friendship, settled at Cambridge.

Evangeline finished, Longfellow once more turned his attention to prose, and wrote Kavanagh: a Tale, his second and shorter romance of sentiment. In this story, as in Hyperion, there is much that is of interest as a revelation of the individuality of the author. The story was published in 1849. In 1850 a fresh collection of short poems was published, with the title, The Seaside and the Fireside, the chief poem of which was The Building of the Ship. In 1851, with the next volume of poetry, came the first

portion of a work which the author

had thought of ten years earlier, when he first contemplated undertaking a long and elaborate poem, the theme of which should be the various aspects of Christendom in the Apostolic, Middle, and Modern Ages. A year later he thought further of the subject, and it seems to have been more or less present with him for thirty yearsuntil, in fact, he had completed it. The period covered in the volume published in 1851 was the secondthat of the Middle Ages—and the title The Golden Legend. Of this perhaps it may be more fitting to speak when we come to the completion of the trilogy.

In the spring of 1854 came welcome release from professorial work, when by the resignation of his Chair Longfellow was able to devote himself entirely to the literature which he loved whole-heartedly.

His journal is frequently marked by notes of wonder as to what new poetical achievement may mark the opening month or year, and on his birthday this year he wrote, "I am now enrolled in the forty-seventh regiment. I am curious to know what poetic victories will be won this year. In that direction lie all my hopes and wishes; nay, my ardent longings." His release from college work was marked by a renewal of poetic activity, and his journal contains record after record of fresh work done; and then in June comes the happy resolution to write a new long poem. Meanwhile he must have been gratified by hearing from Nathaniel Hawthorne, who had received a consular appointment in England, that the Harrow schoolboys had recently, by a formal vote, declared Longfellow to be "the first poet of the age!" It is by no means derogatory to the poet's fame, though it is often repeated as though it were, that his

chestnut tree under which the village smithy of Cambridge had stood. The chair, the gift of seven hundred children, was designed by the poet's nephew, and in it he was wont to place his child-visitors, presenting them with a copy of the poem specially printed for this purpose.

On February 27, 1882, the poet completed his seventy-fifth year, and the occasion was made one for special celebration by the Maine Historical Society, speeches and addresses being delivered by many well-known men, all dealing with the venerable poet and his works; his native city was decorated in holiday fashion, and such scenes witnessed as had never before been in America at the honouring of a great man of letters. Longfellow himself was not well enough to attend, though he could not but be gratified at the whole-hearted homage of his native State to his genius. In less than a month—on March 24—he died at his house at Cambridge, and was buried at Mount Auburn Cemetery.

Thus closed a life of singular charm, thus passed away a poet whose lines had touched in ennobling fashion countless readers, a man of remarkable purity of character, to know whom was to know something of the best that humanity can be, and to read whose works is to have a reflection from a sunny optimist, who assuredly left the world far better than he found it —better by a lively faith in all things that are good and beautiful.

His personal character seems, indeed, to have been one of remarkable sweetness. All who knew him loved him, and many have recorded in some measure the reason for that love. To read the three large volumes which form his "official" biography is to realise this very strongly, and as much

from the man's own utterances as from the testimony of his friends. His journal and letters show a fascinating personality, and often give touches revealing at once the nature of the writer. How illuminating is such an entry as this, "We have but one life here on earth: we must make that beautiful. And to do this health and elasticity of mind are needful, and whatever endangers or impedes these must be avoided." He thus shows that he studied to maintain that sunny disposition which so brightened the lives of those around him, and, through his poetry, those of countless readers in all parts of the world.

How carefully Longfellow acted up to this resolve to let nothing ruffle him is illustrated in the way in which he received the supposed attacks of Edgar Allan Poe on his work. Discussing Poe's attitude years after with a young literary friend, he said, "My work seemed to give him much trouble, first and last: but Mr. Poe is dead and buried, and I am alive and still writing, and that is the end of the I never condescended to answer Mr. Poe's attacks: and I would advise you, at the outset of your literary career, never to take notice of any attacks that may be made upon you." Poe, it may be mentioned, had criticised Longfellow for his imitativeness, and, to use Poe's own word, occasional "slipshodiness," and once, at any rate, on discovering a resemblance between one of Longfellow's translations and an old ballad. had accused him of a graver offence. On the last occasion Longfellow simply explained that he had found the ballad in a German collection, with no indication of its being a translation, and had written his version therefore unconscious that he was putting the poem

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back into its original language. On finding, years after he had written certain lines, a parallel passage in an older poem, which if he had read he had certainly not remembered, Longfellow noted the fact in his journal, adding, "We cannot strike a spade into the soil of Parnassus without disturbing the bones of some dead poet," an explanation that might be fairly adduced in many instances of apparent imitation or plagiarism.

"With loving breath of all the winds his name

Is blown about the world."

Thus wrote a friend and neighbour of Longfellow who was himself to win fame wide almost as his own. same poet and critic, James Russell Lowell, in recofding the literary state of America at the time that he himself was making his earliest essays in prose and verse—when, as he put it, John Bull dumbfounded Brother Jonathan by "presenting what seemed to his startled eyes a blunderbuss, cried gruffly from the roadside, 'Stand and deliver a literature!'"—wrote of Longfellow: "Preluding that sweet, pure, and sympathetic song which persuaded so many Englishmen that he must be a countryman of theirs. In his case the question certainly became not 'Who reads American books?' but 'Who does not read one?'" Assuredly, the scornful question of the early part of the nineteenth century might have been thus reversed long before the century's close. And of all the writers whose books became known wherever the common language is spoken, none, it may safely be affirmed, has been more widely read, none more intimately adopted among familiar literary friends. than Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

Nor is the secret of his success far

to seek. It lies in the simple poetic expression in musical language of truths as seen by a man of intensely sympathetic nature. It has been objected that the poet is too often concerned over the inculcation of a moral, and this, of course, detracts from the strength of his appeal to those who seek for beauty alone, but in this, too, we find one reason for his wide popularity. To the generality of readers it is often the obviousness of its moral application which makes a poem attractive; that, or a story, and the story makes its appeal perhaps more because of its lesson than because of the beauties inherent in the manner of its presentation. A "moral," it is true, does not make a poem, but a poem is surely no less truly such because it appeals to the moral as well as to the æsthetic sense.

Longfellow's widest popularity was based, if we may judge from frequence of quotation, not upon his best work as poet, but upon those pieces in which simple expression is given to ideals of character, to those things which the reader instinctively knows to be excellent. Thus The Psalm of Life, with its insistence upon the value of action and example, has appealed to thousands, where George Eliot's Choir Invisible, with its similar lesson, perhaps appeals to as many tens. is a similar lesson, gathered from a familiar scene, which is inculcated in The Village Blacksmith: and not dissimilar is that of Excelsior—three of the most popular pieces which Longfellow wrote. There cannot be the slightest doubt that numberless readers have been heartened for the struggle of life by reading these: that the poet has not only delighted generations of readers by the beauty of his thoughts, the felicity of his expression, but he has also been a very real moral force. This, however, is only an addition to the claim which Longfellow has on He is a true poet of our attention. beauty also, and beauty is the very soul of poetry, though his beautiful in thought and expression has often a supplementary ethical value. his shorter poems a number might be cited, such as The Day is Done, Hymn to the Night, Flowers, The Two Angels, to name but one or two, illustrating this truth, while his longer poems are rich in these qualities. In these longer poems we find at once Longfellow's greatest and his least significant work, -- Hiawatha and The Spanish Student. His long tales in verse are less notable as poetry than the generation which hailed them believed, but they are full of beautiful passages descriptive of nature, and of other passages revealing a tender and sympathetic reading of human nature which will long continue to please many readers. As I have said, it has been objected that the English language is not adapted to hexameters, and that Evangeline and The Courtship of Miles Standish but prove the old critical contention; yet those pathetic story-poems will continue to please as long as humanity is moved by faithful love, whether it be the love that ends in death or that which is but reinforced in wedded life.

The trilogy on which the poet most earnestly centred his thoughts, the parts of which he wrote at long intervals, but over which he had pondered during the greater part of his active life, is a remarkable work, including, in the central portion especially, some beautiful poetry. Perhaps, as a whole, his longer works suffer from diffuseness, although the author himself declared that the only

canon of criticism in which he had full faith was that "diffuseness is death, both to author and reader;" still, if we find them diffuse by comparison with much of his work, it may be added that they are not so in a mortal degree.

The taste of the times is against long poems-indeed the very phrase long poems is, according to Poe, something of a contradiction in terms -and so the trilogy is, perhaps, the least read of Longfellow's writings, though it is the one which he himself considered his main achievement. the present generation, it is worthy of mention, a distinguished writer, Merejkowski, has sought to do in fiction something of that which Longfellow attempted with his Christus in poetry. Mereikowski has taken for his first period that of Julian the Apostate; for his second, the Renaissance as it centred in Leonardo da Vinci; and for his third, the reign of Peter the Great. Poet and novelist were both moved to the task by the desire to illustrate the development of Christianity at three distinct stages. The Michael Angelo, with its insight into art and nature, its fine representation of the central character, though never completed, comprises much of the poet's ripest thought. Begun ten vears before his death, he worked at it from time to time almost as though intending it to be, as it has been suggested, his apologia. Certainly the reader who closely follows the story of Longfellow's life, the intimate jottings in his journal, cannot but think of him as one of those who can speak with the great artist of

"The fever to accomplish some great work
That will not let me sleep. I must go on
Until I die."

WALTEP JERROLD.

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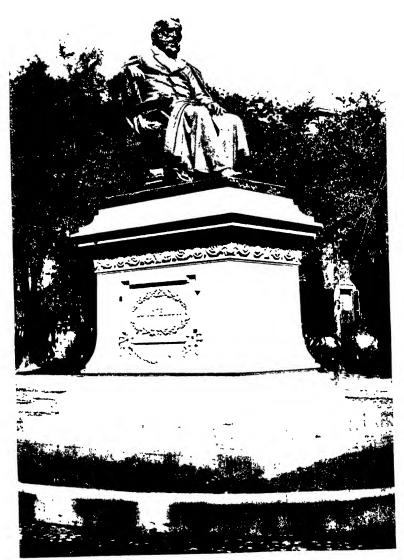


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LO. Statue of Longfellow at Cambridge, Mass.

THE

POETICAL WORKS

OF

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

VOICES OF THE NIGHT.

Πότνια, πότνια νὺξ, ὑπνοδότειρα τῶν πολυπόνων βροτῶν, Ἐρεβόθεν ἔθι· μόλε μόλε κατάπτερος ᾿Αγαμεμνόνιον ἐπὶ δόμον· ὑπὸ γὰρ ἄλγέων, ὑπό τε συμφορᾶς διοιχόμεθ', οἰχόμεθα.

EURIPIDES.

PRELUDE.

PLEASANT it was, when woods were green,

And winds were soft and low,
To lie amid some sylvan scene,
Where, the long drooping boughs
between,

Shadows dark and sunlight sheen Alternate come and go;

Or, where the denser grove receives
No sunlight from above,
But the dark foliage interweaves
In one unbroken roof of leaves,
Underneath whose sloping eaves
The shadows hardly move.

Beneath some patriarchal tree
I lay upon the ground;
His hoary arms uplifted he,
And all the broad leaves over me
Clapped their little hands in glee,
With one continuous sound;—

A slumberous sound,—a sound that brings

The feelings of a dream,—
As of innumerable wings,
As, when a bell no longer swings,
Faint the hollow murmur rings
O'er meadow, lake, and stream.

And dreams of that which cannot die,

Bright visions, came to me,
As lapped in thought I used to lie,
And gaze into the summer sky,
Where the sailing clouds went by,
Like ships upon the sea;

Dreams that the soul of youth engage

Ere fancy has been quelled and Old legends of the monkish page.

Traditions of the saint and sage,

Tales that have the rime of age,

And chronicles of eld.

And, loving still these quaint old themes,

Even in the city's throng
I feel the freshness of the streams,
That, crossed by shades and sunny
gleams,

Water the green land of dreams, The holy land of song.

Therefore, at Pentecost, which brings

The Spring, clothed like a bride, When nestling buds unfold their wings,

And bishop's-caps have golden rings,

Musing upon many things, I sought the woodlands wide.

The green trees whispered low and mild;

It was a sound of joy!

They were my playmates when a child,

And rocked me in their arms so wild!

Still they looked at me and smiled, As if I were a boy;

And ever whispered, mild and low, "Come, be a child once more!"

And waved their long arms to and fro,

And beckoned solemnly and slow;
Oh, I could not choose but go
Into the woodlands hoar;

Into the blithe and breathing air,
Into the solemn wood,
Solemn and silent everywhere!
Nature with folded hands seemed
there,

Inerling at her evening prayer!

Before me rose an avenue
Of tall and sombrous pines;
Abroad their fan-like branches
grew,

And, where the sunshine darted through,

Spread a vapour soft and blue, In long and sloping lines.

And, falling on my weary brain
Like a fast-falling shower,
The dreams of youth came back
again,—

Low lispings of the summer rain, Dropping on the ripened grain, As once upon the flower.

Visions of childhood! Stay, oh, stay!

Ye were so sweet and wild!

And distant voices seemed to say,
"It cannot be! They pass away!

Other themes demand thy lay;
Thou art no more a child!

"The land of Song within thee lies, Watered by living springs;
The lids of Fancy's sleepless eyes
Are gates unto that Paradise;
Holy thoughts, like stars, arise;
Its clouds are angels' wings.

"Learn, that henceforth thy song shall be,

Not mountains capped with snow, Nor forests sounding like the sea, Nor rivers flowing ceaselessly, Where the woodlands bend to see The bending heavens below.

"There is a forest where the din Of iron branches sounds! A mighty river roars between, And whosoever looks therein, Sees the heavens all black with sin,—Sees not its depths nor bounds.

"Athwart the swinging branches cast, Soft rays of sunshine pour;

Then comes the fearful wintry blast;

Our hopes, like withered leaves, fall fast;

Pallid lips say, 'It is past! We can return no more!'

"Look, then, into thine heart, and write!

Yes, into Life's deep stream!
All forms of sorrow and delight,
All solemn Voices of the Night,
That can soothe thee, or affright,
Be these henceforth thy theme."

HYMN TO THE NIGHT.

'Ασπασίη, τρίλλιστος.

I HEARD the trailing garments of the Night

Sweep through her marble halls! I saw her sable skirts all fringed with light

From the celestial walls!

I felt her presence, by its spell of might,

Stoop o'er me from above; The calm, majestic presence of the

Night,

As of the one I love.

I heard the sounds of sorrow and delight,

The manifold, soft chimes,

That fill the haunted chambers of the Night,

Like some old poet's rhymes.

From the cool cisterns of the midnight air

My spirit drank repose;

The fountain of perpetual peace flows there,—

From those deep cisterns flows.

O holy Night! from thee I learn to bear

What man has borne before:

Thou layest thy finger on the lips of Care,

And they complain no more.

Peace! Peace! Orestes-like I breather this prayer;

Descend with broad-winged flight The welcome, the thrice-prayed for, the most fair,

The best-beloved Night!

A PSALM OF LIFE.

WHAT THE HEART OF THE YOUNG MAN SAID TO THE PSALMIST.

Tell me not, in mournful numbers, "Life is but an empty dream!"

For the soul is dead that slumbers,
And things are not what they seem.

Life is real! Life is earnest!

And the grave is not its goal;
"Dust thou art, to dust returnest,"
Was not spoken of the soul.

Not enjoyment, and not sorrow, Is our destined end or way; But to act, that each to-morrow Find us farther than to-day.

Art is long, and Time is fleeting,

And our hearts, though stout and
brave,

Still, like muffled drums, are beating Funeral marches to the grave.

In the world's broad field of battle, In the bivouac of Life, Be not like dumb, driven cattle!

Be a hero in the strife! Trust no Future, howe'er pleasant! Let the dead Past bury its dead!

Act-act in the living Present!

Heart within, and God o'erhead!

Lives of great men all remind us We can make our lives sublime, And, departing, leave behind us Footprints on the sands of time;

Footprints, that perhaps another, Sailing o'er life's solemn main, A forlorn and shipwrecked brother, Seeing, shall take heart again.

Let us, then, be up and doing, With a heart for any fate; Still achieving, still pursuing, Learn to labour and to wait.

THE REAPER AND THE FLOWERS.

THERE is a Reaper, whose name is Death,

And, with his sickle keen,

He reaps the bearded grain at a breath,

And the flowers that grow between.

"Shall I have naught that is fair?" saith he;

"Have naught but the bearded grain?

Though the breath of these flowers is sweet to me.

I will give them all back again."

He gazed at the flowers with tearful

He kissed their drooping leaves; It was for the Lord of Paradise He bound them in his sheaves.

"My Lord has need of these flowerets gay,"

The Reaper said, and smiled; "Dear tokens of the earth are they, Where He was once a child.

"They shall all bloom in fields of light,

Transplanted by my care, And saints, upon their garments white, These sacred blossoms wear."

And the mother gave, in tears and pain,

The flowers she most did love; She knew she should find them all again

In the fields of light above.

Oh, not in cruelty, not in wrath, The Reaper came that day; 'T was an angel visited the green earth And took the flowers away.

THE LIGHT OF STARS.

THE night is come, but not too soon, And sinking silently, All silently, the little moon

Drops down behind the sky.

There is no light in earth or heaven, But the cold light of stars; And the first watch of night is given To the red planet Mars.

Is it the tender star of love? The star of love and dreams? Oh, no! from that blue tent above A hero's armour gleams.

And earnest thoughts within me rise, When I behold afar, Suspended in the evening skies, 'The shield of that red star.

O star of strength! I see thee stand And smile upon my pain; Thou beckonest with thy mailèd hand, And I am strong again.

Within my breast there is no light,
But the cold light of stars;
I give the first watch of the night
To the red planet Mars.

The star of the unconquered will, He rises in my breast, Serene, and resolute, and still, And calm, and self-possessed.

And thou, too, whosoe'er thou art,
That readest this brief psalm,
As one by one thy hopes depart,
Be resolute and calm.

Oh, fear not in a world like this, And thou shalt know erelong, Know how sublime a thing it is * To suffer and be strong.

FOOTSTEPS OF ANGELS.

When the hours of Day are numbered,

And the voices of the Night Wake the better soul, that slumbered, To a holy, calm delight;

Ere the evening lamps are lighted, And, like phantoms grim and tall,

Shadows from the fitful fire-light Dance upon the parlour wall;

Then the forms of the departed Enter at the open door; The beloved, the true-hearted, Come to visit me once more;

He, the young and strong, who cherished

Noble longings for the strife,
By the road-side fell and perished,
Weary with the march of life!

They, the holy ones and weakly, Who the cross of suffering bore, Folded their pale hands so meekly, Spake with us on earth no more!

And with them the Being Beauteous, Who unto my youth was given, More than all things else to love me, And is now a saint in heaven.

With a slow and noiseless footstep Comes that messenger divine, Takes the vacant chair beside me, Lays her gentle hand in mine.

And she sits and gazes at me
With those deep and tender eyes,
Like the stars, so still and saint-like,
Looking downward from the
skies.

Uttered not, yet comprehended, Is the spirit's voiceless prayer, Soft rebukes, in blessings ended, Breathing from her lips of air.

Oh, though oft depressed and lonely, All my fears are laid aside, If I but remember only Such as these have lived and died!

FLOWERS.

SPAKE full well, in language quaint and olden. One who dwelleth by the castled Rhine, When he called the flowers, so blue and golden, Stars, that in earth's firmament do shine.

Stars they are, wherein we read our history,
As astrologers and seers of eld;
Yet not wrapped about with awful mystery,
Like the burning stars, which they beheld.

Wondrous truths, and manifold as wondrous, God hath written in those stars above; But not less in the bright flowerets under us Stands the revelation of his love.

Bright and glorious is that revelation,
Written all over this great world of ours;
Making evident our own creation,
In these stars of earth,—these golden flowers.

And the Poet, faithful and far-seeing,
Sees, alike in stars and flowers, a part
Of the self-same universal being
Which is throbbing in his brain and heart.

Gorgeous flowerets in the sunlight shining, Blossoms flaunting in the eye of day, Tremulous leaves with soft and silver lining, Buds that open only to decay;

Brilliant hopes, all woven in gorgeous tissues, Flaunting gaily in the golden light;
Large desires, with most uncertain issues,
Tender wishes, blossoming at night!

These in flowers and men are more than seeming; Workings are they of the self-same powers, Which the Poet, in no idle dreaming, Seeth in himself and in the flowers. Everywhere about us are they glowing, Some like stars, to tell us Spring is born; Others, their blue eyes with tears o'erflowing, Stand like Ruth, amid the golden corn;

Not alone in Spring's armorial bearing, And in Summer's green emblazoned field, But in arms of brave old Autumn's wearing, In the centre of his brazen shield;

Not alone in meadows and green alleys,
On the mountain-top, and by the brink
Of sequestered pools in woodland valleys,
Where the slaves of nature stoop to drink;

Not alone in her vast dome of glory,

Not on graves of bird and beast alone,
But in old cathedrals, high and hoary,

On the tombs of heroes, carved in stone;

In the cottage of the rudest peasant,
In ancestral homes, whose crumbling towers,
Speaking of the Past unto the Present,
Tell us of the ancient Games of Flowers;

In all places, then, and in all seasons,
Flowers expand their light and soul-like wings,
Teaching us, by most persuasive reasons,
How akin they are to human things.

And, with childlike, credulous affection,
We behold their tender buds expand;
Emblems of our own great resurrection,
Emblems of the bright and better land.

THE BELEAGUERED CITY.

I have read, in some old, marvellous tale,

Some legend strange and vague,
That a midnight host of spectres pale
Beleaguered the walls of Prague.

Beside the Moldau's rushing stream, With the wan moon overhead, There stood, as in an awful dream, The army of the dead.

White as a sea-fog, landward bound,

The spectral camp was seen,

And, with a sorrowful, deep sound, The river flowed between.

No other voice nor sound was there, No drum, nor sentry's pace; The mist-like banners clasped the air As clouds with clouds embrace.

But, when the old cathedral bell Proclaimed the morning prayer, The white pavilions rose and fell On the alarmed air.

Down the broad valley fast and far The troubled army fled;

Up rose the glorious morning star, The ghastly host was dead.

I have read, in the marvellous heart of man,

That strange and mystic scroll,
That an army of phantoms vast and
wan

Beleaguer the human soul.

Encamped beside Life's rushing stream,

In Fancy's misty light, Gigantic shapes and shadows gleam Portentous through the night.

Upon its midnight battle-ground
The spectral camp is seen,
And, with a sorrowful, deep sound,
Flows the River of Life between.

No other voice nor sound is there, In the army of the grave; No other challenge breaks the air, But the rushing of Life's wave.

And, when the solemn and deep church-bell Entreats the soul to pray,

The midnight phantoms feel the spell,
The shadows sweep away.

Down the broad Vale of Tears afar The spectral camp is fled; Faith shineth as a morning star, Our ghastly fears are dead.

MIDNIGHT MASS FOR THE DYING YEAR.

YES, the Year is growing old,
And his eye is pale and bleared!
Death, with frosty hand and cold,
Plucks the old man by the beard,
Sorely,—sorely!

The leaves are falling, falling, Solemnly and slow; Caw! caw! the rooks are calling, It is a sound of woe,

A sound of woe!

Through woods and mountain passes

The winds, like anthems, roll;
They are chanting solemn masses,
Singing, "Pray for this poor soul,
Pray,—pray!"

And the hooded clouds, like friars,
Tell their beads in drops of rain,
And patter their doleful prayers;
But their prayers are all in vain,
All in vain!

There he stands in the foul weather, The foolish, fond Old Year, Crowned with wild flowers and with heather,

Like weak, despisèd Lear, A king,—a king!

Then comes the summer-like day,
Bids the old man rejoice!
His joy! his last! Oh, the old
man gray

Loveth that ever-soft voice, Gentle and low. To the crimson woods he saith,

To the voice gentle and low

Of the soft air, like a daughter's

breath,

"Pray do not mock me so!

"Pray do not mock me so!

Do not laugh at me!"

And now the sweet day is dead!
Cold in his arms it lies;
No stain from its breath is spread
Over the glassy skies,
No mist or stain!

Then, too, the Old Year dieth,
And the forests utter a moan,
Like the voice of one who crieth
In the wilderness alone,
"Vex not his ghost!"

Then comes, with an awful roar,
Gathering and sounding on,
The storm-wind from Labrador,
The wind Euroclydon,
The storm-wind!

Howl! howl! and from the forest Sweep the red leaves away! Would the sins that thou abhorrest,

O Soul! could thus decay, And be swept away!

For there shall come a mightier blast,
There shall be a darker day;
And the stars, from heaven down-cast,
Like red leaves be swept away!
Kyrie, eleyson!
Christe, eleyson!

EARLIER POEMS.

[WRITTEN FOR THE MOST PART DURING MY COLLEGE LIFE, AND ALL OF THEM BEFORE THE AGE OF NINETEEN.]

AN APRIL DAY.

WHEN the warm sun, that brings
Seed-time and harvest, has returned again,
'T is sweet to visit the still wood, where springs
The first flower of the plain.

I love the season well,
When forest glades are teeming with bright forms,
Nor dark and many-folded clouds foretell
The coming-on of storms.

From the earth's loosened mould
The sapling draws its sustenance, and thrives;
Though stricken to the heart with winter's cold,
The drooping tree revives.

The softly-warbled song
Comes from the pleasant woods, and coloured wings
Glance quick in the bright sun, that moves along
The forest openings.

When the bright sunset fills
The silver woods with light, the green slope throws
Its shadows in the hollows of the hills,
And wide the upland glows.

And, when the eve is born,
In the blue lake the sky, o'er-reaching far,
Is hollowed out, and the moon dips her horn,
And twinkles many a star.

Inverted in the tide,
Stand the gray rocks, and trembling shadows throw;
And the fair trees look over, side by side,
And see themselves below.

Sweet April!—many a thought
Is wedded unto thee, as hearts are wed;
Nor shall they fail, till, to its autumn brought,
Life's golden fruit is shed.

AUTUMN.

WITH what a glory comes and goes the year! The buds of spring, those beautiful harbingers Of sunny skies and cloudless times, enjoy Life's newness, and earth's garniture spread out; And when the silver habit of the clouds Comes down upon the autumn sun, and with A sober gladness the old year takes up His bright inheritance of golden fruits, A pomp and pageant fill the splendid scene.

There is a beautiful spirit breathing now Its mellow richness on the clustered trees, And, from a beaker full of richest dyes,

Pouring new glory on the autumn woods, And dipping in warm light the pillared clouds Morn on the mountain, like a summer bird, Lifts up her purple wing, and in the vales The gentle wind, a sweet and passionate wooer, Kisses the blushing leaf, and stirs up life Within the solemn woods of ash deep-crimsoned, And silver beech, and maple vellow-leaved, Where Autumn, like a faint old man, sits down By the wayside a-weary. Through the trees The golden robin moves. The purple finch, That on wild cherry and red cedar feeds, A winter bird, comes with its plaintive whistle, And pecks by the witch-hazel, whilst aloud From cottage roofs the warbling blue-bird sings. And merrily, with oft-repeated stroke, Sounds from the threshing-floor the busy flail.

Oh, what a glory doth this world put on
For him who, with a fervent heart, goes forth
Under the bright and glorious sky, and looks
On duties well performed, and days well spent!
For him the wind, ay, and the yellow leaves,
Shall have a voice, and give him eloquent teachings.
He shall so hear the solemn hymn that Death
Has lifted up for all, that he shall go
To his long resting-place without a tear.

WOODS IN WINTER.

When winter winds are piercing chill,

And through the hawthorn blows the gale,

With solemn feet I tread the hill, That overbrows the lonely vale.

O'er the bare upland, and away
Through the long reach of desert
woods,

The embracing sunbeams chastely play,

And gladden these deep solitudes.

Where, twisted round the barren oak,

The summer vine in beauty clung, And summer winds the stillness broke, The crystal icicle is hung. Where, from their frozen urns, mute springs

Pour out the river's gradual tide, Shrilly the skater's iron rings,

And voices fill the woodland side.

Alas! how changed from the fair scene,

When birds sang out their mellow lay,

And winds were soft, and woods were green,

And the song ceased not with the day!

But still wild music is abroad, .
Pale, desert woods! within your crowd;

And gathering winds, in hoarse accord,

Amid the vocal reeds pipe loud.

Chill airs and wintry winds! my

ear

Has grown familiar with your song;

I hear it in the opening year;
I listen, and it cheers me long.

HYMN OF THE MORAVIAN NUNS OF BETHLEHEM,

AT THE CONSECRATION OF PULASKI'S BANNER.

When the dying flame of day
Through the chancel shot its ray,
Far the glimmering tapers shed
Faint light on the cowled head;
And the censer burning swung,
Where, before the altar, hung
The crimson banner, that with prayer
Had been consecrated there.

And the nuns' sweet hymn was heard the while,
Sung low, in the dim, mysterious aisle.

"Take thy banner! May it wave Proudly o'er the good and brave; When the battle's distant wail Breaks the sabbath of our vale, When the clarion's music thrills To the hearts of these lone hills, When the spear in conflict shakes, And the strong lance shivering breaks.

"Take thy banner! and, beneath The battle-cloud's encircling wreath, Guard it, till our homes are free! Guard it! God will prosper thee! In the dark and trying hour, In the breaking forth of power, In the rush of steeds and men, His right hand will shield thee then.

"Take thy banner! But when night Closes round the ghastly fight, If the vanquished warrior bow, Spare him! By our holy vow, By our prayers and many tears, By the mercy that endears, Spare him! he our love hath shared! Spare him!—as thou wouldst be spared!

"Take thy banner! and if e'er
Thou shouldst press the soldier's bier,
And the muffled drum should beat
To the tread of mournful feet,
Then this crimson flag shall be
Martial cloak and shroud for thee."
The warrior took that banner proud,
And it was, his martial cloak and
shroud!

SUNRISE ON THE HILLS.

I STOOD upon the hills, when heaven's wide arch Was glorious with the sun's returning march, And woods were brightened, and soft gales Went forth to kiss the sun-clad vales. The clouds were far beneath me; bathed in light, They gathered midway round the wooded height, And, in their fading glory, shone Like hosts in battle overthrown, As many a pinnacle, with shifting glance, Through the gray mist thrust up its shattered lance, And rocking on the cliff was left The dark pine blasted, bare, and cleft. The veil of cloud was lifted, and below Glowed the rich valley, and the river's flow Was darkened by the forest's shade, Or glistened in the white cascade; Where upward, in the mellow blush of day, The noisy bittern wheeled his spiral way.

I heard the distant waters dash,
I saw the current whirl and flash,
And richly, by the blue lake's silver beach,
The woods were bending with a silent reach.
Then o'er the vale, with gentle swell,
The music of the village bell
Came sweetly to the echo-giving hills;
And the wild horn, whose voice the woodland fills,
Was ringing to the merry shout
That faint and far the glen sent out,
Where, answering to the sudden shot, thin smoke,
Through thick-leaved branches, from the dingle broke.

If thou art worn and hard beset
With sorrows, that thou wouldst forget,
If thou wouldst read a lesson, that will keep
Thy heart from fainting and thy soul from sleep,
Go to the woods and hills! No tears
Dim the sweet look that Nature wears.

THE SPIRIT OF POETRY.

THERE is a quiet spirit in these woods, That dwells where'er the gentle south wind blows: Where, underneath the white-thorn, in the glade. The wild-flowers bloom, or, kissing the soft air, The leaves above their sunny palms outspread. With what a tender and impassioned voice It fills the nice and delicate ear of thought, When the fast-ushering star of morning comes O'er-riding the gray hills with golden scarf; Or when the cowled and dusky-sandalled Eve. In mourning weeds, from out the western gate Departs with silent pace! That spirit moves In the green valley, where the silver brook, From its full laver, pours the white cascade: And, babbling low amid the tangled woods, Slips down through moss-grown stones with endless laughter And frequent, on the everlasting hills, Its feet go forth, when it doth wrap itself In all the dark embroidery of the storm, And shouts the stern, strong wind. And here, amid The silent majesty of these deep woods, Its presence shall uplift thy thoughts from earth, As to the sunshine and the pure, bright air Their tops the green trees lift. Hence gifted bards Have ever loved the calm and quiet shades. For them there was an eloquent voice in all The sylvan pomp of woods, the golden sun, The flowers, the leaves, the river on its way, Blue skies, and silver clouds, and gentle winds,— The swelling upland, where the sidelong sun Aslant the wooded slope, at evening, goes,-Groves, through whose broken roof the sky looks in, Mountain, and shattered cliff, and sunny vale, The distant lake, fountains, and mighty trees, In many a lazy syllable, repeating Their old poetic legends to the wind.

And this is the sweet spirit, that doth fill The world; and, in these wayward days of youth, My busy fancy oft embodies it, As a bright image of the light and beauty That dwell in nature; of the heavenly forms We worship in our dreams, and the soft hues That stain the wild bird's wing, and flush the clouds When the sun sets. Within her tender eye The heaven of April, with its changing light, And when it wears the blue of May, is hung, And on her lip the rich, red rose. Her hair Is like the summer tresses of the trees. When twilight makes them brown, and on her cheek Blushes the richness of an autumn sky, With ever-shifting beauty. Then her breath: It is so like the gentle air of Spring, As, from the morning's dewy flowers, it comes Full of their fragrance, that it is a joy To have it round us; and her silver voice Is the rich music of a summer bird. Heard in the still night, with its passionate cadence.

BURIAL OF THE MINNISINK.
On sunny slope and beechen swell,
The shadowed light of evening fell;
And, where the maple's leaf was
brown,

With soft and silent lapse came down

The glory, that the wood receives, At sunset, in its golden leaves.

Far upward in the mellow light
Rose the blue hills. One cloud of
white,
Around a far uplifted cone,
In the warm blush of evening

shone; An image of the silver lakes, By which the Indian's soul awakes. But soon a funeral hymn was heard Where the soft breath of evening stirred

The tall, gray forest; and a band Of stern in heart, and strong in hand,

Came winding down beside the wave,

To lay the red chief in his grave.

They sang, that by his native bowers

He stood in the last moon of flowers.

And thirty snows had not yet shed Their glory on the warrior's head; But, as the summer fruit decays, So died he in those naked days. A dark cloak of the roebuck's skin Covered the warrior, and within Its heavy folds the weapons, made For the hard toils of war, were laid; The cuirass, woven of plaited reeds, And the broad belt of shells and beads.

Before, a dark-haired virgin train Chanted the death dirge of the slain; Behind, the long procession came Of hoary men and chiefs of fame, With heavy hearts, and eyes of grief,

Leading the war-horse of their chief.

Stripped of his proud and martial dress,

Uncurbed, unreined, and riderless, With darting eye, and nostril spread,

And heavy and impatient tread, He came; and oft that eye so proud

Asked for his rider in the crowd.

They buried the dark chief; they freed

Beside the grave his battle steed;

And swift an arrow cleaved its way To his stern heart! One piercing neigh

Arose, and, on the dead man's plain, The rider grasps his steed again.

L'ENVOI.

YE voices, that arose
After the Evening's close,
And whispered to my restless heart
repose!

Go, breathe it in the ear Of all who doubt and fear, And say to them, "Be of good cheer!"

Ye sounds, so low and calm, That in the groves of balm Seemed to me like an angel's psalm!

Go, mingle yet once more
With the perpetual roar
Of the pine forest, dark and hoar!

Tongues of the dead, not lost, But speaking from death's frost, Like fiery tongues at Pentecost!

Glimmer, as funeral lamps, Amid the chills and damps [camps! Of the vast plain where Death en-

JUVENILE POEMS.

THE BATTLE OF LOVELL'S POND.

COLD, cold is the north wind and rude is the blast [and fast, That sweeps like a hurricane loudly As it moans through the tall waving pines lone and drear, [bier. Sighs a requiem sad o'er the warrior's

The war-whoop is still, and the savage's yell

Has sunk into silence along the wild dell;

The din of the battle, the tumult, is o'er,

And the war-clarion's voice is now heard no more.

The warriors that fought for their country, and bled,

Have sunk to their rest; the damp earth is their bed;

No stone tells the place where their ashes repose,

Nor points out the spot from the graves of their foes.

They died in their glory, surrounded by fame, [did proclaim; And Victory's loud trump their death They are dead; but they live in each Patriot's breast,

And their names are engraven on honour's bright crest.

TO IANTHE.

When upon the western cloud
Hang day's fading roses,
When the linnet sings aloud
And the twilight closes,—
As I mark the moss-grown spring
By the twisted holly,
Pensive thoughts of thee shall bring
Love's own melancholy.

Lo, the crescent moon on high
Lights the half-choked fountain;
Wandering winds steal sadly by
From the hazy mountain.
Yet that moon shall wax and wane,
Summer winds pass over,—
Ne'er the heart shall love again
Of the slighted lover!

When the russet autumn brings
Blighting to the forest,
Twisted close the ivy clings
To the oak that's hoarest;
So the love of other days
Cheers the broken-hearted;
But if once our love decays
'T is for aye departed.

When the hoar-frost nips the leaf,
Pale and sear it lingers,
Wasted in its beauty brief
By decay's cold fingers;
Yet unchanged it ne'er again
Shall its bloom recover;—
Thus the heart shall aye remain
Of the slighted lover.

Love is like the songs we hear O'er the moonlit ocean; Youth, the spring-time of a year Passed in Love's devotion! Roses of their bloom bereft Breathe a fragrance sweeter; Beauty has no fragrance left Though its bloom is fleeter.

Then when tranquil evening throws
Twilight shades above thee,
And when early morning glows,—
Think on those that love thee!
For an interval of years
We ere long must sever,
But the hearts that love endears
Shall be parted never.

THANKSGIVING.

When first in ancient time, from Jubal's tongue

The tuneful anthem filled the morning air,

To sacred hymnings and elysian song His music-breathing shell the minstrel woke.

Devotion breathed aloud from every chord:

The voice of praise was heard in every tone,

And prayer and thanks to Him, the Eternal One,

To Him, that with bright inspiration touched

The high and gifted lyre of heavenly song,

And warmed the soul with new vitality.

A stirring energy through Nature breathed:

The voice of adoration from her broke,

Swelling aloud in every breeze, and heard

Long in the sullen waterfall, what time

Soft Spring or hoary Autumn threw on earth

Its bloom or blighting; when the summer smiled;

Or Winter o'er the year's sepulchre mourned.

The Deity was there; a nameless spirit

Moved in the breasts of men to do him homage;

And when the morning smiled, or evening pale

Hung weeping o'er the melancholy urn,

They came beneath the broad, o'erarching trees,

And in their tremulous shadow worshipped oft,

Where pale the vine clung round their simple altars,

And gray moss mantling hung.
Above was heard

The melody of winds, breathed out as the green trees

Bowed to their quivering touch in living beauty;

And birds sang forth their cheerful hymns. Below,

The bright and widely wandering rivulet

Struggled and gushed amongst the tangled roots

That choked its reedy fountain, and dark rocks

Wornsmooth by the constant current. Even there

The listless wave, that stole with mellow voice

Where reeds grew rank on the rushyfringed brink,

And the green sedge bent to the wandering wind,

Sang with a cheerful song of sweet tranquillity.

Men felt the heavenly influence; and it stole

Like balm into their hearts, till all was peace:

And even the air they breathed, the light they saw,

Became religion; for the ethereal spirit

That to soft music wakes the chords of feeling,

And mellows everything to beauty moved

With cheering energy within their breasts

And made all holy there, for all was love.

The morning stars, that sweetly sang together;

The moon, that hung at night in the mid-sky;

Dayspring and eventide; and all the

And beautiful forms of nature, had a voice

Of eloquent worship. Ocean, with its tides

Swelling and deep, where low the infant storm

Hung on his dun, dark cloud, and heavily beat [voice The pulses of the sea, sent forth a Of awful adoration to the spirit

That, wrapt in darkness, moved upon its face.

And when the bow of evening arched the east,

Or, in the moonlight pale, the curling wave

Kissed with a sweet embrace the sea-worn beach,

And soft the song of winds came o'er the waters,

The mingled melody of wind and wave

Touched like a heavenly anthem on the ear; [worship.

For it arose a tuneful hymn of And have *our* hearts grown cold?

Are there on earth

No pure reflections caught from heavenly light?

Have our mute lips no hymn, our souls no song?

Let him that in the summer-day of youth

Keeps pure the holy fount of youthful feeling, [years

And him that in the nightfall of his Lies down in his last sleep, and shuts in peace

His dim, pale eyes on life's short wayfaring, [man.

Praise Him that rules the destiny of

AUTUMNAL NIGHTFALL.

ROUND Autumn's mouldering urn Loud mourns the chill and cheerless gale,

When nightfall shades the quiet vale And stars in beauty burn. "T is the year's eventide.

The wind, like one that sighs in pain
O'er joys that ne'er will bloom again
Mourns on the far hillside.

And yet my pensive eye
Rests on the faint blue mountain long;

And for the fairy-land of song, That lies beyond, I sigh.

The moon unveils her brow; In the mid-sky her urn glows bright, And in her sad and mellowing light The valley sleeps below.

Upon the hazel gray
The lyre of Autumn hangs unstrung,
And o'er its tremulous chords are
flung

The fringes of decay.

I stand deep musing here, Beneath the dark and motionless beech,

Whilst wandering winds of nightfall reach

My melancholy ear.

The air breathes chill and free:
A spirit in soft music calls
From Autumn's gray and moss-grown
halls,

And round her withered tree.

The hoar and mantled oak,
With moss and twisted ivy brown,
Bends in its lifeless beauty down
Where weeds the fountain choke.

That fountain's hollow voice Echoes the sound of precious things; Of early feeling's tuneful springs Choked with our blighted joys. Leaves, that the night-wind bears To earth's cold bosom with a sigh, Are types of our mortality,

And of our fading years.

The tree that shades the plain, Wasting and hoar as time decays, Spring shall renew with cheerful days,—

But not my joys again.

ITALIAN SCENERY.

NIGHT rests in beauty on Mont Alto. Beneath its shade the beauteous Arno sleeps

In Vallombrosa's bosom, and dark trees

Bend with a calm and quiet shadow down *

Upon the beauty of that silent river.

Still in the west a melancholy smile Mantles the lips of day, and twilight pale

Moves like a spectre in the dusky sky, While eve's sweet star on the fastfading year

Smiles calmly. Music steals at intervals

Across the water, with a tremulous swell,

From out the upland dingle of tall firs;

And a faint footfall sounds, where, dim and dark,

Hangs the gray willow from the river's brink,

O'ershadowing its' current. Slowly there

The lover's gondola drops down the stream,

Silent, save when its dipping oar is heard.

Or in its eddy sighs the rippling wave. Mouldering and moss-grown through the lapse of years,

In motionless beauty stands the giant oak;

Whilst those that saw its green and flourishing youth

Are gone and are forgotten. Soft the fount,

Whose secret springs the star-light pale discloses,

Gushes in hollow music; and beyond The broader river sweeps its silent way,

Mingling a silver current with that sea,

Whose waters have no tides, coming nor going.

On noiseless wing along that fair blue sea

The halcyon flits; and, where the wearied storm

Left a loud moaning, all is peace again.

A calm is on the deep. The winds that came

O'er the dark sea-surge with a tremulous breathing,

And mourned on the dark cliff where weeds grew rank,

And to the autumnal death-dirge the deep sea

Heaved its long billows, with a cheerless song

Have passed away to the cold earth again,

Like a wayfaring mourner. Silently Up from the calm sea's dim and distant verge,

Full and unveiled, the moon's broad disk emerges.

On Tivoli, and where the fairy hues Of autumn glow upon Abruzzi's woods,

The silver light is spreading. Far above,

Encompassed with their thin, cold atmosphere,

The Apennines uplift their snowy brows,

Glowing with colder beauty, where • unheard

The eagle screams in the fathomless ether,

And stays his wearied wing. Here let us pause.

The spirit of these solitudes—the soul

That dwells within these steep and difficult places—

Speaks a mysterious language to mine own,

And brings unutterable musings. Earth

Sleeps in the shades of nightfall, and the sea

Spreads like a thin blue haze beneath my feet;

Whilst the gray columns and the mouldering tombs

Of the Imperial City, hidden deep Beneath the mantle of their shadows, rest.

My spirit looks on earth. A heavenly voice

Comes silently: "Dreamer, is earth thy dwelling?

Lo! nursed within that fair and fruitful bosom,

Which has sustained thy being, and within

The colder breast of Ocean, lie the germs

Of thine own dissolution! E'en the air,

That fans the clear blue sky, and gives thee strength,

Up from the sullen lake of mouldering reeds,

And the wide waste of forest, where the osier

Thrives in the damp and motionless atmosphere,

Shall bring the dire and wasting pestilence,

And blight thy cheek. Dream thou of higher things:

This world is not thy home!" And yet my eye

Rests upon earth again. How beautiful,

Where wild Velino heaves its sullen waves

Down the high cliff of gray and shapeless granite,

Hung on the curling mist, the moonlight bow

Arches the perilous river! A soft light

Silvers the Albanian mountains, and the haze

That rests upon their summits mellows down

The austerer features of their beauty. Faint

And dim-discovered glow the Sabine hills;

And, listening to the sea's monot-. onous shell,

High on the cliffs of Terracina stands

The castle of the royal Goth in ruins.

But night is in her wane: day's early flush

Glows like a hectic on her fading cheek,

Wasting its beauty. And the opening dawn

With cheerful lustre lights the royal city,

Where, with its proud tiara of dark towers,

It sleeps upon its own romantic bay.

THE LUNATIC GIRL.

Most beautiful, most gentle! Yet how lost

To all that gladdens the fair earth; the eye

That watched her being; the maternal care

That kept and nourished her; and the calm light

That steals from our own thoughts, and softly rests

On youth's green valleys and smoothsliding waters.

Alas! few suns of life, and fewer winds,

Had withered or had wasted the fresh rose

That bloomed upon her cheek: but one chill frost

Came in that early autumn, when ripe thought

Is rich and beautiful, and blighted it; And the fair stalk grew languid day by day,

And drooped—and drooped, and shed its many leaves.

"T is said that some have died of love; and some,

That once from beauty's high romance had caught

Love's passionate feelings and heartwasting cares, Have spurned life's threshold with a desperate foot;

And others have gone mad,—and she was one!

Her lover died at sea; and they had felt

A coldness for each other when they parted,

But love returned again: and to her ear

Came tidings that the ship which bore her lover

Had sullenly gone down at sea, and all were lost.

I saw her in her native vale, when high

The aspiring lark up from the reedy

Mounted on cheerful pinion; and she sat

Casting smooth pebbles into a clear fountain,

And marking how they sunk; and oft she sighed

For him that perished thus in the vast deep.

She had a sea-shell, that her lover brought

From the far-distant ocean; and she pressed

Its smooth, cold lips unto her ear, and thought

It whispered tidings of the dark blue sea:

And sad, she cried, "The tides are out!—and now

I see his corse upon the stormy beach!"

Around her neck a string of roselipped shells,

And coral, and white pearl, was loosely hung;

And close beside her lay a delicate fan.

Made of the halcyon's blue wing; and when

She looked upon it, it would calm her thoughts

As that bird calms the ocean,—for it gave

Mournful, yet pleasant, memory.
Once I marked,

When through the mountain hollows and green woods,

That bent beneath its footsteps, the loud wind

Came with a voice as of the restless deep,

She raised her head, and on her pale, cold cheek

A beauty of diviner seeming came;

And then she spread her hands, and smiled, as if

She welcomed a long-absent friend,
—and then

Shrunk timorously back again, and wept.

I turned away: a multitude of thoughts,

Mournful and dark, were crowding on my mind;

And as I left that lost and ruined one,— [earth

A living monument that still on There is warm love and deep sincerity,—

She gazed upon the west, where the blue sky

Held, like an ocean, in its wide embrace

Those fairy islands of bright cloud, that lay

So calm and quietly in the thin ether.

And then she pointed where, alone and high,

One little cloud sailed onward, like a lost

And wandering bark, and fainter grew, and fainter,

And soon was swallowed up in the blue depths;

And, when it sunk away, she turned again

With sad despondency and tears to earth.

Three long and weary months yet not a whisper

Of stern reproach for that cold parting! Then

She sat no longer by her favourite fountain:

She was at rest for ever.

THE VENETIAN GONDOLIER.

HERE rest the weary oar!—soft airs Breathe out in the o'erarching sky;

And Night—sweet Night—serenely wears

A smile of peace: her noon is nigh.

Where the tall fir in quiet stands,

And waves, embracing the chaste shores.

Move over sea-shells and bright sands.

Is heard the sound of dipping oars.

Swift o'er the wave the light bark springs,

Love's midnight hour draws lingering near;

And list!—his tuneful viol strings
The young Venetian Gondolier.

Lo! on the silver-mirrored deep, On earth, and her embosomed lakes,

And where the silent rivers sweep, From the thin cloud fair moonlight breaks

Soft music breathes around, and dies On the calm bosom of the sea; Whilst in her cell the novice sighs Her vespers to her rosary.

At their dim altars bow fair forms,
In tender charity for those,
That, helpless left to life's rude
storms,

Have never found this calm repose.

The bell swings to its midnight chime,

Relieved against the deep blue sky.

Haste!—dip the oar again—'t is time

To seek Genevra's balcony.

THE ANGLER'S SONG.

From the river's plashy bank, Where the sedge grows green and rank,

And the twisted woodbine springs, Upward speeds the morning lark To its silver cloud—and hark! On his way the woodman sings.

On the dim and misty lakes
Gloriously the morning breaks,
And the eagle 's on his cloud:—
Whilst the wind, with sighing, wooes
To its arms the chaste cold ooze,
And the rustling reeds pipe loud.

Where the embracing ivy holds
Close the hoar elm in its folds,
In the meadow's fenny land,
And the winding river sweeps
Through its shallows and still
deeps,—
Silent with my rod I stand.

But when sultry suns are high Underneath the oak I lie
As it shades the water's edge,
And I mark my line, away
In the wheeling eddy, play,
Tangling with the river sedge.

When the eye of evening looks
On green woods and winding brooks,
And the wind sighs o'er the lea,—
Woods and streams,—I leave you
then,

While the shadow in the glen Lengthens by the greenwood tree

SW. LOVER'S ROCK.

THERE is a love that cannot die!—
And some their doom have met
Heart-broken—and gone as stars
go by,

That rise, and burn, and set.

Their days were in Spring's fallen leaf—

Tender—and young—and bright and brief.

There is a love that cannot die!—
Aye—it survives the grave;
When life goes out with many a sigh.
And earth takes what it gave,
Its light is on the home of those
That heed not when the cold wind blows.

With us there are sad records left Of life's declining day:

How true hearts here were broken and cleft,

And how they passed away. And you dark rock that swells above Its blue lake—has a tale of love.

'T is of an Indian maid, whose fate
Was saddened by the burst
Of passion, that made desolate
The heart it filled at first.
Her lover was false-hearted,—yet
Her love she never could forget.

It was a summer-day, and bright
'The sun was going down:
The wave lay blushing in rich light
Beneath the dark rock's frown,
And under the green maple's shade
Her lover's bridal feast was made.

She stood upon the rocky steep,
Grief had her heart unstrung,
And far across the lake's blue sweep
Was heard the dirge she sung.
It ceased—and in the deep cold
wave
[grave.
The Indian Girl has made her

DIRGE OVER A NAMELESS GRAVE.

By yon still river, where the wave Is winding slow at evening's close, The beech, upon a nameless grave, Its sadly-moving shadow throws.

O'er the fair woods the sun looks down

Upon the many-twinkling leaves, And twilight's mellow shades are brown,

Where darkly the green turf upheaves. The river glides in silence there,
And hardly waves the sapling tree:
Sweet flowers are springing, and the
air

Is full of balm—but where is she!

They bade her wed a son of pride, And leave the hope she cherished long:

She loved but one—and would not hide

A love which knew a wrong.

And months went sadly on—and years:

And she was wasting day by day: At length she died— and many tears Were shed, that she should pass away.

Then came a gray old man, and knelt

With bitter weeping by her tomb: And others mourned for him, who felt

That he had sealed a daughter's doom.

The funeral train has long past on,
And time wiped dry the father's tear!

Farewell — lost maiden!—there is one

That mourns thee yet—and he is here.

A SONG OF SAVOY.

As the dim twilight shrouds.

The mountain's purple crest,
And Summer's white and folded
clouds

Are glowing in the west, Loud shouts come up the rocky dell, And voices hail the evening-bell. Faint is the goatherd's song, And sighing comes the breeze; The silent river sweeps along

Amid its bending trees-

And the full moon shines faintly there,

And music fills the evening air.

Beneath the waving firs

The tinkling cymbals sound;

And as the wind the foliage stirs,

I see the dancers bound

Where the green branches, arched above,

Bend over this fair scene of love.

And he is there, that sought
My young heart long ago!
But he has left me—though I thought
He ne'er could leave me so.
Ah! lover's vows—how frail are they!

And his—were made but yesterday.

Why comes he not? I call
In tears upon him yet;
'T were better ne'er to love at all,
Than love, and then forget!
Why comes he not? Alas! I should
Reclaim him still, if weeping could.

But see—he leaves the glade,
And beckons me away:
He comes to seek his mountain maid!
I cannot chide his stay.
Clad sounds along the valley evall.

Glad sounds along the valley swell, And voices hail the evening-bell.

THE INDIAN HUNTER.

When the summer harvest was gathered in,

And the sheaf of the gleaner grew white and thin,

And the ploughshare was in its furrow left,

Where the stubble land had been lately cleft,

An Indian hunter, with unstrung bow,

Looked down where the valley lay stretched below.

He was a stranger there, and all that day

Had been out on the hills, a perilous way,

But the foot of the deer was far and fleet,

And the wolf kept aloof from the hunter's feet.

And bitter feelings passed o'er him then,

As he stood by the populous haunts of men.

The winds of autumn came over the woods

As the sun stole out from their solitudes;

The moss was white on the maple's trunk,

And dead from its arms the pale vine shrunk.

And ripened the mellow fruit hung, and red

Were the tree's withered leaves round it shed.

The foot of the reaper moved slow on the lawn

And the sickle cut down the yellow corn—

The mower sung loud by the meadow-side,

Where the mists of evening were spreading wide,

ODE. 27

And the voice of the herdsmen came up the lea,

And the dance went round by the greenwood tree.

Then the hunter turned away from that scene,

Where the home of his fathers once had been,

And heard by the distant and measured stroke,

That the woodman hewed down the giant oak,

And burning thoughts flashed over his mind

Of the white man's faith, and love unkind.

The moon of the harvest grew high and bright,

As her golden horn pierced the cloud of white—

A footstep was heard in the rustling brake,

Where the beech overshadowed the misty lake,

And a mourning voice, and a plunge from shore,—

And the hunter was seen on the hills no more.

When years had passed on, by that still lakeside

The fisher looked down through the silver tide,

And there, on the smooth yellow sand displayed,

A skeleton wasted and white was laid, And 't was seen, as the waters moved deep and slow,

That the hand was still grasping a hunter's bow.

ODE

WRITTEN FOR THE COMMEMORATION AT FRYEBURG, MAINE, OF LOVE-WELL'S FIGHT.

Air—Bruce's Address.

MANY a day and wasted year Bright has left its footsteps here, Since was broke the warrior's spear,

And our fathers bled.

Still the tall trees, arching, shake
Where the fleet deer by the lake,
As he dash'd through birch and
brake,

From the hunter fled.

In these ancient woods so bright, That are full of life and light, Many a dark, mysterious rite

The stern warriors kept.
But their altars are bereft,
Fall'n to earth, and strewn and cleft,
And a holier faith is left

Where their fathers slept.

From their ancient sepulchres, Where amid the giant firs, Moaning loud, the high wind stirs,

Have the red men gone.
Tow'rd the setting sun that makes
Bright our western hills and lakes,
Faint and few, the remnant takes
Its sad journey on.

Where the Indian hamlet stood, In the interminable wood, Battle broke the solitude,

And the war-cry rose;
Sudden came the straggling shot
Where the sun looked on the spot
That the trace of war would blot
Ere the day's faint close.

Low the smoke of battle hung; Heavy down the lake it swung, Till the death wail loud was sung

When the night shades fell;
And the green pine, waving dark,
Held within its shattered bark
Many a lasting scathe and mark,
That a tale could tell.

And the story of that day
Shall not pass from earth away,
Nor the blighting of decay
Waste our liberty;
But within the river's sweep
Long in peace our vale shall sleep
And free hearts the record keep

Of this jubilee.

JECKOYVA.

They made the warrior's grave beside The dashing of his native tide: And there was mourning in the glen—

The strong wail of a thousand men— O'er him thus fallen in his pride, Ere mist of age—or blight or blast Had o'er his mighty spirit past.

They made the warrior's grave beneath

The bending of the wild elm's wreath, When the dark hunter's piercing eye Had found that mountain rest on high,

Where, scattered by the sharp wind's breath,

Beneath the ragged cliff were thrown The strong belt and the mouldering bone.

Where was the warrior's foot, when first

The red sun on the mountain burst?

Where—when the sultry noon-time came

On the green vales with scorching flame,

And made the woodlands faint with thirst?

'T was where the wind is keen and loud.

And the gray eagle breasts the cloud.

Where was the warrior's foot when night

Veiled in thick cloud the mountainheight?

None heard the loud and sudden crash---

None saw the fallen warrior dash Down the bare rock so high and white!

But he that drooped not in the chase

Made on the hills his burial-place.

They found him there, when the long day

Of cold desertion passed away, And traces on that barren cleft Of struggling hard with death were

Deep marks and footprints in the clay!

And they have laid this feathery helm

By the dark river and green elm.

THE SEA-DIVER.

My way is on the bright blue sea, My sleep upon its rocking tide; And many an eye has followed me Where billows clasp the worn seaside. My plumage bears the crimson blush, When ocean by the sun is kissed! When fades the evening's purple flush.

My dark wing cleaves the silver mist.

Full many a fathom down beneath
The bright arch of the splendid
deep

My ear has heard the sea-shell breathe O'er living myriads in their sleep.

They rested by the coral throne, And by the pearly diadem;

Where the pale sea-grape had o'ergrown

The glorious dwellings made for them.

At night upon my storm-drench'd wing,

I poised above a helmless bark, And soon I saw the shattered thing Had passed away and left no mark.

And when the wind and storm were done,

A ship, that had rode out the gale, Sunk down, without a signal-gun, And none was left to tell the tale.

I saw the pomp of day depart—
The cloud resign its golden crown,
When to the ocean's beating heart
The sailor's wasted corse went
down.

Peace be to those whose graves are made

Beneath the bright and silver sea! Peace—that their relics there were laid

With no vain pride and pageantry.

MUSINGS.

I sat by my window one night, And watched how the stars grew high;

And the earth and skies were a splendid sight

To a sober and musing eye.

From heaven the silver moon shone down

With gentle and mellow ray,

And beneath the crowded roofs of
the town

In broad light and shadow lay.

A glory was on the silent sea,
And mainland and island too,
Till a haze came over the lowland
lea,

And shrouded that beautiful blue.

Bright in the moon the autumn wood
Its crimson scarf unrolled,

And the trees like a splendid army stood

In a panoply of gold!

I saw them waving their banners high,

As their crests to the night wind bowed,

And a distant sound on the air went by,

Like the whispering of a crowd.

Then I watched from my window how fast

The lights all around me fled, As the wearied man to his slumber passed

And the sick one to his bed.

All faded save one, that burned With distant and steady light;

But that, too, went out—and I turned

Where my own lamp within shone bright!

Thus, thought I, our joys must die, Yes—the brightest from earth we win:

Till each turns away, with a sigh,

To the lamp that burns brightly
within.

SONG.

Where, from the eye of day,
The dark and silent river
Pursues through tangled woods a
way

O'er which the tall trees quiver;

The silver mist, that breaks
From out that woodland cover,
Betrays the hidden path it takes,
And hangs the current over!

So oft the thoughts that burst From hidden springs of feeling, Like silent streams, unseen at first, From our cold hearts are stealing:

But soon the clouds that veil

The eye of Love, when glowing,
Betray the long unwhispered tale

Of thoughts in darkness flowing!

SONG OF THE BIRDS.

With what a hollow dirge its voice did fill

The vast and empty hollow of the night!—

It had perched itself upon a tall old tree,

That hung its tufted and thick clustering leaves

Midway across the brook; and sung most sweetly,

In all the merry and heart-broken sadness

Of those that love hath crazed. Clearly it ran

Through all the delicate compass of its voice:—

And then again, as from a distant hollow,

I heard its sweet tones like an echo sounding, [friend

And coming, like the memory of a From a far distant country—or the silent land

Of the mourned and the dead, to which we all are passing;

It seemed the song of some poor broken heart,

Haunted forever with love's cruel fancies!---

Of one that has loved much yet never known

The luxury of being loved again!

But when the morning broke, and the green woods

Were all alive with birds—with what a clear

And ravishing sweetness sung the plaintive thrush;

I love to hear its delicate rich voice, Chanting through all the gloomy day, when loud

Amid the trees is dropping the big rain.

And gray mists wrap the hills;—for aye the sweeter

Its song is, when the day is sad and dark. And thus

When the bright fountains of a The bright flowers round our way, woman's love

Are gently running over, if a cloud

But darken, with its melancholy shadow,

her heart

Doth learn new sweetness, and her rich voice falls

With more delicious music on our ears.

BALLADS AND OTHER POEMS.

THE SKELETON IN ARMOUR.

"SPEAK! speak! thou fearful guest! Who, with thy hollow breast Still in rude armour drest.

Comest to daunt me! Wrapt not in Eastern balms, But with thy fleshless palms Stretched, as if asking alms, Why dost thou haunt me?"

Then, from those cavernous eyes Pale flashes seemed to rise. As when the Northern skies

Gleam in December; And, like the water's flow Under December's snow. Came a dull voice of woe

From the heart's chamber.

"I was a Viking old! My deeds, though manifold, No Skald in song has told,

No Saga taught thee! Take heed, that in thy verse Thou dost the tale rehearse, Else dread a dead man's curse;

For this I sought thee.

"Far in the Northern Land, By the wild Baltic's strand, I, with my childish hand, Tamed the gerfalcon;

And, with my skates fast-bound, Skimmed the half-frozen Sound, That the poor whimpering hound Trembled to walk on.

"Oft to his frozen lair Tracked I the grisly bear, While from my path the hare Fled like a shadow: Oft through the forest dark Followed the were-wolf's bark, Until the soaring lark Sang from the meadow.

"But when I older grew, Joining a corsair's crew, O'er the dark sea I flew With the marauders. Wild was the life we led; Many the souls that sped, Many the hearts that bled, By our stern orders.

" Many a wassail-bout Wore the long Winter out; Often our midnight shout Set the cocks crowing.

As we the Berserk's tale Measured in cups of ale, Draining the oaken pail, Filled to o'erflowing. "Once, as I told in glee Tales of the stormy sea, Soft eyes did gaze on me,

Burning, yet tender;
And as the white stars shine
On the dark Norway pine,
On that dark heart of mine
Fell their soft splendour.

"I wooed the blue-eyed maid, Yielding, yet half afraid, And in the forest's shade

Our vows were plighted.
Under its loosened vest
Fluttered her little breast,
Like birds within their nest
By the hawk frighted.

"Bright in her father's hall
Shields gleamed upon the wall.
Loud sang the minstrels all,
Chanting his glory;
When of old Hildebrand
I asked his daughter's hand,
Mute did the minstrels stand
To hear my story.

"While the brown ale he quaffed, Loud then the champion laughed, And as the wind-gusts waft

The sea-foam brightly,
So the loud laugh of scorn,
Out of those lips unshorn,
From the deep drinking-horn
Blew the foam lightly.

"She was a Prince's child,
I but a Viking wild.
And though she blushed and smiled,

I was discarded!
Should not the dove so white
Follow the sea-mew's flight,
Why did they leave that night
Her nest unguarded?

"Scarce had I put to sea,
Bearing the maid with me,
Fairest of all was she
Among the Norsemen!
When on the white sea-strand,
Waving his armèd hand,
Saw we old Hildebrand,
With twenty horsemen.

"Then launched they to the blast, Bent like a reed each mast, Yet we were gaining fast, When the wind failed us:

When the wind failed us;
And with a sudden flaw
Came round the gusty Skaw,
So that our foe we saw
Laugh as he hailed us.

"And as to catch the gale
Round veered the flapping sail,
'Death!' was the helmsman's hail,
'Death without quarter!'
Mid-ships with iron keel
Struck we her ribs of steel;
Down her black hulk did reel
Through the black water!

"As with his wings aslant, Sails the fierce cormorant, Seeking some rocky haunt,

With his prey laden,—
So toward the open main,
Beating to sea again,
Through the wild hurricane,
Bore I the maiden.

"Three weeks we westward bore, And when the storm was o'er,
Cloud-like we saw the shore

Stretching to leeward;
There for my lady's bower
Built I the lofty tower,
Which, to this very hour,
Stands looking seaward.



"Beneath the palm-trees on the plain Once more a king he strode."

THE WRECK OF THE HESPERUS.

"There lived we many years;
Time dried the maiden's tears;
She had forgot her fears,
She was a mother;
Death closed her mild blue eyes,
Under that tower she lies;
Ne'er shall the sun arise
On such another!

"Still grew my bosom then, Still as a stagmant fen! Hateful to me were men, ' The sunlight hateful! In the vast forest here,'
Clad in my warlike gear,
Fell I upon my spear,
Oh, death was grateful!

"Thus, seamed with many scars,
Bursting these prison bars,
Up to its native stars
My soul ascended!
There from the flowing bowl
Deep drinks the warrior's soul,
Skoal! to the Northland! skoal!"
Thus the tale ended.

THE WRECK OF THE HESPERUS.

It was the schooner Hesperus,
That sailed the wintry sea;
And the skipper had taken his little daughter,
To bear him company.

Blue were her eyes as the fairy-flax,
Her cheeks like the dawn of day,
And her bosom white as the hawthorn buds,
That ope in the month of May.

The skipper he stood beside the helm,
His pipe was in his mouth,
And he watched how the veering flaw did blow
The smoke now West, now South.

Then up and spake an old Sailòr, Had sailed to the Spanish Main, "I pray thee, put into yonder port, For I fear a hurricane.

"Last night, the moon had a golden ring, And to-night no moon we see!" The skipper, he blew a whiff from his pipe, And a scornful laugh laughed he.

BALLADS AND OTHER POEMS

Colder and louder blew the wind,
A gale from the North-east;
The snow fell hissing in the brine,
And the billows frothed like yeast.

Down came the storm, and smote amain
The vessel in its strength;
She shuddered and paused, like a frighted steed,
Then leaped her cable's length.

"Come hither! come hither! my little daughter.
And do not tremble so;
For I can weather the roughest gale
That ever wind did blow."

He wrapped her warm in his seaman's coat Against the stinging blast; He cut a rope from a broken spar, And bound her to the mast.

- "O father! I hear the church-bells ring, Oh say, what may it be?"
 "'T is a fog-bell on a rock-bound coast!"—And he steered for the open sea.
- "O father! I hear the sound of guns, Oh say, what may it be?" "Some ship in distress, that cannot live In such an angry sea!"
- "O father, I see a gleaming light,
 Oh say, what may it be?"
 But the father answered never a word,
 A frozen corpse was he.

Lashed to the helm, all stiff and stark,
With his face turned to the skies,
The lantern gleamed through the gleaming snow
On his fixed and glassy eyes.

Then the maiden clasped her hands and prayed That savèd she might be; And she thought of Christ, who stilled the wave, On the Lake of Galilee.

And fast through the midnight dark and drear,
Through the whistling sleet and snow,
Like a sheeted ghost, the vessel swept
Tow'rds the reef of Norman's Woe.

And ever the fitful gusts between
A sound came from the land;
It was the sound of the trampling surf,
On the rocks and the hard sea-sand.

The breakers were right beneath her bows, She drifted a dreary wreck, And a whooping billow swept the crew Like icicles from her deck.

She struck where the white and fleecy waves Looked soft as carded wool,
But the cruel rocks, they gored her side
Like the horns of an angry bull.

Her rattling shrouds, all sheathed in ice, With the masts went by the board; Like a vessel of glass, she stove and sank, Ho! ho! the breakers roared!

At daybreak, on the bleak sea-beach, A fisherman stood aghast, To see the form of a maiden fair, Lashed close to a drifting mast.

The salt sea was frozen on her breast,

The salt tears in her eyes;

And he saw her hair, like the brown sea-weed,

On the billows fall and rise.

Such was the wreck of the Hesperus, In the midnight and the snow! Christ save us all from a death like this, On the reef of Norman's Woe!

THE VILLAGE BLACK-SMITH.

Under a spreading chestnut tree
The village smithy stands;
The smith, a mighty man is he,
With large and sinewy hands;
And the muscles of his brawny arms
Are strong as iron bands.

His hair is crisp, and black, and long,

His face is like the tan;
His brow is wet with honest sweat.
He earns whate'er he can,
And looks the whole world in the face,

For he owes not any man.

Week in, week out, from morn till night,

You can hear his bellows blow; You can hear him swing his heavy sledge,

With measured beat and slow, Like a sexton ringing the village bell,

When the evening sun is low.

And children coming home from school

Look in at the open door;
They love to see the flaming forge,
And hear the bellows roar,
And catch the burning sparks that
fly

Like chaff from a threshing-floor.

He goes on Sunday to the church, And sits among his boys; He hears the parson pray and preach, He hears his daughter's voice, Singing in the village choir, And it makes his heart rejoice.

It sounds to him like her mother's voice,

Singing in Paradise! [more, He needs must think of her once How in the grave she lies; And with his hard, rough band he wipes

A tear out of his eyes.

Toiling—rejoicing—sorrowing,
Onward through life he goes;
Each morning sees some task begin,
Each evening sees it close; [done,
Something attempted, something
Has earned a night's repose.

Thanks, thanks to thee, my worthy friend,

For the lesson thou hast taught! Thus at the flaming forge of life
Our fortunes must be wrought;
Thus on its sounding anvil shaped
Each burning deed and thought.

ENDYMION.

THE rising moon has hid the stars; Her level rays, like golden bars, Lie on the landscape green, With shadows brown between. And silver white the river gleams, As if Diana in her dreams

Had dropt her silver bow Upon the meadows low.

On such a tranquil night as this, She woke Endymion with a kiss, When, sleeping in the grove, He dreamed not of her love.

Like Dian's kiss, unasked, unsought, Love gives itself, but is not bought, Nor voice, nor sound betrays Its deep, impassioned gaze.

It comes—the beautiful, the free,
The crown of all humanity—
In silence and alone
To seek the elected one.

It-lifts the boughs, whose shadows deep

Are Life's oblivion, the soul's sleep, And kisses the closed eyes Of him who slumbering lies.

O weary hearts! O slumbering eyes! O drooping souls, whose destinies Are fraught with fear and pain, Ye shall be loved again!

No one is so accursed by fate,
No one so utterly desolate,
But some heart, though unknown,
Responds unto his own.

Responds—as if with unseen wings, An angel touched its quivering strings;

And whispers, in its song,
"Where hast thou stayed so long?"

IT IS NOT ALWAYS MAY.

The sun is bright, the air is clear,
The darting swallows soar and
sing,

And from the stately elms I hear The bluebird prophesying Spring.

So blue you winding river flows, It seems an outlet from the sky, Where, waiting till the west wind blows.

The freighted clouds at anchor lie.

All things are new;—the buds, the leaves,

That gild the elm-tree's nodding crest,

And even the nest beneath the eaves;—

There are no birds in last year's nest!

All things rejoice in youth and love, The fulness of their first delight! And learn from the soft heavens above

The melting tenderness of night.

Maiden, that read'st this simple rhyme,

Enjoy thy youth, it will not stay; Enjoy the fragrance of thy prime, For oh, it is not always May!

Enjoy the Spring of Love and Youth.

To some good angel leave the rest:

For Time will teach thee soon the truth,

There are no birds in last year's nest!

THE RAINY DAY.

THE day is cold, and dark, and dreary;
It rains, and the wind is never weary;
The vine still clings to the mouldering wall,
But at every gust the dead leaves fall,
And the day is dark and dreary.

My life is cold, and dark, and dreary;
It rains, and the wind is never weary;
My thoughts still cling to the mouldering Past,
But the hopes of youth fall thick in the blast,
And the days are dark and dreary.

Be still, sad heart! and cease repining;
Behind the clouds is the sun still shining;
Thy fate is the common fate of all,
Into each life some rain must fall,
Some days must be dark and dreary.

GOD'S-ACRE.

I LIKE that ancient Saxon phrase, which calls
The burial-ground God's-Acre! It is just;
It consecrates each grave within its walls,
And breathes a benison o'er the sleeping dust.

God's-Acre! Yes, that blessed name imparts
Comfort to those who in the grave have sown
The seed that they had garnered in their hearts,
Their bread of life, alas! no more their own.

Into its furrows shall we all be cast,
In the sure faith that we shall rise again
At the great harvest, when the archangel's blast
Shall winnow, like a fan, the chaff and grain.

Then shall the good stand in immortal bloom,
In the fair gardens of that second birth;
And each bright blossom mingle its perfume
With that of flowers, which never bloomed on earth.

With thy rude ploughshare, Death, turn up the sod, And spread the furrow for the seed we sow;
This is the field and Acre of our God,
This is the place where human harvests grow.

TO THE RIVER CHARLES.

RIVER! that in silence windest

Through the meadows bright and
free,

Till at length thy rest thou findest In the bosom of the sea!

Four long years of mingled feeling, Half in rest, and half in strife, I have seen thy waters stealing Onward, like the stream of life.

Thou hast taught me, Silent River!
Many a lesson, deep and long;
Thou hast been a generous giver;
I can give thee but a song.

Oft in sadness and in illness,
I have watched thy current glide,
Till the beauty of its stillness
Overflowed me, like a tide.

And in better hours and brighter,
When I saw thy waters gleam,
I have felt my heart beat lighter,
And leap onward with thy stream.

Not for this alone I love thee,
Nor because thy waves of blue
From celestial seas above thee
Take their own celestial hue.

Where yon shadowy woodlands hide thee.

And thy waters disappear,
Friends I love have dwelt beside
thee,
And have made thy margin dear.

More than this;—thy name reminds

Of three friends all true and tried;

And that name, like magic, binds me

Closer, closer to thy side.

Friends my soul with joy remembers!

How like quivering flames they start,

When I fan the living embers
On the hearthstone of my heart!

'T is for this, thou Silent River!
That my spirit leans to thee;
Thou hast been a generous giver,
Take this idle song from me.

BLIND BARTIMEUS.

BLIND Bartimeus at the gates
Of Jericho in darkness waits;
He hears the crowd;—he hears a
breath
Say, "It is Christ of Nazareth!"
And calls, in tones of agony,
'Ίησοῦ, ἐλέησον με!

The thronging multitudes increase;
Blind Bartimeus, hold thy peace!
But still, above the noisy crowd,
The beggar's cry is shrill and loud;
Until they say, "He calleth thee!"
άρσει, ἔγειραι, φωνεί σε!

Then saith the Christ, as silent stands

The crowd, "What wilt thou at my hands?"

And he replies, "Oh give me light! Rabbi, restore the blind man's sight!"

And Jesus answers, Ύπαγε· Ή πίστις σου σέσωκέ σε!

Ye that have eyes, yet cannot see. In darkness and in misery, Recall those mighty Voices Three, Ίησοῦ ἐλέησον με! Θάρσει, ἔγειραι, Ὑπαγε! Ἡ πίστις σου σέσωκέ σε!

THE GOBLET OF LIFE.

FILLED is Life's goblet to the brim; And though my eyes with tears are dim,

I see its sparkling bubbles swim, And chant a melancholy hymn With solemn voice and slow.

No purple flowers,—no garlands green,

Conceal the goblet's shade or sheen, Nor maddening draughts of Hippocrene,

Like gleams of sunshine, flash between

Thick leaves of mistletoe.

This goblet, wrought with curious art,

Is filled with waters, that upstart, When the deep fountains of the heart,

By strong convulsions rent apart, Are running all to waste. And as it mantling passes round, With fennel is it wreathed and crowned,

Whose seed and foliage sunimbrowned [drowned Are in its waters steeped and And give a bitter taste.

Above the lowly plants it towers,
The fennel, with its yellow flowers,
And in an earlier age than ours
Was gifted with the wondrous
powers,

Lost vision to restore.

It gave new strength and fearless mood;

And gladiators, fierce and rude, Mingled it in their daily food; And he who battled and subdued, A wreath of fennel wore.

Then in Life's goblet freely press
The leaves that give it bitterness,
Nor prize the coloured waters less,
For in thy darkness and distress
New light and strength they
give!

And he who has not learned to know [show, How false its sparkling bubbles How bitter are the drops of woe, With which its brim may overflow, He has not learned to live.

The prayer of Ajax was for light;
Through all that dark and desperate fight, [night,
The blackness of that noonday
He asked but the return of sight,
To see his foeman's face.

Let our unceasing, earnest prayer Be, too, for light,—for strength to bear

Our portion of the weight of care, That crushes into dumb despair One half the human race.

O suffering, sad humanity!
O ye afflicted ones, who lie
Steeped to the lips in misery,
Longing, and yet afraid to die,
Patient, though sorely tried!

I pledge you in this cup of grief,
Where floats the fennel's bitter leaf
The Battle of our Life is brief,
The alarm, — the struggle, — the
relief.

Then sleep we side by side.

MAIDENHOOD.

MAIDEN! with the meek, brown eyes, In whose orbs a shadow lies, Like the dusk in evening skies!

Thou whose locks outshine the sun. Golden tresses, wreathed in one, As the braided streamlets run!

Standing, with reluctant feet, Where the brook and river meet, Womanhood and childhood fleet!

Gazing, with a timid glance, On the brooklet's swift advance, On the river's broad expanse!

Deep and still, that gliding stream Beautiful to thee must seem As the river of a dream.

Then why pause with indecision, When bright angels in thy vision Beckon thee to fields Elysian? Seest thou shadows sailing by, As the dove, with startled eye, Sees the falcon's shadow fly?

Hearest thou voices on the shore, That our ears perceive no more, Deafened by the cataract's roar?

O thou child of many prayers!

Life hath quicksands,—Life hath
snares!

Care and age come unawares!

Like the swell of some sweet tune, Morning rises into noon, May glides onward into June.

Childhood is the bough, where slumbered

Birds and blossoms many-numbered;---

Age, that bough with snows encumbered.

Gather, then, each flower that grows, When the young heart overflows, To embalin that tent of snows.

Bear a lily in thy hand; Gates of brass cannot withstand One touch of that magic wand.

Bear through sorrow, wrong, and ruth,

In thy heart the dew of youth, On thy lips the smile of truth.

Oh, that dew, like balm, shall steal Into wounds that cannot heal, Even as sleep our eyes doth seal;

And that smile, like sunshine. dart Into many a sunless heart, For a smile of God thou art.

EXCELSIOR.

THE shades of night were falling fast,

As through an Alpine village passed A youth, who bore, 'mid snow and ice,

A banner with the strange device, Excelsior!

His brow was sad; his eye beneath, Flashed like a falchion from its sheath,

And like a silver clarion rung
The accents of that unknown tongue,
Excelsior!

In happy nomes he saw the light Of household fires gleam warm and bright;

Above, the spectral glaciers shone, And from his lips escaped a groan, Excelsior!

"Try not the Pass!" the old man said;

"Dark lowers the tempest overhead,
The roaring torrent is deep and
wide!"

And loud that clarion voice replied, Excelsior! "Oh stay," the maiden said, "and rest Thy weary head upon this breast!" A tear stood in his bright blue eye, But still he answered, with a sigh, Excelsior!

"Beware the pine-tree's withered branch!

Beware the awful avalanche!"

This was the peasant's last Goodnight,

A voice replied, far up the height, Excelsior!

At break of day, as heavenward
The pious monks of Saint Bernard
Uttered the oft-repeated prayer,
Avoice cried through the startled air,
Excelsior!

A traveller, by the faithful hound, Half-buried in the snow was found, Still grasping in his hand of ice That banner with the strange device, Excelsior!

There in the twilight cold and gray, Lifeless, but beautiful, he lay, And from the sky, serene and far, A voice fell, like a falling star, Excelsior!

POEMS ON SLAVERY.

TO WILLIAM E. CHANNING.

The pages of thy book I read,
And as I closed each one,
My heart, responding, ever said,
"Servant of God! well done!"

Well done! Thy words are great and bold; at times they seem to me, Like Luther's, in the days of old,

Half-battles for the free.

Go on, until this land revokes
The old and chartered Lie,
The feudal curse, whose whips and
yokes
Insult humanity:

A voice is ever at thy side,
Speaking in tones of might,
Like the prophetic voice, that cried
To John in Patmos, "Write!"

Write! and tell out this bloody tale;
Record this dire eclipse,
This Day of Wrath, this Endless
Wail,
This dread Apocalypse!

THE SLAVE'S DREAM.

Beside the ungathered rice he lay,
His sickle in his hand;
His breast was bare, his matted
hair
Was buried in the sand.

Again, in the mist and shadow of sleep,

He saw his Native Land.

Wide through the landscape of his dreams

The lordly Niger flowed;
Beneath the palm-trees on the plain
Once more a king he strode;
And heard the tinkling caravans

Descend the mountain-road.

He saw once more his dark-eyed queen

Among her children stand;
They clasped his neck, they kissed
his cheeks,

They held him by the hand!—A tear burst from the sleeper's lids, And fell into the sand.

And then at furious speed he rode Along the Niger's bank; His bridle-reins were golden chains, And, with a martial clank,

At each leap he could feel his scabbard of steel
Smiting his stallion's flank.

Before him, like a blood-red flag, The bright flamingoes flew;

From morn till night he followed their flight,

O'er plains where the tamarind grew,

Till he saw the roofs of Caffre huts,

And the ocean rose to view.

At night he heard the lion roar, And the hyena scream;

And the river-horse, as he crushed the reeds

Beside some hidden stream;

And it passed, like a glorious roll of drums,

Through the triumph of his dream.

The forests, with their myriad tongues,

Shouted of liberty;

smiled

And the Blast of the Desert cried aloud,

With a voice so wild and free, That he started in his sleep and

At their tempestuous glee.

He did not feel the driver's whip,
Nor the burning heat of day;
For Death had illumined the Language

For Death had illumined the Land of Sleep,

And his lifeless body lay
A worn-out fetter, that the soul
Had broken and thrown away!

THE GOOD PART

THAT SHALL NOT BE TAKEN AWAY.

SHE dwells by Great Kenhawa's side,
In valleys green and cool;
And all her hope and all her pride
Are in the village school.

Her soul, like the transparent air That robes the hills above, Though not of earth, encircles there All things with arms of love.

And thus she walks among her girls
With praise and mild rebukes;
Subduing e'en rude village churls
By her angelic looks.

She reads to them at eventide
Of One who came to save;
To cast the captive's chains aside,
And liberate the slave.

And oft the blessed time foretells When all men shall be free; And musical, as silver bells, Their falling chains shall be.

And following her beloved Lord, In decent poverty, She makes her life one sweet record And deed of charity.

For she was rich, and gave up all To break the iron bands. Of those who waited in her hall, And laboured in her lands.

Long since beyond the Southern Sea Their outbound sails have sped, While she, in meek humility, Now earns her daily bread. It is their prayers, which never cease.

That clothe her with such grace; Their blessing is the light of peace That shines upon her face.

THE SLAVE IN THE DISMAL SWAMP.

In dark fens of the Dismal Swamp
The hunted Negro lay;

He saw the fire of the midnight camp,

And heard at times a horse's tramp

And a bloodhound's distant bay.

Where will-o'-the-wisps and glowworms shine,

In bulrush and in brake;

Where waving mosses shroud the pine,

And the cedar grows, and the poisonous vine

Is spotted like the snake;

Where hardly a human foot could pass,

Or a human heart would dare, On the quaking turf of the green morass

He crouched in the rank and tangled grass,

Like a wild beast in his lair.

A poor old slave, infirm and lame; Great scars deformed his face; On his forehead he bore the brand of shame,

And the rags, that hid his mangled frame,

Were the livery of disgrace.

All things above were bright and fair,

All things were glad and free;
Lithe squirrels darted here and
there,
[air
And wild birds filled the echoing
With songs of Liberty!

On him alone was the doom of pain,
From the morning of his birth;
On him alone the curse of Cain
Fell, like a flail on the garnered grain,
And struck him to the earth!

THE SLAVE SINGING AT MIDNIGHT.

Loud he sang the psalm of David ' He, a Negro and enslaved, Sang of Israel's victory, Sang of Zion, bright and free.

In that hour, when night is calmest, Sang he from the Hebrew Psalmist, In a voice so sweet and clear That I could not choose but hear,

Songs of triumph, and ascriptions, Such as reached the swart Egyptians, When upon the Red Sea coast

When upon the Red Sea coast Perished Pharaoh and his host.

And the voice of his devotion Filled my soul with strange emotion; For its comes by turns were glad, Sweetly solemn, wildly sad.

Paul and Silas, in their prison, Sang of Christ, the Lord arisen, And an earthquake's arm of might Broke their dungeon-gates at night.

But, alas! what holy angel Brings the Slave this glad evangel? And what earthquake's arm of might

Breaks his dungeon-gates at night?

THE WITNESSES.

In Ocean's wide domains,

Half buried in the sands,
Like skeletons in chains,

With shackled feet and hands.

Beyond the fall of dews,

Deeper than plummet lies,
Float ships, with all their crews,

No more to sink nor rise.

There the black Slave-ship swims, Freighted with human forms, Whose fettered, fleshless limbs Are not the sport of storms.

These are the bones of Slaves;
They gleam from the abyss;
They cry, from yawning waves,
"We are the Witnesses!"

Within Earth's wide domains
Are markets for men's lives;
Their necks are galled with chains,
Their wrists are cramped with
gyves.

Dead bodies, that the kite
In deserts makes its prey;
Murders, that with affright
Scare schoolboys from their play!

All evil thoughts and deeds;
Anger, and lust, and pride;
The foulest, rankest weeds,
That choke Life's groaning tide!

These are the woes of Slaves;
They glare from the abyss;
They cry from unknown graves,
"We are the Witnesses!"

THE QUADROON GIRL.

THE Slaver in the broad lagoon
Lay moored with idle sail;
He waited for the rising moon,
And for the evening gale.

Under the shore his boat was tied,And all her listless crewWatched the gray alligator slideInto the still bayou.

Odours of orange-flowers and spice,
Reached them from time to time,
Like airs that breathe from
Paradise
Upon a world of crime.

The Planter, under his roof of thatch, Smoked thoughtfully and slow;
The Slaver's thumb was on the

He seemed in haste to go.

latch,

He said, "My ship at anchor rides In yonder broad lagoon; I only wait the evening tides, And the rising of the moon."

Before them, with her face upraised,

In timid attitude,

Like one half curious, half amazed, A Quadroon maiden stood.

Her eyes were large, and full of light,
Her arms and neck were bare;
No garment she wore, save a kirtle
bright,
And her own long, rayen hair.

And on her lips there played a smile As holy, meek, and faint, As lights in some cathedral aisle The features of a saint.

"The soil is barren,—the farm is old;"

The thoughtful Planter said; Then looked upon the slaver's gold, And then upon the maid.

His heart within him was at strife With such accursed gains:

For he knew whose passions gave her life,

Whose blood ran in her veins.

But the voice of nature was too weak;

He took the glittering gold!

Then pale as death grew the maiden's cheek,

Her hands as icy cold.

The Slaver led her from the door,
He led her by the hand,
To be his slave and paramour
In a strange and distant land!

THE WARNING.

BEWARE! The Israelite of old, who tore
The lion in his path,—when, poor and blind,
He saw the blessed light of heaven no more,
Shorn of his noble strength and forced to grind
In prison, and at last led forth to be
A pander to Philistine revelry,—

Upon the pillars of the temple laid
His desperate hands, and in its overthrow
Destroyed himself, and with him those who made
A cruel mockery of his sightless woe;
The poor, blind Slave, the scoff and jest of all,
Expired, and thousands perished in the fall!

There is a poor, blind Samson in this land,
Shorn of his strength, and bound in bonds of steel.
Who may, in some grim revel, raise his hand,
And shake the pillars of this Commonweal,
Till the vast Temple of our liberties
A shapeless mass of wreck and rubbish lies.

THE BELFRY OF BRUGES AND OTHER POEMS.

THE BELFRY OF BRUGES. CARILLON.

In the ancient town of Bruges,
In the quaint old Flemish city,
As the evening shades descended,
Low and loud and sweetly blended,
Low at times and loud at times,
And changing like a poet's rhymes,
Rang the beautiful wild chimes,
From the Belfry in the market
Of the ancient town of Bruges.

Then, with deep sonorous clangour Calmly answering their sweet anger, When the wrangling bells had ended,

Slowly struck the clock eleven, And, from out the silent heaven, Silence on the town descended. Silence, silence everywhere, On the earth and in the air, Save that footsteps here and there Of some burgher home returning, By the street lamps faintly burning, For a moment woke the echoes Of the ancient town of Bruges.

But amid my broken slumbers
Still I heard those magic numbers,
As they loud proclaimed the flight
And stolen marches of the night;
Till their chimes in sweet collision
Mingled with each wandering vision,
Mingled with the fortune-telling
Gipsy-bands of dreams and fancies,
Which amid the waste expanses
Of the silent land of trances
Have their solitary dwelling;
All else seemed asleep in Bruges,
In the quaint old Flemish city.

And I thought how like these chimes Are the poet's airy rhymes, All his rhymes and roundelays, His conceits, and songs, and ditties, From the belfry of his brain, Scattered downward, though in vain, On the roofs and stones of cities!

For by night the drowsy ear Under its curtains cannot hear, And by day men go their ways, Hearing the music as they pass, But deeming it no more, alas! Than the hollow sound of brass.

Yet perchance a sleepless wight, Lodging at some humble inn
In the narrow lanes of life,
When the dusk and hush of night
Shut out the incessant din
Of daylight and its toil and strife,
May listen with a calm delight
To the poet's melodies,
Till he hears, or dreams he hears,

Intermingled with the song,
Thoughts that he has cherished long;

Hears amid the chime and singing The bells of his own village ringing, And wakes, and finds his slumberous eyes

Wet with most delicious tears.

Thus dreamed I, as by night I lay In Bruges, at the Fleur-de-Blé, Listening with a wild delight To the chimes that, through the night, Rang their changes from the Belfry Of that quaint old Flemish city.

THE BELFRY OF BRUGES.

IN the market-place of Bruges stands the belfry old and brown; Thrice consumed and thrice rebuilded, still it watches o'er the town.

As the summer morn was breaking, on that lofty tower I stood, And the world threw off the darkness, like the weeds of widowhood.

Thick with towns and hamlets studded, and with streams and vapours gray,

Like a shield embossed with silver, round and vast the landscape lay.

At my feet the city slumbered. From its chimneys, here and there, Wreaths of snow-white smoke, ascending, vanished, ghost-like, into air

Not a sound rose from the city at that early morning hour, But I heard a heart of iron beating in the ancient tower.

From their nests beneath the rafters sang the swallows wild and high, And the world, beneath me sleeping, seemed more distant than the sky.

Then most musical and solemn, bringing back the olden times, With their strange, unearthly changes rang the melancholy chimes.

Like the psalms from some old cloister, when the nuns sing in the choir;

And the great bell tolled among them, like the chanting of a friar.

Visions of the days departed, shadowy phantoms filled my brain; They who live in history only seemed to walk the earth again;

All the Foresters of Flanders,—mighty Baldwin Bras de Fer, Lyderick du Bucq and Cressy, Philip, Guy de Dampierre.

I beheld the pageants splendid, that adorned those days of old; [Gold; Stately dames, like queens attended, knights who bore the Fleece of

Lombard and Venetian merchants with deep-laden argosies; Ministers from twenty nations.; more than royal pomp and ease.

I beheld proud Maximilian, kneeling humbly on the ground; I beheld the gentle Mary, hunting with her hawk and hound;

And her lighted bridal chamber, where a duke slept with the queen, And the armèd guard around them, and the sword unsheathed between.

I beheld the Flemish weavers, with Namur and Juliers bold,* Marching homeward from the bloody battle of the Spurs of Gold;

Saw the fight at Minnewater, saw the White Hoods moving West, Saw great Artevelde victorious scale the Golden Dragon's nest.

And again the whiskered Spaniard all the land with terror smote; And again the wild alarum sounded from the tocsin's throat;

Till the bell of Ghent responded o'er lagoon and dike of sand, "I am Roland! I am Roland! there is victory in the land!"

Then the sound of drums aroused me. The awakened city's roar Chased the phantoms I had summoned back into their graves once more.

Hours had passed away like minutes; and, before I was aware, Lo! the shadow of the belfry crossed the sun-illumined square.

A GLEAM OF SUNSHINE.

This is the place. Stand still, my steed,
Let me review the scene,
And summon from the shadowy Past
The forms that once have been.

The Past and Present here unite Beneath Time's flowing tide,

Like footprints hidden by a brook, But seen on either side.

Here runs the highway to the town;
There the green lane descends,
Through which I walked to church
with thee,
O gentlest of my friends!

The shadow of the linden-trees

Lay moving on the grass;

Between them and the moving boughs,

A shadow thou didst pass

A shadow, thou didst pass.

Thy dress was like the lilies, And thy heart as pure as they: One of God's holy messengers Did walk with me that day.

I saw the branches of the trees
Bend down thy touch to meet,
The clover-blossoms in the grass
Rise up to kiss thy feet.

"Sleep, sleep to-day, tormenting cares,

Of earth and folly born!"
Solemnly sang the village choir
On that sweet Sabbath morn.

Through the closed blinds the golden sun
Poured in a dusty beam,
Like the celestial ladder seen
By Jacob in his dream.

And ever and anon the wind, Sweet-scented with the hay, Turned o'er the hymn-book's fluttering leaves That on the window lay.

Long was the good man's sermon,
Yet it seemed not so to me;
For he spake of Ruth the beautiful,
And still I thought of thee.

Long was the prayer he uttered, Yet it seemed not so to me; For in my heart I prayed with him, And still I thought of thee.

But now, alas! the place seems changed;
Thou art no longer here:
Part of the sunshine of the scene

With thee did disappear.

Though thoughts, deep-rooted in my

heart,
Like pine-trees dark and high,
Subdue the light of noon, and breathe
A low and ceaseless sigh;

This memory brightens o'er the past,
As when the sun, concealed
Behind some cloud that near us
hangs,
Shines on a distant field.

THE ARSENAL AT SPRINGFIELD.

THIS is the Arsenal. From floor to ceiling,
Like a huge organ, rise the burnished arms;
But from their silent pipes no anthem pealing
Startles the villages with strange alarms.

Ah! what a sound will rise, how wild and dreary,
When the death-angel touches those swift keys!
What loud lament and dismal Miserere
Will mingle with their awful symphonies!

I hear even now the infinite fierce chorus,
The cries of agony, the endless groan,
Which, through the ages that have gone before us,
In long reverberations reach our own.

On helm and harness rings the Saxon hammer, Through Cimbric forest roars the Norseman's song, And loud, amid the universal clamour, O'er distant deserts sounds the Tartar gong.

I hear the Florentine, who from his palace Wheels out his battle-bell with dreadful din, And Aztec priests upon their teocallis Beat the wild war-drums made of serpent's skin;

The tumult of each sacked and burning village;
The shout that every prayer for mercy drowns;
The soldiers' revels in the midst of pillage;
The wail of famine in beleaguered towns;

The bursting shell, the gateway wrenched asunder,
The rattling musketry, the clashing blade;
And ever and anon, in tones of thunder,
The diapason of the cannonade.

Is it, O man, with such discordant noises,
With such accursed instruments as these,
Thou drownest Nature's sweet and kindly voices,
And jarrest the celestial harmonies?

Were half the power, that fills the world with terror,
Were half the wealth, bestowed on camps and courts,
Given to redeem the human mind from error,
There were no need of arsenals or forts:

The warrior's name would be a name abhorred!
And every nation, that should lift again
Its hand against a brother, on its forehead
Would wear for evermore the curse of Cain!

Down the dark future, through long generations,

The echoing sounds grow fainter, and then cease;

And like a bell, with solemn, sweet vibrations,

I hear once more the voice of Christ say, "Peace!"

Peace! and no longer from its brazen portals
The blast of War's great organ shakes the skies!
But beautiful as songs of the immortals,
The holy melodies of love arise.

NUREMBERG.

IN the valley of the Pegnitz, where across broad meadow-lands Rise the blue Franconian mountains, Nuremberg, the ancient, stands

Quaint old town of toil and traffic, quaint old town of art and song, Memories haunt thy pointed gables, like the rooks that round them throng:

Memories of the Middle Ages, when the emperors, rough and boki, Had their dwelling in thy castle, time-defying, centuries old;

And thy brave and thrifty burghers boasted, in their uncouth rhyme, That their great imperial city stretched its hand through every clime.

In the court-yard of the castle, bound with many an iron band, Stands the mighty linden planted by Queen Cunigunde's hand;

On the square the oriel window, where in old heroic days Sat the poet Melchior singing Kaiser Maximilian's praise.

Everywhere I see around me rise the wondrous world of Art: [mart; Fountains wrought with richest sculpture standing in the common

And above cathedral doorways saints and bishops carved in stone, By a former age commissioned as apostles to our own.

In the church of sainted Sebald sleeps enshrined his holy dust, [trust; 'And in bronze the Twelve Apostles guard from age to age their

In the church of sainted Lawrence stands a pix of sculpture rare, Like the foamy sheaf of fountains, rising through the painted air.

Here, when Art was still religion, with a simple, reverent heart, Lived and laboured Albrecht Dürer, the Evangelist of Art;

Hence in silence and in sorrow, toiling still with busy hand, Like an emigrant he wandered, seeking for the Better Land.

Emigravit is the inscription on the tombstone where he lies; Dead he is not, but departed—for the artist never dies.

Fairer seems the ancient city, and the sunshine seems more fair, That he once has trod its pavement, that he once has breathed its air!

Through these streets so broad and stately, these obscure and dismal lanes,

Walked of yore the Master-singers, chanting rude poetic strains.

From remote and sunless suburbs came they to the friendly guild, Building nests in Fame's great temple, as in spouts the swallows build.

As the weaver plied the shuttle, wove he too the mystic rhyme, And the smith his iron measures hammered to the anvil's chime;

Thanking God, whose boundless wisdom makes the flowers of poesy bloom

In the forge's dust and cinders, in the tissues of the loom.

Here Hans Sachs, the cobbler-poet, laureate of the gentle craft, Wisest of the Twelve Wise Masters, in huge folios sang and laughed.

But his house is now an ale-house, with a nicely sanded floor, And a garland in the window, and his face above the door.

Painted by some humble artist, as in Adam Puschman's song, [long. As the old man gray and dove-like, with his great beard white and

And at night the swart mechanic comes to drown his cark and care, Quaffing ale from pewter tankards, in the master's antique chair.

Vanished is the ancient splendour, and before my dreamy eye Wave these mingled shapes and figures, like a faded tapestry.

Not thy Councils, not thy Kaisers, win for thee the world's regard; But thy painter, Albrecht Dürer, and Hans Sachs thy cobbler-bard. Thus, O Nuremberg, a wanderer from a region far away, As he paced thy streets and court-yards, sang in thought his careless lay:

Gathering from the pavement's crevice, as a floweret of the soil, The nobility of labour,—the long pedigree of toil.

THE NORMAN BARON.

In his chamber, weak and dying,
Was the Norman baron lying;
Loud, without, the tempest thundered,

And the castle-turret shook.

In this fight was Death the gainer, Spite of vassal and retainer, And the lands his sires had plundered, •

Written in the Doomsday Book.

By his bed a monk was seated, Who in a humble voice repeated Many a prayer and pater-noster, From the missal on his knee;

And, amid the tempest pealing, Sounds of bells came faintly stealing,

Bells, that, from the neighbouring kloster,

Rang for the Nativity.

In the hall, the serf and vassal Held, that night, their Christmas wassail;

Many a carol, old and saintly, Sang the minstrels and the waits;

And so loud these Saxon gleemen
Sang to slaves the songs of freemen,
That the storm was heard but
faintly,

Knocking at the castle-gates.

Till at length the lays they chanted Reached the chamber terrorhaunted,

Where the monk, with accents holy, Whispered at the baron's ear.

Tears upon his eyelids glistened, As he paused awhile and listened, And the dying baron slowly Turned his weary head to hear.

"Wassail for the kingly stranger Born and cradled in a manger! King, like David, priest, like Aaron, Christ is born to set us free!"

And the lightning showed the sainted

Figures on the casement painted, And exclaimed the shuddering baron,

" Miserere, Domine!"

In that hour of deep contrition,
He beheld, with clearer vision,
Through all outward show and
fashion,

Justice, the Avenger, rise.

All the pomp of earth had vanished, Falsehood and deceit were banished,

Reason spake more loud than passion,

And the truth wore no disguise.

Every vassal of his banner,
Every serf born to his manor,
All those wronged and wretched
creatures,

By his hand were freed again.

And, as on the sacred missal He recorded their dismissal, Death relaxed his iron features, And the monk replied, "Amen!"

Many centuries have been numbered Since in death the baron slumbered By the convent's sculptured portal, Mingling with the common dust:

But the good deed, through the rges Living in historic pages, Brighter grows and gleams immortal,

Unconsumed by moth or rust.

RAIN IN SUMMER.

How beautiful is the rain! After the dust and heat, In the broad and fiery street, In the narrow lane, How beautiful is the rain!

How it clatters along the roofs,
Like the tramp of hoofs!
How it gushes and struggles out
From the throat of the overflowing
spout!
Across the window-pane
It pours and pours;
And swift and wide,
With a muddy tide,
Like a river down the gutter roars

The sick man from his chamber looks
At the twisted brooks;

The rain, the welcome rain!

He can feel the cool
Breath of each little pool;
His fevered brain
Grows calm again,
And he breathes a blessing on the
rain.

From the neighbouring school. Come the boys,
With more than their wonted noise
And commotion;
And down the wet streets
Sail their mimic fleets,
Till the treacherous pool
Engulfs them in its whirling
And turbulent ocean.

In the country, on every side, Where far and wide, Like a leopard's tawny and spotted hide,

Stretches the plain,
To the dry grass and the drier grain
How welcome is the rain!

In the furrowed land
The toilsome and patient oxen stand;

Lifting the yoke-encumbered head,
With their dilated nostrils spread,
They silently inhale
The clover-scented gale,
And the vapours that arise
From the well-watered and smoking
soil.

For this rest in the furrow after toil

Their large and lustrous eyes Seem to thank the Lord, More than man's spoken word.

Near at hand, From under the sheltering trees, The farmer sees His pastures, and his fields of grain, As they bend their tops
To the numberless beating drops
Of the incessant rain.
He counts it as no sin
That he sees therein
Only his own thrift and gain.

These, and far more than these,
The Poet sees!
He can behold
Aquarius old
Walking the fenceless fields of air;
And from each ample fold
Of the clouds about him rolled
Scattering everywhere
The showery rain,
As the farmer scatters his grain.

He can behold
Things manifold
That have not yet been wholly told,
Have not been wholly sung nor said.
For his thought, that never stops,
Follows the water-drops
Down to the graves of the dead,
Down through chasms and gulfs
profound,

To the dreary fountain-head Of lakes and rivers underground; And sees them, when the rain is done, On the bridge of colours seven Climbing up once more to heaven, Opposite the setting sun.

Thus the Seer,
With vision clear,
Sees forms appear and disappear,
In the perpetual round of strange,
Mysterious change [birth,
From birth to death, from death to
From earth to heaven, from heaven
to earth;

Till glimpses more sublime
Of things unseen before,
Unto his wondering eyes reveal
The Universe, as an immeasurable
wheel
Turning for evermore
In the rapid and rushing river of
Time.

TO A CHILD.

DEAR child! how radiant on thy mother's knee,

With merry-making eyes and jocund smiles,

Thou gazest at the painted tiles, Whose figures grace,

With many a grotesque form and face,

The ancient chimney of thy nursery? The lady with the gay macaw,
The dancing girl, the grave bashaw
With bearded lip and chin;
And, leaning idly o'er his gate,
Beneath the imperial fan of state,
The Chinese mandarin.

With what a look of proud command Thou shakest in thy little hand The coral rattle with its silver bells, Making a merry tune! Thousands of years in Indian seas That coral grew, by slow degrees, Until some deadly and wild monsoon Dashed it on Coromandel's sand! Those silver bells Reposed of yore, As shapeless ore, Far down in the deep-sunken weils Of darksome mines, In some obscure and sunless place, Beneath huge Chimborazo's base, Or Potosi's o'erhanging pines!

And thus for thee, O little child, Through many a danger and escape, The tall ships passed the stormy cape;

For thee in foreign lands remote, Beneath a burning, tropic clime, The Indian peasant, chasing the wild goat,

Himself as swift and wild,
In falling, clutched the frail arbute,
The fibres of whose shallow root,
Uplifted from the soil, betrayed
The silver veins beneath it laid,
The buried treasures of the miser,
Time.

But, lo! thy door is left ajar!
Thou hearest footsteps from afar!
And, at the sound,
Thou turnest round
With quick and questioning eyes,
Like one, who, in a foreign land,
Beholds on every hand
Some source of wonder and surprise!
And, restlessly, impatiently,
Thou strivest, strugglest, to be free.

The four walls of thy nursery
Are now like prison walls to thee.
No more thy mother's smiles,
No more the painted tiles,
Delight thee, nor the playthings on
the floor,

That won thy little, beating heart before;

Thou strugglest for the open door.

Through these once solitary halls Thy pattering footstep falls. The sound of thy merry voice Makes the old walls Jubilant, and they rejoice With the joy of thy young heart,
O'er the light of whose gladness
No shadows of sadness
From the sombre background of
memory start.

Once, ah, once, within these walls,
One whom memory oft recalls,
The Father of his Country, dwelt.
And yonder meadows broad and
damp

The fires of the besieging camp Encircled with a burning belt. Up and down these echoing stairs, Heavy with the weight of cares, Sounded his majestic tread; Yes, within this very room Sat he in those hours of gloom, Weary both in heart and head.

But what are these grave thoughts to thee?

Out, out! into the open air!
Thy only dream is liberty,
Thou carest little how or where.
I see thee eager at thy play,
Now shouting to the apples on the tree,

With cheeks as round and red as they;

And now among the yellow stalks, Among the flowering shrubs and plants,

As restless as the bee.

Along the garden walks,
The tracks of thy small carriagewheels I trace;

And see at every turn how they efface Whole villages of sand-roofed tents, That rise like golden domes Above the cavernous and secret homes Of wandering and nomadic tribes of ants.

Ah, cruel little Tamerlane,
Who, with thy dreadful reign,
Dost persecute and overwhelm
These hapless Troglodytes of thy
realm!

What! tired already! with those suppliant looks,

And voice more beautiful than a poet's books

Or murmuring sound of water as it flows,

Thou comest back to parley with repose!

This rustic seat in the old apple-tree, With its o'erhanging golden canopy Of leaves illuminate with autumnal hues,

And shining with the argent light of dews.

Shall for a season be our place of rest. Beneath us, like an oriole's pendent nest,

From which the laughing birds have taken wing,

By thee abandoned, hangs thy vacant swing.

Dream-like the waters of the river gleam;

A sailless vessel drops adown the stream,

And like it, to a sea as wide and deep,

Thou driftest gently down the tides of sleep.

O child! O new-born denizen
Of life's great city! on thy head
The glory of the morn is shed,
Like a celestial benison!

Here at the portal thou dost stand,
And with thy little hand
Thou openest the mysterious gate
Into the future's undiscovered land.
I see its valves expand,
As at the touch of Fate!
Into those realms of love and hate,
Into that darkness blank and drear,
By some prophetic feeling taught,
I launch the bold, adventurous
thought,

Freighted with hope and fear; As upon subterranean streams, In caverns unexplored and dark, Men sometimes launch a fragile bark, Laden with flickering fire, And watch its swift-receding beams, Until at length they disappear, And in the distant dark expire.

By what astrology of fear or hope
Dare I to cast thy horoscope!
Like the new moon thy life appears;
A little strip of silver light,
And widening outward into night
The shadowy disk of future years;
And yet upon its outer rim,
A luminous circle, faint and dim,
And scarcely visible to us here,
Rounds and completes the perfect
sphere;

A prophecy and intimation, A pale and feeble adumbration, Of the great world of light, that lies Behind all human destinies.

Ah! if thy fate, with anguish fraught, Should be to wet the dusty soil With the hot tears and sweat of toil,— To struggle with imperious thought, Until the overburdened brain, Weary with labour, faint with pain, Like a jarred pendulum, retain
Only its motion, not its power,—
Remember, in that perilous hour,
When most afflicted and oppressed,
From labour there shall come forth
rest.

And if a more auspicious fate
On thy advancing steps await,
Still let it ever be thy pride
To linger by the labourer's side;
With words of sympathy or song
To cheer the dreary march along
Of the great army of the poor,
O'cr desert sand, o'cr dangerous
moor.

Nor to thyself the task shall be Without reward; for thou shalt learn The wisdom early to discern True beauty in utility; As great Pythagoras of yore, Standing beside the blacksmith's door,

And hearing the hammers, as they smote

The anvils with a different note, Stole from the varying tones, that hung

Vibrant on every iron tongue, The secret of the sounding wire, And formed the seven-chorded lyre.

Enough! I will not play the Seer;

I will no longer strive to ope
The mystic volume, where appear
The herald Hope, forerunning Fear,
And Fear, the pursuivant of Hope.
Thy destiny remains untold;
For, like Acestes' shaft of old,
The swift thought kindles as it flies,
And burns to ashes in the skies.

THE OCCULTATION OF ORION.

I saw, as in a dream sublime, The balance in the hand of Time. O'er East and West its beam impended;

And Day, with all its hours of light, Was slowly sinking out of sight, While, opposite, the scale of night Silently with the stars ascended.

Like the astrologers of eld,
In that bright vision I beheld
Greater and deeper mysteries.
I saw, with its celestial keys,
Its chords of air, its frets of fire,
The Samian's great Æolian lyre,
Rising through all its sevenfold
bars,

From earth unto the fixed stars.

And through the dewy atmosphere,

Not only could I see, but hear,

Its wondrous and harmonious

strings,

In sweet vibration, sphere by sphere,

From Dian's circle light and near, Onward to vaster and wider rings, Where, chanting through his beard of snows,

Majestic, mournful, Saturn goes,
And down the sunless realms of
space

Reverberates the thunder of his bass.

Beneath the sky's triumphal arch This music sounded like a march, And with its chorus seemed to be Preluding some great tragedy. Sirius was rising in the east; And, slow ascending one by one, The kindling constellations shone. Begirt with many a blazing star,
Stood the great giant Algebar,
Orion, hunter of the beast!
His sword hung gleaming by his
side,
And, on his arm, the lion's hide
Scattered across the midnight air
The golden radiance of its hair.

The moon was pallid, but not faint; And beautiful as some fair saint, Serenely moving on her way In hours of trial and dismay. As if she heard the voice of God, Unharmed with naked feet she trod Upon the hot and burning stars, As on the glowing coals and bars, That were to prove her strength, and try.

Her holiness and her purity.

Thus moving on, with silent pace,
And triumph in her sweet, pale face,
She reached the station of Orion.
Aghast he stood in strange alarm!
And suddenly from his outstretched
arm

Down fell the red skin of the lion
Into the river at his feet.
His mighty club no longer beat
The forehead of the bull; but he
Reeled as of yore beside the sea,
When, blinded by Œnopion,
He sought the blacksmith at his
forge,

And, climbing up the mountain gorge,

Fixed his blank eyes upon the sun.

Then, through the silence overhead, An angel with a trumpet said, "For evermore, for evermore, The reign of violence is o'er!" And, like an instrument that flings
Its music on another's strings,
The trumpet of the angel cast
Upon the heavenly lyre its blast,
And on from sphere to sphere the
words

Re-echoed down the burning chords,—

"For evermore, for evermore, The reign of violence is o'er!"

THE BRIDGE.

I STOOD on the bridge at midnight, As the clocks were striking the hour,

And the moon rose o'er the city, Behind the dark church-tower.

I saw her bright reflection In the waters under me, Like a golden goblet falling And sinking into the sea.

And far in the hazy distance
Of that lovely neht in June,
The blaze of the flaming furnace
Gleamed redder than the moon.

Among the long, black rafters
The wavering shadows lay,
And the current that came from the
ocean
[away;
Seemed to lift and bear them

As, sweeping and eddying through them.

Rose the belated tide, And, streaming into the moonlight, The sea-weed floated wide.

And like those waters rushing Among the wooden piers, A flood of thoughts came o'er me That filled my eyes with tears. How often, oh, how often,
In the days that had gone by,
I had stood on that bridge at midnight,

And gazed on that wave and sky!

How often, oh, how often,
I had wished that the ebbing tide
Would bear me away on its bosom
O'er the ocean wild and wide!

For my heart was hot and restless,
And my life was full of care,
And the burden laid upon me
Seemed greater than I could
bear.

But now it has fallen from me, It is buried in the sea; And only the sorrow of others Throws its shadow over me.

Yet whenever I cross the river, On its bridge with wooden piers, Like the odour of brine from the ocean

Comes the thought of other years.

And I think how many thousands
Of care-encumbered men,
Each bearing his burden of sorrow,
Have crossed the bridge since
then.

I see the long procession
Still passing to and fro,
The young heart hot and restless,
And the old subdued and slow!

And for ever and for ever,
As long as the river flows,
As long as the heart has passions,
As long as life has woes;

The moon and its broken reflection And its shadows shall appear, As the symbol of love in heaven, And its wavering image here.

TO THE DRIVING CLOUD.

GLOOMY and dark art thou, O chief of the mighty Omahas; Gloomy and dark as the driving cloud, whose name thou hast taken! Wrapt in thy scarlet blanket, I see thee stalk through the city's Narrow and populous streets, as once by the margin of rivers Stalked those birds unknown, that have left us only their footprints. What, in a few short years, will remain of thy race but the footprints?

How canst thou walk these streets, who hast trod the green turf of the prairies?

How canst thou breathe this air, who hast breathed the sweet air of the mountains?

Ah! 't is in vain that with lordly looks of disdain thou dost challenge Looks of disdain in return, and question these walls and these pavements,

Claiming the soil for thy hunting-grounds, while down-trodden millions

Starve in the garrets of Europe, and cry from its caverns that they, too,

Have been created heirs of the earth, and claim its division!

Back, then, back to thy woods in the regions west of the Wabash! There as a monarch thou reignest. In autumn the leaves of the maple

Pave the floors of thy palace-halls with gold, and in summer Pine-trees waft through its chambers the odorous breath of their branches.

There thou art strong and great, a hero, a tamer of horses!

There thou chasest the stately stag on the banks of the Elkhorn,
Or by the roar of the Running-Water, or where the Omaha
Calls thee, and leaps through the wild ravine like a brave of the
Blackfeet!

Hark! what murmurs arise from the heart of those mountainous deserts?

Is it the cry of the Foxes and Crows, or the mighty Behemoth,
Who, unharmed, on his tusks once caught the bolts of the thunder,
And now lurks in his lair to destroy the race of the red man?
Far more fatal to thee and thy race than the Crows and the Foxes,
Far more fatal to thee and thy race than the tread of Behemoth,
Lo! the big thunder-canoe, that steadily breasts the Missouri's
Merciless current! and yonder, afar on the prairies, the camp-fires.
Gleam through the night; and the cloud of dust in the gray of the
daybreak

[race;

Marks not the buffalo's track, nor the Mandan's dexterous horse-It is a caravan, whitening the desert where dwell the Camanches! Ha! how the breath of these Saxons and Celts, like the blast of the east-wind,

Drifts evermore to the west the scanty smokes of thy wigwams!

THE DAY IS DONE.

THE day is done, and the darkness
Falls from the wings of Night,
As a feather is wafted downward
From an eagle in his flight.

I see the lights of the village
Gleam through the rain and the
mist, [o'er me,
And a feeling of sadness comes
That my soul cannot resist:

A feeling of sadness and longing, That is not akin to pain, And resembles sorrow only As the mist resembles the rain.

Come, read to me some poem, Some simple and heartfelt lay, That shall soothe this restless feeling,

And banish the thoughts of day.

Not from the grand old masters, Not from the bards sublime, Whose distant footsteps echo Through the corridors of Time.

For, like strains of martial music,
Their mighty thoughts suggest
Life's endless toil and endeavour;
And to-night I long for rest.

Read from some humbler poet,
Whose songs gushed from his
heart, [summer,
As showers from the clouds of
Or tears from the eyelids start;

Who, through long days of labour, And nights devoid of ease, Still heard in his soul the music Of wonderful melodies.

Such songs have power to quiet
The restless pulse of care,
And come like the benediction
That follows after prayer.

Then read from the treasured volume

The poem of thy choice, And lend to the rhyme of the poet The beauty of thy voice.

And the night shall be filled with music, And the cares that infest the day, Shall fold their tents, like the Arabs, And as silently steal away.

AFTERNOON IN FEBRUARY.

THE day is ending, The night is descending; The marsh is frozen, The river dead.

Through clouds like ashes The red sun flashes On village windows That glimmer red.

The snow recommences; The buried fences Mark no longer The road o'er the plain;

While through the meadows, Like fearful shadows, Slowly passes A funeral train.

The bell is pealing, And every feeling Within me responds To the dismal knell;

Shadows are trailing, My heart is bewailing And tolling within Like a funeral bell.

TO AN OLD DANISH SONG BOOK.

Welcome, my old friend, Welcome to a foreign fireside, While the sullen gales of autumn Shake the windows.

The ungrateful world Has, it seems, dealt harshly with thee. Since, beneath the skies of Denmark,

First I met thee.

There are marks of age,
There are thumb-marks on thy
margin,

Made by hands that clasped thee rudely,

At the alehouse.

Soiled and dull thou art; Yellow are thy time-worn pages, As the russet, rain-molested Leaves of autumn.

Thou art stained with wine Scattered from hilarious goblets, As the leaves with the libations Of Olympus.

Yet dost thou recall
Days departed, half-forgotten,
When in dreamy youth I wandered
By the Baltic,—

When I paused to hear The old ballad of King Christian Shouted from suburban taverns In the twilight.

Thou recallest bards,
Who, in solitary chambers,
And with hearts by passion wasted,
Wrote thy pages.

Thou recallest homes
Where thy songs of love and
friendship
Made the gloomy Northern winter

Bright as summer.

Once some ancient Scald, In his bleak, ancestral Iceland, Chanted staves of these old ballads To the Vikings. Once in Elsinore, At the court of old King Hamlet, Yorick and his boon companions Sang these ditties.

Once Prince Frederick's Guard
Sang them in their smoky
barracks;—
Suddenly the English cannon
Joined the chorus!

Peasants in the field, Sailors on the roaring ocean, Students, tradesmen, pale mechanics, All have sung them.

Thou hast been their friend; They, alas, have left thee friendless! Yet at least by one warm fireside Art thou welcome.

And, as swallows build [neys, In these wide, old-fashioned chim-So thy twittering song shall nestle In my bosom,—

Quiet, close, and warm, Sheltered from all molestation, And recalling by their voices Youth and travel.

WALTER VON DER VOGELWEID.

Vogelweid the Minnesinger,
When he left this world of ours,
Laid his body in the cloister,
Under Würtzburg's minster
towers.

And he gave the monks his treasures,
Gave them all with this behest:
They should feed the birds at
noontide
Daily on his place of rest;

Saying, "From these wandering minstrels

I have learned the art of song; Let me now repay the lessons

They have taught so well and long."

Thus the bard of love departed;
And, fulfilling his desire,
On his tomb the birds were feasted
By the children of the choir.

Day by day, o'er tower and turret, In foul weather and in fair, Day by day, in vaster numbers, Flocked the poets of the air.

On the tree whose heavy branches Overshadowed all the place, On the pavement, on the tombstone, On the poet's sculptured face,

On the cross-bars of each window,
On the lintel of each door,
They renewed the War of Wartburg,

Which the bard had fought before.

There they sang their merry carols, Sang their lauds on every side; And the name their voices uttered Was the name of Vogelweid.

Till at length the portly abbot
Murmured, "Why this waste of
food? [forward
Be it changed to loaves henceFor our fasting brotherhood."

Then in vain o'er tower and turret, From the walls and woodland nests,

When the minster bells rang noon-tide,

Gathered the unwelcome guests.

Then in vain, with cries discordant, Clamorous round the Gothic spire,

Screamed the feathered Minnesingers

For the children of the choir.

Time has long effaced the inscriptions

On the cloister's funeral stones, And tradition only tells us Where repose the poet's bones.

But around the vast cathedral, By sweet echoes multiplied, Still the birds repeat the legend, And the name of Vogelweid.

DRINKING SONG.

INSCRIPTION FOR AN ANTIQUE PITCHER.

COME, old friend! sit down and listen! [us, From the pitcher placed between How the waters laugh and glisten In the head of old Silenus!

Old Silenus, bloated, drunken, Led by his inebriate Satyrs; On his breast his head is sunken, Vacantly he leers and chatters.

Fawns with youthful Bacchus follow;

Ivy crowns that brow supernal As the forehead of Apollo,
And possessing youth eternal.

Round about him, fair Bacchantes, Bearing cymbals, flutes, and thyrses,

Wild from Naxian groves, or Zante's

Vineyards, sing delirious verses

Thus he won, through all the nations.

Bloodless victories, and the farmer

Bore, as trophies and oblations, Vines for banners, ploughs for armour.

Judged by no o'er-zealous rigour, Much this mystic throng expresses:

Bacchus was the type of vigour, And Silenus of excesses.

These are ancient ethnic revels. Of a faith long since forsaken; Now the Satyrs, changed to devils, Frighten mortals wine-o'ertaken.

Now to rivulets from the mountains Point the rods of fortune-tellers: Youth perpetual dwells in fountains, -- -

Not in flasks, and casks, and cellars.

Claudius, though of he sang flagons

And huge tankards filled with Rhenish,

From that fiery blood of dragons ... Never would his own replenish.

Even Redi, though he chaunted Bacchus in the Tuscan valleys, Never drank the wine he vaunted In his dithyrambic sallies.

Then with water fill the pitcher Wreathed about with classic fables;

Ne'er Falernian threw a richer Light upon Lucullus' tables. 0; /Mo7x Never—for ever!"

Come, old friend, sit down and listen!

As it passes thus between us, How its wavelets laugh and glisten In the head of old Silenus!

THE OLD CLOCK ON THE STAIRS.

Somewhat back from the village street

Stands the old-fashioned countryseat.

Across its antique portico Tall poplar trees their shadows throw;

And from its station in the hall An ancient timepiece says to all-" For ever-never! Never---for ever!"

Halfway up the stairs it stands, And points and beckons with its hands

From its case of massive oak, Like a monk, who, under his cloak, Crosses himself, and sighs, alas! With sorrowful voice to all who pass, ---

" For ever-never! Never-for ever!"

By day its voice is low and light; But in the silent dead of night, Distinct as a passing footstep's fall,

.. It echoes along the vacant hall, Along the ceiling, along the floor, And seems to say at each chamberdoor,—

" For ever-never!

Through days of sorrow and of mirth,

Through days of death and days of birth,

Through every swift vicissitude Of changeful time, unchanged it has stood,

And as if, like God, it all things

It calmly repeats those words of awe,---

> " For ever-never! Never-for ever!"

In that mansion used to be Free-hearted Hospitality; His great fires up the chimney roared;

The stranger feasted at his board, But, like the skeleton at the feast, warning timepiece That never ceased.—

> " For ever-never! Never—for ever!"

There groups of merry children played,

There youths and maidens dreaming strayed;

O precious hours! O golden prime, And affluence of love and time! Even as a miser counts his gold, Those hours the ancient timepiece short an arrow into the air, told,—

> " For ever-never! Never—for ever!"

From that chamber, clothed white.

The bride came forth on her wedding night;

There, in that silent room below, The dead lay in his shroud of snow; And in the hush that followed the prayer,

Was heard the old clock on the stair.--

" For ever-never! Never-for ever!"

All are scattered now and fled, Some are married, some are dead; And when I ask, with throbs of pain,

"Ah! when shall they all meet again?"

As in the days long since gone by, ancient timepiece makes reply,---

" For ever-never! Never - for ever!"

Never here, for ever there, Where all parting, pain, and care, And death, and time shall disappear,-

For ever there, but never here! The horologe of Eternity Sayeth this incessantly,— " For ever-never! Never—for ever!"

THE ARROW AND THE SONG.

It fell to earth, I knew not where; For, so swiftly it flew, the sight Could not follow it in its flight.

in breathed a song into the air, It fell to earth, I knew not where; For who has sight so keen and strong,

That it can follow the flight of song?

ong, long afterward, in an oak
I found the arrow, still unbroke;
And the song, from beginning to
end,

I found again in the heart of a friend.

MEZZO CAMMIN.

HALF of my life is gone, and I have let

The years slip from me and have not fulfilled

The aspiration of my youth, to build

Some tower of song with lofty parapet.

Not indolence, nor pleasure, nor the fret

Of restless passions that would not be stilled, [killed,

But sorrow, and a care that almost Kept me from what I may accomplish yet; [the Past

Though, half-way up the hill, I see
Lying beneath me with its sounds
and sights,— [vast,

A city in the twilight dim and With smoking roofs, soft bells, and gleaming lights,—

And hear above me on the autumnal blast

The cataract of Death far thundering from the heights.

THE EVENING STAR.

Lo! in the painted oriel of the West,
Whose panes the sunken sun incarnadines,
Like a fair lady at her casement, shines
The evening star, the star of love and rest!

And then anon she doth herself divest
Of all her radiant garments, and reclines
Behind the sombre screen of yonder pines,
With slumber and soft dreams of love oppressed.

O my beloved, my sweet Hesperus!

My morning and my evening star of love!

My best and gentlest lady! even thus,

As that fair planet in the sky above,

Dost thou retire unto thy rest at night,

And from thy darkened window fades the light.

AUTUMN.

THOU comest, Autumn, heralded by the rain,
With banners, by great gales incessant fanned,
Brighter than brightest silks of Samarcand,
And stately oxen harnessed to thy wain!

Thou standest, like imperial Charlemagne,
Upon thy bridge of gold; thy royal hand
Outstretched with benedictions o'er the land,
Blessing the farms through all thy vast domain!
Thy shield is the red harvest moon, suspended
So long beneath the heaven's o'erhanging eaves;
Thy steps are by the farmer's prayers attended;
Like flames upon an altar shine the sheaves;
And, following thee, in thy ovation splendid,
Thine almoner, the wind, scatters the golden leaves!

DANTE.

TUSCAN, that wanderest through the realms of gloom,
With thoughtful pace, and sad, majestic eyes,
Stern thoughts and awful from thy soul arise,
Like Farinata from his fiery tomb.

Thy sacred song is like the trump of doom;
Yet in thy heart what human sympathies,
What soft compassion glows, as in the skies
The tender stars their clouded lamps relume!

Methinks I see thee stand with pallid cheeks
By Fra Hilario in his diocese,
As up the convent-walls, in golden streaks,
The ascending sunbeams mark the day's decrease;
And, as he asks what there the stranger seeks,
Thy voice along the cloister whispers "Peace!"

CURFEW.

I.

SOLEMNLY, mournfully, Dealing its dole, The Curfew Bell Is beginning to toll.

Cover the embers,
And put out the light;
Toil comes with the morning,
And rest with the night.

Dark grow the windows, And quenched is the fire Sound fades into silence,— All footsteps retire.

No voice in the chambers, No sound in the hall! Sleep and oblivion Reign over all. II.

The book is completed,
And closed, like the day;
And the hand that has written it
Lays it away.

Dim grow its fancies, Forgotten they lie; Like coals in the ashes, They darken and die. Song sinks into silence,
The story is told,
The windows are darkened,
The hearth-stone is cold.

Darker and darker
The black shadows fall;
Sleep and oblivion
Reign over all.

EVANGELINE.

A TALE OF ACADIE.

THIS is the forest primeval. The murmuring pines and the hemlocks.

Bearded with moss, and in garments green, indistinct in the twilight, Stand like Druids of eld, with voices sad and prophetic, Stand like harpers hoar, with beards that rest on their bosoms. Loud from its rocky caverns, the deep-voiced neighbouring ocean Speaks, and in accents disconsolate answers the wail of the forest.

This is the forest primeval; but where are the hearts that beneath it [the huntsman? Leaped like the roe, when he hears in the woodland the voice of Where is the thatch-roofed village, the home of Acadian farmers,—Men whose lives glided on like rivers that water the woodlands, Darkened by shadows of earth, but reflecting an image of heaven? Waste are those pleasant farms, and the farmers for ever departed! Scattered like dust and leaves, when the mighty blasts of October Seize them, and whirl them aloft, and sprinkle them far o'er the ocean.

Naught but tradition remains of the beautiful village of Grand-Pré.

Ye who believe in affection that hopes, and endures, and is patient, Ye who believe in the beauty and strength of woman's devotion, List to the mournful tradition, still sung by the pines of the forest; List to a Tale of Love in Acadie, home of the happy.

PART THE FIRST.

I.

In the Acadian land, on the shores of the Basin of Minas, Distant, secluded, still, the little village of Grand-Pré [ward, Lay in the fruitful valley. Vast meadows stretched to the east-Giving the village its name, and pasture to flocks without number. Dikes, that the hands of the farmers had raised with labour incessant,

Shut out the turbulent tides; but at stated seasons the flood-gates Opened, and welcomed the sea to wander at will o'er the meadows. West and south there were fields of flax, and orchards, and cornfields Spreading afar and unfenced o'er the plain; and away to the northward

Blomidon rose, and the forests old, and aloft on the mountains Sea-fogs pitched their tents, and mists from the mighty Atlantic Looked on the happy valley, but ne'er from their station descended. There, in the midst of its farms, reposed the Acadian village. Strongly built were the houses, with frames of oak and of hemlock, Such as the peasants of Normandy built in the reign of the Henries. Thatched were the roofs, with dormer windows; and gables projecting

Over the basement below protected and shaded the door-way. There in the tranquil evenings of summer, when brightly the sunset Lighted the village street, and gilded the vanes on the chimneys, Matrons and maidens sat in snow-white caps and in kirtles Scarlet and blue and green, with distaffs spinning the golden Flax for the gossiping looms, whose noisy shuttles within doors Mingled their sounds with the whir of the wheels and the songs of the maidens.

Solemnly down the street came the parish priest, and the children Paused in their play to kiss the hand he extended to bless them. Reverend walked he among them; and up rose matrons and maidens,

Hailing his slow approach with words of affectionate welcome.

Then came the labourers home from the field, and serenely the sun sank

Down to his rest, and twilight prevailed. Anon from the belfry

Softly the Angelus sounded, and over the roofs of the village Columns of pale blue smoke, like clouds of incense ascending, Rose from a hundred hearths, the homes of peace and contentment. Thus dwelt together in love these simple Acadian farmers,—Dwelt in the love of God and of man. Alike were they free from Fear, that reigns with the tyrant, and envy, the vice of republics. Neither locks had they to their doors, nor bars to their windows; But their dwellings were open as day and the hearts of the owners; There the richest was poor, and the poorest lived in abundance.

Somewhat apart from the village, and nearer the Basin of Minas, Benedict Bellefontaine, the wealthiest farmer of Grand-Pré, Dwelt on his goodly acres; and with him, directing his household, Gentle Evangeline lived, his child, and the pride of the village. Stalworth and stately in form was the man of seventy winters; Hearty and hale was he, an oak that is covered with snow-flakes; White as the snow were his locks, and his cheeks as brown as the oak-leaves.

Fair was she to behold, that maiden of seventeen summers.

Black were her eyes as the berry that grows on the thorn by the wayside,

[tresses!

Black, yet how softly they gleamed beneath the brown shade of her Sweet was her breath as the breath of kine that feed in the meadows.

When in the harvest heat she bore to the reapers at noontide Flagons of home-brewed ale, ah! fair in sooth was the maiden. Fairer was she when, on Sunday morn, while the bell from its turret Sprinkled with holy sounds the air, as the priest with his hyssop Sprinkles the congregation, and scatters blessings upon them, Down the long street she passed, with her chaplet of beads and her missal.

Wearing her Norman cap, and her kirtle of blue, and the ear-rings, Brought in the olden time from France, and since, as an heirloom, Handed down from mother to child, through long generations. But a celestial brightness—a more ethereal beauty—
Shone on her face and encircled her form, when, after confession, Homeward serenely she walked with God's benediction upon her. When she had passed, it seemed like the ceasing of exquisite music.

Firmly builded with rafters of oak, the house of the farmer Stood on the side of a hill commanding the sea; and a shady Sycamore grew by the door, with a woodbine wreathing around it. Rudely carved was the porch, with seats beneath; and a footpath Led through an orchard wide, and disappeared in the meadow. Under the sycamore-tree were hives overhung by a penthouse, Such as the traveller sees in regions remote by the roadside, Built o'er a box for the poor, or the blessed image of Mary. Farther down, on the slope of the hill, was the well with its mossgrown

Bucket, fastened with iron, and near it a trough for the horses. Shielding the house from storms, on the north, were the barns and the farm-yard.

There stood the broad-wheeled wains, and the antique ploughs and the harrows;

There were the folds for the sheep; and there, in his feathered seraglio,

Strutted the lordly turkey, and crowed the cock, with the selfsame Voice that in ages of old had startled the penitent Peter.

Bursting with hay were the barns, themselves a village. In each one

Far o'er the gable projected a roof of thatch; and a staircase, Under the sheltering eaves, led up to the odorous corn-loft. There too the dove-cot stood, with its meek and innocent inmates Murmuring ever of love; while above in the variant breezes Numberless noisy weathercocks rattled and sang of mutation.

Thus, at peace with God and the world, the farmer of Grand-Pré Lived on his sunny farm, and Evangeline governed his household Many a youth, as he knelt in church and opened his missal, Fixed his eyes upon her, as the saint of his deepest devotion; Happy was he who might touch her hand or the hem of her garment!

Many a suitor came to her door, by the darkness befriended, And, as he knocked and waited to hear the sound of her footsteps, Knew not which beat the louder, his heart or the knocker of iron; Or at the joyous feast of the Patron Saint of the village, Bolder grew, and pressed her hand in the dance as he whispered Hurried words of love, that seemed a part of the music.
But, among all who came, young Gabriel only was welcome;
Gabriel Lajeunesse, the son of Basil the blacksmith,
Who was a mighty man in the village, and honoured of all men;
For since the birth of time, throughout all ages and nations,
Has the craft of the smith been held in repute by the people.
Basil was Benedict's friend. Their children from carliest childhood
Grew up together as brother and sister; and Father Felician,
Priest and pedagogue both in the village, had taught them their
letters

Out of the selfsame book, with the hymns of the church and the But when the hymn was sung, and the daily lesson completed, Swiftly they hurried away to the forge of Basil the blacksmith.

There at the door they stood, with wondering eyes to behold him Take in his leathern lap the hoof of the horse as a plaything, Nailing the shoe in its place; while near him the tire of the cart-wheel Lay like a fiery snake, coiled round in a circle of cinders.

Oft on autumnal eyes, when without in the gathering darkness Bursting with light seemed the smithy, through every cranny and crevice,

Warm by the forge within they watched the labouring bellows, And as its panting ceased, and the sparks expired in the ashes, Merrily laughed, and said they were nuns going into the chapel. Oft on sledges in winter, as swift as the swoop of the eagle, Down the hill-side bounding, they glided away o'er the meadow. Oft in the barns they climbed to the populous nests on the rafters, Seeking with eager eyes that wondrous stone, which the swallow Brings from the shore of the sea to restore the sight of its fledglings; Lucky was he who found that stone in the nest of the swallow! Thus passed a few swift years, and they no longer were children. He was a valiant youth, and his face, like the face of the morning, Gladdened the earth with its light, and ripened thought into action. She was a woman now, with the heart and hopes of a woman. "Sunshine of Saint Eulalie" was she called; for that was the sunshine [apples;

Which, as the farmers believed, would load their orchards with She, too, would bring to her husband's house delight and abundance, Filling it with love and the ruddy faces of children. TT.

Now had the season returned, when the nights grow colder and longer, And the retreating sun the sign of the Scorpion enters. Birds of passage sailed through the leaden air, from the ice-bound, Desolate northern bays to the shores of tropical islands. Harvests were gathered in; and wild with the winds of September Wrestled the trees of the forest, as Jacob of old with the angel. All the signs foretold a winter long and inclement. Bees, with prophetic instinct of want, had hoarded their honey Till the hives overflowed; and the Indian hunters asserted Cold would the winter be, for thick was the fur of the foxes. Such was the advent of autumn. Then followed that beautiful season,

Called by the pious Acadian peasants the Summer of All-Saints! Filled was the air with a dreamy and magical light; and the land-scape

Lay as if new-created in all the freshness of childhood. Peace seemed to reign upon earth, and the restless heart of the ocean Was for a moment consoled. All sounds were in harmony blended. Voices of children at play, the crowing of cocks in the farm-yards, Whir of wings in the drowsy air, and the cooing of pigeons, All were subdued and low as the murmurs of love, and the great sun Looked with the eye of love through the golden vapours around him;

While arrayed in its robes of russet and scarlet and yellow, Bright with the sheen of the dew, each glittering tree of the forest Flashed like the plane-tree the Persian adorned with mantles and jewels.

Now recommenced the reign of rest and affection and stillness. Day with its burden and heat had departed, and twilight descending Brought back the evening star to the sky, and the herds to the homestead.

Pawing the ground they came, and resting their necks on each other, And with their nostrils distended inhaling the freshness of evening. Foremost, bearing the bell, Evangeline's beautiful heifer, Proud of her snow-white hide, and the ribbon that waved from her

collar,

Quietly paced and slow, as if conscious of human affection. Then came the shepherd back with his bleating flocks from the seaside,

Where was their favourite pasture. Behind them followed the watch-dog,

Patient, full of importance, and grand in the pride of his instinct, Walking from side to side with a lordly air, and superbly. Waving his bushy tail, and urging forward the stragglers; Regent of flocks was he when the shepherd slept; their protector, When from the forest at night, through the starry silence the wolves howled.

Late, with the rising moon, returned the wains from the marshes, Laden with briny hay, that filled the air with its odour.

Cheerily neighed the steeds, with dew on their manes and their fetlocks,

While aloft on their shoulders the wooden and ponderous saddles, Painted with brilliant dyes, and adorned with tassels of crimson, Nodded in bright array, like hollyhocks heavy with blossoms Patiently stood the cows meanwhile, and yielded their udders Unto the milkmaid's hand; whilst loud and in regular cadence Into the sounding pails the foaming streamlets descended. Lowing of cattle and peals of laughter were heard in the farm-yard, Echoed back by the barns. Anon they sank into stillness; Heavily closed, with a jarring sound, the valves of the barn-doors, Rattled the wooden bars, and all for a season was silent.

In-doors, warm by the wide-mouthed fireplace, idly the farmer Sat in his elbow chair, and watched how the flames and the smokewreaths

Struggled together like foes in a burning city. Behind him, Nodding and mocking along the wall, with gestures fantastic, Darted his own huge shadow, and vanished away into darkness. Faces, clumsily carved in oak, on the back of his arm-chair Laughed in the flickering light; and the pewter plates on the dresser Caught and reflected the flame, as shields of armies the sunshine. Fragments of song the old man sang, and carols of Christmas, Such as at home, in the olden time, his fathers before him Sang in their Norman orchards and bright Burgundian vineyards.

Close at her father's side was the gentle Evangeline seated,
Spinning flax for the loom, that stood in the corner behind her.
Silent awhile were its treadles, at rest was its diligent shuttle,
While the monotonous drone of the wheel, like the drone of a
bagpipe,

Followed the old man's song and united the fragments together. As in a church, when the chant of the choir at intervals ceases, Footfalls are heard in the aisles, or words of the priest at the altar, So, in each pause of the song, with measured motion the clock clicked.

Thus, as they sat, there were footsteps heard, and, suddenly lifted,

Sounded the wooden latch, and the door swung back on its hinges. Benedict knew by the hob-nailed shoes it was Basil the blacksmith, And by her beating heart Evangeline knew who was with him.

"Welcome!" the farmer exclaimed, as their footsteps paused on the threshold,

"Welcome, Basil, my friend! Come, take thy place on the settle Close by the chimney-side, which is always empty without thee; Take from the shelf overhead thy pipe and the box of tobacco; Never so much thyself art thou as when through the curling Smoke of the pipe or the forge thy friendly and jovial face gleams Round and red as the harvest moon through the mist of the marshes."

Then, with a smile of content, thus answered Basil the blacksmith, Taking with easy air the accustomed seat by the fireside: "Benedict Bellefontaine, thou hast ever thy jest and thy ballad! Ever in cheerfullest mood art thou, when others are filled with Gloomy forebodings of ill, and see only ruin before them. Happy art thou, as if every day thou hadst picked up a horseshoe." Pausing a moment, to take the pipe that Evangeline brought him, And with a coal from the embers had lighted, he slowly con-

"Four days now are passed since the English ships at their anchors Ride in the Gaspereau's mouth, with their cannon pointed against us.

What their design may be is unknown; but all are commanded

tinued:-

On the morrow to meet in the church, where his Majesty's mandate Will be proclaimed as law in the land. Alas! in the mean time Many surmises of evil alarm the hearts of the people." Then made answer the farmer—"Perhaps some friendlier purpose Brings these ships to our shores. Perhaps the harvests in England By untimely rains or untimelier heat have been blighted, And from our bursting barns they would feed their cattle and children." [smith, "Not so thinketh the folk in the village," said, warmly, the black-Shaking his head, as in doubt; then, heaving a sigh, he continued:— "Louisburg is not forgotten, nor Beau Séjour, nor Port Royal. Many already have fled to the forest, and lurk on its outskirts, Waiting with anxious hearts the dubious fate of to-morrow. Arms have been taken from us, and warlike weapons of all kinds; Nothing is left but the blacksmith's sledge and the scythe of the mower."

Then with a pleasant smile made answer the jovial farmer:—
"Safer are we unarmed, in the midst of our flocks and our cornfields,
Safer within these peaceful dikes, besieged by the ocean,
Than our fathers in forts, besieged by the enemy's cannon.
Fear no evil, my friend, and to-night may no shadow of sorrow
Fall on this house and hearth; for this is the night of the contract.
Built are the house and the barn. The merry lads of the village
Strongly have built them and well; and, breaking the glebe round about them,

Filled the barn with hay, and the house with food for a twelvemonth. René Reblanc will be here anon, with his papers and inkhorn. Shall we not then be glad, and rejoice in the joy of our children?" As apart by the window she stood, with her hand in her lover's, Blushing Evangeline heard the words that her father had spoken, And, as they died on his lips, the worthy notary entered.

III.

Bent like a labouring oar, that toils in the surf of the ocean, Bent, but not broken, by age was the form of the notary public; Shocks of yellow hair, like the silken floss of the maize, hung Over his shoulders; his forehead was high; and glasses with horn bows Sat astride on his nose, with a look of wisdom supernal. Father of twenty children was he, and more than a hundred Children's children rode on his knee, and heard his great watch tick. Four long years in the times of the war had he languished a captive, Suffering much in an old French fort as the friend of the English. Now, though warier grown, without all guile or suspicion, Ripe in wisdom was he, but patient, and simple, and childlike. He was beloved by all, and most of all by the children; For he told them tales of the Loup-garou in the forest, And of the goblin that came in the night to water the horses, And of the white Létiche, the ghost of a child who unchristened Died, and was doomed to haunt unseen the chambers of children; And how on Christmas-eve the oxen talked in the stable. And how the fever was cured by a spider shut up in a nutshell, And of the marvellous powers of four-leaved clover and horseshoes, With whatsoever else was writ in the lore of the village. Then up rose from his seat by the fireside Basil the blacksmith. Knocked from his pipe the ashes, and slowly extending his right

"Father Leblanc," he exclaimed, "thou hast heard the talk in the village,

And, perchance, canst tell us some news of these ships and their errand."

Then with modest demeanour made answer the notary public,—
"Gossip enough have I heard, in sooth, yet am never the wiser;
And what their errand may be I know not better than others.
Yet am I not of those who imagine some evil intention
Brings them here, for we are at peace; and why then molest us?"
"God's name!" shouted the hasty and somewhat irascible blacksmith:

"Must we in all things look for the how, and the why, and the wherefore?

Daily injustice is done, and might is the right of the strongest!" But without heeding his warmth, continued the notary public,—" Man is unjust, but God is just; and finally justice Triumphs; and well I remember a story, that often consoled me, When as a captive I lay in the old French fort at Port Royal." This was the old man's favourite tale, and he loved to repeat it

When his neighbours complained that any injustice was done them. "Once in an ancient city, whose name I no longer remember, Raised aloft on a column, a brazen statue of Justice

Stood in the public square, upholding the scales in its left hand, And in its right a sword, as an emblem that justice presided

Over the laws of the land, and the hearts and homes of the people. Even the birds had built their nests in the scales of the balance, Having no fear of the sword that flashed in the sunshine above them. But in the course of time the laws of the land were corrupted; Might took the place of right, and the weak were oppressed, and the mighty

Ruled with an iron rod. Then it chanced in a nobleman's palace That a necklace of pearls was lost, and ere long a suspicion Fell on an orphan girl who lived as a maid in the household. She, after form of trial, condemned to die on the scaffold, Patiently met her doom at the foot of the statue of Justice. As to her Father in heaven her innocent spirit ascended, Lo! o'er the city a tempest rose; and the bolts of the thunder Smote the statue of bronze, and hurled in wrath from its left hand Down on the pavement below the clattering scales of the balance, And in the hollow thereof was found the nest of a magpie, Into whose clay-built walls the necklace of pearls was inwoven." Silenced, but not convinced, when the story was ended, the blacksmith Stood like a man who fain would speak, but findeth no language; All his thoughts were congealed into lines on his face, as the vapours

Freeze in fantastic shapes on the window-panes in the winter.

Then Evangeline lighted the brazen lamp on the table, Filled, till it overflowed, the pewter tankard with home-brewed Nut-brown ale, that was famed for its strength in the village of Grand-Pré;

While from his pocket the notary drew his papers and inkhorn, Wrote with a steady hand the date and the age of the parties, Naming the dower of the bride in flocks of sheep and in cattle. Orderly all things proceeded, and duly and well were completed, And the great seal of the law was set like a sun on the margin. Then from his leathern pouch the farmer threw on the table

Three times the old man's fee in solid pieces of silver;
And the notary rising, and blessing the bride and the bridegroom,
Lifted aloft the tankard of ale and drank to their welfare.
Wiping the foam from his lip, he solemnly bowed and departed;
While in silence the others sat and mused by the fireside,
Till Evangeline brought the draught-board out of its corner.
Soon was the game begun. In friendly contention the old men
Laughed at each lucky hit, or unsuccessful manœuvre,
Laughed when a man was crowned, or a breach was made in the
king-row.

Meanwhile apart, in the twilight gloom of a window's embrasure, Sat the lovers, and whispered together, beholding the moon rise Over the pallid sea, and the silvery mists of the meadows. Silently one by one, in the infinite meadows of heaven, Blossomed the lovely stars, the forget-me-nots of the angels.

Thus was the evening passed. Anon the bell from the belfry Rang out the hour of nine, the village curfew, and straightway Rose the guests and departed; and silence reigned in the household. Many a farewell word and sweet good-night on the door-step Lingered long in Evangeline's heart, and filled it with gladness. Carefully then were covered the embers that glowed on the hearth-stone.

And on the oaken stairs resounded the tread of the farmer.

Soon with a soundless step the foot of Evangeline followed.

Up the staircase moved a luminous space in the darkness,

Lighted less by the lamp than the shining face of the maiden.

Silent she passed the hall, and entered the door of her chamber.

Simple that chamber was, with its curtains of white, and its clothespress

Ample and high, on whose spacious shelves were carefully folded Linen and woollen stuffs, by the hand of Evangeline woven. This was the precious dower she would bring to her husband in marriage,

Better than flocks and herds, being proofs of her skill as a housewife.

Soon she extinguished her lamp, for the mellow and radiant moonlight

[of the maiden

Streamed through the windows, and lighted the room, till the heart

Swelled and obeyed its power, like the tremulous tides of the ocean. Ah! she was fair, exceeding fair to behold, as she stood with Naked snow-white feet on the gleaming floor of her chamber! Little she dreamed that below, among the trees of the orchard, Waited her lover and watched for the gleam of her lamp and her shadow.

Yet were her thoughts of him, and at times a feeling of sadness Passed o'er her soul, as the sailing shade of clouds in the moonlight Flitted across the floor and darkened the room for a moment, And, as she gazed from the window, she saw serenely the moon pass Forth from the folds of a cloud, and one star follow her footsteps, As out of Abraham's tent young Ishmael wandered with Hagar!

IV.

Pleasantly rose next morn the sun on the village of Grand-Pré. Pleasantly gleamed in the soft, sweet air the Basin of Minas, Where the ships, with their wavering shadows, were riding at anchor. Life had long been astir in the village, and clamorous labour Knocked with its hundred hands at the golden gates of the morning. Now from the country around, from the farms and neighbouring hamlets.

Came in their holiday dresses the blithe Acadian peasants.

Many a glad good-morrow and jocund laugh from the young folk

Made the bright air brighter, as up from the numerous meadows,

Where no path could be seen but the track of wheels in the greensward.

Group after group appeared, and joined, or passed on the highway. Long ere noon, in the village all sounds of labour were silenced. Thronged were the streets with people; and noisy groups at the house-doors

Sat in the cheerful sun, and rejoiced and gossiped together. Every house was an inn, where all were welcomed and feasted; For with this simple people, who lived like brothers together, All things were held in common, and what one had was another's. Yet under Benedict's roof hospitality seemed more abundant: For Evangeline stood among the guests of her father; Bright was her face with smiles, and words of welcome and gladness Fell from her beautiful lips, and blessed the cup as she gave it.

Under the open sky, in the odorous air of the orchard, Stript of its golden fruit, was spread the feast of betrothal. There in the shade of the porch were the priest and the notary seated;

There good Benedict sat, and sturdy Basil the blacksmith, Not far withdrawn from these, by the cider-press and the beehives Michael the fiddler was placed, with the gayest of hearts and of waistcoats.

Shadow and light from the leaves alternately played on his snowwhite

Hair, as it waved in the wind; and the jolly face of the fiddler Glowed like a living coal when the ashes are blown from the embers. Gaily the old man sang to the vibrant sound of his fiddle, Tous les Bourgeois de Chartres, and Le Carillon de Dunquerque, And anon with his wooden shoes beat time to the music. Merrily, merrily whirled the wheels of the dizzying dances Under the orchard-trees and down the path to the meadows; Old folk and young together, and children mingled among them. Fairest of all the maids was Evangeline, Benedict's daughter! Noblest of all the youths was Gabriel, son of the blacksmith!

So passed the morning away. And lo! with a summons sonorous Sounded the bell from its tower, and over the meadows a drum beat. Thronged erelong was the church with men. Without, in the churchyard,

Waited the women. They stood by the graves, and hung on the head-stones

Garlands of autumn-leaves and evergreens fresh from the forest, Then came the guard from the ships, and marching proudly among them

Entered the sacred portal. With loud and dissonant clangour Echoed the sound of their brazen drums from ceiling and casement,—

Echoed a moment only, and slowly the ponderous portal Closed, and in silence the crowd awaited the will of the soldiers. Then uprose their commander, and spake from the steps of the altar, Holding aloft in his hands, with its seals, the royal commission. "You are convened this day," he said, "by his Majesty's orders.

Clement and kind has he been; but how you have answered his kindness,

Let your own hearts reply! To my natural make and my temper Painful the task is I do, which to you I know must be grievous. Yet must I bow and obey, and deliver the will of our monarch; Namely, that all your lands, and dwellings, and cattle of all kinds, Forfeited be to the crown; and that you yourselves from this province

Be transported to other lands. God grant you may dwell there Ever as faithful subjects, a happy and peaceable people! Prisoners now I declare you; for such is his Majesty's pleasure!" As, when the air is serene in sultry solstice of summer, Suddenly gathers a storm, and the deadly sling of the hailstones Beats down the farmer's corn in the field and shatters his windows, Hiding the sun, and strewing the ground with thatch from the house-roofs.

Bellowing fly the herds, and seek to break their enclosures; So on the hearts of the people descended the words of the speaker. Silent a moment they stood in speechless wonder, and then rose Louder and ever louder a wail of sorrow and anger, And, by one impulse moved, they madly rushed to the door-way. Vain was the hope of escape; and cries and fierce imprecations Rang through the house of prayer; and high o'er the heads of the others

Rose, with his arms uplifted, the figure of Basil the blacksmith, As, on a stormy sea, a spar is tossed by the billows.

Flushed was his face and distorted with passion; and wildly he shouted,—

"Down with the tyrants of England! we never have sworn them allegiance!

Death to these foreign soldiers, who seize on our homes and our harvests!"

More he fain would have said, but the merciless hand of a soldier Smote him upon the mouth, and dragged him down to the pavement

In the midst of the strife and tumult of angry contention, Lo! the door of the chancel opened, and Father Felician Entered, with serious mien, and ascended the steps of the altar. Raising his reverend hand, with a gesture he awed into silence All that clamorous throng; and thus he spake to his people; Deep were his tones and solemn; in accents measured and mournful Spake he, as, after the tocsin's alarum, distinctly the clock strikes. "What is this that ye do, my children? what madness has seized you? Forty years of my life have I laboured among you, and taught you, Not in word alone, but in deed, to love one another! Is this the fruit of my toils, of my vigils and prayers and privations? Have you so soon forgotten all lessons of love and forgiveness? This is the house of the Prince of Peace, and would you profane it Thus with violent deeds and hearts overflowing with hatred? Lo! where the crucified Christ from his cross is gazing upon you! See! in those sorrowful eyes what meekness and holy compassion! Hark! how those lips still repeat the prayer, 'O Father, forgive them!'

Let us repeat that prayer in the hour when the wicked assail us, Let us repeat it now, and say, 'O Father, forgive them!'" Few were his words of rebuke, but deep in the hearts of his people Sank they, and sobs of contrition succeeded the passionate outbreak:

While they repeated his prayer, and said, "O Father, forgive them!"

Then came the evening service. The tapers gleamed from the altar.

Fervent and deep was the voice of the priest, and the people responded,

Not with their lips alone, but their hearts; and the Ave Maria Sang they, and fell on their knees, and their souls, with devotion translated,

Rose on the ardour of prayer, like Elijah ascending to heaven.

Meanwhile had spread in the village the tidings of ill, and on all sides

Wandered, wailing, from house to house the women and children.

Long at her father's door Evangeline stood, with her right hand

Shielding her eyes from the level rays of the sun, that, descending,

Lighted the village street with mysterious splendour, and roofed

each

Peasant's cottage with golden thatch, and emblazoned its windows. Long within had been spread the snow-white cloth on the table; There stood the wheaten loaf, and the honey fragrant with wild Tthe dairy: flowers: There stood the tankard of ale, and the cheese fresh brought from And, at the head of the board, the great arm-chair of the farmer. Thus did Evangeline wait at her father's door, as the sunset Threw the long shadows of trees o'er the broad ambrosial meadows. Ah! on her spirit within a deeper shadow had fallen, And from the fields of her soul a fragrance celestial ascended,— Charity, meekness, love, and hope, and forgiveness, and patience! Then, all forgetful of self, she wandered into the village, Cheering with looks and words the mournful hearts of the women, As o'er the darkening fields with lingering steps they departed, Urged by their household cares, and the weary feet of their children. Down sank the great red sun, and in golden, glimmering vapours Veiled the light of his face, like the Prophet descending from Sinai.

Meanwhile, amid the gloom, by the church Evangeline lingered. All was silent within; and in vain at the door and the windows Stood she, and listened and looked, till, overcome by emotion, "Gabriel!" cried she aloud with tremulous voice; but no answer Came from the graves of the dead, nor the gloomier grave of the living.

Sweetly over the village the bell of the Angelus sounded.

Slowly at length she returned to the tenantless house of her father. Smouldered the fire on the hearth, on the board was the supper untasted, [terror.

Empty and drear was each room, and haunted with phantoms of Sadly echoed her step on the stair and the floor of her chamber. In the dead of the night she heard the disconsolate rain fall Loud on the withered leaves of the sycamore-tree by the window. Keenly the lightning flashed; and the voice of the echoing thunder Told her that God was in heaven, and governed the world he created!

Then she remembered the tale she had heard of the justice of Heaven; [morning. Soothed was her troubled soul, and she peacefully slumbered till

v.

Four times the sun had risen and set; and now on the fifth day Cheerily called the cock to the sleeping maids of the farm-house. Soon o'er the yellow fields, in silent and mournful procession, Came from the neighbouring hamlets and farms the Acadian women,

Driving in ponderous wains their household goods to the sea-shore, Pausing and looking back to gaze once more on their dwellings, Ere they were shut from sight by the winding road and the woodland

Close at their sides their children ran, and urged on the oxen, While in their little hands they clasped some fragments of playthings.

Thus to the Gaspereau's mouth they hurried; and there on the sea-beach

Piled in confusion lay the household goods of the peasants. All day long between the shore and the ships did the boats ply; All day long the wains came labouring down from the village. Late in the afternoon, when the sun was near to his setting, Echoed far o'er the fields came the roll of drums from the church-yard.

Thither the women and children thronged. On a sudden the church-doors [cession

Opened, and forth came the guard, and marching in gloomy pro-Followed the long-imprisoned, but patient, Acadian farmers.

Even as pilgrims, who journey afar from their homes and their country,

Sing as they go, and in singing forget they are weary and wayworn, So with songs on their lips the Acadian peasants descended Down from the church to the shore, amid their wives and their daughters.

Foremost the young men came; and, raising together their voices, Sang with tremulous lips a chant of the Catholic Missions:—
"Sacred heart of the Saviour! O inexhaustible fountain!
Fill our hearts this day with strength and submission and patience!"
Then the old men, as they marched, and the women that stood by the way-side,

Joined in the sacred psalm, and the birds in the sunshine above them

Mingled their notes therewith, like voices of spirits departed.

Half-way down to the shore Evangeline waited in silence, Not overcome with grief, but strong in the hour of affliction,— Calmly and sadly she waited, until the procession approached her, And she beheld the face of Gabriel pale with emotion. Tears then filled her eyes, and, eagerly running to meet him,

Clasped she his hands, and laid her head on his shoulder, and whispered,—

"Gabriel! be of good cheer! for if we love one another,
Nothing, in truth, can harm us, whatever mischances may happen!"
Smiling she spake these words; then suddenly paused, for her father

Saw she slowly advancing. Alas! how changed was his aspect! Gone was the glow from his cheek, and the fire from his eye, and his footstep

Heavier seemed with the weight of the heavy heart in his bosom. But, with a smile and a sigh, she clasped his neck and embraced him,

Speaking words of endearment where words of comfort availed not. Thus to the Gaspereau's mouth moved on that mournful procession.

There disorder prevailed, and the tumult and stir of embarking. Busily plied the freighted boats; and in the confusion Wives were torn from their husbands, and mothers, too late, saw their children

Left on the land, extending their arms, with wildest entreaties.

So unto separate ships were Basil and Gabriel carried,

While in despair on the shore Evangeline stood with her father.

Half the task was not done when the sun went down, and the twilight

Deepened and darkened around; and in haste the refluent ocean Fled away from the shore, and left the line of the sand-beach Covered with waifs of the tide, with kelp and the slippery sea-weed. Farther back in the midst of the household goods and the wagons. Like to a gipsy camp, or a leaguer after a battle,

All escape cut off by the sea, and the sentinels near them,
Lay encamped for the night the houseless Acadian farmers.
Back to its nethermost caves retreated the bellowing ocean,
Dragging adown the beach the rattling pebbles, and leaving
Inland and far up the shore the stranded boats of the sailors.
Then as the night descended the hords returned from

Then, as the night descended, the herds returned from their pastures;

Sweet was the moist still air with the odour of milk from their udders;

Lowing they waited, and long, at the well-known bars of the farm-yard,—

Waited and looked in vain for the voice and the hand of the milkmaid.

Silence reigned in the streets; from the church no Angelus sounded, Rose no smoke from the roofs, and gleamed no lights from the windows.

But on the shores meanwhile the evening fires had been kindled, Built of the drift-wood thrown on the sands from wrecks in the tempest.

Round them shapes of gloom and sorrowful faces were gathered, Voices of women were heard, and of men, and the crying of children. Onward from fire to fire, as from hearth to hearth in his parish, Wandered the faithful priest, consoling and blessing and cheering, Like unto shipwrecked Paul on Melita's desolate sea-shore. Thus he approached the place where Evangeline sat with her father, And in the flickering light beheld the face of the old man, Haggard and hollow and wan, and without either thought or emotion.

E'en as the face of a clock from which the hands have been taken. Vainly Evangeline strove with words and caresses to cheer him, Vainly offered him food; yet he moved not, he looked not, he spake not,

But, with a vacant stare, ever gazed at the flickering fire-light. "Benedicite!" murmured the priest, in tones of compassion.

More he fain would have said, but his heart was full, and his accents Faltered and paused on his lips, as the feet of a child on a threshold, Hushed by the scene he beholds, and the awful presence of sorrow.

Silently, therefore, he laid his hand on the head of the maiden, Raising his tearful eyes to the silent stars that above them Moved on their way, unperturbed by the wrongs and sorrows of mortals.

Then sat he down at her side, and they wept together in silence.

Suddenly rose from the south a light, as in autumn the blood-red Moon climbs the crystal walls of heaven, and o'er the horizon Titan-like stretches its hundred hands upon the mountain and meadow,

Seizing the rocks and the rivers, and piling huge shadows together. Broader and ever broader it gleamed on the roofs of the village, Gleamed on the sky and sea, and the ships that lay in the road-stead.

Columns of shining smoke uprose, and flashes of flame were Thrust through their folds and withdrawn, like the quivering hands of a martyr.

Then as the wind seized the gleeds and the burning thatch, and, uplifting,

Whirled them aloft through the air, at once from a hundred house-tops

Started the sheeted smoke with flashes of flame intermingled.

These things beheld in dismay the crowd on the shore and on shipboard.

Speechless at first they stood, then cried aloud in their anguish, "We shall behold no more our homes in the village of Grand-Pré!" Loud on a sudden the cocks began to crow in the farm-yards, Thinking the day had dawned; and anon the lowing of cattle Came on the evening breeze, by the barking of dogs interrupted. Then rose a sound of dread, such as startles the sleeping encampments

Far in the western prairies or forests that skirt the Nebraska, When the wild horses affrighted sweep by with the speed of the whirlwind,

Or the loud bellowing herds of buffaloes rush to the river.

Such was the sound that arose on the night, as the herds and the horses

Broke through their folds and fences, and madly rushed o'er the meadows.

Overwhelmed with the sight, yet speechless, the priest and the maiden [them; Gazed on the scene of terror that reddened and widened before And as they turned at length to speak to their silent companion, Lo! from his seat he had fallen, and stretched abroad on the seashore

Motionless lay his form, from which the soul had departed. Slowly the priest uplifted the lifeless head, and the maiden Knelt at her father's side, and wailed aloud in her terror. Then in a swoon she sank, and lay with her head on his bosom. Through the long night she lay in deep, oblivious slumber; And when she awoke from the trance, she beheld a multitude near her.

Faces of friends she beheld, that were mournfully gazing upon her; Pallid, with tearful eyes, and looks of saddest compassion.

Still the blaze of the burning village illumined the landscape, Reddened the sky overhead, and gleamed on the faces around her, And like the day of doom it seemed to her wavering senses. Then a familiar voice she heard, as it said to the people,—

"Let us bury him here by the sea. When a happier season Brings us again to our homes from the unknown land of our exile, Then shall his sacred dust be piously laid in the churchyard."

Such were the words of the priest. And there in haste by the seaside,

Having the glare of the burning village for funeral torches, But without bell or book, they buried the farmer of Grand-Pré. And as the voice of the priest repeated the service of sorrow, Lo! with a mournful sound, like the voice of a vast congregation, Solemnly answered the sea, and mingled its roar with the dirges. 'T was the returning tide, that afar from the waste of the ocean, With the first dawn of the day, came heaving and hurrying landward.

Then recommenced once more the stir and noise of embarking; And with the ebb of the tide the ships sailed out of the harbour, Leaving behind them the dead on the shore, and the village in ruins.

PART THE SECOND.

T.

Many a weary year had passed since the burning of Grand-Pré, When on the falling tide the freighted vessels departed, Bearing a nation, with all its household gods, into exile, Exile without an end, and without an example in story. Far asunder, on separate coasts, the Acadians landed; Scattered were they, like flakes of snow, when the wind from the north-east

Strikes aslant through the fogs that darken the Banks of Newfoundland.

Friendless, homeless, hopeless, they wandered from city to city, From the cold lakes of the North to sultry Southern savannas,— From the bleak shores of the sea to the lands where the Father of Waters

Seizes the hills in his hands, and drags them down to the ocean, Deep in their sands to bury the scattered bones of the mammoth. Friends they sought and homes; and many, despairing, heartbroken,

Asked of the earth but a grave, and no longer a friend nor a fireside. Written their history stands on tablets of stone in the churchyards. Long among them was seen a maiden who waited and wandered, Lowly and meek in spirit, and patiently suffering all things. Fair was she and young; but, alas! before her extended, Dreary and vast and silent, the desert of life, with its pathway Marked by the graves of those who had sorrowed and suffered before her,

Passions long extinguished, and hopes long dead and abandoned,

As the emigrant's way o'er the Western desert is marked by
Camp-fires long consumed, and bones that bleach in the sunshine.
Something there was in her life incomplete, imperfect, unfinished;
As if a morning of June, with all its music and sunshine,
Suddenly paused in the sky, and, fading, slowly descended
Into the east again, from whence it late had arisen.
Sometimes she lingered in towns, till, urged by the fever within her,
Urged by a restless longing, the hunger and thirst of the spirit,
She would commence again her endless search and endeavour;

Sometimes in churchyards strayed, and gazed on the crosses and tombstones,

Sat by some nameless grave, and thought that perhaps in its bosom He was already at rest, and she longed to slumber beside him.

Sometimes a rumour, a hearsay, an inarticulate whisper,

Came with its airy hand to point and beckon her forward.

Sometimes she spake with those who had seen her beloved and known him,

But it was long ago, in some far-off place or forgotten.

"Gabriel Lajeunesse!" they said; "Oh yes! we have seen him.

He was with Basil the blacksmith, and both have gone to the prairies;

Coureurs-des-Bois are they, and famous hunters and trappers."

"Gabriel Lajeunesse!" said others; "Oh yes! we have seen him.

He is a Voyageur in the lowlands of Louisiana."

Then would they say,—" Dear child! why dream and wait for him longer?

Are there not other youths as fair as Gabriel? others

Who have hearts as tender and true, and spirits as loyal?

Here is Baptiste Leblanc, the notary's son, who has loved thee

Many a tedious year; come, give him thy hand and be happy!

Thou art too fair to be left to braid St. Catherine's tresses."

Then would Evangeline answer, serenely but sadly,--" I cannot!

Whither my heart has gone, there follows my hand, and not elsewhere.

For when the heart goes before, like a lamp, and illumines the pathway,

Many things are made clear, that else lie hidden in darkness."

Thereupon the priest, her friend and father-confessor,

Said, with a smile,—"O'daughter! thy God thus speaketh within thee!

Talk not of wasted affection, affection never was wasted;

If it enrich not the heart of another, its waters, returning

Back to their springs, like the rain, shall fill them full of refreshment:

That which the fountain sends forth returns again to the fountain. Patience; accomplish thy labour; accomplish thy work of affection Sorrow and silence are strong, and patient endurance is godlike.

Therefore accomplish thy labour of love, till the heart is made god-like.

Purified, strengthened, perfected, and rendered more worthy of heaven!"

Cheered by the good man's words, Evangeline laboured and waited. Still in her heart she heard the funeral dirge of the ocean,

But with its sound there was mingled a voice that whispered, "Despair not!"

Thus did that poor soul wander in want and cheerless discomfort, Bleeding, barefooted, over the shards and thorns of existence.

Let me essay, O Muse! to follow the wanderer's footsteps;—

Not through each devious path, each changeful year of existence, But as a traveller follows a streamlet's course through the valley: Far from its margin at times, and seeing the gleam of its water Here and there, in some open space, and at intervals only;

Then drawing nearer its banks, through sylvan glooms that conceal it,

Though he behold it not, he can hear its continuous murmur; Happy, at length, if he find the spot where it reaches an outlet.

II.

It was the month of May. Far down the Beautiful River, Past the Ohio shore, and past the mouth of the Wabash, Into the golden stream of the broad and swift Mississippi, Floated a cumbrous boat, that was rowed by Acadian boatmen. It was a band of exiles: a raft, as it were, from the shipwrecked Nation, scattered along the coast, now floating together, Bound by the bonds of a common belief and a common misfortune: Men and women and children, who, guided by hope or by hearsay. Sought for their kith and their kin among the few-acred farmers On the Acadian coast, and the prairies of fair Opelousas. With them Evangeline went, and her guide, the Father Felician. Onward o'er sunken sands, through a wilderness sombre with forests, Day after day they glided adown the turbulent river: Night after night, by their blazing fires, encamped on its borders. Now through rushing chutes, among green islands, where plumelike Cotton-trees nodded their shadowy crests, they swept with the current.

Then emerged into broad lagoons, where silvery sand-bars
Lay in the stream, and along the wimpling waves of their margin,
Shining with snow-white plumes, large flocks of pelicans waded.
Level the landscape grew, and along the shores of the river,
Shaded by china-trees, in the midst of luxuriant gardens,
Stood the houses of planters, with negro-cabins and dove-cots.
They were approaching the region where reigns perpetual summer,
Where through the Golden Coast, and groves of orange and citron,
Sweeps with majestic curve the river away to the eastward.
They, too, swerved from their course; and, entering the Bayou of
Plaquemine,

Soon were lost in a maze of sluggish and devious waters, Which, like a network of steel, extended in every direction. Over their heads the towering and tenebrous boughs of the cypress Met in a dusky arch, and trailing mosses in mid-air Waved like banners that hang on the walls of ancient cathedrals. Deathlike the silence seemed, and unbroken, save by the herons Home to their roosts in the cedar-trees returning at sunset, Or by the owl, as he greeted the moon with demoniac laughter. Lovely the moonlight was as it glanced and gleamed on the water, Gleamed on the columns of cypress and cedar sustaining the arches, Down through whose broken vaults it fell as through chinks in a ruin

Dreamlike, and indistinct, and strange were all things around them;

And o'er their spirits there came a feeling of wonder and sadness,—Strange forebodings of ill, unseen and that cannot be compassed. As, at the tramp of a horse's hoof on the turf of the prairies, Far in advance are closed the leaves of the shrinking mimosa, So, at the hoof-beats of fate, with sad forebodings of evil, Shrinks and closes the heart, ere the stroke of doom has attained it. But Evangeline's heart was sustained by a vision, that faintly Floated before her eyes, and beckoned her on through the moonlight.

It was the thought of her brain that assumed the shape of a phantom.

Through those shadowy aisles had Gabriel wandered before her, And every stroke of the oar now brought him nearer and nearer. Then in his place, at the prow of the boat, rose one of the oarsmen, And, as a signal sound, if others like them peradventure Sailed on those gloomy and midnight streams, blew a blast on his bugle.

Wild through the dark colonnades and corridors leafy the blast rang, Breaking the seal of silence, and giving tongues to the forest. Soundless above them the banners of moss just stirred to the music, Multitudinous echoes awoke and died in the distance,

Over the watery floor, and beneath the reverberant branches;
But not a voice replied; no answer came from the darkness;
And when the echoes had ceased, like a sense of pain was the silence.
Then Evangeline slept; but the boatmen rowed through the midnight,

Silent at times, then singing familiar Canadian boat-songs, Such as they sang of old on their own Acadian rivers, While through the night were heard the mysterious sounds of the desert.

Far off,—indistinct,—as of wave or wind in the forest,
Mixed with the whoop of the crane and the roar of the grim
alligator.

Thus ere another noon they emerged from the shades; and before them

Lay, in the golden sun, the lakes of the Atchafalaya.

Water-lilies in myriads rocked on the slight undulations

Made by the passing oars, and, resplendent in beauty, the lotus

Lifted her golden crown above the heads of the boatmen.

Faint was the air with the odorous breath of magnolia blossoms,

And with the heat of noon; and numberless sylvan islands,

Fragrant and thickly embowered with blossoming hedges of roses,

Near to whose shores they glided along, invited to slumber.

Soon by the fairest of these their weary oars were suspended.

Under the boughs of Wachita willows, that grew by the margin,

Safely their boat was moored; and scattered about on the green
sward,

Tired with their midnight toil, the weary travellers slumbered.

Over them vast and high extended the cope of a cedar.

Swinging from its great arms, the trumpet-flower and the grapevine

Hung their ladder of ropes aloft like the ladder of Jacob, On whose pendulous stairs the angels ascending, descending, Were the swift humming-birds, that flitted from blossom to blossom. Such was the vision Evangeline saw as she slumbered beneath it. Filled was her heart with love, and the dawn of an opening heaven Lighted her soul in sleep with the glory of regions celestial.

Nearer, and ever nearer, among the numberless islands,
Darted a light, swift boat, that sped away o'er the water,
Urged on its course by the sinewy arms of hunters and trappers.
Northward its prow was turned, to the land of the bison and beaver.
At the helm sat a youth, with countenance thoughtful and careworn.
Dark and neglected locks overshadowed his brow, and a sadness
Somewhat beyond his years on his face was legibly written.
Gabriel was it, who, weary with waiting, unhappy and restless,
Sought in the Western wilds oblivion of self and of sorrow.
Swiftly they glided along, close under the lee of the island,
But by the opposite bank, and behind a screen of palmettos,
So that they saw not the boat, where it lay concealed in the willows;
All undisturbed by the dash of their oars, and unseen, were the sleepers.

Angel of God was there none to awaken the slumbering maiden. Swiftly they glided away, like the shade of a cloud on the prairie. After the sound of their oars on the tholes had died in the distance, As from a magic trance the sleepers awoke, and the maiden Said with a sigh to the friendly priest,—"O Father Felician! Something says in my heart that near me Gabriel wanders. Is it a foolish dream, an idle and vague superstition? Or has an angel passed, and revealed the truth to my spirit?" Then, with a blush, she added,—"Alas for my credulous fancy! Unto ears like thine such words as these have no meaning." But made answer the reverend man, and he smiled as he answered,—

"Daughter, thy words are not idle; nor are they to me without meaning.

Feeling is deep and still; and the world that floats on the surface Is as the tossing buoy, that betrays where the anchor is hidden. Therefore trust to thy heart, and to what the world calls illusions.

LO.

Gabriel truly is near thee; for not far away to the southward,

On the banks of the Têche, are the towns of St. Maur and St.

Martin. [groom.

There the long-wandering bride shall be given again to her bride-There the long-absent pastor regain his flock and his sheepfold. Beautiful is the land, with its prairies and forests of fruit-trees; Under the feet a garden of flowers, and the bluest of heavens Bending above, and resting its dome on the walls of the forest. They who dwell there have named it the Eden of Louisiana."

With these words of cheer they arose and continued their journey. Softly the evening came. The sun from the western horizon Like a magician extended his golden wand o'er the landscape; Twinkling vapours arose; and sky and water and forest Seemed all on fire at the touch, and melted and mingled together. Hanging between two skies, a cloud with edges of silver, Floated the boat, with its dripping oars, on the motionless water. Filled was Evangeline's heart with inexpressible sweetness. Touched by the magic spell, the sacred fountains of feeling Glowed with the light of love, as the skies and waters around her. Then from a neighbouring thicket the mocking-bird, wildest of singers, Swinging aloft on a willow spray that hung o'er the water, Shook from his little throat such floods of delirious music, That the whole air and the woods and the waves seemed silent to listen.

Plaintive at first were the tones and sad; then soaring to madness Seemed they to follow or guide the revel of frenzied Bacchantes. Single notes were then heard, in sorrowful, low lamentation; Till, having gathered them all, he flung them abroad in derision, As when, after a storm, a gust of wind through the tree-tops Shakes down the rattling rain in a crystal shower on the branches. With such a prelude as this, and hearts that throbbed with emotion, Slowly they entered the Têche, where it flows through the green. Opelousas,

And through the amber air, above the crest of the woodland, Saw the column of smoke that arose from a neighbouring dwelling;—

Sounds of a horn they heard, and the distant lowing of cattle.

III.

Near to the bank of the river, o'ershadowed by oaks, from whose branches

Garlands of Spanish moss and of mystic mistletoe flaunted, Such as the Druids cut down with golden hatchets at Yule-tide, Stood, secluded and still, the house of the herdsman. A garden Girded it round about with a belt of luxuriant blossoms. Filling the air with fragrance. The house itself was of timbers Hewn from the cypress-tree, and carefully fitted together. Large and low was the roof; and on slender columns supported, Rose-wreathed, vine-encircled, a broad and spacious veranda, Haunt of the humming-bird and the bee, extended around it. At each end of the house, amid the flowers of the garden, Stationed the dove-cots were, as love's perpetual symbol, Scenes of endless wooing, and endless contentions of rivals. Silence reigned o'er the place. The line of shadow and sunshine Ran near the tops of the trees; but the house itself was in shadow, And from its chimney-top, ascending and slowly expanding Into the evening air, a thin blue column of smoke rose. In the rear of the house, from the garden gate, ran a pathway Through the great groves of oak to the skirts of the limitless prairie, Into whose sea of flowers the sun was slowly descending. Full in his track of light, like ships with shadowy canvas Hanging loose from their spars in a motionless calm in the tropics, Stood a cluster of trees, with tangled cordage of grape-vines.

Just where the woodlands met the flowery surf of the prairie,
Mounted upon his horse, with Spanish saddle and stirrups,
Sat a herdsman, arrayed in gaiters and doublet of deerskin.
Broad and brown was the face that from under the Spanish
sombrero

Gazed on the peaceful scene, with the lordly look of its master. Round about him were numberless herds of kine, that were grazing Quietly in the meadows, and breathing the vapoury freshness That uprose from the river, and spread itself over the landscape. Slowly lifting the horn that hung at his side, and expanding Fully his broad, deep chest, he blew a blast, that resounded Wildly and sweet and far, through the still damp air of the evening.

Suddenly out of the grass the long white horns of the cattle
Rose like flakes of foam on the adverse currents of ocean.
Silent a moment they gazed, then bellowing rushed o'er the prairie,
And the whole mass became a cloud, a shade in the distance.
Then, as the herdsman turned to the house, through the gate of the
garden

Saw he the forms of the priest and the maiden advancing to meet

Suddenly down from his horse he sprang in amazement, and forward

Rushed with extended arms and exclamations of wonder; When they beheld his face, they recognised Basil the blacksmith. Hearty his welcome was, as he led his guests to the garden. There in an arbour of roses with endless question and answer Gave they vent to their hearts, and renewed their friendly embraces, Laughing and weeping by turns, or sitting silent and thoughtful. Thoughtfut, for Gabriel came not; and now dark doubts and misgivings

Stole o'er the maiden's heart; and Basil, somewhat embarrassed, Broke the silence and said,—" If you came by the Atchafalaya, How have you nowhere encountered my Gabriel's boat on the bayous?"

Over Evangeline's face at the words of Basil a shade passed. Tears came into her eyes, and she said, with a tremulous accent,— "Gone? is Gabriel gone?" and, concealing her face on his shoulder, All her o'erburdened heart gave way, and she wept and lamented. Then the good Basil said,—and his voice grew blithe as he said it,— "Be of good cheer, my child; it is only to-day he departed. Foolish boy! he has left me alone with my herds and my horses. Moody and restless grown, and tried and troubled, his spirit Could no longer endure the calm of this quiet existence. Thinking ever of thee, uncertain and sorrowful ever, Ever silent, or speaking only of thee and his troubles, He at length had become so tedious to men and to maidens, Tedious even to me, that at length I bethought me, and sent him Unto the town of Adayes to trade for mules with the Spaniards. Thence he will follow the Indian trails to the Ozark Mountains, Hunting for furs in the forests, on rivers trapping the beaver.

Therefore be of good cheer; we will follow the fugitive lover; He is not far on his way, and the Fates and the streams are against him.

Up and away to-morrow, and through the red dew of the morning We will follow him fast, and bring him back to his prison."

Then glad voices were heard, and up from the banks of the river, Borne aloft on his comrades' arms, came Michael the fiddler. Long under Basil's roof had he lived like a god on Olympus, Having no other care than dispensing music to mortals. Far renowned was he for his silver locks and his fiddle. "Long live Michael," they cried, "our brave Acadian minstrel!" As they bore him aloft in triumphal procession; and straightway Father Felician advanced with Evangeline, greeting the old man Kindly and oft, and recalling the past, while Basil, enraptured, Hailed with hilarious joy his old companions and gossips, Laughing loud and long, and embracing mothers and daughters. Much they marvelled to see the wealth of the ci-devant blacksmith, All his domains and his herds, and his patriarchal demeanour; Much they marvelled to hear his tales of the soil and the climate, And of the prairies, whose numberless herds were his who would take them: [wise.

Each one thought in his heart, that he, too, would go and do like-Thus they ascended the steps, and, crossing the breezy veranda, Entered the hall of the house, where already the supper of Basil Waited his late return; and they rested and feasted together.

Over the joyous feast the sudden darkness descended.

All was silent without, and, illuming the landscape with silver,

Fair rose the dewy moon and the myriad stars; but within doors

Brighter than these, shone the faces of friends in the glimmering
lamp-light.

Then from his station aloft, at the head of the table, the herdsman Poured forth his heart and his wine together in endless profusion. Lighting his pipe, that was filled with sweet Natchitoches tobacco, Thus he spake to his guests, who listened, and smiled as they listened:—

[&]quot;Welcome once more, my friends, who long have been friendless and homeless,

Welcome once more to a home, that is better perchance than the old one!

Here no hungry winter congeals our blood like the rivers;

Here no stony ground provokes the wrath of the farmer.

Smoothly the ploughshare runs through the soil, as a keel through the water.

All the year round the orange-groves are in blossom; and grass grows

More in a single night than a whole Canadian summer.

Here, too, numberless herds run wild and unclaimed in the prairies;

Here, too, lands may be had for the asking, and forests of timber

With a few blows of the axe are hewn and framed into houses.

After your houses are built, and your fields are yellow with harvests,

No King George of England shall drive you away from your homesteads.

Burning your dwellings and barns, and stealing your farms and your cattle."*

Speaking these words, he blew a wrathful cloud from his nostrils, While his huge, brown hand came thundering down on the table, So that the guests all started; and Father Felician, astounded, Suddenly paused, with a pinch of snuff half-way to his nostrils. But the brave Basil resumed, and his words were milder and gayer:—

"Only beware of the fever, my friends, beware of the fever!
For it is not like that of our cold Acadian climate,
Cured by wearing a spider hung round one's neck in a nutshell!"
Then there were voices heard at the door, and footsteps approaching

Sounded upon the stairs and the floor of the breezy veranda. It was the neighbouring Creoles and small Acadian planters, Who had been summoned all to the house of Basil the herdsman. Merry the meeting was of ancient comrades and neighbours: Friend clasped friend in his arms; and they who before were as strangers,

Meeting in exile, became straightway as friends to each other, Drawn by the gentle bond of a common country together. But in the neighbouring hall a strain of music, proceeding From the accordant strings of Michael's melodious fiddle, Broke up all further speech. Away, like children delighted, All things forgotten beside, they gave themselves to the maddening Whirl of the giddy dance, as it swept and swayed to the music, Dreamlike, with beaming eyes and the rush of fluttering garments.

Meanwhile, apart, at the head of the hall, the priest and the herdsman

Sat, conversing together of past and present and future;
While Evangeline stood like one entranced, for within her
Olden memories rose, and loud in the midst of the music
Heard she the sound of the sea, and an irrepressible sadness
Came o'er her heart, and unseen she stole forth into the garden.
Beautiful was the night. Behind the black wall of the forest,
Tipping its summit with silver, arose the moon. On the river
Fell here and there through the branches a tremulous gleam of the
moonlight,

Like the sweet thoughts of love on a darkened and devious spirit.

Nearer and round about her, the manifold flowers of the garden

Poured out their souls in odours, that were their prayers and confessions

Unto the night, as it went its way, like a silent Carthusian.

Fuller of fragrance than they, and as heavy with shadows and night-dews,

Hung the heart of the maiden. The calm and the magical moon-light

Seemed to inundate her soul with indefinable longings,

As, through the garden-gate, and beneath the shade of the oak-trees,

Passed she along the path to the edge of the measureless prairie. Silent it lay, with a silvery haze upon it, and fire-flies Gleamed and floated away in mingled and infinite numbers. Over her head the stars, the thoughts of God in the heavens, Shone on the eyes of man, who had ceased to marvel and worship, Save when a blazing comet was seen on the walls of that temple, As if a hand had appeared and written upon them, "Upharsin." And the soul of the maiden, between the stars and the fire-flies, Wandered alone, and she cried—"O; Gabriel! O my beloved! Art thou so near unto me, and yet I cannot behold thee?

Art thou so near unto me, and yet thy voice does not reach me?
Ah! how often thy feet have trod this path to the prairie!
Ah! how often thine eyes have looked on the woodlands around me!
Ah! how often beneath this oak, returning from labour.
Thou hast lain down to rest, and to dream of me in thy slumbers!
When shall these eyes behold, these arms be folded about thee?"
Loud and sudden and near the notes of a whippoorwill sounded
Like a flute in the woods; and anon, through the neighbouring
thickets,

Farther and farther away it floated and dropped into silence.

"Patience!" whispered the oaks from oracular caverns of darkness:
And, from the moonlit meadow, a sigh responded, "To-morrow!"

Bright rose the sun next day; and all the flowers of the garden Bathed his shining feet with their tears, and anointed his tresses With the delicious balm that they bore in their vases of crystal. "Farewell!" said the priest, as he stood at the shadowy threshold; "See that you bring us the Prodigal Son from his fasting and famine:

And, too, the Foolish Virgin, who slept when the bridegroom was coming."

"Farewell!" answered the maiden, and, smiling, with Basil descended

Down to the river's brink, where the boatmen already were waiting, Thus beginning their journey with morning, and sunshine, and gladness, [them,

Swiftly they followed the flight of him who was speeding before Blown by the blast of fate like a dead leaf over the desert.

Not that day, nor the next, nor yet the day that succeeded, Found they the trace of his course, in lake or forest or river,

Nor, after many days, had they found him; but vague and uncertain Rumours alone were their guides through a wild and desolate

country;

Till, at the little inn of the Spanish town of Adayes,

Weary and worn they alighted, and learned from the garrulous landlord,

That on the day before, with horses and guides and companions, Gabriel left the village, and took the road of the prairies,

IV.

Far in the West there lies a desert land, where the mountains Lift, through perpetual snows, their lofty and luminous summits. Down from their jagged, deep ravines, where the gorge, like a gateway,

Opens a passage rude to the wheels of the emigrant's wagon, Westward the Oregon flows and the Walleway and Owyhee. Eastward, with devious course, among the Wind-river Mountains, Through the Sweet-water Valley precipitate leaps the Nebraska; And to the South, from Fontaine-qui-bout and the Spanish sierras, Fretted with sands and rocks, and swept by the wind of the desert, Numberless torrents, with ceaseless sound, descend to the ocean, Like the great chords of a harp, in loud and solemn vibrations. Spreading between these streams are the wondrous, beautiful prairies;

Billowy bays of grass ever rolling in shadow and sunshine,
Bright with luxuriant clusters of roses and purple amorphas.
Over them wandered the buffalo herds, and the elk and the roebuck;
Over them wandered the wolves, and herds of riderless horses;
Fires that blast and blight, and winds that are weary with travel;
Over them wander the scattered tribes of Ishmael's children,
Staining the desert with blood; and above their terrible war-trails
Circles and sails aloft, on pinions majestic, the vulture,
Like the implacable soul of a chieftain slaughtered in battle,
By invisible stairs ascending and scaling the heavens.
Here and there rise smokes from the camps of these savage
marauders;

Here and there rise groves from the margins of swift-running rivers;

And the grim, taciturn bear, the anchorite monk of the desert, Climbs down their dark ravines to dig for roots by the brook-side; And over all is the sky, the clear and crystalline heaven, Like the protecting hand of God inverted above them.

Into this wonderful land, at the base of the Ozark Mountains, Gabriel far had entered, with hunters and trappers behind him. Day after day, with their Indian guides, the maiden and Basil Followed his flying steps, and thought each day to o'ertake him.

Sometimes they saw, or thought they saw, the smoke of his camp-fire Rise in the morning air from the distant plain; but at nightfall, When they had reached the place, they found only embers and ashes. And, though their hearts were sad at times and their bodies were weary,

Hope still guided them on, as the magic Fata Morgana Showed them her lakes of light, that retreated and vanished before them.

Once, as they sat by their evening fire, there silently entered Into their little camp an Indian woman, whose features Wore deep traces of sorrow, and patience as great as her sorrow. She was a Shawnee woman returning home to her people, From the far-off hunting-grounds of the cruel Camanches, Where her Canadian husband, a Courcur-des-Bois, had been murdered.

Touched were their hearts at her story, and warmest and friendliest welcome

Gave they, with words of cheer, and she sat and feasted among them
On the buffalo meat and the venison cooked on the embers.
But when their meal was done, and Basil and all his companions,
Worn with the long day's march and the chase of the deer and the
bison,

[fire-light]

Stretched themselves on the ground, and slept where the quivering Flashed on their swarthy cheeks, and their forms wrapped up in their blankets,

Then at the door of Evangeline's tent she sat and repeated Slowly, with soft, low voice, and the charm of her Indian accent, All the tale of her love, with its pleasures, and pains, and reverses. Much Evangeline wept at the tale, and to know that another Hapless heart like her own had loved and had been disappointed. Moved to the depths of her soul by pity and woman's compassion, Yet in her sorrow pleased that one who had suffered was near her, She in turn related her love and all its disasters.

Mute with wonder the Shawnee sat, and when she had ended Still was mute; but at length, as if a mysterious horror

Still was mute; but at length, as if a mysterious horror Passed through her brain, she spake, and repeated the tale of the Mowis;

Mowis, the bridegroom of snow, who won and wedded a maiden, But, when the morning came, arose and passed from the wigwam, Fading and melting away and dissolving into the sunshine, Till she beheld him no more, though she followed far into the forest.

Then, in those sweet, low tones, that seemed like a weird incantation, Told she the tale of the fair Lilinau, who was wooed by a phantom, That, through the pines o'er her father's lodge, in the hush of the twilight,

Breathed like the evening wind, and whispered love to the maiden, Till she followed his green and waving plume through the forest, And nevermore returned, nor was seen again by her people. Silent with wonder and strange surprise, Evangeline listened To the soft flow of her magical words, till the region around her Seemed like enchanted ground, and her swarthy guest the enchantress.

Slowly over the tops of the Ozark Mountains the moon rose, Lighting the little tent, and with a mysterious splendour Touching the sombre leaves, and embracing and filling the woodland. With a delicious sound the brook rushed by, and the branches Swayed and sighed overhead in scarcely audible whispers. Filled with the thoughts of love was Evangeline's heart, but a secret, Subtle sense crept in of pain and indefinite terror, As the cold, poisonous snake creeps into the nest of the swallow. It was no earthly fear. A breath from the region of spirits Seemed to float in the air of night; and she felt for a moment That, like the Indian maid, she, too, was pursuing a phantom. With this thought she slept, and the fear and the phantom had vanished.

Early upon the morrow the march was resumed; and the Shawnee Said, as they journeyed along,—"On the western slope of these mountains

Dwells in his little village the Black Robe chief of the Mission. Much he teaches the people, and tells them of Mary and Jesus; Loud laugh their hearts with joy, and weep with pain, as they hear him."

Then, with a sudden and secret emotion, Evangeline answered,—

"Let us go to the Mission, for there good tidings await us!"
Thither they turned their steeds; and behind a spur of the mountains,

Just as the sun went down, they heard a murmur of voices, And in a meadow green and broad, by the bank of a river, Saw the tents of the Christians, the tents of the Jesuit Mission. Under a towering oak, that stood in the midst of the village, Knelt the Black Robe chief with his children. A crucifix fastened High on the trunk of the tree, and overshadowed by grapevines, Looked with its agonised face on the multitude kneeling beneath it This was their rural chapel. Aloft, through the intricate arches Of its aerial roof, arose the chant of their vespers, Mingling its notes with the soft susurrus and sighs of the branches. Silent, with heads uncovered, the travellers, nearer approaching, Knelt on the swarded floor, and joined in the evening devotions. But when the service was done, and the benediction had fallen Forth from the hands of the priest, like seed from the hands of the sower,

Slowly the reverend man advanced to the strangers, and bade them Welcome; and when they replied, he smiled with benignant expression,

Hearing the homelike sounds of his mother-tongue in the forest, And, with words of kindness, conducted them into his wigwam. There upon mats and skins they reposed, and on cakes of the maize-ear

Feasted, and slaked their thirst from the water-gourd of the teacher.

Soon was their story told; and the priest with solemnity answered:

"Not six suns have risen and set since Gabriel, seated

On this mat by my side, where now the maiden reposes,

Told me this same sad tale; then arose and continued his journey!"

Soft was the voice of the priest, and he spake with an accent of kindness;

But on Evangeline's heart fell his words as in winter the snow-flakes Fall into some lone nest from which the birds have departed. "Far to the north he has gone," continued the priest; "but in autumn,

When the chase is done, will return again to the Mission."
Then Evangeline said, and her voice was meek and submissive,—

"Let me remain with thee, for my soul is sad and afflicted."
So seemed it wise and well unto all; and betimes on the morrow,
Mounting his Mexican steed, with his Indian guides and companions,

Homeward Basil returned, and Evangeline stayed at the Mission.

Slowly, slowly, slowly the days succeeded each other,— Days and weeks and months; and the fields of maize that were springing

Green from the ground when a stranger she came, now waving above her,

Lifted their slender shafts, with leaves interlacing, and forming Cloisters for mendicant crows and granaries pillaged by squirrels. Then in the golden weather the maize was husked, and the maidens Blushed at each blood-red ear, for that betokened a lover; But at the crooked laughed, and called it a thief in the corn-field. Even the blood-red ear to Evangeline brought not her lover. "Patience!" the priest would say; "have faith, and thy prayer will be answered!

Look at this vigorous plant that lifts its head from the meadow, See how its leaves are turned to the north, as true as the magnet; This is the compass-flower, that the finger of God has planted Here in the houseless wild, to direct the traveller's journey Over the sea-like, pathless, limitless waste of the desert. Such in the soul of man is faith. The blossoms of passion, Gay and luxuriant flowers, are brighter and fuller of fragrance, But they beguile us, and lead us astray, and their odour is deadly. Only this humble plant can guide us here, and hereafter Crown us with asphodel flowers, that are wet with the dews ofnepenthe."

So came the autumn, and passed, and the winter,—yet Gabriel came not;

Blossomed the opening spring, and the notes of the robin and blue-bird

Sounded sweet upon wold and in wood, yet Gabriel came not. But on the breath of the summer winds a rumour was wafted Sweeter than song of bird, or hue or odour of blossom. Far to the north and east, it said, in the Michigan torests, Gabriel had his lodge by the banks of the Saginaw river. And, with returning guides, that sought the lakes of St. Lawrence, Saying a sad farewell, Evangeline went from the Mission. When over weary ways, by long and perilous marches, She had attained at length the depths of the Michigan forests, Found she the hunter's lodge deserted and fallen to ruin!

Thus did the long sad years glide on, and in seasons and places Divers and distant far was seen the wandering maiden;—
Now in the Tents of Grace of the meek Moravian Missions,
Now in the noisy camps and the battle-fields of the army,
Now in secluded hamlets, in towns and populous cities.
Like a phantom she came, and passed away unremembered.
Fair was she and young, when in hope began the long journey;
Faded was she and old, when in disappointment it ended.
Each succeeding year stole something away from her beauty,
Leaving behind it, broader and deeper, the gloom and the shadow.
Then there appeared and spread faint streaks of gray o'er her forehead,

Dawn of another life, that broke o'er her earthly horizon, As in the eastern sky the first faint streaks of the morning.

V.

In that delightful land which is washed by the Delaware waters, Guarding in sylvan shades the name of Penn the apostle,
Stands on the banks of its beautiful stream the city he founded.
There all the air is balm, and the peach is the emblem of beauty,
And the streets still re-echo the names of the trees of the forest,
As if they fain would appease the Dryads whose haunts they molested.

There from the troubled sea had Evangeline landed, an exile, Finding among the children of Penn a home and a country. There old René Leblanc had died; and when he departed, Saw at his side only one of all his hundred descendants. Something at least there was in the friendly streets of the city, Something that spake to her heart, and made her no longer a stranger;

And her ear was pleased with the Thee and Thou of the Quakers, For it recalled the past, the old Acadian country, Where all men were equal, and all were brothers and sisters. So, when the fruitless search, the disappointed endeavour, Ended, to recommence no more upon earth, uncomplaining, Thither, as leaves to the light, were turned her thoughts and her footsteps.

As from the mountain's top the rainy mists of the morning Roll away, and afar we behold the landscape below us, Sun-illumined, with shining rivers and cities and hamlets, So fell the mists from her mind, and she saw the world far below her, Dark no longer, but all illumined with love; and the pathway Which she had climbed so far, lying smooth and fair in the distance. Gabriel was not forgotten. Within her heart was his image, Clothed in the beauty of love and youth, as last she beheld him, Only more beautiful made by his deathlike silence and absence. Into her thoughts of him time entered not, for it was not. Over him years had no power; he was not changed, but transfigured;

He had become to her heart as one who is dead, and not absent; Patience and abnegation of self, and devotion to others, This was the lesson a life of trial and sorrow had taught her. So was her love diffused, but, like to some odorous spices, Suffered no waste nor loss, though filling the air with aroma. Other hope had she none, nor wish in life, but to follow Meekly, with reverent steps, the sacred feet of her Saviour. Thus many years she lived as a Sister of Mercy; frequenting Lonely and wretched roofs in the crowded lanes of the city, Where distress and want concealed themselves from the sunlight, Where disease and sorrow in garrets languished neglected. Night after night, when the world was asleep, as the watchman repeated

Loud, through the gusty streets, that all was well in the city, High at some lonely window he saw the light of her taper. Day after day, in the gray of the dawn, as slow through the suburbs

Plodded the German farmer, with flowers and fruits for the market, Met he that meek, pale face, returning home from its watchings. Then it came to pass that a pestilence fell on the city, Presaged by wondrous signs, and mostly by flocks of wild pigeons, Darkening the sun in their flight, with naught in their craws but an acorn.

And, as the tides of the sea arise in the month of September, Flooding some silver stream, till it spreads to a lake in the meadow, So death flooded life, and, o'erflowing its natural margin, Spread to a brackish lake, the silver stream of existence.

Wealth had no power to bribe, nor beauty to charm, the oppressor; But all perished alike beneath the scourge of his anger;—
Only, alas! the poor, who had neither friends nor attendants, Crept away to die in the almshouse, home of the homeless.

Then in the suburbs it stood, in the midst of meadows and woodlands;—

Now the city surrounds it; but still, with its gateway and wicket Meek, in the midst of splendour, its humble walls seemed to echo Softly the words of the Lord—"The poor ye always have with you." Thither, by night and by day, came the Sister of Mercy. The dying Looked up into her face, and thought, indeed, to behold there Gleams of celestial light encircle her forehead with splendour, Such as the artist paints o'er the brows of saints and apostles, Or such as hangs by night o'er a city seen at a distance. Unto their eyes it seemed the lamps of the city celestial, Into whose shining gates crelong their spirits would enter.

Thus, on a Sabbath morn, through the streets, deserted and silent, Wending her quiet way, she entered the door of the almshouse. Sweet on the summer air was the odour of flowers in the garden; And she paused on her way to gather the fairest among them, That the dying once more might rejoice in their fragrance and beauty.

Then, as she mounted the stairs to the corridors, cooled by the east-wind,

Distant and soft on her ear fell the chimes from the belfry of Christ Church.

While, intermingled with these, across the meadows were wafted Sounds of psalms, that were sung by the Swedes in their Church at Wicaco.

Soft as descending wings fell the calm of the hour on her spirit:
Something within her said, "At length thy trials are ended;"
And, with light in her looks, she entered the chambers of sickness.
Noiselessly moved about the assiduous, careful attendants,
Moistening the feverish lip, and the aching brow, and in silence
Closing the sightless eyes of the dead, and concealing their faces,
Where on their pallets they lay, like drifts of snow by the roadside.
Many a languid head, upraised as Evangeline entered,
Turned on its pillow of pain to gaze while she passed, for her
presence

Fell on their hearts like a ray of the sun on the walls of a prison And, as she looked around, she saw how Death, the consoler, Laying his hand upon many a heart, had healed it for ever. Many familiar forms had disappeared in the night time; Vacant their places were, or filled already by strangers.

Suddenly, as if arrested by fear or a feeling of wonder, Still she stood, with her colourless lips apart, while a shudder Ran through her frame, and, forgotten, the flowerets dropped from her fingers,

And from her eyes and cheeks the light and bloom of the morning. Then there escaped from her lips a cry of such terrible anguish. That the dying heard it, and started up from their pillows. On the pallet before her was stretched the form of an old man. Long, and thin, and gray were the locks that shaded his temples; But, as he lay in the morning light, his face for a moment Seemed to assume once more the forms of its earlier manhood; So are wont to be changed the faces of those who are dying. Hot and red on his lips still burned the flush of the fever, As if life, like the Hebrew, with blood had besprinkled its portals, That the Angel of Death might see the sign, and pass over. Motionless, senseless, dying, he lay, and his spirit exhausted Seemed to be sinking down through infinite depths in the darkness, Darkness of slumber and death, forever sinking and sinking. Then through those realms of shade, in multiplied reverberations, Heard he that cry of pain, and through the hush that succeeded Whispered a gentle voice, in accents tender and saint-like, "Gabriel! O my beloved!" and died away into silence.

Then he beheld, in a dream, once more the home of his childhood; Green Acadian meadows, with sylvan rivers among them, [shadow Village, and mountain, and woodlands; and, walking under their As in the days of her youth, Evangeline rose in his vision. Tears came into his eyes; and as slowly he lifted his eyelids, Vanished the vision away, but Evangeline knelt by his bedside. Vainly he strove to whisper her name, for the accents unuttered Died on his lips, and their motion revealed what his tongue would have spoken.

Vainly he strove to rise; and Evangeline, kneeling beside him, Kissed his dying lips, and laid his head on her bosom. Sweet was the light of his eyes; but it suddenly sank into darkness, As when a lamp is blown out by a gust of wind at a casement.

All was ended now, the hope, and the fear, and the sorrow, All the aching of heart, the restless, unsatisfied longing, All the dull, deep pain, and constant anguish of patience! And, as she pressed once more the lifeless head to her bosom, Meekly she bowed her own, and murmured, "Father, I thank thee!"

Still stands the forest primeval; but far away from its shadow, Side by side, in their nameless graves, the lovers are sleeping. Under the humble walls of the little Catholic churchyard, In the heart of the city, they lie, unknown and unnoticed. Daily the tides of life go ebbing and flowing beside them, Thousands of throbbing hearts, where theirs are at rest and forever, Thousands of aching brains, where theirs no longer are busy, Thousands of toiling hands, where theirs have ceased from their labours,

[journey!

Still stands the forest primeval; but under the shade of its branches

Dwells another race, with other customs and language. Only along the shore of the mournful and misty Atlantic Linger a few Acadian peasants, whose fathers from exile Wandered back to their native land to die in its bosom. In the fisherman's cot the wheel and the loom are still busy;

Maidens still wear their Norman caps and their kirtles of homespun,

And by the evening fire repeat Evangeline's story, While from its rocky caverns the deep-voiced neighbouring ocean Speaks, and in accents disconsolate answers the wail of the forest.

THE SEASIDE AND THE FIRESIDE.

DEDICATION.

As one who, walking in the twilight gloom,
Hears round about him voices as it darkens,
And seeing not the forms from which they come,
Pauses from time to time, and turns and hearkens;

So walking here in twilight, O my friends!

I hear your voices, softened by the distance,
And pause, and turn to listen, as each sends
His words of friendship, comfort, and assistance.

If any thought of mine, or sung or told,
Has ever given delight or consolation,
Ye have repaid me back a thousand-fold,
By every friendly sign and salutation.

Thanks for the sympathies that ye have shown!

Thanks for each kindly word, each silent token,

That teaches me, when seeming most alone,

Friends are around us, though no word be spoken.

Kind messages, that pass from land to land; Kind letters, that betray the heart's deep history, In which we feel the pressure of a hand,— One touch of fire,—and all the rest is mystery!

The pleasant books, that silently among
Our household treasures take familiar places,
And are to us as if a living tongue
Spake from the printed leaves or pictured faces!

THE SEASIDE AND THE FIRESIDE.

Perhaps on earth I never shall behold,
With eye of sense, your outward form and semblance;
Therefore to me ye never will grow old,
But live forever young in my remembrance!

Never grow old, nor change, nor pass away! Your gentle voices will flow on forever, When life grows bare and tarnished with decay, As through a leafless landscape flows a river.

Not chance of birth or place has made us friends, Being oftentimes of different tongues and nations, But the endeavour for the selfsame ends, With the same hopes, and fears, and aspirations.

Therefore I hope to join your seaside walk, Saddened, and mostly silent, with emotion; Not interrupting with intrusive talk The grand, majestic symphonies of ocean.

Therefore I hope, as no unwelcome guest,
At your warm fireside, when the lamps are lighted,
To have my place reserved among the rest,
Nor stand as one unsought and uninvited!

BY THE SEASIDE.

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THE BUILDING OF THE SHIP.

"Build me straight, O worthy
Master!

Stanch and strong, a goodly vessel,

That shall laugh at all disaster,
And with wave and whirlwind
wrestle!"

The merchant's word
Delighted the Master heard;
For his heart was in his work, and
the heart
Giveth grace unto every Art.

A quiet smile played round his lips, As the eddies and dimples of the tide

Play round the bows of ships,
That steadily at anchor ride.
And with a voice that was full of glee,
He answered, "Erelong we will
launch

A vessel as goodly, and strong, and stanch,

As ever weathered a wintry sea!"
And first with nicest skill and art,
Perfect and finished in every part,
A little model the Master wrought,
Which should be to the larger plan
What the child is to the man,

Its counterpart in miniature;
That with a hand more swift and sure

The greater labour might be brought To answer to his inward thought. And as he laboured, his mind ran o'er The various ships that were built of yore,

And above them all, and strangest of all

Towered the Great Harry, crank and tall,

Whose picture was hanging on the wall,

With bows and stern raised high in air, [there, And balconies hanging here and And signal lanterns and flags afloat, And eight round towers, like those

that frown

From some old castle, looking down Upon the drawbridge and the moat. And he said with a smile, "Our ship, I wis,

Shall be of another form than this!"
It was of another form, indeed;
Built for freight, and yet for speed,
A beautiful and gallant craft;
Broad in the beam, that the stress
of the blast,

Pressing down upon sail and mast, Might not the sharp bows overwhelm; Broad in the beam, but sloping aft With graceful curve and slow degrees, That she might be docile to the helm,

And that the currents of parted seas, Closing behind, with mighty force, Might aid and not impede her course

In the ship-yard stood the Master, With the model of the vessel, That should laugh at all disaster, And with wave and whirlwind wrestle!

Covering many a rood of ground, Lay the timber piled around; Timber of chestnut, and elm, and oak,

And scattered here and there, with these,

The knarred and crooked cedar knees;

Brought from regions far away,
From Pascagoula's sunny bay,
And the banks of the roaring
Roanoke!

Ah! what a wondrous thing it is
To note how many wheels of toil
One thought, one word, can set in
motion!

There's not a ship that sails the ocean, But every climate, every soil, Must bring its tribute, great or small, And help to build the wooden wall!

The sun was rising o'er the sea,
And long the level shadows lay,
As if they, too, the beams would be
Of some great, airy argosy,
Framed and launched in a single day.
That silent architect, the sun,
Had hewn and laid them every one,
Ere the work of man was yet begun.
Beside the Master, when he spoke,
A youth, against an anchor leaning,
Listened, to catch his slightest
meaning.

Only the long waves, as they broke In ripples on the pebbly beach, Interrupted the old man's speech.

Beautiful they were, in sooth, The old man and the fiery youth! The old man, in whose busy brain Many a ship that sailed the main Was modelled o'er and o'er again;— The fiery youth, who was to be The heir of his dexterity, The heir of his house, and his daughter's hand,

When he had built and launched from land

What the elder head had planned.

"Thus," said he, "will we build this ship!

Lay square the blocks upon the slip, And follow well this plan of mine. Choose the timbers with greatest care;

Of all that is unsound beware; For only what is sound and strong To this vessel shall belong. Cedar of Maine and Georgia pine Here together shall combine. A goodly frame, and a goodly fame, And the Union be her name! For the day that gives her to the sea Shall give my daughter unto thee!"

The Master's word Enraptured the young man heard; And as he turned his face aside, With a look of joy and a thrill of pride Standing before Her father's door, He saw the form of his promised bride.

The sun shone on her golden hair, And her cheek was glowing fresh and fair.

With the breath of morn and the soft sea air.

Like a beauteous barge was she,

Still at rest on the sandy beach, Just beyond the billow's reach; But he

Was the restless, seething, stormy sea!

Ah, how skilful grows the hand That obeyeth Love's command! It is the heart, and not the brain, That to the highest doth attain, And he who followeth Love's behest Far excelleth all the rest!

Thus with the rising of the sun Was the noble task begun, And soon throughout the ship-yard's bounds

Were heard the intermingled sounds Of axes and of mallets, plied With vigorous arms on every side; Plied so deftly and so well, That, ere the shadows of evening fell.

The keel of oak for a noble ship, Scarfed and bolted, straight and strong,

Was lying ready, and stretched along The blocks, well placed upon the slip.

Happy, thrice happy, every one Who sees his labour well begun, And not perplexed and multiplied, By idly waiting for time and tide!

And when the hot, long day was o'er, The young man at the Master's door Sat with the maiden calm and still, And within the porch, a little more Removed beyond the evening chill, The father sat, and told them tales Of wrecks in the great September gales,

Of pirates coasting the Spanish Main,

And ships that never come back again,

The chance and change of a sailor's life,

Want and plenty, rest and strife, His roving fancy, like the wind,

That nothing can stay, and nothing can bind,

And the magic charm of foreign lands,

With shadows of palms, and shining sands,

Where the tumbling surf,

O'er the coral reefs of Madagascar, Washes the feet of the swarthy Lascar, Ashe lies alone and asleep on the turf.

And the trembling maiden held her breath

At the tales of that awful, pitiless sea, With all its terror and mystery,

The dim, dark sea, so like unto Death, That divides and yet unites mankind! And whenever the old man paused, a gleam

From the bowl of his pipe would awhile illume

The silent group in the twilight gloom,

And thoughtful faces, as in a dream; And for a moment one might mark What had been hidden by the dark, That the head of the maiden lay at rest,

Tenderly, on the young man's breast!

Day by day the vessel grew, With timbers fashioned strong and true,

Stemson and keelson and sternsonknee, Till, framed with perfect symmetry, A skeleton ship rose up to view! And around the bows and along the side

The heavy hammers and mallets plied,

Till after many a week, at length,
Wonderful for form and strength,
Sublime in its enormous bulk,
Loomed aloft the shadowy hulk!
And around it columns of smoke,
upwreathing,

Rose from the boiling, bubbling, seething

Caldron, that glowed, And overflowed

· men :---

With the black tar, heated for the sheathing.

And amid the clamours
Of clattering hammers,
He who listened heard now and then
The song of the Master and his

"Build me straight, O worthy Master, Stanch and strong, a goodly vessel, That shall laugh at all disaster,

And with wave and whirlwind wrestle!"

With oaken brace and copper band, Lay the rudder on the sand,

That, like a thought, should have control

Over the movement of the whole And near it the anchor, whose giant hand

Would reach down and grapple with the land,

And immovable and fast

Hold the great ship against the bellowing blast!

And at the bows an image stood,
By a cunning artist carved in wood,
With robes of white, that far behind
Seemed to be fluttering in the wind.
It was not shaped in a classic mould,
Not like a Nymph or Goddess of old,
Or Naiad rising from the water,
But modelled from the Master's
daughter!

On many a dreary and misty night, 'T will be seen by the rays of the signal light,

Speeding along through the rain and the dark,

Like a ghost in its snow-white sark,

The pilot of some phantom bark, Guiding the vessel, in its flight, By a path none other knows aright!

Behold, at last, Each tall and tapering mast Is swung into its place; Shrouds and stays Holding it firm and fast!

'Long ago,
In the deer-haunted forests of Maine,
When upon Mountain and plain
Lay the snow,
They fell,—those lordly pines!
'Mid shouts and cheers
The jaded steers,
Panting beneath the goad,
Dragged down the weary, winding
road
Those captive kings so straight and

To be shorn of their streaming hair, And naked and bare, To feel the stress and the strain Of the wind and the reeling main, Whose roar
Would remind them for evermore
Of their native forests they should
not see again.

And everywhere
The slender, graceful spars
Poise aloft in the air,
And at the mast-head,
White, blue, and red,
A flag unrolls the stripes and stars.
Ah! when the wanderer, lonely,
friendless,
In foreign harbours shall behold
That flag unrolled,
'T will be as a friendly hand
Stretched out from his native land,
Filling his heart with memories
sweet and endless!

All is finished! and at length

Has come the bridal day Of beauty and of strength. To-day the vessel shall be launched Withfleecy clouds the sky is blanched, And o'er the bay, Slowly, in all his splendours dight, The great sun rises to behold the sight. The ocean old, Centuries old, Strong as youth, and as uncontrolled. Paces restless to and fro, Up and down the sands of gold. His beating heart is not at rest; And far and wide, With ceaseless flow, His beard of snow Heaves with the heaving of his breast He waits impatient for his bride. There she stands, With her foot upon the sands,

Decked with flags and streamers gay, In honour of her marriage day, Her snow-white signals fluttering blending, Round her like a veil descending, Ready to be

The bride of the gray old sea

On the deck another bride
Is standing by her lover's side.
Shadows from the flags and shrouds,
Like the shadows cast by clouds,
Broken by many a sudden fleck,
Fall around them on the deck.

The prayer is said, The service read, [head; The joyous bridegroom bows his And in tears the good old Master Shakes the brown hand of his son, Kisses his daughter's glowing cheek In silence, for he cannot speak, And ever faster Down his own the tears begin to run. The worthy pastor flock, The shepherd of that wandering That has the ocean for its wold, That has the vessel for its fold, Leaping ever from rock to rock— Spake, with accents mild and clear, Words of warning, words of cheer, But tedious to the bridegroom's ear. He knew the chart Of the sailor's heart, All its pleasures and its griefs, All its shallows and rocky reefs, All those secret currents, that flow With such resistless undertow, And lift and drift, with terrible force, The will from its moorings and its course. he:--

Therefore he spake, and thus said

"Like unto ships far off at sea,
Outward or homeward bound, are we.
Before, behind, and all around,
Floats and swings the horizon's
bound,

Seems at its distant rim to rise

And climb the crystal wall of the skies,

And then again to turn and sink,
As if we could slide from its outer
brink

Ah! it is not the sea, It is not the sea that sinks and shelves,

But ourselves
That rock and rise
With endless and uneasy motion,
Now touching the very skies,
Now sinking into the depths of
ocean.

Ah! if our souls but poise and swing

Like the compass in its brazen ring, Ever level and ever true

To the toil and the task we have to do,

We shall sail securely, and safely reach

The Fortunate Isles, on whose shining beach

The sights we see, and the sounds we hear,

Will be those of joy and not of fear!"

Then the Master,
With a gesture of command,
Waved his hand;
And at the word,
Loud and sudden there was heard,
All around them and below,
The sound of hammers, blow on
blow,

Knocking away the shores and spurs And see! she stirs!

She starts,—she moves,—she seems to feel

The thrill of life along her keel, And, spurning with her foot the ground,

With one exulting, joyous bound, She leaps into the ocean's arms!

And lo! from the assembled crowd There rose a shout, prolonged and loud,

That to the ocean seemed to say, "Take her, O bridegroom, old and gray,

Take her to thy protecting arms, With all her youth and all her charms!"

How beautiful she is! How fair
She lies within those arms, that press
Her form with many a soft caress
Of tenderness and watchful care!
Sail forth into the sea, O ship!
Through wind and wave, right
onward steer!
The moistened are the trembling line.

The moistened eye, the trembling lip, Are not the signs of doubt or fear.

Sail forth into the sea of life,
O gentle, loving, trusting wife,
And safe from all adversity
Upon the bosom of that sea
Thy comings and thy goings be!
For gentleness and love and trust
Prevail o'er angry wave and gust;
And in the wreck of noble lives
Something immortal still survives!

Thou, too, sail on, O Ship of State! Sail on, O Union, strong and great!

Humanity with all its fears,
With all the hopes of future years,
Is hanging breathless on thy fate!
We know what Master laid thy keel,
What Workmen wrought thy ribs
of steel,

Who made each mast, and sail, and rope,

What anvils rang, what hammers beat,

In what a forge and what a heat Were shaped the anchors of thy hope!

Fear not each sudden sound and shock.

"T is of the wave and not the rock;
"T is but the flapping of the sail,
And not a rent made by the gale!
In spite of rock and tempest's roar,
In spite of false lights on the shore,
Sail on, nor fear to breast the sea!
Our hearts, our hopes, are all with
thee,

Our hearts, our hopes, our prayers, our tears,

Our faith triumphant o'er our fears, Are all with thee,—are all with thee!

SEAWEED.

When descends on the Atlantic
The gigantic
Storm-wind of the equinox,
Landward in his wrath he scourges
The toiling surges,
Laden with seawed from the rocks:

From Bermuda's reefs; from edges
Of sunken ledges,
In some far-off, bright Azore;
From Bahama, and the dashing,
Silver-flashing

Surges of San Salvador;

From the tumbling surf, that buries
The Orkneyan skerries,
Answering the hoarse Hebrides;
And from wrecks of ships, and
drifting

Spars, uplifting
On the desolate, rainy seas;—

Ever drifting, drifting, drifting
On the shifting
Currents of the restless main;
Till in sheltered coves, and reaches
Of sandy beaches,
All have found repose again.

So when storms of wild emotion
Strike the ocean
Of the poet's soul, ere long
From each cave and rocky fastness,
In its vastness,
Floats some fragment of a song:

From the far-off isles enchanted,
Heaven has planted
With the golden fruit of Truth;
From the flashing surf, whose vision
Gleams Elysian
In the tropic clime of Youth;

From the strong Will, and the Endeavour

That forever
Wrestle with the tides of Fate;
From the wreck of Hopes farscattered,

Tempest-shattered, Floating waste and desolate;—

Ever drifting, drifting, drifting
On the shifting
Currents of the restless heart;
Till at length in books recorded,
They, like hoarded
Household words, no more depart.

CHRYSAOR.

Just above yon sandy bar,

As the day grows fainter and
dimmer,

Lonely and lovely, a single star Lights the air with a dusky glimmer.

Into the ocean faint and far
Falls the trail of its golden
splendour,

And the gleam of that single star

Is ever refulgent, soft, and
tender.

Chrysaor, rising out of the sea, Showed thus glorious and thus emulous,

Leaving the arms of Callirrhoe, Forever tender, soft, and tremulous.

Thus o'er the ocean faint and far Trailed the gleam of his falchion brightly;

Is it a God, or is it a star

That, entranced, I gaze on
nightly!

THE SECRET OF THE SEA.

AH! what pleasant visions haunt me As I gaze upon the sea!
All the old romantic legends,
All my dreams, come back to me.

Sails of silk and ropes of sandal, Such as gleam in ancient lore; And the singing of the sailors, And the answer from the shore!

Most of all, the Spanish ballad Haunts me oft, and tarries long, Of the noble Count Arnaldos And the sailor's mystic song. Like the long waves on a sea-beach,
Where the sand as silver shines,
With a soft monotonous cadence,
Flow its unrhymed lyric lines;—

Telling how the Count Arnaldos, With his hawk upon his hand, Saw a fair and stately galley, Steering onward to the land;—

How he heard the ancient helmsman Chant a song so wild and clear, That the sailing sea-bird slowly Poised upon the mast to hear,

Till his soul was full of longing,
And he cried, with impulse strong,
"Helmsman! for the love of
heaven,

Teach me, too, that wondrous song!"

"Wouldst thou,"—so the helmsman answered.

"Learn the secret of the sea? Only those who brave its dangers Comprehend its mystery!"

In each sail that skims the horizon,In each landward-blowing breeze,I behold that stately galley,Hear those mournful melodies;

Till my soul is full of longing
For the secret of the sea,
And the heart of the great ocean
Sends a thrilling pulse through me.

TWILIGHT.

The twilight is sad and cloudy,
The wind blows wild and free,
And like the wings of sea-birds
Flash the white caps of the sea.

But in the fisherman's cottage
There shines a ruddier light,
And a little face at the window
Peers out into the night.

Close, close it is pressed to the window,

As if those childish eyes Were looking into the darkness, To see some form arise.

And a woman's waving shadow
Is passing to and fro,
Now rising to the ceiling,
Now bowing and bending low.

What tale do the roaring ocean, And the night-wind, bleak and wild,

As they beat at the crazy casement, Tell to that little child?

And why do the roaring ocean, And the night-wind, wild and bleak,

As they beat at the heart of the mother,

Drive the colour from her cheek?

SIR HUMPHREY GILBERT.

Southward with fleet of ice Sailed the corsair Death; Wild and fast blew the blast, And the east-wind was his breath.

His lordly ships of ice Glisten in the sun; On each side, like pennons wide, Flashing crystal streamlets run.

His sails of white sea-mist
Dripped with silver rain;
But where he passed there were cast
Leaden shadows o'er the main.

Eastward from Campobello Sir Humphrey Gilbert sailed; Three days or more seaward he bore,

Then, alas! the land-wind failed.

Alas! the land-wind failed, And ice-cold grew the night; And never more, on sea or shore, Should Sir Humphrey see the light.

He sat upon the deck, The Book was in his hand; "Do not fear! Heaven is as near," He said, "by water as by land!"

In the first watch of the night, Without a signal's sound, Out of the sea, mysteriously, The fleet of Death rose all around.

The moon and the evening star Were hanging in the shrouds; Every mast, as it passed, Seemed to rake the passing clouds.

They grappled with their prize, At midnight black and cold! As of a rock was the shock; Heavily the ground-swell rolled.

Southward through day and dark, They drift in close embrace, With mist and rain, o'er the open Yet there seems no change of

Southward, forever southward, They drift through dark and Stream day; And like a dream, in the Gulf-Sinking, vanish all away.

THE LIGHTHOUSE.

THE rocky ledge runs far into the sea, And on its outer point, some miles away, The Lighthouse lifts its massive masonry, A pillar of fire by night, of cloud by day.

Even at this distance I can see the tides, Upheaving, break unheard along its base, A speechless wrath, that rises and subsides In the white lip and tremor of the face.

And as the evening darkens, lo! how bright, Through the deep purple of the twilight air, Beams forth the sudden radiance of its light With strange, unearthly splendour in the glare!

Not one alone; from each projecting cape And perilous reef along the ocean's verge, Starts into life a dim, gigantic shape, Holding its lantern o'er the restless surge. Like the great giant Christopher it stands
Upon the brink of the tempestuous wave,
Wading far out among the rocks and sands.
The night-o'ertaken mariner to save.

And the great ships sail outward and return,
Bending and bowing o'er the billowy swells,
And ever joyful, as they see it burn,
They wave their silent welcomes and farewells.

They come forth from the darkness, and their sails Gleam for a moment only in the blaze, And eager faces, as the light unveils, Gaze at the tower, and vanish while they gaze.

The mariner remembers when a child,
On his first voyage, he saw it fade and sink;
And when, returning from adventures wild
He saw it rise again o'er ocean's brink.

Steadfast, serene, immovable, the same Year after year, through all the silent night, Burns on forevermore that quenchless flame Shines on that inextinguishable light!

It sees the ocean to its bosom clasp
The rocks and sea-sand with the kiss of peace;
It sees the wild winds lift it in their grasp,
And hold it up, and shake it like a fleece.

The startled waves leap over it; the storm Smites it with all the scourges of the rain, And steadily against its solid form Press the great shoulders of the hurricane.

The sea-bird wheeling round it, with the din Of wings and winds and solitary cries, Blinded and maddened by the light within, Dashes himself against the glare, and dies. A new Prometheus, chained upon the rock, Still grasping in his hand the fire of Jove, It does not hear the cry, nor heed the shock, But hails the mariner with words of love.

"Sail on!" it says, "sail on, ye stately ships!

And with your floating bridge the ocean span;
Be mine to guard this light from all eclipse,
Be yours to bring man nearer unto man!"

THE FIRE OF DRIFT-WOOD.

DEVEREUX FARM, NEAR MARBLEHEAD.

WE sat within the farm-house old, Whose windows, looking o'er the bay, [cold

Gave to the sea-breeze damp and An easy entrance, night and day.

Not far away we saw the port, The strange, old-fashioned, silent town,

The lighthouse, the dismantled fort, The wooden houses, quaint and brown.

We sat and talked until the night,
Descending, filled the little room;
Our faces faded from the sight,
Our voices only broke the gloom.

We spake of many a vanished scene,

Of what we once had thought and said,

Of what had been, and might have been,

And who was changed, and who was dead;

And all that fills the hearts of friends,

When first they feel, with secret pain,

Their lives thenceforth have separate ends,

And never can be one again;

The first slight swerving of the heart,

That words are powerless to express,

And leave it still unsaid in part, Or say it in too great excess.

The very tones in which we spake
Had something strange, I could
but mark;

The leaves of memory seemed to make

A mournful rustling in the dark.

Oft died the words upon our lips, As suddenly, from out the fire

Built of the wreck of stranded ships,

The flames would leap and then expire.

And, as their splendour flashed and failed,

We thought of wrecks upon the main,

Of ships dismasted, that were hailed

And sent no answer back again.

The windows, rattling in their frames,

The ocean, roaring up the beach,
The gusty blast,—the bickering
flames, [speech;
All mingled vaguely in our
Until they made themselves a part
Of fancies floating through the
brain,

The long-lost ventures of the heart, That send no answers back again.

O flames that glowed! O hearts that yearned!

They were indeed too much akin,
The drift-wood fire without that
burned, [glowed within.
The thoughts that burned and

BY THE FIRESIDE. RESIGNATION.

THERE is no flock, however watched and tended,
But one dead lamb is there!
There is no fireside, howsoe'er defended,
But has one vacant chair!

The air is full of farewells to the dying, And mournings for the dead; The heart of Rachel, for her children crying, Will not be comforted!

Let us be patient! These severe afflictions
Not from the ground arise,
But oftentimes celestial benedictions
Assume this dark disguise.

We see but dimly through the mists and vapours; Amid these earthly damps

What seem to us but sad, funereal tapers May be heaven's distant lamps.

There is no Death! What seems so is transition;
This life of mortal breath
Is but a suburb of the life elysian,
Whose portal we call Death.

She is not dead,—the child of our affection,— But gone unto that school Where she no longer needs our poor protection, And Christ himself doth rule. In that great cloister's stillness and seclusion, By guardian angels led, Safe from temptation, safe from sin's pollution. She lives, whom we call dead.

Day after day we think what she is doing In those bright realms of air; Year after year, her tender steps pursuing, Behold her grown more fair.

Thus do we walk with her, and keep unbroken
The bond which nature gives,
Thinking that our remembrance, though unspoken,
May reach her where she lives.

Not as a child shall we again behold her; For when with raptures wild In our embraces we again enfold her, She will not be a child;

But a fair maiden, in her Father's mansion, Clothed with celestial grace; And beautiful with all the soul's expansion Shall we behold her face.

And though at times impetuous with emotion And anguish long suppressed,
The swelling heart heaves moaning like the ocean,
That cannot be at rest,—

We will be patient, and assuage the feeling We may not wholly stay;
By silence sanctifying, not concealing,
The grief that must have way.

THE BUILDERS.

ALL are architects of Fate,
Working in these walls of Time;
Some with massive deeds and great,
Some with ornaments of rhyme.

Nothing useless is, or low;
Each thing in its place is best;
And what seems but idle show
Strengthens and supports the rest.

For the structure that we raise,
Time is with materials filled;
Our to-days and yesterdays
Are the blocks with which we build.

Truly shape and fashion these; Leave no yawning gaps between; Think not, because no man sees, Such things will remain unseen.

In the elder days of Art, [care Builders wrought with greatest-Each minute and unseen part; For the Gods see everywhere.

Let us do our work as well, Both the unseen and the seen; Make the house, where Gods may dwell, Beautiful, entire, and clean.

Else our lives are incomplete, Standing in these walls of Time, Broken stairways, where the feet Stumble as they seek to climb.

Build to-day, then, strong and sure, With a firm and ample base;
And ascending and secure
Shall to-morrow find its place.

Thus alone can we attain

To those turrets, where the eye
Sees the world as one vast plain,
And one boundless reach of sky.

SAND OF THE DESERT IN AN HOUR-GLASS.

A HANDFUL of red sand, from the hot clime Of Arab deserts brought, Within this glass becomes the spy of Time, The minister of Thought.

How many weary centuries has it been About those deserts blown! How many strange vicissitudes has seen, How many histories known!

Perhaps the camels of the Ishmaelite
Trampled and passed it o'er,
When into Egypt from the patriarch's sight
His favourite son they bore.

Perhaps the feet of Moses, burnt and bare, Crushed it beneath their tread; Or Pharaoh's flashing wheels into the air Scattered it as they sped; Or Mary, with the Christ of Nazareth
 Held close in her caress,
 Whose pilgrimage of hope and love and faith
 Illumed the wilderness;

Or anchorites beneath Engaddi's palms
Pacing the Dead Sea beach,
And singing slow their old Armenian psalms

In half-articulate speech;

Or caravans, that from Bassora's gate
With westward steps depart;
Or Macca's pilgrims, confident of Fate

Or Mecca's pilgrims, confident of Fate, And resolute in heart!

These have passed over it, or may have passed!
Now in this crystal tower
Imprisoned by some curious hand at last,
It counts the passing hour.

And as I gaze, these narrow walls expand;—
Before my dreamy eye
Stretches the desert with its shifting sand,
Its unimpeded sky.

And borne aloft by the sustaining blast,
This little golden thread
Dilates into a column high and vast
A form of fear and dread.

And onward, and across the setting sun,
Across the boundless plain,
The column and its broader shadow run,
Till thought pursues in vain.

The vision vanishes! These walls again Shut out the lurid sun, Shut out the hot, immeasurable plain; The half-hour's sand is run!

THE OPEN WINDOW.

THE old house by the lindens
Stood silent in the shade,
And on the gravelled pathway
The light and shadow played.

I saw the nursery windows
Wide open to the air;
But the faces of the children,
They were no longer there.

The large Newfoundland house-dog Was standing by the door; He looked for his little playmates, Who would return no more.

They walked not under the lindens, They played not in the hall; But shadow, and silence, and sadness Were hanging over all.

The birds sang in the branches, With sweet, familiar tone; But the voices of the children Will be heard in dreams alone!

And the boy that walked beside me,.

He could not understand
Why closer in mine, ah! closer,

I pressed his warm, soft hand!

KING WITLAF'S DRINKING-HORN.

WITLAF, a king of the Saxons, Ere yet his last he breathed, To the merry monks of Croyland His drinking-horn bequeathed,—

That, whenever they sat at their revels,

And drank from the golden bowl, They might remember the donor, And breathe a prayer for his soul. So sat they once at Christmas,
And bade the goblet pass;
In their beards the red wine
glistened
Like dew-drops in the grass.

They drank to the soul of Witlaf,
They drank to Christ the Lord,
And to each of the Twelve Apostles
Who had preached his holy word.

They drank to the Saints and Martyrs

Of the dismal days of yore, And as soon as the horn was empty They remembered one Saint more.

And the reader droned from the pulpit,

Like the murmur of many bees, The legend of good Saint Guthlac, And Saint Basil's homilies;

Till the great bells of the convent, From their prison in the tower, Guthlac and Bartholomæus, Proclaimed the midnight hour.

And the Yule-log cracked in the chimney,

And the Abbot bowed his head, And the flamelets flapped and flickered,

But the Abbot was stark and dead.

Yet still in his pallid fingers

He clutched the golden bowl,
In which, like a pearl dissolving,
Had sunk and dissolved his soul.

But not for this their revels

The jovial monks forbore,

For they cried, "Fill high the
goblet! [more!"

We must drink to one Saint

GASPAR BECERRA.

By his evening fire the artist Pondered o'er his secret shame; Baffled, weary, and disheartened, Still he mused, and dreamed of fame.

'T was an image of the Virgin
That had tasked his utmost skill;
But, alas! his fair ideal
Vanished and escaped him still.

From a distant Eastern island
Had the precious wood been
brought;

Day and night the anxious master At his toil untiring wrought;

Till, discouraged and desponding, Sat he now in shadows deep, And the day's humiliation Found oblivion in sleep.

Then a voice cried, "Rise, O Master!

From the burning brand of oak Shape the thought that stirs within thee!"

And the startled artist woke,-

Woke, and from the smoking embers

Seized and quenched the glowing wood;

And therefrom he carved an image, And he saw that it was good.

O thou sculptor, painter, poet!
Take this lesson to thy heart:
That is best which lieth nearest;
Shape from that thy work of art.

PEGASUS IN POUND.

ONCE into a quiet village,
Without haste and without heed,
In the golden prime of morning,
Strayed the poet's wingèd steed.

It was Autumn, and incessant Piped the quails from shocks and sheaves,

And, like living coals, the apples

Burned among the withering
leaves.

Loud the clamorous bell was ringing From its belfry gaunt and grim; 'T was the daily call to labour, Not a triumph meant for him.

Not the less he saw the landscape, In its gleaming vapour veiled; Not the less he breathed the odours That the dying leaves exhaled.

Thus, upon the village common, By the school-boys he was found; And the wise men, in their wisdom, Put him straightway into pound.

Then the sombre village crier,
Ringing loud his brazen bell,
Wandered down the street proclaiming
There was an estray to sell.

And the curious country people, Rich and poor, and young and old, Came in haste to see this wondrous Wingèd steed, with mane of gold.

Thus the day passed, and the evening Fell, with vapours cold and dim; But it brought no food nor shelter, Brought no straw nor stall, for him.

Patiently, and still expectant,

Looked he through the wooden
bars,

Saw the moon rise o'er the landscape,

Saw the tranquil, patient stars;

Till at length the bell at midnight
Sounded from its dark abode,
And, from out a neighbouring
farm-yard,
Loud the cock Alectryon crowed.

Then, with nostrils wide distended, Breaking from his iron chain, And unfolding far his pinions, To those stars he soared again.

On the morrow, when the village
Woke to all its toil and care,
Lo! the strange steed had departed,
And they knew not when nor
where.

But they found, upon the greensward

Where his struggling hoofs had trod,

Pure and bright, a fountain flowing From the hoof-marks in the sod.

From that hour, the fount unfailing Gladdens the whole region round, Strengthening all who drink its waters,

While it soothes them with its sound.

TEGNÉR'S DRAPA.

I HEARD a voice that cried "Balder the Beautiful Is dead, is dead!"

And through the misty air Passed like the mournful cry Of sunward sailing cranes.

I saw the pallid corpse
Of the dead sun
Borne through the Northern sky.
Blasts from Niffelheim
Lifted the sheeted mists
Around him as he passed.

And the voice forever cried, "Balder the Beautiful Is dead, is dead!" And died away Through the dreary night, In accents of despair.

Balder the Beautiful, God of the summer sun, Fairest of all the Gods! Light from his forehead beamed, Runes were upon his tongue, As on the warrior's sword.

All things in earth and air Bound were by magic spell Never to do him harm; Even the plants and stones; All save the mistletoe, The sacred mistletoe!

Hæder, the blind old God, Whose feet are shod with silence, Pierced through that gentle breast With his sharp spear, by fraud, Made of the mistletoe, The accursed mistletoe!

They laid him in his ship, With horse and harness,
As on a funeral pyre.
Odin placed
A ring upon his finger,
And whispered in his eas.

They launched the burning ship! It floated far away
Over the misty sea,
Till like the sun it seemed,
Sinking beneath the waves.
Balder returned no more!

So perish the old Gods!
But out of the sea of Time
Rises a new land of song,
Fairer than the old.
Over its meadows green
Walk the young bards and sing.

Build it again
O ye bards,
Fairer than before!

Ye fathers of the new race, Feed upon morning dew, Sing the new Song of Love!

The law of force is dead! The law of love prevails! Thor, the thunderer, Shall rule the earth no more, No more, with threats, Challenge the meek Christ.

Sing no more,
O ye bards of the North,
Of Vikings and of Jarls!
Of the days of Eld
Preserve the freedom only,
Not the deeds of blood!

SONNET.

ON MRS. KEMBLE'S READINGS FROM SHAKESPEARE.

O PRECIOUS evenings! all too swiftly sped! Leaving us heirs to amplest heritages Of all the best thoughts of the greatest sages, And giving tongues unto the silent dead!

How our hearts glowed and trembled as she read, Interpreting by tones the wondrous pages Of the great poet who foreruns the ages, Anticipating all that shall be said!

- O happy Reader! having for thy text
 The magic book, whose Sibylline leaves have caught
 The rarest essence of all human thought!
- O happy Poet! by no critic vext!

 How must thy listening spirit now rejoice
 To be interpreted by such a voice!

THE SINGERS.

God sent his Singers upon earth

With songs of sadness and of mirth,

That they might touch the hearts of
men,
And bring them back to heaven

The first, a youth with soul of fire,
Held in his hand a golden lyre;
Through groves he wandered, and by streams,
Playing the music of our dreams.

The second, with a bearded face,
Stood singing in the market-place,
And stirred with accents deep and
loud [crowd.
The hearts of all the listening

A gray old man, the third and last, Sang in cathedrals dim and vast, While the majestic organ rolled Contrition from its mouths of gold.

And those who heard the Singers three

Disputed which the best might be; For still their music seemed to start Discordant echoes in each heart.

But the great Master said, "I see No best in kind, but in degree; I gave a various gift to each, To charm, to strengthen, and to teach.

"These are the three great chords of might,

And he whose ear is tuned aright Will hear no discord in the three, But the most perfect harmony."

SUSPIRIA.

TAKE them, O Death! and bear away

Whatever thou canst call thine own!

Thine image, stamped upon this clay, Doth give thee that, but that alone!

Take them, O Grave! and let them lie

Folded upon thy narrow shelves, As garments by the soul laid by, And precious only to ourselves! Take them, O great Eternity!
Our little life is but a gust
That bends the branches of thy tree,
And trails its blossoms in the
dust!

HYMN

FOR MY BROTHER'S ORDINATION.

CHRIST to the young man said: "Yet one thing more;

If thou wouldst perfect be, Sell all thou hast and give it to the poor,

And come and follow Me!"

Within this temple Christ again, unseen,

Those sacred words hath said, And His invisible hands to day have been

Laid on a young man's head.

And evermore' beside him on his way

The unseen Christ shall move,
That he may lean upon His arm
and say,
"Dost thou, dear Lord, approve?"

Reside him at the marriage feast

Beside him at the marriage feast shall be,

To make the scene more fair; Beside him in the dark Gethsemane Of pain and midnight prayer.

O holy trust! O endless sense of rest!

Like the beloved John

To lay his head upon the Saviour's breast,

And thus to journey on !

THE SONG OF HIAWATHA

INTRODUCTION.

SHOULD you ask me, whence these stories?

Whence these legends and traditions,

With the odours of the forest,
With the dew and damp of
meadows.

With the curling smoke of wigwams,

With the rushing of great rivers, With their frequent repetitions, And their wild reverberations, As of thunder in the mountains?

I should answer, I should tell you,

"From the forests and the prairies, From the great lakes of the Northland.

From the land of the Ojibways, From the land of the Dacotahs, From the mountains, moors, and fen-lands,

Where the heron, the Shuh-shuh-gah, Feeds among the reeds and rushes. I repeat them as I heard them From the lips of Nawadaha, The musician, the sweet singer."

Should you ask where Nawadaha Found these songs so wild and wayward,

Found these legends and traditions, I should answer, I should tell you, "In the birds'-nests of the forest, In the lodges of the beaver, In the hoof-prints of the bison, In the eyry of the eagle!

"All the wild-fowl sang them to him,

In the moorlands and the fen-lands,

In the melancholy marshes;
Chetowaik, the plover, sang them,
Mahng, the loon, the wild-goose,
Wawa,

The blue heron, the Shuh-shuh-gah, And the grouse, the Mushkodasa!"

If still further you should ask me, Saying, "Who was Nawadaha? Tell us of this Nawadaha," I should answer your inquiries Straightway in such words as follow.

"In the vale of Tawasentha, In the green and silent valley, By the pleasant water-courses, Dwelt the singer Nawadaha. Round about the Indian village Spread the meadows and the cornfields,

And beyond them stood the forest, Stood the groves of singing pinetrees.

Green in Summer, white in Winter, Ever sighing, ever singing.

"And the pleasant water-courses, You could trace them through the valley,

By the rushing in the Spring-time, By the alders in the Summer, By the white fog in the Autumn, By the black line in the Winter; And beside them dwelt the singer, In the vale of Tawasentha, In the green and silent valley.

"There he sang of Hiawatha,
Sang the song of Hiawatha,
Sang his wondrous birth and being,
How he prayed and how he fasted,
How he lived, and toiled, and
suffered,

That the tribes of men might prosper,

'That he might advance his people!"

Ye who love the haunts of
Nature,

Love the sunshine of the meadow, Love the shadow of the forest, Love the wind among the branches, And the rain-shower and the snowstorm,

And the rushing of great rivers Through their palisades of pinetrees,

And the thunder in the mountains, Whose innumerable echoes
Flap like eagles in their eyries;—
Listen to these wild traditions,
To this Song of Hiawatha!

Ye who love a nation's legends, Love the ballads of a people, That like voices from afar off Call to us to pause and listen, Speak in tones so plain and childlike,

Scarcely can the ear distinguish Whether they are sung or spoken;—Listen to this Indian Legend, To this Song of Hiawatha!

Ye whose hearts are fresh and simple,

Who have faith in God and Nature,
Who believe that in all ages
Every human heart is human,
That in even savage bosoms
There are longings, yearnings,
strivings

For the good they comprehend not,
That the feeble hands and helpless,
Groping blindly in the darkness,
Touch God's right hand in that
darkness,
[ened;—
And are lifted up and strength-

Listen to this simple story, To this Song of Hiawatha!

Ye, who sometimes, in your rambles

Through the green lanes of the country,

Where the tangled barberry-bushes Hang their tufts of crimson berries Over stone walls gray with mosses, Pause by some neglected graveyard. For a while to muse, and ponder On a half-effaced inscription, Written with little skill of songcraft,

Homely phrases, but each letter Full of hope and yet of heartbreak,

Full of all the tender pathos
Of the Here and the Hereafter;
Stay and read this rude inscription,
Read this Song of Hiawatha!

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THE PEACE-PIPE.

On the mountains of the Prairie, On the great Red Pipe-stone Quarry,

Gitche Manito, the mighty, He the Master of Life, descending, On the red crags of the quarry Stood erect, and called the nations, Called the tribes of men together.

From his footprints flowed a river,

Leaped into the light of morning, O'er the precipice plunging downward

Gleamed like Ishkoodah, the comet. And the Spirit, stooping earthward, With his finger on the meadow Traced a winding pathway for it, Saying to it, "Run in this way!" From the red stone of the quarry With his hand he broke a fragment, Moulded it into a pipe-head, Shaped and fashioned it with figures;

From the margin of the river

Took a long reed for a pipe-stem,
With its dark-green leaves upon it;
Filled the pipe with bark of willow,
With the bark of the red willow;
Breathed upon the neighbouring
forest,

Made its great boughs chafe together,

Till in flame they burst and kindled;

And erect upon the mountains, Gitche Manito, the mighty, Smoked the calumet, the Peace-Pipe,

As a signal to the nations.

And the smoke rose slowly, slowly,

Through the tranquil air of morn-. ing,

First a single line of darkness, Then a denser, bluer vapour, Then a snow-white cloud unfolding, Like the tree-tops of the forest, Ever rising, rising, rising, Till it touched the top of heaven, Till it broke against the heaven, And rolled outward all around it.

From the Vale of Tawasentha,
From the Valley of Wyoming,
From the groves of Tuscaloosa,
From the far-off Rocky Mountains,
From the Northern lakes and
rivers,

All the tribes beheld the signal, Saw the distant smoke ascending, The Pukwana of the Peace-Pipe. And the Prophets of the nations Said: "Behold it, the Pukwana! By this signal from afar off, Bending like a wand of willow, Waving like a hand that beckons, Gitche Manito, the mighty, Calls the tribes of men together, Calls the warriors to his council!"

Down the rivers, o'er the prairies, Came the warriors of the nations, Came the Delawares and Mohawks, Came the Choctaws and Camanches,

Came the Shoshonies and Blackfeet,

Came the Pawnees and Omahas,
Came the Mandans and Dacotahs,
Came the Hurons and Ojibways,
All the warriors drawn together
By the signal of the Peace-Pipe,
To the Mountains of the Prairie,
To the great Red Pipe-stone
Quarry.

And they stood there on the meadow,

With their weapons and their wargear,

Painted like the leaves of Autumn, Painted like the sky of morning, Wildly glaring at each other; In their faces stern defiance, In their hearts the feuds of ages, The hereditary hatred, The ancestral thirst of vengeance.

Gitche Manito, the mighty,
The creator of the nations,
Looked upon them with compassion,
With paternal love and pity;
Looked upon their wrath and
wrangling

But as quarrels among children, But as feuds and fights of children! Over them he stretched his right hand,

To subdue their stubborn natures,
To allay their thirst and fever,
By the shadow of his right hand;
Spake to them with voice majestic
As the sound of far-off waters,
Falling into deep abysses,
Warning, chiding, spake in this
wise:--

"O my children! my poor children!

Listen to the words of wisdom,
Listen to the words of warning,
From the lips of the Great Spirit,
From the Master of Life, who
made you! [in,

"I have given you lands to hunt
I have given you streams to fish in,
I have given you bear and bison,
I have given you roe and reindeer,
I have given you brant and beaver,
Filled the marshes full of wildfowl,

Filled the rivers full of fishes; Why then are you not contented? Why then will you hunt each other?

"I am weary of your quarrels, Weary of your wars and bloodshed, Weary of your prayers for vengeance,

Of your wranglings and dissensions;

All your strength is in your union,
All your danger is in discord;
Therefore be at peace henceforward.

And as brothers live together.

"I will send a Prophet to you, A Deliverer of the nations, Who shall guide you and shall teach you, Who shall toil and suffer with you. If you listen to his counsels,
You will multiply and prosper;
If his warnings pass unheeded,
You will fade away and perish!
"Bathe now in the stream before

you,

Wash the war-paint from your faces,

Wash the blood-stains from your fingers,

Bury your war-clubs and your weapons,

Break the red stone from this quarry,

Mould and make it into Peace-Pipes,

Take the reeds that grow beside you,

Deck them with your brightest feathers,

Smoke the calumet together,

And as brothers live henceforward!"

Then upon the ground the warriors
Threw their cloaks and shirts of
deer-skin, [gear,
Threw their weapons and their war-

Leaped into the rushing river,
Washed the war-paint from their

faces.
Clear above them flowed the water,
Clear and limpid from the footprints

Of the Master of Life descending; Dark below them flowed the water, Soiled and stained with streaks of crimson,

As if blood were mingled with it!

From the river came the warriors,
Clean and washed from all their
war-paint;

On the banks their clubs they buried,

Buried all their warlike weapons. Gitche Manito, the mighty, The Great Spirit, the creator, Smiled upon his helpless children!

And in silence all the warriors Broke the red stone of the quarry, Smoothed and formed it into Peace-Pipes,

Broke the long reeds by the river, Decked them with their brightest feathers,

And departed each one homeward, While the Master of Life, ascending,

Through the opening of cloudcurtains,

Through the doorways of the heaven,

Vanished from before their faces, In the smoke that rolled around him,

The Pukwana of the Peace-Pipe!

II.

THE FOUR WINDS.

"Honour be to Mudjekeewis!"

Cried the warriors, cried the old men,

When he came in triumph homeward

With the sacred Belt of Wampum, From the regions of the North-Wind,

From the kingdom of Wabasso, From the land of the White Rabbit. He had stolen the Belt of

He had stolen the Belt of Wampum

From the neck of Mishe-Mokwa, From the Great Bear of the mountains, From the terror of the nations,
As he lay asleep and cumbrous
On the summit of the mountains,
Like a rock with mosses on it,
Spotted brown and gray with
mosses.

Silently he stole upon him,
Till the red nails of the monster,
Almost touched him, almost scared
him,

Till the hot breath of his nostrils Warmed the hands of Mudjekeewis, As he drew the Belt of Wampum Over the round ears, that heard not.

Over the small eyes, that saw not, Over the long nose and nostrils, The black muffle of the nostrils, Out of which the heavy breathing Warmed the hands of Mudjekeewis.

Then he swung aloft his warclub,

Shouted loud and long his war-cry, Smote the mighty Mishe-Mokwa In the middle of the forehead, Right between the eyes he smote him.

With the heavy blow bewildered, Rose the Great Bear of the mountains;

But his knees beneath him trembled, And he whimpered like a woman, As he reeled and staggered forward,

As he sat upon his haunches; And the mighty Mudjekeewis, Standing fearlessly before him, Taunted him in loud derision, Spake disdainfully in this wise:—

"Hark you, Bear! you are a coward;

And no Brave, as you pretended;

Else you would not cry and whimper

Like a miserable woman!

Bear! you know our tribes are hostile,

Long have been at war together;
Now you find that we are strongest,
You go sneaking in the forest,
You go hiding in the mountains!
Had you conquered me in battle
Not a groan would I have uttered;
But you, Bear! sit here and
whimper,

And disgrace your tribe by crying, Like a wretched Shaugodaya, Like a cowardly old woman!"

Then again he raised his warclub,

Smote again the Mishe-Mokwa In the middle of his forehead, Broke his skull, as ice is broken When one goes to fish in Winter. Thus was slain the Mishe-Mokwa, He the Great Bear of the mountains, He the terror of the nations.

"Honour be to Mudjekeewis!"
With a shout exclaimed the people,
"Honour be to Mudjekeewis!
Henceforth he shall be the WestWind,

And hereafter and forever
Shall he hold supreme dominion
Over all the winds of heaven.
Call him no more Mudjekeewis,
Call him Kabeyun, the WestWind!"

Thus was Mudjekeewis chosen Father of the Winds of Heaven. For himself he kept the West-Wind, Gave the others to his children; Unto Wabun gave the East-Wind, Gave the South to Shawondasee,

And the North-Wind, wild and cruel,

To the fierce Kabibonokka.

Young and beautiful was Wabun; He it was who brought the morning, He it was whose silver arrows Chased the dark o'er hill and valley;

He it was whose cheeks were painted

With the brightest streaks of crimson,

And whose voice awoke the village, Called the deer, and called the hunter.

Lonely in the sky was Wabun; Though the birds sang gaily to him,

Though the wild-flowers of the meadow

Filled the air with odours for him; Though the forests and the rivers Sang and shouted at his coming, Still his heart was sad within him, For he was alone in heaven.

But one morning, gazing earthward,

While the village still was sleeping, And the fog lay on the river, Like a ghost, that goes at sunrise, He beheld a maiden walking All alone upon a meadow, Gathering water-flags and rushes By a river in the meadow. [ward,

Every morning, gazing earth-Still the first thing he beheld there Was her blue eyes looking at him, Two blue lakes among the rushes. And he loved the lonely maiden, Who thus waited for his coming; For they both were solitary, She on earth and he in heaven. And he wooed her with caresses, Wooed her with his smile of sunshine,

With his flattering words he wooed her,

With his sighing and his singing, Gentlest whispers in the branches, Softest music, sweetest odours, Till he drew her to his bosom, Folded in his robes of crimson, Till into a star he changed her, Trembling still upon his bosom; And forever in the heavens They are seen together walking, Wabun and the Wabun-Annung, Wabun and the Star of Morning.

But the fierce Kabibonokka
Had his dwelling among icebergs,
In the everlasting snow-drifts,
In the kingdom of Wabasso,
In the land of the White Rabbit.
He it was whose hand in Autumn
Painted all the trees with scarlet,
Stained the leaves with red and
yellow;

He it was who sent the snow-flakes,

Sifting, hissing through the forest, Froze the ponds, the lakes, the rivers.

Drove the loon and sea-gull southward,

Drove the cormorant and curlew To their nests of sedge and seatang

In the realms of Shawondasee.

Once the fierce Kabibonokka
Issued from his lodge of snowdrifts.

From his home among the icebergs, And his hair, with snow besprinkled, Streamed behind him like a river, Like a black and wintry river, As he howled and hurried southward,

Over frozen lakes and moorlands.

There among the reeds and ruthes

Found he Shingebis, the diver, Trailing strings of fish behind him, O'er the frozen fens and moorlands, Lingering still among the moorlands, Though his tribe had long departed To the land of Shawondasee.

Cried the fierce Kabibonokka, "Who is this that dares to brave me?

Dares to stay in my dominions, When the Wawa has departed, When the wild-goose has gone southward,

And the heron, the Shuh-shuh-gah, Long ago departed southward? I will go into his wigwam, I will put his smouldering fire out!"

And at night Kabibonokka
To the lodge came wild and wailing,

Heaped the snow in drifts about it,

Shouted down into the smoke-flue, Shook the lodge-poles in his fury, Flapped the curtain of the doorway.

Shingebis, the diver, feared not, Shingebis, the diver, cared not; Four great logs had he for firewood,

One for each moon of the winter, And for food the fishes served him. By his blazing fire he sat there, Warm and merry, eating, laughing, Singing, "O Kabibonokka,
You are but my fellow-mortal!"
Then Kabibonokka entered,
And though Shingebis, the diver,
Felt his presence by the coldness,
Felt his icy breath upon him,
Still he did not cease his singing,
Still he did not leave his laughing,
Only turned the log a little,
Only made the fire burn brighter,
Made the sparks fly up the smokeflue.

From Kabibonokka's forehead,
From his snow-besprinkled tresses,
Drops of sweat fell fast and heavy,
Making dints upon the ashes,
As along the eaves of lodges,
As from drooping boughs of hemlock,

Drips the melting snow in springtime,

Making hollows in the snow-drifts.

Till at last he rose defeated,

Could not bear the heat and
laughter,

Could not bear the merry singing, But rushed headlong through the door-way,

Stamped upon the crusted snowdrifts,

Stamped upon the lakes and rivers,
Made the snow upon them harder,
Made the ice upon them thicker,
Challenged Shingebis, the diver,
To come forth and wrestle with
him,

To come forth and wrestle naked On the frozen fens and moorlands. Forth went Shingebis, the diver,

Wrestled all night with the North-Wind,

Wrestled naked on the moorlands

With the fierce Kabibonokka, Till his panting breath grew fainter,

Till his frozen grasp grew feebler, Till he reeled and staggered backward,

And retreated, baffled, beaten,
To the kingdom of Wabasso,
To the land of the White Rabbit,
Hearing still the gusty laughter,
Hearing Shingebis, the diver,
Singing, "O Kabibonokka,
You are but my fellow-mortal!"
Shawondasee, fat and lazy,
Had his dwelling far to southward,

In the drowsy, dreamy sunshine,
In the never-ending Summer.
He it was who sent the wood-birds,
Sent the Robin, the Opechee,
Sent the blue-bird, the Owaissa,
Sent the Shawshaw, sent the
swallow,

Sent the wild-goose, Wawa, northward,

Sent the melons and tobacco,
And the grapes in purple clusters.

From his pipe the smoke ascending

Filled the sky with haze and vapour,

Filled the air with dreamy softness, Gave a twinkle to the water, Touched the rugged hills with smoothness.

Brought the tender Indian Summer To the melancholy North-land, In the dreary Moon of Snow-shoes.

Listless, careless Shawondasee! In his life he had one shadow, In his heart one sorrow had he. Once, as he was gazing northward.

Far away upon a prairie

He beheld a maiden standing,

Saw a tall and slender maiden

All alone upon a prairie;

Brightest green were all her garments,

And her hair was like the sunshine.

Day by day he gazed upon her,
Day by day he sighed with passion,
Day by day his heart within him
Grew more hot with love and
longing

For the maid with yellow tresses. But he was too fat and lazy To bestir himself and woo her; Yes, too indolent and easy To pursue her and persuade her; So he only gazed upon her, Only sat and sighed with passion For the maiden of the prairie.

Till one morning, looking northward,

He beheld her yellow tresses Changed and covered o'er with whiteness.

Covered as with whitest snow-flakes.

"Ah! my brother from the Northland,

From the kingdom of Wabasso, From the land of the White Rabbit!

You have stolen the maiden from me, You have laid your hand upon her, You have wooed and won my maiden,

With your stories of the North-land!"

Thus the wretched Shawondasee Breathed into the air his sorrow; And the South-Wind o'er the prairie Wandered warm with sighs of passion,

With the sighs of Shawondasee, Till the air seemed full of snowflakes,

Full of thistle-down the prairie, And the maid with hair like sunshine

Vanished from his sight forever;
Never more did Shawondasee
See the maid with yellow tresses!
Poor, deluded Shawondasee!
"T was no woman that you gazed at,"T was no maiden that you sighed for,

'T was the prairie dandelion
That through all the dreamy Summer
You had gazed at with such longing,
You had sighed for with such
passion,

And had puffed away forever; Blown into the air with sighing. Ah! deluded Shawondasee!

Thus the Four Winds were divided;

Thus the sons of Mudjekeewis Had their stations in the heavens, At the corners of the heavens; For himself the West-Wind only Kept the mighty Mudjekeewis.

III.

HIAWATHA'S CHILDHOOD.

Downward through the evening twilight,

In the days that are forgotten, In the unremembered ages, From the full moon fell Nokomis, Fell the beautiful Nokomis, She a wife, but not a mother.

She was sporting with her women,

Swinging in a swing of grapevines,

When her rival, the rejected,
Full of jealousy and hatred,
Cut the leafy swing asunder,
Cut in twain the twisted grapevines,

And Nokomis fell affrighted

Downward through the evening twilight,

On the Muskoday, the meadow
On the prairie full of blossoms.
"See! a star falls!" said the
people;

"From the sky a star is falling!"
There among the ferns and mosses,

There among the prairie lilies, On the Muskoday, the meadow, In the moonlight and the starlight,

Fair Nokomis bore a daughter, And she called her name Wenonah, As the first-born of her daughters. And the daughter of Nokomis Grew up like the prairie lilies, Grew a tall and slender maiden, With the beauty of the moonlight, With the beauty of the starlight.

And Nokomis warned her often,
Saying oft, and oft repeating,
"Oh, beware of Mudjekeewis,
Of the West-Wind, Mudjekeewis;
Listen not to what he tells you;
Lie not down upon the meadow,
Stoop not down among the lilies,
Lest the West-Wind come and harm
you!"

But she heeded not the warning, Heeded not those words of wisdom, And the West-Wind came at evening, Walking lightly o'er the prairie, Whispering to the leaves and blossoms,

Bending low the flowers and grasses,

Found the beautiful Wenonah, Lying there among the lilies, Wooed her with his words of sweetness,

Wooed her with his soft caresses, Till she bore a son in sorrow, Bore a son of love and sorrow.

Thus was born my Hiawatha,
Thus was born the child of
wonder;

But the daughter of Nokomis, Hiawatha's gentle mother, In her anguish died deserted By the West-Wind, false and faithless,

By the heartless Mudjekeewis.
For her daughter long and loudly
Wailed and wept the sad Nokomis;
"O that I were dead!" she must

"O that I were dead!" she murmured,

"O that I were dead, as thou art! No more work, and no more weeping,

Wahonowin! Wahonowin!"

By the shores of Gitche Gumee, By the shining Big-Sea-Water, Stood the wigwam of Nokomis, Daughter of the Moon, Nokomis. Dark behind it rose the forest, Rose the black and gloomy pinetrees,

Rose the firs with cones upon them:

Bright before it beat the water, Beat the clear and sunny water, Beat the shining Big-Sea-Water. There the wrinkled old Nokomis Nursed the little Hiawatha, Rocked him in his linden cradle, Bedded soft in moss and rushes, Safely bound with reindeer sinews; Stilled his fretful wail by saying, "Hush! the Naked Bear will hear thee!"

Lulled him into slumber, singing, "Ewa-yea! my little owlet! Who is this, that lights the wigwam?

With his great eyes lights the wigwam?

Ewa-yea! my little owlet!"

Many things Nokomis taught
him

Of the stars that shine in heaven; Showed him Ishkoodah, the comet, Ishkoodah, with fiery tresses; Showed the Death - Dance of the spirits,

Warriors with their plumes and war-clubs,

Flaring far away to northward
In the frosty nights of Winter;
Showed the broad, white road in heaven,

Pathway of the ghosts, the shadows,

Running straight across the heavens,

Crowded with the ghosts, the shadows.

At the door on Summer evenings Sat the little Hiawatha;

Heard the whispering of the pinetrees.

Heard the lapping of the waters, Sounds of music, words of wonder;

"Minne-wawa!" said the pine-trees, "Mudway-aushka!" said the water.

Saw the fire-fly, Wah-wah-taysee,

Flitting through the dusk of evening,

With the twinkle of its candle
Lighting up the brakes and bushes,
And he sang the song of children,
Sang the song Nokomis taught him:
"Wah-wah-taysee, little fire-fly,
Little, flitting, white-fire insect,
Little, dancing, white-fire creature,
Light me with your little candle,
Ere upon my bed I lay me,
Ere in sleep I close my eyelids!"
Saw the moon rise from the

water
Rippling, rounding from the water,

Saw the flecks and shadows on it, Whispered, "What is that, Nokomis?"

And the good Nokomis answered:
"Once a warrior, very angry,
Seized his grandmother, and threw
her

Up into the sky at midnight; Right against the moon he threw her;

'T is her body that you see there."
Saw the rainbow in the heaven,
In the eastern sky, the rainbow,
Whispered, "What is that, Nokomis?"

And the good Nokomis answered: "'T is the heaven of flowers you see there;

All the wild-flowers of the forest, All the lilies of the prairie,

When on earth they fade and perish,

Blossom in that heaven above us."
When he heard the owls at midnight,

Hooting, laughing in the forest,
"What is that?" he cried in terror,
"What is that?" he said, "Nokomis?"

And the good Nokomis answered:
"That is but the owl and owlet,
Talking in their native language,
Talking, scolding at each other."

Then the little Hiawatha Learned of every bird its language, Learned their names and all their secrets,

How they built their nests in Summer,

Where they hid themselves in Winter,

Talked with them whene'er he met them.

Called them "Hiawatha's Chickens."

Of all beasts he learned the language,

Learned their names and all their secrets,

How the beavers built their lodges, Where the squirrels hid their acorns,

How the reindeer ran so swiftly, Why the rabbit was so timid, Talked with them whene'er he met them,

Called them "Hiawatha's Brothers."

Then Iagoo, the great boaster,
He the marvellous story-teller,
He the traveller and the talker,
He the friend of old Nokomis,
Made a bow for Hiawatha;
From a branch of ash he made it,
From an oak-bough made the
arrows,

Tipped with flint, and winged with feathers,

And the cord he made of deer-skin.
Then he said to Hiawatha:

"Go, my son, into the forest, Where the red deer herd together, Kill for us a famous roebuck, Kill for us a deer with antlers!"

Forth into the forest straightway All alone walked Hiawatha Proudly, with his bow and arrows; And the birds sang round him, o'er him.

"Do not shoot us, Hiawatha!"
Sang the robin, the Opechee,
Sang the blue-bird, the Owaissa,
"Do not shoot us. Hiawatha!"

Up the oak-tree, close beside him. Sprang the squirrel, Adjidaumo, In and out among the branches, Coughed and chattered from the oak-tree,

Laughed, and said between his laughing,

"Do not shoot me, Hiawatha!"
And the rabbit from his pathway
Leaped aside, and at a distance
Sat erect upon his haunches,
Half in fear and half in frolic,
Saying to the little hunter,
"Do not shoot me, Hiawatha!"
But he heeded not, nor heard
them,

For his thoughts were with the red deer;

On their tracks his eyes were fastened,

Leading downward to the river, To the ford across the river, And as one in slumber walked he.

Hidden in the alder-bushes, There he waited till the deer came, Till he saw two antlers lifted, Saw two eyes look from the thicket, Saw two nostrils point to windward,

And a deer came down the pathway, Flecked with leafy light and shadow.

And his heart within him fluttered, Trembled like the leaves above him, Like the birch-leaf palpitated, As the deer came down the path-

way. Then, upon one knee uprising,

Hiawatha aimed an arrow; Scarce a twig moved with his motion,

Scarce a leaf was stirred or rustled, But the wary roebuck started, Stamped with all his hoofs together,

Listened with one foot uplifted,
Leaped as if to meet the arrow,
Ah! the singing, fatal arrow,
Like a wasp it buzzed and stung
him!

Dead he lay there in the forest, By the ford across the river; Beat his timid heart no longer, But the heart of Hiawatha Throbbed and shouted and exulted, As he bore the red deer homeward, And Iagoo and Nokomis Hailed his coming with applauses.

From the red deer's hide Nokomis

Made a cloak for Hiawatha,
From the red deer's flesh Nokomis
Made a banquet to his honour.
All the village came and feasted,
All the guests praised Hiawatha,
Called him Strong-Heart, Soange-taha!

Called him Loon-Heart, Mahn-gotaysee! IV.

HIAWATHA AND MUDJEKEEWIS.

Out of childhood into manhood Now had grown my Hiawatha, Skilled in all the craft of hunters, Learned in all the lore of old men,

In all youthful sports and pastimes,

In all manly arts and labours.

Swift of foot was Hiawatha;

He could shoot an arrow from him,

And run forward with such fleetness.

That the arrow fell behind him. Strong of arm was Hiawatha; He could shoot ten arrows upward, Shoot them with such strength and swiftness.

That the tenth had left the bowstring

Ere the first to earth had fallen!

He had mittens, Minjekahwun,
Magic mittens made of deer-skin;
When upon his hands he wore
them,

He could smite the rocks asunder, He could grind them into powder. He had moccasins enchanted, Magic moccasins of deer-skin; When he bound them round his ankles,

When upon his feet he tied them,
At each stride a mile he measured!
Much he questioned old Nokomis
Of his father Mudjekeewis;
Learned from her the fatal secret
Of the beauty of his mother,
Of the falsehood of his father;
And his heart was hot within him,
Like a living coal his heart was.

Then he said to old Nokomis,
"I will go to Mudjekeewis,
See how fares it with my father,
At the doorways of the West-Wind,
At the portals of the Sunset!"

From his lodge went Hiawatha, Dressed for travel, armed for hunting;

Dressed in deer-skin shirt and leggings,

Richly wrought with quills and wampum;

On his head his eagle-feathers, Round his waist his belt of wampum,

In his hand his bow of ash-wood, Strung with sinews of the reindeer;

In his quiver oaken arrows,
Tipped with jasper, winged with
feathers;

With his mittens, Minjekahwun, With his moccasins enchanted.

Warning said the old Nokomis, "Go not forth, O Hiawatha! To the kingdom of the West-Wind, To the realms of Mudjekeewis, Lest he harm you with his magic, Lest he kill you with his cunning!"

But the fearless Hiawatha
Heeded not her woman's warning;
Forth he strode into the forest,
At each stride a mile he measured;
Lurid seemed the sky above him,
Lurid seemed the earth beneath
him,

Hot and close the air around him, Filled with smoke and fiery vapours,

As of burning woods and prairies, For his heart was hot within him, Like a living coal his heart was. So he journeyed westward, west ward.

Left the fleetest deer behind him,
Left the antelope and bison;
Crossed the rushing Esconaba,
Crossed the mighty Mississippi,
Passed the Mountains of the
Prairie.

Passed the land of Crows and Foxes, [feet, Passed the dwellings of the Black-Came unto the Rocky Mountains, To the kingdom of the West-Wind

To the kingdom of the West-Wind, Where upon the gusty summits Sat the ancient Mudjekeewis,

Ruler of the winds of heaven.

Filled with awe was Hiawatha At the aspect of his father.
On the air about him wildly Tossed and streamed his cloudy tresses,

Gleamed like drifting snow his tresses,

Glared like Ishkoodah, the comet, Like the star with fiery tresses.

Filled with joy was Mudjekeewis When he looked on Hiawatha, Saw his youth rise up before him In the face of Hiawatha, Saw the beauty of Wenonah From the grave rise up before him. "Welcome!" said he, "Hiawatha.

"To the kingdom of the West-Wind!

Long have I been waiting for you! Youth is lovely, age is lonely, Youth is fiery, age is frosty; You bring back the days departed, You bring back my youth of passion,

And the beautiful Wenonah!"

Many days they talked together, Questioned, listened, waited, answered;

Much the mighty Mudjekeewis Boasted of his ancient prowess, Of his perilous adventures, His indomitable courage, His invulnerable body.

Patiently sat Hiawatha,
Listening to his father's boasting;
With a smile he sat and listened,
Uttered neither threat nor menace,
Neither word nor look betrayed
him,

But his heart was hot within him, Like a living coal his heart was.

Then he said, "O Mudjekeewis, Is there nothing that can harm you?

Nothing that you are afraid of?"
And the mighty Mudjekeewis,
Grand and gracious in his boasting,
Answered, saying, "There is nothing,

Nothing but the black rock yonder, Nothing but the fatal Wawbeek!"

And he looked at Hiawatha With a wise look and benignant, With a countenance paternal, Looked with pride upon the beauty Of his tall and graceful figure, Saying, "O my Hiawatha! Is there anything can harm you? Anything you are afraid of?"

But the wary Hiawatha
Paused awhile, as if uncertain,
Held his peace, as if resolving,
And then answered, "There is
nothing,

Nothing but the bulrush yonder, Nothing but the great Apukwa!" And as Mudjekeewis, rising, Stretched his hand to pluck the bulrush,

Hiawatha cried in terror, Cried in well-dissembled terror, "Kago! kago! do not touch it!"

"Ah, kaween!" said Mudjekeewis,

"No, indeed, I will not touch it!"

Then they talked of other matters;

First of Hiawatha's brothers, First of Wabun, of the East-Wind, Of the South-Wind, Shawondasee, Of the North, Kabibonokka; Then of Hiawatha's mother, Of the beautiful Wenonah, Of her birth upon the meadow, Of her death, as old Nokonis Had remembered and related.

And he cried, "O Mudjekeewis, It was you who killed Wenonah, Took her young life and her beauty,

Broke the Lily of the Prairie, Trampled it beneath your footsteps;

You confess it! you confess it!"
And the mighty Mudjekeewis
Tossed upon the wind his tresses.
Bowed his hoary head in anguish,
With a silent nod assented.

Then up started Hiawatha, And with threatening look and gesture

Laid his hand upon the black rock, On the fatal Wawbeek laid it, With his mittens, Minjekahwun, Rent the jutting crag asunder, Smote and crushed it into fragments,

Hurled them madly at his father, The remorseful Mudjekeewis, For his heart was hot within him, Like a living coal his heart was.

But the ruler of the West-Wind.

Blew the fragments backward from him.

With the breathing of his nostrils,
With the tempest of his anger,
Blew them back at his assailant;
Seized the bulrush, the Apukwa,
Dragged it with its roots and fibres
From the margin of the meadow,
From its ooze, the giant bulrush;
Long and loud laughed Hiawatha!
Then began the deadly conflict,

Hand to hand among the mountains;

From his eyrie screamed the eagle, The Keneu, the great war-eagle, Sat upon the crags around them, Wheeling flapped his wings above them.

Like a tall tree in the tempest
Bent and lashed the giant bulrush;
And in masses huge and heavy
Crashing fell the fatal Wawbeek:
Till the earth shook with the tumult
And confusion of the battle,
And the air was full of shoutings,
And the thunder of the mountains,
Starting, answered, "Baam-wawa!"
Back retreated Mudiekeewis

Back retreated Mudjekeewis, Rushing westward o'er the mountains,

Stumbling westward down the mountains,

Three whole days retreated fighting,

Still pursued by Hiawatha
To the doorways of the West-Wind,
To the portals of the Sunset.
To the earth's remotest border,
Where into the empty spaces
Sinks the sun, as a flamingo

Drops into her nest at nightfall In the melancholy marshes.

"Hold!" at length cried Mudjekeewis,

"Hold, my son, my Hiawatha!
"I is impossible to kill me,
For you cannot kill the immortal.
I have put you to this trial,
But to know and prove your
courage;

Now receive the prize of valour!

"Go back to your home and people,

Live among them, toil among them, Cleanse the earth from all that harms it,

Clear the fishing-grounds and rivers.

Slay all monsters and magicians, All the Wendigoes, the giants, All the serpents, the Kenabeeks, As I slew the Mishe-Mokwa, Slew the Great Bear of the moun tains.

"And at last when Death draws near you,

When the awful eyes of Pauguk Glare upon you in the darkness, I will share my kingdom with you, Ruler shall you be thenceforward Of the Northwest-Wind, Keewaydin,

Of the home-wind, the Keewaydin."

Thus was fought that famous battle

In the dreadful days of Shah-shah, In the days long since departed, In the kingdom of the West-Wind. Still the hunter sees its traces Scattered far o'er hill and valley; Sees the giant bulrush growing By the ponds and water-courses, Sees the masses of the Wawbeek Lying still in every valley.

Homeward now went Hiawatha; Pleasant was the landscape round

Pleasant was the air above him, For the bitterness of anger Had departed wholly from him, From his brain the thought of vengeance,

From his heart the burning fever. Only once his pace he slackened, Only once he paused or halted, Paused to purchase heads of arrows Of the ancient Arrow-maker, In the land of the Dacotahs, Where the Falls of Minnehaha Flash and gleam among the oaktrees,

Laugh and leap into the valley. There the ancient Arrow-maker Made his arrow-heads of sandstone. Arrow-heads of chalcedony, Arrow-heads of flint and jasper, Smoothed and sharpened at the edges,

Hard and polished, keen costly.

With him dwelt his dark-eyed daughter,

Wayward as the Minnehaha, With her moods of shade and sunshine.

Eyes that smiled and frowned alternate,

Feet as rapid as the river, Tresses flowing like the water, And as musical a laughter: And he named her from the river, From the water-fall he named her, Minnehaha, Laughing Water.

Was it then for heads of arrows, Arrow-heads of chalcedony, Arrow-heads of flint and jasper, That my Hiawatha halted, In the land of the Dacotahs?

Was it not to see the maiden, See the face of Laughing Water Peeping from behind the curtain, Hear the rustling of her garments From behind the waving curtain, As one sees the Minnehaha Gleaming, glancing through the

branches,

As one hears the Laughing Water From behind its screen branches?

Who shall say what thoughts and visions

Fill the hery brains of young men?

Who shall say what dreams of beauty

Filled the heart of Hiawatha? All he told to old Nokomis, When he reached the lodge at sun-

Was the meeting with his father, Was his fight with Mudjekeewis; Not a word he said of arrows, Not a word of Laughing Water!

v.

HIAWATHA'S FASTING.

You shall hear how Hiawatha Prayed and fasted in the forest, Not for greater skill in hunting, Not for greater craft in fishing, Not for triumphs in the battle, And renown among the warriors, But for profit of the people, For advantage of the nations.

First he built a lodge for fasting,

Built a wigwam in the forest, By the shining Big-Sea-Water, In the blithe and pleasant Springtime,

In the Moon of Leaves he built it.

And, with dreams and visions many, [fasted.

Seven whole days and nights he On the first day of his fasting Through the leafy woods he wandered;

Saw the deer start from the thicket, Saw the rabbit in his burrow, Heard the pheasant, Bena, drumming,

Heard the squirrel, Adjidaumo, Rattling in his hoard of acorns, Saw the pigeon, the Omeme, Building nests among the pinetrees,

And in flocks the wild-goose, Wawa, Flying to the fen-lands northward, Whirring, wailing far above him.
"Master of Life!" he cried, desponding,

"Must our lives depend on these things?"

On the next day of his fasting By the river's brink he wandered, Through the Muskoday, the meadow,

Saw the wild rice, Mahnomonee, Saw the blueberry, Meenahga, And the strawberry, Odahmin, And the gooseberry, Shahbomin, And the grape-vine, the Bemahgut, Trailing o'er the alder-branches, Filling all the air with fragrance! "Master of Life!" he cried, desponding,

"Must our lives depend on these things?"

On the third day of his fasting By the lake he sat and pondered, By the still, transparent water; Saw the sturgeon, Nahma, leaping, Scattering drops like beads of wampum,

Saw the yellow perch, the Sahwa, Like a sunbeam in the water, Saw the pike, the Maskenozha, And the herring, Okahahwis, And the Shawgashee, the craw-fish! "Master of Life!" he cried, desponding,

"Must our lives depend on these things?"

On the fourth day of his fasting In his lodge he lay exhausted; From his couch of leaves and branches

Gazing with half-open eyelids,
Full of 'shadowy dreams and
visions,

On the dizzy, swimming landscape, On the gleaming of the water, On the splendour of the sunset.

And he saw a youth approaching,

Dressed in garments green and yellow,

Coming through the purple twilight, Through the splendour of the sunset;

Plumes of green bent o'er his forehead,

And his hair was soft and golden.
Standing at the open doorway,
Long he looked at Hiawatha,
Looked with pity and compassio
On his wasted form and features,
And, in accents like the sighing
Of the South-Wind in the tree-tops,
Said he, "O my Hiawatha!

All your prayers are heard in heaven,

For you pray not like the others; Not for greater skill in hunting, Not for greater craft in fishing, Not for triumph in the battle, Nor renown among the warriors, But for profit of the people, For advantage of the nations.

"From the Master of Life descending,

I, the friend of man, Mondamin, Come to warn you and instruct you, How by struggle and by labour You shall gain what you have prayed for.

Rise up from your bed of branches, Rise, O youth, and wrestle with me!"

Faint with famine, Hiawatha
Started from his bed of branches,
From the twilight of his wigwam
Forth into the flush of sunset
Came, and wrestled with Mondamin:

At his touch he felt new courage Throbbing in his brain and bosom, Felt new life and hope and vigour Run through every nerve and fibre.

So they wrestled there together In the glory of the sunset, And the more they strove and

And the more they strove and struggled,

Stronger still grew Hiawatha;
Till the darkness fell around them,
And the heron, the Shuh-shuh-gah,
From her nest among the pine-trees,
Gave a cry of lamentation,

Gave a scream of pain and famine.

"'T is enough!" then said Mondamin,

Smiling upon Hiawatha,
"But to-morrow, when the sun sets,
I will come again to try you."
And he vanished, and was seen
not;

Whether sinking as the rain sinks, Whether rising as the mists rise, Hiawatha saw not, knew not, Only saw that he had vanished, Leaving him alone and fainting, With the misty lake below him, And the reeling stars above him.

On the morrow and the next day, When the sun through heaven descending,

Like a red and burning cinder, From the hearth of the Great Spirit,

Fell into the western water, Came Mondamin for the trial, For the strife with Hiawatha; Came as silent as the dew comes, From the empty air appearing, Into empty air returning, Taking shape when earth it touches, But invisible to all men In its coming and its going.

Thrice they wrestled there together

In the glory of the sunset,
Till the darkness fell around them,
Till the heron, the Shuh-shuh-gah,
From her nest among the pine-trees,
Uttered her loud cry of famine,
And Mondamin paused to listen.

Tall and beautiful he stood there, In his garments green and yellow; To and fro his plumes above him Waved and nodded with his breathing,

And the sweat of the encounter Stood like drops of dew upon him.

And he cried, "O Hiawatha!
Bravely have you wrestled with me,
Thrice have wrestled stoutly with
me.

And the Master of Life, who sees us.

He will give to you the triumph!"

Then he smiled, and said, "Tomorrow

Is the last day of your conflict,
Is the last day of your fasting.
You will conquer and o'ercome
me:

Make a bed for me to lie in,
Where the rain may fall upon me,
Where the sun may come and warm
me;

Strip these garments, green and yellow,

Strip this nodding plumage from me,

Lay me in the earth, and make it Soft and loose and light above me. "Let no hand disturb mv slumber,

Let no weed nor worm molest me,
Let not Kahgahgee, the raven,
Come to haunt me and molest me,
Only come yourself to watch me,
Till I wake, and start, and
quicken,

Till I leap into the sunshine."
And thus saying, he departed;
Peacefully slept Hiawatha,
But he heard the Wawonaissa,
Heard the whippoorwill complaining,

Perched upon his lonely wigwam; Heard the rushing Sebowisha, Heard the rivulet rippling near him.

Talking to the darksome forest;

Heard the sighing of the branches, As they lifted and subsided At the passing of the night-wind, Heard them, as one hears in slumber

Far-off murmurs, dreamy whispers: Peacefully slept Hiawatha.

On the morrow came Nokomis,
On the seventh day of his fasting,
Came with food for Hiawatha,
Came imploring and bewailing,
Lest his hunger should o'ercome
him,

Lest his fasting should be fatal.

But he tasted not, and touched not.

Only said to her, "Nokomis, Wait until the sun is setting, Till the darkness falls around us, Till the heron, the Shuh-shuh-gah, Crying from the desolate marshes, Tells us that the day is ended."

Homeward weeping went Nokomis.

Sorrowing for her Hiawatha, Fearing lest his strength should fail him,

Lest his fasting should be fatal. He meanwhile sat weary waiting For the coming of Mondamin, Till the shadows, pointing eastward,

Lengthened over field and forest, Till the sun dropped from the heaven,

Floating on the waters westward, As a red leaf in the Autumn Falls and floats upon the water, Falls and sinks into its bosom.

And behold! the young Mondamin,

With his soft and shining tresses,

With his garments green and yellow,

With his long and glossy plumage, Stood and beckoned at the doorway.

And as one in slumber walking,
Pale and haggard, but undaunted,
From the wigwam Hiawatha
Came and wrestled with Mondamin.

Round about him spun the landscape,

Sky and forest reeled together, And his strong heart leaped within him,

As the sturgeon leaps and struggles In a net to break its meshes. Like a ring of fire around him Blazed and flared the red horizon, And a hundred suns seemed looking

At the combat of the wrestlers.

Suddenly upon the greensward
All alone stood Hiawatha,
Panting with his wild exertion,
Palpitating with the struggle;
And before him, breathless, lifeless.

Lay the youth, with hair dishevelled,

Plumage torn, and garments tattered,

Dead he lay there in the sunset.

And victorious Hiawatha

Made the grave as he commanded,

Stripped the garments from Mondamin,

Stripped his tattered plumage from him,

Laid him in the earth, and made it Soft and loose and light above him; And the heron, the Shuh-shuh-gah, From the melancholy moorlands, Gave a cry of lamentation, Gave a cry of pain and anguish!

Homeward then went Hiawatha
To the lodge of old Nokomis,
And the seven days of his fasting
Were accomplished and completed,
But the place was not forgotten
Where he wrestled with Mondamin;
Nor forgotten nor neglected
Was the grave where lay Mondamin,

Sleeping in the rain and sunshine, Where his scattered plumes and garments

Faded in the rain and sunshine.

Day by day did Hiawatha
Go to wait and watch beside it;
Kept the dark mould soft above it,
Kept it clean from weeds and
insects,

Drove away, with scoffs and shoutings,

Kahgahgee, the king of ravens.

Till at length a small green feather

From the earth shot slowly upward,
Then another and another,
And before the Summer ended
Stood the maize in all its beauty,
With its shining robes about it,
And its long, soft, yellow tresses;
And in rapture Hiawatha
Cried aloud, "It is Mondamin!
Yes, the friend of man, Mondamin!"

Then he called to old Nokomis And Iagoo, the great boaster, Showed them where the maize was growing,

Told them of his wondrous vision,

Of his wrestling and his triumph, Of this new gift to the nations, Which should be their food forever. And still later, when the Autumn

Changed the long, green leaves to yellow,

And the soft and juicy kernels Grew like wampum hard and yellow,

Then the ripened ears he gathered, Stripped the withered husks from off them,

As he once had stripped the wrestler,

Gave the first Feast of Mondamin, And made known unto the people This new gift of the Great Spirit.

HIAWATHA'S FRIENDS.

Two good friends had Hiawatha, Singled out from all the others, Bound to him in closest union, And to whom he gave the right hand

Of his heart, in joy and sorrow; Chibiabos, the musician,

And the very strong man, Kwasind. Straight between them ran the pathway,

Never grew the grass upon it; Singing-birds, that utter falsehoods, Story-tellers, mischief-makers, Found no eager ear to listen, Could not breed ill-will between them,

For they kept each other's counsel, Spake with naked hearts together, Pondering much and much contriving

How the tribes of men might prosper.

Most beloved by Hiawatha Was the gentle Chibiabos, He the best of all musicians. He the sweetest of all singers. Beautiful and childlike was he, Brave as man is, soft as woman, Pliant as a wand of willow, Stately as a deer with antlers.

When he sang, the village listened;

All the warriors gathered round

All the women came to hear him; Now he stirred their souls to passion,

Now he melted them to pity. the hollow reeds fashioned

Flutes so musical and mellow, That the brook, the Sebowisha, Ceased to murmur in the woodland. That the wood-birds ceased from singing,

And the squirrel, Adjidaumo, Ceased his chatter in the oak-tree, And the rabbit, the Wabasso, Sat upright to look and listen.

Yes, the brook, the Sebowisha, Pausing, said, "O Chibiabos, Teach my waves to flow in music, Softly as your words in singing!"

Yes, the blue-bird, the Owaissa, Envious, said, "O Chibiabos, Teach me tones as wild and wayward.

Teach me songs as full of frenzy!" Yes, the robin, the Opechee, Toyous said, "O Chibiabos, Teach me tones as sweet and tender.

as full Teach me songs gladness!"

And the whippoorwill, Wawonaissa,
Sobbing, said, "O Chibiabos,
Teach me tones as melancholy,
Teach me songs as full of
sadness!"

All the many sounds of nature Borrowed sweetness from his singing;

All the hearts of men were softened By the pathos of his music; For he sang of peace and freedom, Sang of beauty, love, and longing; Sang of death, and life undying In the Islands of the Blessed, In the kingdom of Ponemah, In the land of the Hereafter.

Very dear to Hiawatha
Was the gentle Chibiabos,
He the best of all musicians,
He the sweetest of all singers;
For his gentleness he loved him,
And the magic of his singing.

Dear, too, unto Hiawatha Was the very strong man, Kwasind He the strongest of all mortals, He the mightiest among many; For his very strength he loved him, For his strength allied to goodness.

Idle in his youth was Kwasind, Very listless, dull, and dreamy, Never played with other children, Never fished and never hunted, Not like other children was he; But they saw that much he fasted, Much his Manito entreated, Much besought his Guardian Spirit.

"Lazy Kwasind!" said his mother,

"In my work you never help me! In the Summer you are roaming Idly in the fields and forests; In the Winter you are cowering O'er the firebrands in the wigwam! In the coldest days of Winter I must break the ice for fishing; With my nets you never help me! At the door my nets are hanging, Dripping, freezing with the water; Go and wring them, Yenadizze! Go and dry them in the sunshine!"

Slowly, from the ashes, Kwasind Rose, but made no angry answer; From the lodge went forth in silence,

Took the nets, that hung together,
Dripping, freezing at the doorway;
Like a wisp of straw he wrung
them.

Like a wisp of straw he broke them, Could not wring them without breaking,

Such the strength was in his fingers.

"Lazy Kwasind!" said his father,

"In the hunt you never help me; Every bow you touch is broken, Snapped asunder every arrow; Yet come with me to the forest, You shall bring the hunting homeward."

Down a narrow pass they wandered,

Where a brooklet led them onward, Where the trail of deer and bison Marked the soft mud on the margin,

Till they found all further passage Shut against them, barred securely By the trunks of trees uprooted, Lying lengthwise, lying crosswise, And forbidding further passage.

"We must go back," said the old man,

"O'er these logs we cannot clamber;

Not a woodchuck could get through them,

Not a squirrel clamber o'er them!"

And straightway his pipe he lighted,

And sat down to smoke and ponder. But before his pipe was finished, Lo! the path was cleared before him;

All the trunks had Kwasind lifted, To the right hand, to the left hand, Shot the pine-trees swift as arrows, Hurled the cedars light as lances.

"Lazy Kwasind!" said the young men,

As they sported in the meadow, "Why stand idly looking at us, Leaning on the rock behind you? Come and wrestle with the others, Let us pitch the quoit together!"

Lazy Kwasind made no answer, To their challenge made no answer, Only rose, and slowly turning, Seized the huge rock in his fingers, Tore it from its deep foundation, Poised it in the air a moment, Pitched it sheer into the water, Sheer into the swift Pauwating, Where it still is seen in Summer.

Once as down that foaming river, Down the rapids of Pauwating, Kwasind sailed with his companions,

In the stream he saw a beaver,
Saw Ahmeek, the King of Beavers,
Struggling with the rushing
currents,

Rising, sinking in the water.
Without speaking, without pausing,

Kwasind leaped into the river, Plunged beneath the bubbling surface,

Through the whirlpools chased the beaver,

Followed him among the islands,
Stayed so long beneath the water,
That his terrified companions
Cried, "Alas! good-by to Kwasind!
We shall never more see
Kwasind!"

But he reappeared triumphant, And upon his shining shoulders Brought the beaver, dead and dripping,

Brought the King of all the Beavers.

And these two, as I have told you,

Were the friends of Hiawatha, Chibiabos, the musician, And the very strong man, Kwasind. Long they lived in peace together, Spake with naked hearts together, Pondering much and much contriving

How the tribes of men might prosper.

VII.

HIAWATHA'S SAILING.

"GIVE me of your bark, O Birchtree!
Of your vellow bark, O Birch-

Of your yellow bark, O Birchtree!

Growing by the rushing river,
Tall and stately in the valley!
I a light canoe will build me,
Build a swift Cheemaun for sailing,
That shall float upon the river,
Like a yellow leaf in Autumn,
Like a yellow water-lily!

"Lay aside your cloak, O Birchtree!

Lay aside your white-skin wrapper, For the Summer-time is coming, And the sun is warm in heaven, And you need no white-skin wrapper!"

Thus aloud cried Hiawatha
In the solitary forest,
By the rushing Taquamenaw,
When the birds were singing gaily,
In the Moon of Leaves were
singing,

And the sun, from sleep awaking, Started up and said, "Behold me! Geezis, the great Sun, behold me!"

And the tree with all its branches Rustled in the breeze of morning, Saying, with a sigh of patience, "Take my cloak, O Hiawatha!" With his knife the tree he

With his knife the tree h
girdled;

Just beneath its lowest branches,
Just above the roots, he cut it,
Till the sap came oozing outward;
Down the trunk, from top to
bottom,

Sheer he cleft the bark asunder, With a wooden wedge he raised it, Stripped it from the trunk unbroken.

"Give me of your boughs, O Cedar!

Of your strong and pliant branches,

My canoe to make more steady,

Make more strong and firm beneath me!"

Through the summit of the Cedar

Went a sound, a cry of horror,

Went a murmur of resistance;
But it whispered, bending downward.

"Take my boughs, O Hiawatha!"

Down he hewed the boughs of cedar,

Shaped them straightway to a framework.

Like two bows he formed and shaped them,

Like two bended bows together. "Give me of your roots, of

Tamarack!
Of your fibrous roots, O Larchtree!

My cance to bind together, So to bind the ends together That the water may not enter, That the river may not wet me!"

And the Larch, with all its fibres, Shivered in the air of morning, Touched his forehead with its tassels, Said, with one long sigh of sorrow, "Take them all, O Hiawatha!"

From the earth he tore the fibres, Tore the tough roots of the Larchtree!

Closely sewed the bark together, Bound it closely to the framework.

"Give me of your balm, O Firtree!

Of your balsam and your resin, So to close the seams together That the water may not enter,

That the river may not wet me!"

And the Fir-tree, tall and sombre,

Sobbed through all its robes of darkness,

Rattled like a shore with pebbles, Answered wailing, answered weeping,

"Take my balm, O Hiawatha!"

F

And he took the tears of balsam, Took the resin of the Fir-tree, Smeared therewith each seam and fissure,

Made each crevice safe from water.
"Give me of your quills, O
Hedgehog!

All your quills, O Kagh, the Hedgehog!

I will make a necklace of them, Make a girdle for my beauty, And two stars to deck her bosom!" From a hollow tree the Hedge-

From a hollow tree the Hedgehog

With his sleepy eyes looked at him, Shot his shining quills, like arrows, Saying, with a drowsy murmur, Through the tangle of his whiskers, "Take my quills, O Hiawatha!"

From the ground the quills he gathered,

All the little shining arrows,
Stained them red and blue and
yellow,

With the juice of roots and berries; Into his canoe he wrought them, Round its waist a shining girdle, Round its bows a gleaming necklace.

On its breast two stars resplendent.

Thus the Birch Canoe was builded

In the valley, by the river,
In the bosom of the forest;
And the forest's life was in it,
All its mystery and its magic,
All the lightness of the birch-tree,
All the toughness of the cedar,
All the larch's supple sinews;
And it floated on the river
Like a yellow leaf in Autumn,
Like a yellow water-lily.

Paddles none had Hiawatha, Paddles none he had or needed, For his thoughts as paddles served him,

And his wishes served to guide him;

Swift or slow at will he glided, Veered to right or left at pleasure. Then he called aloud to Kwasind,

To his friend, the strong man, Kwasind,

Saying, "Help me clear this river Of its sunken logs and sandbars."

Straight into the river Kwasind Plunged as if he were an otter, Dived as if he were a beaver, Stood up to his waist in water, To his arm-pits in the river, Swam and shouted in the river, Tugged at sunken logs and branches,

With his hands he scooped the sand-bars.

With his feet the ooze and tangle.

And thus sailed my Hiawatha,

Down the rushing Taquamenaw, Sailed through all its bends and windings,

Sailed through all its deeps and shallows,

While his friend, the strong man, Kwasind,

Swam the deeps, the shallows waded.

Up and down the river went they, In and out among its islands, Cleared its bed of root and sandbar.

Dragged the dead trees from its channel,

Made its passage safe and certain, Made a pathway for the people, From its springs among the mountains,

To the waters of Pauwating, To the bay of Taquamenaw.

VIII

HIAWATHA'S FISHING.

FORTH upon the Gitche Gumee,
On the shining Big-Sea-Water,
With his fishing-line of cedar,
Of the twisted bark of cedar,
Forth to catch the sturgeon
Nahma,

Mishe-Nahma, King of Fishes, In his birch canoe exulting All alone went Hiawatha.

Through the clear, transparent water

He could see the fishes swimming Far down in the Jepths below him,

See the yellow perch, the Sahwa, Like a sunbeam in the water, See the Shawgashee, the craw-fish, Like a spider on the bottom, On the white and sandy bottom.

At the stern sat Hiawatha,
With his fishing-line of cedar;
In his plumes the breeze of
morning

Played as in the hemlock branches; On the bows, with tail erected, Sat the squirrel, Adjidaumo; In his fur the breeze of morning Played as in the prairie grasses.

On the white sand of the bottom Lay the monster Mishe-Nahma, Lay the sturgeon, King of Fishes; Through his gills he breathed the water, With his fins he fanned and winnowed,

With his tail he swept the sandfloor.

There he lay in all his armour; On each side a shield to guard him, Plates of bone upon his forehead, Down his sides and back and shoulders

Plates of bone with spines projecting!

Painted was he with his war-paints, Stripes of yellow, red, and azure. Spots of brown and spots of sable; And he lay there on the bottom, Fanning with his fins of purple, As above him Hiawatha In his birch canoe came sailing, With his fishing-line of cedar.

"Take my bait," cried Hiawatha, Down into the depths beneath him, "Take my bait, O Sturgeon, Nahma! Come up from below the water, Let us see which is the stronger!" And he dropped his line of cedar Through the clear, transparent water,

Waited vainly for an answer,
Long sat waiting for an answer,
And repeating loud and louder,
"Take my bait, O King of
Fishes!"

Quiet lay the sturgeon, Nahma, Fanning slowly in the water, Looking up at Hiawatha, Listening to his call and clamour, His unnecessary tumult, Till he wearied of the shouting; And he said to the Kenozha. To the pike, the Maskenozha, "Take the bait of this rude fellow, Break the line of Hiawatha!"

In his fingers Hiawatha

Felt the loose line jerk and tighten;

As he drew it in, it tugged so

That the birch canoe stood endwise,

Like a birch log in the water,
With the squirrel, Adjidaumo,
Perched and frisking on the
summit.

Full of scorn was Hiawatha When he saw the fish rise upward,

Saw the pike, the Maskenozha, Coming nearer, nearer to him, And he shouted through the water, "Esa! esa! shame upon you! You are but the pike, Kenozha, You are not the fish I wanted, You are not the King of Fishes!"

Reeling downward to the bottom Sank the pike in great confusion, And the mighty sturgeon, Nahma, Said to Ugudwash, the sun-fish, To the bream, with scales of crimson, "Take the bait of this great boaster,

Break the line of Hiawatha!"

Slowly upward, wavering, gleaming,

Rose the Ugudwash, the sun-fish, Seized the line of Hiawatha, Swung with all his weight upon it,

Made a whirlpool in the water,
Whirled the birch canoe in circles,
Round and round in gurgling
eddies,

Till the circles in the water Reached the far-off sandy beaches, Till the water-flags and rushes Nodded on the distant margins.

But when Hiawatha saw him

Slowly rising through the water,
Lifting up his disk refulgent,
Loud he shouted in derision,
"Esa! esa! shame upon you!
You are Ugudwash, the sun-fish,
You are not the fish I wanted,
You are not the King of Fishes!
Slowly downward, wavering,
gleaming,

Sank the Ugudwash, the sun-fish, And again the sturgeon, Nahma, Heard the shout of Hiawatha, Heard his challenge of defiance, The unnecessary tumult, Ringing far across the water.

From the white sand of the bottom

Up he rose with angry gesture, Quivering in each nerve and fibre, Clashing all his plates of armour, Gleaming bright with all his warpaint;

In his wrath he darted upward, Flashing leaped into the sunshine, Opened his great jaws, and swallowed

Both canoe and Hiawatha.

Down into that darksome cavern Plunged the headlong Hiawatha, As a log on some black river Shoots and plunges down the rapids,

Found himself in utter darkness, Groped about in helpless wonder, Till he felt a great heart beating, Throbbing in that utter darkness.

And he smote it in his anger, With his fist, the heart of Nahma, Felt the mighty King of Fishes Shudder through each nerve and fibre,

Heard the water gurgle round him

As he leaped and staggered through it,

Sick at heart, and faint and weary.
Crosswise then did Hiawatha
Drag his birch-canoe for safety,
Lest from out the jaws of Nahma,
In the turmoil and confusion,
Forth he might be hurled and
perish.

And the squirrel, Adjidaumo, Frisked and chattered very gaily, Toiled and tugged with Hiawatha Till the labour was completed.

Then said Hiawatha to him;
"O my little friend, the squirrel,
Bravely have you toiled to help
me;

Take the thanks of Hiawatha, And the name which now he gives you;

For hereafter and forever Boys shall call you Adjidaumo, Tail-in-air the boys shall call you!"

And again the sturgeon, Nahma, Gasped and quivered in the water, Then was still, and drifted landward

Till he grated on the pebbles, Till the listening Hiawatha Heard him grate upon the margin, Felt him strand upon the pebbles, Knew that Nahma, King of Fishes, Lay there dead upon the margin.

Then he heard a clang and flapping,

As of many wings assembling, Heard a screaming and confusion, As of birds of prey contending, Saw a gleam of light above him, Shining through the ribs of Nahma, Saw the glittering eyes of sea-gulls, Of Kayoshk, the sea-gulls, peering, Gazing at him through the opening, Heard them saying to each other, "'T is our brother, Hiawatha!"

And he shouted from below them,

Cried exulting from the caverns,
"O ye sea-gulls! O my brothers!
I have slain the sturgeon, Nahma;
Make the rifts a little larger,
With your claws the openings
widen,

Set me free from this dark prison, And henceforward and forever, Men shall speak of your achievements.

Calling you Kayoshk, the sea-gulls, Yes, Kayoshk, the Noble Scratchers!"

And the wild and clamorous seagulls

Toiled with beak and claws together,

Made the rifts and openings wider In the mighty ribs of Nahma, And from peril and from prison, From the body of the sturgeon, From the peril of the water, They released my Hiawatha.

He was standing near his wigwam,

On the margin of the water, And he called to old Nokomis, Called and beckoned to Nokomis, Pointed to the sturgeon, Nahma, Lying lifeless on the pebbles, With the sea-gulls feeding on him.

"I have slain the Mishe-Nahma, Slain the King of Fishes!" said he;

"Look! the sea-gulls feed upon him,

Yes, my friends Kayoshk, the seagulls; Drive them not away, Nokomis, They have saved me from great peril

In the body of the sturgeon,
Wait until their meal is ended,
Till their craws are full with feasting,

Till they homeward fly, at sunset,
To their nests among the marshes;
Then bring all your pots and
kettles.

And make oil for us in Winter."

And she waited till the sunset, Till the pallid moon, the Nightsun,

Rose above the tranquil water,
Till Kayoshk, the sated sea-gulls,
From their banquet rose with
clamour,

And across the fiery sunset Winged their way to far-off islands, To their nests among the rushes.

To his sleep went Hiawatha,
And Nokomis to her labour,
Toiling patient in the moonlight,
Till the sun and moon changed
places,

Till the sky was red with sunrise, And Kayoshk, the hungry sea-gulls, Came back from the reedy islands, Clamorous for their morning banquet.

Three whole days and nights alternate

Old Nokomis and the sea-gulls Stripped the oily flesh of Nahma, Till the waves washed through the rib-bones,

Till the sea-gulls came no longer, And upon the sands lay nothing But the skeleton of Nahma. IX.

HIAWATHA AND THE PEARL-FEATHER.

On the shores of Gitche Gumee, Of the shining Big-Sea-Water, Stood Nokomis, the old woman, Pointing with her finger westward, O'er the water pointing westward, To the purple clouds of sunset.

Fiercely the red sun descending Burned his way along the heavens, Set the sky on fire behind him, As war-parties, when retreating, Burn the prairies on their war trail;

And the moon, the Night-sun, eastward,

Suddenly starting from his ambush, Followed fast those bloody footprints,

Followed in that fiery war-trail, With its glare upon his features.

And Nokomis, the old woman, Pointing with her finger westward,

Spake these words to Hiawatha: "Yonder dwells the great Pearl-Feather,

Megissogwon, the Magician,
Manito of Wealth and Wampum,
Guarded by his fiery serpents,
Guarded by the black pitch-water.
You can see his fiery serpents,
The Kenabeek, the great serpents,
Coiling, playing in the water;
You can see the black pitch-water
Stretching far away beyond them,
To the purple clouds of sunset!

"He it was who slew my father, By his wicked wiles and cunning, When he from the moon descended, When he came on earth to seek me. He, the mightiest of Magicians, Sends the fever from the marshes, Sends the pestilential vapours, Sends the poisonous exhalations, Sends the white fog from the fenlands,

Sends disease and death among us!

"Take your bow, O Hiawatha, Take your arrows, jasper-headed, Take your war-club, Puggawaugun,

And your mittens, Minjekahwun,
And your birch-canoe for sailing,
And the oil of Mishe-Nahma,
So to smear its sides, that swiftly
You may pass the black pitchwater;

Slay this merciless magician, Save the people from the fever That he breathes across the fenlands.

And avenge my father's murder!"
Straightway then my Hiawatha
Armed himself with all his wargear,

Launched his birch - canoe for sailing;

With his palm its sides he patted, Said with glee, "Cheemaun, my darling,

O my Birch canoe! leap forward, Where you see the fiery serpents, Where you see the black pitchwater!"

Forward leaped Cheemaun exulting,

And the noble Hiawatha
Sang his war-song wild and woful,
And above him the war-eagle,
The Keneu, the great war-eagle,

Master of all fowls with feathers, Screamed and hurtled through the heavens.

Soon he reached the fiery serpents,

The Kenabeck, the great serpents, Lying huge upon the water, Sparkling, rippling in the water, Lying coiled across the passage, With their blazing crests uplifted, Breathing fiery fogs and vapours, So that none could pass beyond them.

But the fearless Hiawatha Cried aloud, and spake in this wise:

"Let me pass my way, Kenabeek, Let me go upon my journey!" And they answered, hissing fiercely, With their fiery breath made answer:

"Back, go back! O Shaugodaya! Back to old Nokomis, Faintheart!"

Then the angry Hiawatha Raised his mighty bow of ash-tree, Seized his arrows, jasper-headed, Shot them fast among the serpents; Every twanging of the bow string Was a war-cry and a death-cry. Every whizzing of an arrow Was a death-song of Kenabeek.

Weltering in the bloody water, Dead lay all the fiery serpents, And among them Hiawatha Harmless sailed, and cried exulting:

"Onward, O Cheemaun, my darling!

Onward to the black pitch-water!"

Then he took the oil of Nahma,
And the bows and sides anointed,

Smeared them well with oil, that swiftly

He might pass the black pitchwater.

All night long he sailed upon it, Sailed upon that sluggish water, Covered with its mould of ages, Black with rotting water-rushes, Rank with flags and leaves of lilies,

Stagnant, lifeless, dreary, dismal, Lighted by the shimmering moonlight,

And by will-o'-the wisps illumined, Fires by ghosts of dead men kindled,

In their weary night-encampments.

All the air was white with moonlight,

All the water black with shadow, And around him the Suggema, The mosquito, sang his war-song, And the fire-flies, Wah-wah-taysee, Waved their torches to mislead him:

And the bull-frog, the Dahinda, Thrust his head into the moonlight, Fixed his yellow eyes upon him, Sobbed and sank beneath the surface;

And anon a thousand whistles Answered over all the fen-lands, And the heron, the Shuh-shuh-gah, Far off on the reedy margin, Heralded the hero's coming.

Westward thus fared Hiawatha, Toward the realm of Megissogwon, Foward the land of the Pearl-Feather,

Till the level moon stared at him, In his face stared pale and haggard, Till the sun was hot behind him, Till it burned upon his shoulders, And before him on the upland He could see the Shining Wigwan Of the Manito of Wampum, Of the mightiest of Magicians:

Then once more Cheemaun he patted,

To his birch-canoe said, "Onward!"

And it stirred in all its fibres,

And with one great bound of triumph

Leaped across the water-lilies, Leaped through tangled flags and rushes,

And upon the beach beyond them Dry-shod landed Hiawatha.

Straight he took his bow of ashtree,

On the sand one end he rested, With his knee he pressed the middle,

Stretched the faithful bow-string tighter,

Took an arrow, jasper-headed,
Shot it at the Shining Wigwam,
Sent it singing as a herald,
As a bearer of his message,
Of his challenge loud and lofty:
"Come forth from your lodge,
Pearl-Feather!

Hiawatha waits your coming!"
Straightway from the Shining
Wigwam

Came the mighty Megissogwon,
Tall of stature, broad of shoulder,
Dark and terrible in aspect,
Clad from head to foot in wampum,
Armed with all his warlike weapons,
Painted like the sky of morning,
Streaked with crimson, blue, and
yellow,

Crested with great eagle-feathers, Streaming upward, streaming outward.

"Well I know you, Hiawatha!" Cried he in a voice of thunder, In a tone of loud derision.
"Hasten back, O Shaugodaya! Hasten back among the women, Back to old Nokomis, Faint-heart! I will slay you as you stand there, As of old I slew her father!"

But my Hiawatha answered, Nothing daunted, fearing nothing: "Big words do not smite like warclubs,

Boastful breath is not a bow-string, Taunts are not so sharp as arrows, Deeds are better things than words are.

Actions mightier than boastings!"
Then began the greatest battle
That the sun had ever looked on,
That the war-birds ever witnessed.
All a Summer's day it lasted,
From the sunrise to the sunset;
For the shafts of Hiawatha
Harmless hit the shirt of wampum,
Harmless fell the blows he dealt it
With his mittens, Minjekahwun,

ormless fell the heavy war-club; ould dash the rocks asunder, tould not break the meshes at magic shirt of wampun. I at sunset Hiawatha, ng on his bow of ash-tree, ided, weary, and desponding, his mighty war-club broken, his mittens torn and tattered, three useless arrows only, sed to rest beneath a pine-tree, om whose branches trailed the mosses.

And whose trunk was coated over With the Dead-man's Moccasinleather,

With the fungus white and yellow. Suddenly from the boughs above him

Sang the Mama, the woodpecker:
"Aim your arrows, Hiawatha,
At the head of Megissogwon,
Strike the tuft of hair upon it,
At their roots the long black
tresses:

There alone can he be wounded!"
Winged with feathers, tipped
with jasper,

Swift flew Hiawatha's arrow,
Just as Megissogwon, stooping,
Raised a heavy stone to throw it.
Full upon the crown it struck him,
At the roots of his long tresses,
And he reeled and staggered forward,

Plunging like a wounded bison, Yes, like Pezhekec, the bison, When the snow is on the prairie.

Swifter flew the second arrow, In the pathway of the other, Piercing deeper than the other, Wounding sorer than the other; And the knees of Megissogwon Shook like windy reeds beneath him, Bent and trembled like the rushes.

But the third and latest arrow Swiftest flew, and wounded sorest, And the mighty Megissogwon Saw the fiery eyes of Pauguk, Saw the eyes of Death glare at him, Heard his voice call in the darkness; At the feet of Hiawatha Lifeless lay the great Pearl-Feather, Lay the mightiest of Magicians.

Then the grateful Hiawatha Called the Mama, the woodpecker, From his perch among the branches Of the melancholy pine-tree, And, in honour of his service, Stained with blood the tuft of feathers

On the little head of Mama; Even to this day he wears it, Wears the tust of crimson feathers, As a symbol of his service.

Then he stripped the shirt of wampum

From the back of Megissogwon,
As a trophy of the battle,
As a signal of his conquest.
On the shore he left the body,
Half on land and half in water,
In the sand his feet were buried,
And his face was in the water,
And above him wheeled and clamoured

The Keneu, the great war-eagle, Sailing round in narrower circles, Hovering nearer, nearer, nearer.

From the wigwam Hiawatha Bore the wealth of Megissogwon, All his wealth of skins and wampum,

Furs of bison and of beaver,
Furs of sable and of ermine,
Wampum belts and strings and
pouches,

Quivers wrought with beads of wampum,

Filled with arrows, silver-headed.

Homeward then he sailed exulting,

Homeward through the black pitch-water,

Homeward through the weltering serpents,

With the trophies of the battle,
With a shout and song of triumph.
On the shore stood old Nokomis.

On the shore stood Chibiabos,
And the very strong man, Kwasind,
Waiting for the hero's coming,
Listening to his songs of triumph.
And the people of the village
Welcomed him with songs and
dances,

Made a joyous feast, and shouted: "Honour be to Hiawatha!

He has slain the great Pearl-Feather,

Slain the mightiest of Magicians, Him, who sent the fiery fever, Sent the white-fog from the fenlands,

Sent disease and death among us!"
Ever dear to Hiawatha
Was the memory of Mama!
And in token of his friendship,
As a mark of his remembrance,
He adorned and decked his pipe-

With the crimson tuft of feathers, With the blood-red crest of Mama. But the wealth of Megissogwon, All the trophies of the battle, He divided with his people, Shared it equally among them.

v

HIAWATHA'S WOOING.

"As unto the bow the cord is, So unto the man is woman, Though she bends him, she obeys him,

Though she draws him, yet she follows;

Useless each without the other!"

Thus the youthful Hiawatha Said within himself and pondered, Much perplexed by various feelings,

Listless, longing, hoping, fearing, Dreaming still of Minnehaha, Of the lovely Laughing Water, In the land of the Dacotahs.

"Wed a maiden of your people,"
Warning said the old Nokomis;
"Go not castward, go not westward,

For a stranger, whom we know not!

Like a fire upon the hearth-stone Is a neighbour's homely daughter, Like the starlight or the moonlight Is the handsomest of strangers!"

Thus dissuading spake Nokomis And my Hiawatha answered Only this: "Dear old Nokomis, Very pleasant is the firelight, But I like the starlight better, Better do I like the moonlight!"

Gravely then said old Nokomis: "Bring not here an idle maiden, Bring not here a useless woman, Hands unskilful, feet unwilling; Bring a wife with nimble fingers, Heart and hand that move together, Feet that run on willing errands!" Smiling answered Hiewatha.

Smiling answered Hiawatha:

"In the land of the Dacotahs
Lives the Arrow-maker's daughter,
Minnehaha, Laughing Water,
Handsomest of all the women.
I will bring her to your wigwam,
She shall run upon your errands,
Be your starlight, moonlight, firelight,

Be the sunlight of my people!"

Still dissuading said Nokomis:

"Bring not to my lodge a stranger From the land of the Dacotahs! Very fierce are the Dacotahs, Often is there war between us, There are feuds yet unforgotten, Wounds that ache and still may open!"

Laughing answered Hiawatha: "For that reason, if no other, Would I wed the fair Dacotah, That our tribes might be united, That old feuds might be forgotten, And old wounds be healed forever!"

Thus departed Hiawatha
To the land of the Dacotahs,
To the land of handsome women;
Striding over moor and meadow,
Through interminable forests,
Through uninterrupted silence.

With his moccasins of magic, At each stride a mile he measured; Yet the way seemed long before him,

And his heart outran his footsteps; And he journeyed without resting, Till he heard the cataract's laughter, Heard the Falls of Minnehaha Calling to him through the silence. "Pleasant is the sound!" he murmured,

"Pleasant is the voice that calls me!"

On the outskirts of the forests, 'Twixt the shadow and the sunshine,

Herds of fallow deer were feeding, But they saw not Hiawatha; To his bow he whispered, "Fail not!"

To his arrow whispered, "Swerve .not!"

Sent it singing on its errand-

To the red heart of the roebuck; Threw the deer across his shoulder, And sped forward without pausing.

At the doorway of his wigwam
Sat the ancient Arrow-maker,
In the land of the Dacotahs,
Making arrow-heads of jasper,
Arrow-heads of chalcedony.
At his side, in all her beauty,
Sat the lovely Minnehaha,
Sat his daughter, Laughing Water,
Plaiting mats of flags and rushes;
Of the past the old man's thoughts
were,

And the maiden's of the future.

He was thinking, as he sat there, Of the days when with such arrows He had struck the deer and bison, On the Muskotay, the meadow; Shot the wild-goose, flying southward,

On the wing, the clamorous Wawa; Thinking of the great war-parties, How they came to buy his arrows, Could not fight without his arrows. Ah, no more such noble warriors Could be found on earth as they were!

Now the men were all like women, Only used their tongues for weapons!

She was thinking of a hunter, From another tribe and country, Young and tall and very handsome, Who one morning, in the Springtime,

Came to buy her father's arrows, Sat and rested in the wigwam, Lingered long about the doorway, Looking back as he departed. She had heard her father praise him, Praise his courage and his wisdom; Would he come again for arrows
To the Falls of Minnehaha?
On the mat her hands lay idle,
And her eyes were very dreamy.
Through their thoughts they
heard a footstep,
Heard a rustling in the branches,
And with glowing cheek and forehead,

With the deer upon his shoulders, Suddenly from out the woodlands Hiawatha stood before them.

Straight the ancient Arrow-maker Looked up gravely from his labour, Laid aside the unfinished arrow, Bade him enter at the doorway, Saying, as he rose to meet him, "Hiawatha, you are welcome!"

At the feet of Laughing Water Hiawatha laid his burden, Threw the red deer from his shoulders:

And the maiden looked up at him, Looked up from her mat of rushes, Said, with gentle look and accent, "You are welcome, Hiawatha!"

Very spacious was the wigwam, Made of deer-skins dressed and whitened,

With the Gods of the Dacotahs Drawn and painted on its curtains, And so tall the doorway, hardly Hiawatha stooped to enter, Hardly touched his eagle-feathers As he entered at the doorway.

Then uprose the Laughing Water, From the ground fair Minnehaha, Laid aside her mat unfinished, Brought forth food and set before them,

Water brought them from the brooklet,

Gave them food in earthen vessels, Gave them drink in bowls of basswood,

Listened while the guest was speaking,

Listened while her father answered, But not once her lips she opened, Not a single word she uttered.

Yes, as in a dream she listened To the words of Hiawatha, As he talked of old Nokomis, Who had nursed him in his childhood,

As he told of his companions, Chibiabos, the musician, And the very strong man, Kwasind, And of happiness and plenty In the land of the Ojibways, In the pleasant land and peaceful. "After many years of warfare, Many years of strife and blood-

There is peace between the Ojibways

shed.

And the tribe of the Dacotahs."
Thus continued Hiawatha,
And then added, speaking slowly.
"That this peace may last forever,
And our hands be clasped more closely,

And our hearts be more united, Give me as my wife this maiden, Minnehaha, Laughing Water, Loveliest of Dacotah women!"

And the ancient Arrow-maker Paused a moment ere he answered, Smoked a little while in silence, Looked at Hiawatha proudly, Fondly looked at Laughing Water, And made answer very gravely: "Yes, if Minnehaha wishes; Let your heart speak, Minnehaha!" And the lovely Laughing Water Seemed more lovely as she stood there.

Neither willing nor reluctant, As she went to Hiawatha, Softly took the seat beside him, While she said, and blushed to say it,

"I will follow you, my husband!"
This was Hiawatha's wooing!
Thus it was he won the daughter
Of the ancient Arrow-maker,
In the land of the Dacotahs!

From the wigwam he departed, Leading with him Laughing Water; Hand in hand they went together, Through the woodland and the meadow.

Left the old man standing lonely At the doorway of his wigwam, Heard the Falls of Minnehaha Calling to them from the distance, Crying to them from afar off, "Fare thee well. O Minnehaha!"

And the ancient Arrow-maker
Turned again unto his labour,
Sat down by his sunny doorway,
Murmuring to himself, and saying,
"Thus it is our daughters leave us,
Those we love, and those who love
us!

Just when they have learned to help us,

When we are old and lean upon them,

Comes a youth with flaunting feathers,

With his flute of reeds, a stranger Wanders piping through the village, Beckons to the fairest maiden, And she follows where he leads

her,

Leaving all things for the stranger!"

Pleasant was the journey homeward,

Through interminable forests,
Over meadow, over mountain,
Over river, hill, and hollow.
Short it seemed to Hiawatha,
Though they journeyed very slowly,
Though his pace he checked and
slackened

To the steps of Laughing Water
Over wide and rushing rivers
In his arms he bore the maiden;
Light he thought her as a feather,
As the plume upon his head-gear;
Cleared the tangled pathway for
her,

Bent aside the swaying branches,
Made at night a lodge of branches,
And a bed with boughs of hemlock,
And a fire before the doorway
With the dry cones of the pinetree.

All the travelling winds went with them,

O'er the meadows, through the forest;

All the stars of night looked at them,

Watched with sleepless eyes their slumber;

From his ambush in the oak-tree
Peeped the squirrel, Adjidaumo,
Watched with eager eyes the lovers;
And the rabbit, the Wabasso,
Scampered from the path before
them,

Peering, peeping from his burrow, Sat erect upon his haunches, Watched with curious eyes the lovers. Pleasant was the journey homeward!

All the birds sang loud and sweetly Songs of happiness and heart'sease;

Sang the blue-bird, the Owaissa, "Happy are you, Hiawatha, Having such a wife to love you!" Sang the robin, the Opechee, "Happy are you, Laughing Water,

Having such a noble husband!"

From the sky the sun benignant
Looked upon them through the

Looked upon them through the branches,Saying to them, "O my children,

Love is sunshine, hate is shadow, Life is checkered shade and sunshine,

Rule by love, O Hiawatha!"

From the sky the moon looked at them,

Filled the lodge with mystic splendours,

Whispered to them, "O my children,

Day is restless, night is quiet,
Man imperious, woman feeble;
Half is mine, although I follow;
Rule by patience, Laughing
Water!"

Thus it was they journeyed homeward;

Thus it was that Hiawatha
To the lodge of old Nokomis
Brought the moonlight, starlight,
firelight,

Brought the sunshine of his people, Minnehaha, Laughing Water, Handsomest of all the women In the land of the Dacotahs, In the land of handsome women. XI.

HIAWATHA'S WEDDING FEAST.

You shall hear how Pau-Puk-Keewis, How the handsome Yenadizze Danced at Hiawatha's wedding; How the gentle Chibiabos, He the sweetest of musicians, Sang his songs of love and longing; How Iagoo, the great boaster, He the marvellous story-teller, Told his tales of strange adventure,

That the feast might be more joyous,

That the time might pass more gaily,

And the guests be more contented.

Sumptuous was the feast Nokomis

Made at Hiawatha's wedding;
All the bowls were made of basswood.

White and polished very smoothly, All the spoons of horn of bison, Black and polished very smoothly. She had sent through all the

village

Messengers with wands of willow, As a sign of invitation,

As a token of the feasting; And the wedding-guests assembled, Clad in all their richest raiment, Robes of fur and belts of wampum, Splendid with their paint and

plumage,

Beautiful with beads and tassels.

Beautiful with beads and tassels.

First they ate the sturgeon,

Nahma,

And the pike, the Maskenozha, Caught and cooked by old Nokomis; Then on pemican they feasted,
Pemican and buffalo marrow,
Haunch of deer and hump of
bison.

Yellow cakes of the Mondamin, And the wild rice of the river.

But the gracious Hiawatha, And the lovely Laughing Water, And the careful old Nokomis, Tasted not the food before them, Only waited on the others, Only served their guests in silence.

And when all the guests had finished,

Old Nokomis, brisk and busy, From an ample pouch of otter, Filled the red-stone pipes for smoking

With tobacco from the South-land, Mixed with bark of the red willow, And with herbs and leaves of fragrance.

Then she said, "O Pau-Puk-Keewis,

Dance for us your merry dances, Dance the Beggar's Dance to please us.

That the feast may be more joyous, That the time may pass more gaily, And our guests be more contented!"

Then the handsome Pau-Puk-Keewis,

He the idle Yenadizze, He the merry mischief-maker, Whom the people called the Storm-

Fool, Rose among the guests assembled. Skilled was he in sports and

pastimes, In the merry dance of snow-shoes, In the play of quoits and ball-play; Skilled was he in games of hazard, In all games of skill and hazard, Pugasaing, the Bowl and Counters, Kuntassoo, the Game of Plumstones.

Though the warriors called him Faint-heart,

Called him coward, Shaugodaya,
Idler, gambler, Yenadizze,
Little heeded he their jesting,
Little cared he for their insults,
For the women and the maidens
Loved the handsome Pau-PukKeewis.

He was dressed in shirt of doeskin,

White and soft, and fringed with ermine,

All inwrought with beads of wampum; •

He was dressed in deer-skin leggings,

Fringed with hedgehog quills and ermine,

And in moccasins of buck-skin,

Thick with quills and beads embroidered.

On his head were plumes of swan's down,

On his heels were tails of foxes, In one hand a fan of feathers, And a pipe was in the other.

Barred with streaks of red and yellow,

Streaks of blue and bright vermilion.

Shone the face of Pau-Puk-Keewis. From his forehead fell his tresses, Smooth, and parted like a woman's, Shining bright with oil, and plaited, Hung with braids of scented grasses,

As among the guests assembled,

To the sound of flutes and singing,
To the sound of drums and voices,
Rose the handsome Pau-PukKeewis,

And began his mystic dances.

First he danced a solemn measure, Very slow in step and gesture, In and out among the pine-trees, Through the shadows and the sunshine,

Treading softly like a panther,
Then more swiftly and still swifter,
Whirling, spinning round in circles,
Leaping o'er the guests assembled,
Eddying round and round the wig
wam,

Till the leaves went whirling with him,

Till the dust and wind together Swept in eddies round about him.

Then along the sandy margin Of the lake, the Big-Sea-Water, On he sped with frenzied gestures, Stamped upon the sand, and tossed it Wildly in the air around him; Till the wind became a whirlwind, Till the sand was blown and sifted Like great snowdrifts o'er the land-scape,

Heaping all the shores with Sand Dunes,

Sand Hills of the Nagow Wudjoo!
Thus the merry Pau-Puk-Keewis
Danced his Beggar's Dance to
please them,

And, returning, sat down laughing There among the guests assembled,

Sat and fanned himself serenely With his fan of turkey-feathers.

Then they said to Chibiabos,
To the friend of Hiawatha,

To the sweetest of all singers,
To the best of all musicians,
"Sing to us, O Chibiabos!
Songs of love and songs of longing,
That the feast may be more joyous,
That the time may pass more
gaily,

And our guests be more contented!"

And the gentle Chibiabos
Sang in accents sweet and tender,
Sang in tones of deep emotion,
Songs of love and songs of longing;

Looking still at Hiawatha, Looking at fair Laughing Water, Sang he softly, sang in this wise:

"Onaway! Awake, beloved! Thou the wild-flower of the forest! Thou the wild-bird of the prairie! Thou with eyes so soft and fawn-like!

"If thou only lookest at me, I am happy, I am happy, As the lilies of the prairie, When they feel the dew upon them! "Sweet thy breath is as the fragrance

Of the wild-flowers in the morning, As their fragrance is at evening, In the Moon when leaves are falling.

"Does not all the blood within me

As the springs to meet the sunshine, Leap to meet thee, leap to meet thee, In the Moon when nights are brightest?

"Onaway! my heart sings to thee,

Sings with joy when thou art near me,

As the sighing, singing branches
In the pleasant Moon of Strawberries!

"When thou art not pleased, beloved,

Then my heart is sad and darkened, As the shining river darkens When the clouds drop shadows on it!

"When thou smilest, my beloved, Then my troubled heart is brightened,

As in sunshine gleam the ripples
That the cold wind makes in rivers.
"Smiles the earth, and smile the

waters,

Smile the cloudless skies above us, But I lose the way of smiling When thou art no longer near me! "I myself, myself! behold me!

"I myself, myself! behold me! Blood of my beating heart, behold me!

O awake, awake, beloved! Onaway! awake, beloved!"

Thus the gentle Chibiabos
Sang his song of love and longing;
And Iagoo, the great boaster,
He the marvellous story-teller,
He the friend of old Nokomis,
Jealous of the sweet musician,
Jealous of the applause they gave
him,

Saw in all the eyes around him, Saw in all their looks and gestures, That the wedding-guests assembled Longed to hear his pleasant stories, His immeasurable falsehoods.

Very boastful was Iagoo; Never heard he an adventure But himself had met a greater; Never any deed of daring But himself had done a bolder; Never any marvellous story But himself could tell a stranger.

Would you listen to his boasting, Would you only give him credence, No one ever shot an arrow Half so far and high as he had; Ever caught so many fishes, Ever killed so many reindeer, Ever trapped so many beaver!

None could run so fast as he could,

None could dive so deep as he could,

None could swim so far as he could;

None had made so many journeys, None had seen so many wonders, As this wonderful Iagoo,

As this marvellous story-teller!

Thus his name became a by-word And a jest among the people; And whene'er a boastful hunter Praised his own address too highly, Or a warrior, home returning, Talked too much of his achievements,

All his hearers cried, "Iagoo! Here's Iagoo come among us!"

He it was who carved the cradle
Of the little Hiawatha,
Carved its framework out of linden,
Bound it strong with reindeer sinews;
He it was who taught him later
How to make his bows and arrows,
How to make the bows of ash-tree,
And the arrows of the oak-tree.
So among the guests assembled
At my Hiawatha's wedding
Sat Iagoo, old and ugly,
Sat the marvellous story-teller.
And they said, "O good Iagoo,

Tell us now a tale of wonder,

Tell us of some strange adventure, That the feast may be more joyous,

That the time may pass more gaily, And our guests be more contented!"

And Iagoo answered straightway, "You shall hear a tale of wonder, You shall hear the strange adventures

Of Osseo, the Magician, From the Evening Star descended."

XII.

THE SON OF THE EVENING STAR. CAN it be the sun descending O'er the level plain of water? Qr the Red Swan floating, flying, Wounded by the magic arrow, Staining all the waves with crimson, With the crimson of its life-blood, Filling all the air with splendour, With the splendour of its plumage?

Yes; it is the sun descending,
Sinking down into the water;
All the sky is stained with purple,
All the water flushed with crimson!
No; it is the Red Swan floating,
Diving down beneath the water;
To the sky its wings are lifted,
With its blood the waves are reddened!

Over it the Star of Evening

Melts and trembles through the
purple,

Hangs suspended in the twilight.

No; it is a bead of wampum

On the robes of the Great Spirit,

As he passes through the twilight,

Walks in silence through the
heavens.

This with joy beheld Iagoo,

And he said in haste: "Behold it!
See the Sacred Star of Evening!
You shall hear a tale of wonder,
Hear the Story of Osseo,
Son of the Evening Star, Osseo!
"Once, in days no more remembered,

Ages nearer the beginning,
When the heavens were closer to us.
And the Gods were more familiar,
In the North-land lived a hunter,
With ten young and comely daughters,

Tall and lithe as wands of willow; Only Oweenee, the youngest, She the wilful and the wayward, She the silent, dreamy maiden, Was the fairest of the sisters.

"All these women married warriors, [bands; Married brave and haughty hus-Only Oweenee, the youngest, Laughed and flouted all her lovers, All her young and handsome suitors,

And then married old Osseo, Old Osseo, poor and ugly, Broken with age and weak with coughing,

Always coughing like a squirrel.

"Ah, but beautiful within him

Was the spirit of Osseo,
From the Evening Star descended,
Star of Evening, Star of Woman,
Star of tenderness and passion!
All its fire was in his bosom,
All its beauty in his spirit,
All its mystery in his being,
All its splendour in his language!

"And her lovers, the rejected, Handsome men with belts of wam pum, Handsome men with paint and feathers,

Pointed at her in derision,
Followed her with jest and
laughter.

But she said: 'I care not for you, Care not for your belts of wampum, Care not for your paint and feathers.

Care not for your jests and laughter;

I am happy with Osseo!'
"Once to some great feast invited.

Through the damp and dusk of evening,

Walked together the ten sisters, Walked together with their husbands;

Slowly followed old Osseo, With fair Oweenee beside him; All the others chatted gaily, These two only walked in silence.

"At the Western sky Osseo Gazed intent, as if imploring, Often stopped and gazed imploring At the trembling Star of Evening, At the tender Star of Woman; And they heard him murmur softly. 'Ah, showain nemeshin, Nosa! Pity, pity me, my father!'

"' Listen!' said the eldest sister,
'He is praying to his father!
What a pity that the old man
Does not stumble in the pathway,
Does not break his neck by falling!'

And they laughed till all the forest Rang with their unseemly laughter. "On their pathway through the

"On their pathway through the woodlands

Lay an oak, by storms uprooted,

Lay the great trunk of an oak-tree, Buried half in leaves and mosses, Mouldering, crumbling, huge and hollow.

And Osseo, when he saw it, Gave a shout, a cry of anguish, Leaped into its yawning cavern, At one end went in an old man, Wasted, wrinkled, old, and ugly; From the other came a young man, Tall and straight and strong and handsome.

"Thus Osseo was transfigured, Thus restored to youth and beauty; But, alas for good Osseo, And for Oweenee, the faithful!

Strangely, too, was she

figured. .

Changed into a weak old woman, With a staff she tottered onward, Wasted, wrinkled, old, and ugly! And the sisters and their husbands Laughed until the echoing forest Rang with their unseemly laughter.

"But Osseo turned not from her, Walked with slower step beside her, Took her hand, as brown and withered

As an oak-leaf is in Winter, Called her sweetheart. Nenemoosha. Soothed her with soft words of kindness.

Till they reached the lodge of feasting,

Till they sat down in the wigwam, Sacred to the Star of Evening, To the tender Star of Woman.

"Wrapt in visions, lost in dreaming,

At the banquet sat Osseo; All were merry, all were happy, All were joyous but Osseo.

Neither food nor drink he tasted, Neither did he speak nor listen, But as one bewildered sat he, Looking dreamily and sadly, First at Oweenee, then upward At the gleaming sky above them.

"Then a voice was heard, a whisper,

Coming from the starry distance, Coming from the empty vastness, Low, and musical, and tender; And the voice said: 'O Osseo! O my son, my best beloved! Broken are the spells that bound

All the charms of the magicians, All the magic powers of evil; Come to me; ascend, Osseo!

"'Taste the food that stands before you:

It is blessed and enchanted. It has magic virtues in it, It will change you to a spirit. All your bowls and 'all your kettles Shall be wood and clay no longer; But the bowls be changed to wampum,

And the kettles shall be silver; They shall shine like shells of scarlet.

Like the fire shall gleam and glimmer.

"'And the women shall no longer Bear the dreary doom of labour, But be changed to birds, and glisten

With the beauty of the starlight, Painted with the dusky splendours Of the skies and clouds of evening!

"What Osseo heard as whispers, What as words he comprehended.

Was but music to the others, Music as of birds afar off, Of the whippoorwill afar off, Of the lonely Wawonaissa Singing in the darksome forest.

"Then the lodge began to tremble,

Straight began to shake and tremble,

And they felt it rising, rising,
Slowly through the air ascending,
From the darkness of the tree-tops
Forth into the dewy starlight,
Till it passed the topmost branches;
And behold! the wooden dishes
All were changed to shells of
scarlet!

And behold! the earthen kettles All were changed to bowls of silver! And the roof-poles of the wigwam Were as glittering rods of silver, And the roof of bark upon them As the shining shards of beetles.

"Then Osseo gazed around him, And he saw the nine fair sisters, All the sisters and their husbands, Changed to birds of various plumage,

Some were jays and some were magpies,

Others thrushes, others blackbirds; And they hopped, and sang, and twittered,

Perked and fluttered all their feathers,

Strutted in their shining plumage, And their tails like fans unfolded.

"Only Oweenee, the youngest, Was not changed, but sat in silence, Wasted, wrinkled, old, and ugly, Looking sadly at the others; Till Osseo, gazing upward,

Gave another cry of anguish, Such a cry as he had uttered By the oak-tree in the forest.

"Then returned her youth and beauty, [ments

And her soiled and tattered gar-Were transformed to robes of ermine.

And her staff became a feather, Yes, a shining silver feather!

"And again the wigwam trembled,

Swayed and rushed through airy currents,

Through transparent cloud and vapour,

And amid celestial splendours
On the Evening Star alighted,
As a snow-flake falls on snow-flake,
As a leaf drops on a river,
As the thistle-down on water.

" Forth with cheerful words of welcome

Came the father of Osseo,
He with radiant locks of silver,
He with eyes serene and tender.
And he said: 'My son, Osseo,
Hang the cage of birds you bring
there.

Hang the cage with rods of silver, And the birds with glistening feathers,

At the doorway of my wigwam.'

"At the door he hung the birdcage,

And they entered in and gladly
Listened to Osseo's father,
Ruler of the Star of Evening,
As he said: "O my Osseo!
I have had compassion on you,
Given you back your youth and
beauty,

Into birds of various plumage Changed your sisters and their husbands;

Changed them thus because they mocked you

In the figure of the old man,
In that aspect sad and wrinkled,
Could not see your heart of passion,
Could not-see your youth immortal;
Only Oweenee, the faithful,
Saw your naked heart and loved
you.

"'In the lodge that glimmers yonder,

In the little star that twinkles
Through the vapours, on the left
hand,

Lives the envious Evil Spirit,
The Wabeno, the magician,
Who transformed you to an old
man.

Take heed lest his beams fall on you,

For the rays he darts around him Are the power of his enchantment, Are the arrows that he uses.'

"Many years, in peace and quiet,
On the peaceful Star of Evening
Dwelt Osseo with his father;
Many years, in song and flutter,
At the doorway of the wigwam,
Hung the cage with rods of silver,
And fair Oweenee, the faithful,
Bore a son unto Osseo,
With the beauty of his mother,
With the courage of his father.

"And the boy grew up and prospered,

And Osseo, to delight him,
Made him little bows and arrows,
Opened the great cage of silver,
And let loose his aunts and uncles,

All those birds with glossy feathers, For his little son to shoot at.

Round and round they wheeled and darted,

Filled the Evening Star with music, With their songs of joy and freedom;

Filled the Evening Star with splendour.

With the fluttering of their plumage;

Till the boy, the little hunter, Bent his bow and shot an arrow, Shot a swift and fatal arrow, And a bird, with shining feathers, At his feet fell wounded sorely.

"But, O wondrous transformation!

'T was no bird he saw before him, 'T was a beautiful young woman, With the arrow in her bosom!

"When her blood fell on the planet,

On the sacred Star of Evening, Broken was the spell of magic, Powerless was the strange enchantment,

And the youth, the fearless bowman,

Suddenly felt himself descending, Held by unseen hands, but sinking Downward through the empty spaces,

Downward through the clouds and vapours,

Till he rested on an island, On an island green and grassy, Yonder in the Big-Sea-Water.

"After him he saw descending All the birds with shining feathers, Fluttering, falling, wafted downward, Like the painted leaves of Autumn; And the lodge with poles of silver, With its roof like wings of beetles, Like the shining shards of beetles, By the winds of heaven uplifted, Slowly sank upon the island, Bringing back the good Osseo, Bringing Oweenee, the faithful.

"Then the birds, again transfigured,

Reassumed the shape of mortals, Took their shape, but not their stature;

They remained as Little People, Like the pigmies, the Puk-Wudjies, And on pleasant nights of Summer, When the Evening Star was shining,

Hand in hand they danced together On the island's craggy headlands, On the sand-beach low and level.

"Still their glittering lodge is seen there,

On the tranquil Summer evenings, And upon the shore the fisher Sometimes hears their happy voices, Sees them dancing in the starlight!"

When the story was completed, When the wondrous tale was ended, Looking round upon his listeners, Solemnly Iagoo added:

"There are great men, I have known such,

Whom their people understand not, Whom they even make a jest of, Scoff and jeer at in derision. From the story of Osseo Let us learn the fate of jesters!"

All the wedding-guests delighted Listened to the marvellous story, Listened laughing and applauding, And they whispered to each other, "Does he mean himself, I wonder? And are we the aunts and uncles?"

Then again sang Chibiabos, Sang a song of love and longing, In those accents sweet and tender, In those tones of pensive sadness, Sang a maiden's lamentation For her lover, her Algonquin.

"When I think of my beloved, Ah me! think of my beloved, When my heart is thinking of him, O my sweetheart, my Algonquin! "Ah me! when I parted from

Round my neck he hung the wam-

As a pledge, the snow-white wampum,

O my sweetheart, my Algonquin!
"I will go with you, he whispered,

Ah me! to your native country; Let me go with you, he whispered, O my sweetheart, my Algonquin!

"Far away, away, I answered, Very far away, I answered, Ah me! is my native country, O my sweetheart, my Algonquin!

"When I looked back to behold him,

Where we parted, to behold him, After me he still was gazing, O my sweetheart, my Algonquin!

"By the tree he still was standing, By the falling tree was standing, That had dropped into the water, O my sweetheart, my Algonquin!

"When I think of my beloved, Ah me! think of my beloved, When my heart is thinking of him, O my sweetheart, my Algonquin!" Such was Hiawatha's wedding, Such the dance of Pau-Puk-Keewis, Such the story of Iagoo, Such the songs of Chibiabos; Thus the wedding-banquet ended, And the wedding-guests departed, Leaving Hiawatha happy With the night and Minnehaha.

XIII.

BLESSING THE CORNFIELDS.

Sing, O Song of Hiawatha,
Of the happy days that followed,
In the land of the Ojibways,
In the pleasant land and peaceful!
Sing the mysteries of Mondamin,
Sing the Blessing of the Comfields!

Buried was the bloody hatchet,
Buried was the dreadful war-club,
Buried were all warlike weapons,
And the war-cry was forgotten.
There was peace among the nations;
Unmolested roved the hunters,
Built the birch canoe for sailing,
Caught the fish in lake and river,
Shot the deer and trapped the
beaver;

Unmolested worked the women, Made their sugar from the maple, Gathered wild rice in the meadows, Dressed the skins of deer and beaver.

All around the happy village Stood the maize-fields, green and shining,

Waved the green plumes of Mondamin,

Waved his soft and sunny tresses, Filling all the land with plenty. 'T was the women who in Springtime Planted the broad fields and fruitful,

Buried in the earth Mondamin;
"T was the women who in Autumn
Stripped the yellow husks of
harvest,

Stripped the garments from Mondamin,

Even as Hiawatha taught them.

Once, when all the maize was planted,

Hiawatha, wise and thoughtful, Spake and said to Minnehaha, To his wife, the Laughing Water: "You shall bless to-night the cornfields,

Draw a magic circle round them, To protect them from destruction, Blast of mildew, blight of insect, Wagemin, the thief of cornfields, Paimosaid, who steals the maizeear!

"In the night, when all is silence, In the night, when all is darkness, When the Spirit of Sleep, Nepahwin,

Shuts the doors of all the wigwams, So that not an ear can hear you, So that not an eye can see you, Rise up from your bed in silence, Lay aside your garments wholly, Walk around the fields you planted, Round the borders of the cornfields,

Covered by your tresses only, Robed with darkness as a garment "Thus the fields shall be more fruitful,

And the passing of your footsteps Draw a magic circle round them, So that neither blight nor mildew, Neither burrowing worm nor insect, Shall pass o'er the magic circle; Not the dragon-fly, Kwo-ne-she, Nor the spider, Subbekashe, Nor the grasshopper, Pah-pukkeena,

Nor the mighty caterpillar, Way-muk-kwana, with the bearskin,

King of all the caterpillars!"

On the tree-tops near the cornfields

Sat the hungry crows and ravens, Kahgahgee, the King of Ravens, With his band of black marauders. And they laughed at Hiawatha, Till the tree-tops shook with laughter,

With their melancholy laughter, At the words of Hiawatha,

Hear him!" said they; "hear the Wise Man,

Hear the plots of Hiawatha!"

When the noiseless night descended

Broad and dark o'er field and forest,

nen the mournful Wawonaissa rowing sang among the hemlocks,

I the Spirit of Sleep, Nepahwin, t the doors of all the wigwams, om her bed rose Laughing Water,

And with darkness clothed and guarded,

Unashamed and unaffrighted, Walked securely round the cornin fields,

her footprints round the corn-

No one but the Midnight only Saw her beauty in the darkness, No one but the Wawonaissa Heard the panting of her bosom; Guskewau, the darkness, wrapped

Closely in his sacred mantle, So that none might see her beauty, So that none might boast, "I saw her!"

On the morrow, as the day dawned,

Kahgahgee, the King of Ravens, Gathered all his black marauders, Crows and blackbirds, jays and ravens,

Clamorous on the dusky tree-tops, And descended, fast and fearless, On the fields of Hiawatha, On the grave of the Mondamin.

"We will drag Mondamin," said they.

"From the grave where he is buried, Spite of all the magic circles Laughing Water draws around it, Spite of all the sacred footprints Minnehaha stamps upon it!"

But the wary Hiawatha, Ever thoughtful, careful, watchful, Had o'erheard the scornful laughter When they mocked him from the tree-tops.

"Kaw!" he said, "my friends the ravens!

Kahgahgee, my King of Ravens! I will teach you all a lesson

That shall not be soon forgotten!"

He had risen before the daybreak,

He had spread o'er all the cornfields

Snares to catch the black marauders,

And was lying now in ambush
In the neighbouring grove of pinetrees,

Waiting for the crows and blackbirds,

Waiting for the jays and ravens. Soon they came with caw and clamour,

Rush of wings and cry of voices, To their work of devastation, Settling down among the cornfields, Delving deep with beak and talon, For the body of Mondamin.

And with all their craft and cunning,

All their skill in wiles of warfare,
They perceived no danger near
them.

Till their claws became entangled, Till they found themselves imprisoned

In the snares of Hiawatha.

From his place of ambush came he,

Striding terrible among them,
And so awful was his aspect
That the bravest quailed with
terror.

Without mercy he destroyed them Right and left, by tens and twenties,

And their wretched, lifeless bodies Hung aloft on poles for scarecrows Round the consecrated cornfields, As a signal of his vengeance, As a warning to marauders.

Only Kahgahgee, the leader, Kahgahgee, the King of Ravens, He alone was spared among them As a hostage for his people. With his prisoner-string he bound him, Led him captive to his wigwam, Tied him fast with cords of elmbark

To the ridge-pole of his wigwam.

"Kahgahgee, my raven!" said he,

"You the leader of the robbers,
You the plotter of this mischief,
The contriver of this outrage,
I will keep you, I will hold you,
As a hostage for your people,
As a pledge of good behaviour!"

And he left him, grim and sulky, Sitting in the morning sunshine On the summit of the wigwam, Croaking fiercely his displeasure, Flapping his great sable pinions, Vainly struggling for his freedom, Vainly calling on his people!

Summer passed, and Shawon-dasee

Breathed his sighs o'er all the landscape,

From the South-land sent his ardours,

Wafted kisses warm and tender; And the maize-field grew and ripened,

Till it stood in all the splendour Of its garments green and yeliow, Of its tassels and its plumage, And the maize-ears full and shining

Gleamed from bursting sheaths of verdure.

Then Nokomis, the old woman, Spake, and said to Minnehaha: ""T is the Moon when leaves are falling;

All the wild-rice has been gathered, And the maize is ripe and ready; Let us gather in the harvest, Let us wrestle with Mondamin, Strip him of his plumes and tassels, Of his garments green and yellow!"

And the merry Laughing Water Went rejoicing from the wigwam, With Nokomis, old and wrinkled; And they called the women round them,

Called the young men and the maidens,

To the harvest of the cornfields, To the husking of the maize-ear.

On the border of the forest, Underneath the fragrant pine-trees, Sat the old men and the warriors Smoking in the pleasant shadow. In uninterrupted silence

Looked they at the gamesome labour

Of the young men and the women; Listened to their noisy talking,

To their laughter and their singing, Heard them chattering like the magpies,

Heard them laughing like the bluejays,

Heard them singing like the robins.

And whene'er some lucky maiden
Found a red ear in the husking,
Found a maize-ear red as blood is,
"Nushka!" cried they all together,

"Nushka! you shall have a sweetheart.

You shall have a handsome husband!"

"Ugh!" the old men all responded, From their seats beneath the pine-

And whene'er a youth or maiden Found a crooked ear in husking, Found a maize-ear in the husking Blighted, mildewed, or misshapen,

Then they laughed and sang together,

Crept and limped about the cornfields,

Mimicked in their gait and gestures Some old man, bent almost double, Singing singly or together:

"Wagemin, the thief of cornfields! Paimosaid, who steals the maize-ear!"

Till the cornfields rang with laughter,

Till from Hiawatha's wigwam Kahgahgee, the King of Ravens, Screamed and quivered in his anger,

And from all the neighbouring tree-tops

Cawed and croaked the black marauders.

"Ugh!" the old men all responded,

From their seats beneath the pinetrees!

XIV.

PICTURE WRITING.

In those days said Hiawatha,
"Lo! how all things fade and
perish!

From the memory of the old men Pass away the great traditions, The achievements of the warriors, The adventures of the hunters, All the wisdom of the Medas, All the craft of the Wabenos,

All the marvellous dreams and visions

Of the Jossakeeds, the Prophets!

"Great men die and are forgotten,

.Wise men speak; their words of wisdom

Perish in the ears that hear them, Do not reach the generations That, as yet unborn, are waiting In the great, mysterious darkness Of the speechless days that shall be!

"On the grave-posts of our fathers

Are no signs, no figures painted; Who are in those graves we know not,

Only know they are our fathers. Of what kith they are and kindred, From what old, ancestral Totem, Be it Eagle, Bear, or Beaver, They descended, this we know not, Only know they are our fathers.

"Face to face we speak together, But we cannot speak when absent, Cannot send our voices from us To the friends that dwell afar off; Cannot send a secret message, But the bearer learns our secret, May pervert it, may betray it, May reveal it unto others."

Thus said Hiawatha, walking In the solitary forest, Pondering, musing in the forest, On the welfare of his people.

From his pouch he took his colours,

Took his paints of different colours, On the smooth bark of a birch-tree Painted many shapes and figures, Wonderful and mystic figures, And each figure had a meaning, Each some word or thought suggested.

Gitche Manito the Mighty, He, the Master of Life, was painted As an egg, with points projecting To the four winds of the heavens. Everywhere is the Great Spirit, Was the meaning of this symbol.

Mitche Manito the Mighty,
He the dreadful Spirit of Evil,
As a serpent was depicted,
As Kenabeek, the great serpent.
Very crafty, very cunning,
Is the creeping Spirit of Evil,
Was the meaning of this symbol.
Life and Death be drew as

Life and Death he drew as circles.

Life was white, but Death was darkened;

Sun and moon and stars he painted,

Man and beast, and fish and reptile, Forests, mountains, lakes, and rivers.

For the earth he drew a straight line,

For the sky a bow above it; White the space between for daytime,

Filled with little stars for night-time;

On the left a point for sunrise, On the right a point for sunset, On the top a point for noontide, And for rain and cloudy weather Waving lines descending from it.

Footprints pointing towards a wigwam

Were a sign of invitation,
Were a sign of guests assembling;
Bloody hands with palms uplifted
Were a symbol of destruction,
Were a hostile sign and symbol.

All these things did Hiawatha Show unto his wondering people, And interpreted their meaning, And he said: "Behold, your graveposts Have no mark, no sign, nor symbol, Go and paint them all with figures; Each one with its household symbol,

With its own ancestral Totem;
So that those who follow after
May distinguish them and know them." [posts,

And they painted on the grave-On the graves yet unforgotten, Each his own ancestral Totem, Each the symbol of his household; Figures of the Bear and Reindeer, Of the Turtle, Crane; and Beaver, Each inverted as a token That the owner was departed, That the chief who bore the symbol Lay beneath in dust and ashes.

And the Jossakeeds, the Prophets,
The Wabenos, the Magicians,
And the Medicine-men, the Medas,
Painted upon bark and deer-skin
Figures for the songs they chanted,
For each song a separate symbol,
Figures mystical and awful,
Figures strange and brightly
coloured;

And each figure had its meaning, Each some magic song suggested.

The Great Spirit, the Creator, Flashing light through all the heaven;

The Great Serpent, the Kenabeek, With his bloody crest erected, Creeping, looking into heaven; In the sky the sun, that listens, And the moon eclipsed and dying; Owl and eagle, crane and henhawk,

And the cormorant, bird of magic; Headless men, that walk the heavens.

Bodies lying pierced with arrows, Bloody hands of death uplifted, Flags on graves, and great warcaptains

Grasping both the earth and heaven!

Such as these the shapes they painted

On the birch-bark and the deerskin;

Songs of war and songs of hunting, Songs of medicine and of magic, All were written in these figures, For each figure had its meaning, Each its separate song recorded.

Nor forgotten was the Love-Song, The most subtle of all medicines, The most potent spell of magic, Dangerous more than war or hunting!

Thus the Love-Song was recorded, Symbol and interpretation.

First a human figure standing, Painted in the brightest scarlet; 'T is the lover, the musician, And the meaning is, "My painting Makes me powerful over others."

Then the figure seated, singing, Playing on a drum of magic, And the interpretation, "Listen! 'T is my voice your hear, my singing!"

Then the same red figure seated In the shelter of a wigwam, And the meaning of the symbol, "I will come and sit beside you In the mystery of my passion!"

Then two figures, man and woman,

Standing hand in hand together, With their hands so clasped together That they seemed in one united;
And the words thus represented
Are, "I see your heart within you,
And your cheeks are red with
blushes!"

Next the maiden on an island, In the centre of an island; And the song this shape suggested Was, "Though you were at a distance,

Were upon some far-off island, Such the spell I cast upon you, Such the magic power of passion, I could straightway draw you to me!"

Then the figure of the maiden Sleeping, and the lover near her, Whispering to her in her slumbers, Saying, "Though you were far from me

In the land of Sleep and Silence, Still the voice of love would reach you!"

And the last of all the figures
Was a heart within a circle,
Drawn within a magic circle;
And the image had this meaning:
"Naked lies your heart before me,
To your naked heart I whisper!"

Thus it was that Hiawatha,
In his wisdom, taught the people
All the mysteries of painting,
All the art of Picture-Writing,
On the smooth bark of the birchtree,

On the white skin of the reindeer, On the grave-posts of the village.

XV.

HIAWATHA'S LAMENTATION. In those days the Evil Spirits, All the Manitos of mischief, Fearing Hiawatha's wisdom,
And his love for Chibiabos,
Jealous of their faithful friendship,
And their noble words and actions,
Made at length a league against
them,

To molest them and destroy them.

Hiawatha, wise and wary,
Often said to Chibiabos,
"O my brother! do not leave me,
Lest the Evil Spirits harm you!"
Chibiabos, young and heedless,
Laughing shook his coal-black
tresses,

Answered ever sweet and childlike, "Do not fear for me, O brother! Harm and evil come not near me!"

Once when Peboan, the Winter, Roofed with ice the Big-Sea-Water. When the snow-flakes, whirling downward,

Hissed among the withered oakleaves,

Changed the pine-trees into wigwams,

Covered all the earth with silence,—-Armed with arrows, shod with snow-shoes,

Heeding not his brother's warning, Fearing not the Evil Spirits, Forth to hunt the deer with antlers All alone went Chibiabos.

Right across the Big-Sea-Water Sprang with speed the deer before him.

With the wind and snow he followed,

O'er the treacherous ice he followed, Wild with all the fierce commotion And the rapture of the hunting.

But beneath, the Evil Spirits Lay in ambush, waiting for him. Broke the treacherous ice beneath him,

Dragged him downward to the bottom,

Buried in the sand his body. Unktahee, the god of water, He the god of the Dacotahs, Drowned him in the deep abysses Of the lake of Gitche Gumee.

From the headlands Hiawatha Sent forth such a wail of anguish, Such a fearful lamentation That the bison paused to listen, And the wolves howled from the prairies,

And the thunder in the distance Starting answered "Baim-wawa!"

Then his face with black he painted,

With his robe his head he covered, In his wigwam sat lamenting, Seven long weeks he sat lamenting. Uttering still this moan of sorrow:

"He is dead, the sweet musician!
He the sweetest of all singers!
He has gone from us forever,
He has moved a little nearer
To the Master of all music,
To the Master of all singing!
O my brother, Chibiabos!"

And the melancholy fir-trees Waved their dark green fans above him.

Waved their purple cones above him,

Sighing with him to console him, Mingling with his lamentation

Their complaining, their lamenting.

Came the Spring, and all the
forest

Looked in vain for Chibiabos;

Sighed the rivulet, Sebowisha, Sighed the rushes in the meadow.

From the tree-tops sang the bluebird,

Sang the blue-bird, the Owaissa, "Chibiabos! Chibiabos!

He is dead, the sweet musician!" From the wigwam sang the robin,

Sang the robin, the Opechee, "Chibiahort Chibiahort

"Chibiabos! Chibiabos!

He is dead, the sweetest singer!"

And at night through all the forest

Went the whippoorwill complaining,

Wailing went the Wawonaissa, "Chibiabos! Chibiabos!

He is dead, the sweet musician! He the sweetest of all singers!"

Then the Medicine-men, the Medas,

The magicians, the Wabenos, And the Jossakeeds, the Prophets, Came to visit Hiawatha; Built a Sacred Lodge beside him,

To appease him, to console him. Walked in silent, grave procession, Bearing each a pouch of healing, Skin of beaver, lynx, or otter,

Filled with magic roots and simples,

Filled with very potent medicines. When he heard their steps ap-

proaching,

Hiawatha ceased lamenting,

Called no more on Chibiabos;
Naught he questioned, naught he answered,

But his mournful head uncovered, From his face the mourning colours

Washed he slowly and in silence,

Slowly and in silence followed Onward to the Sacred Wigwam.

There a magic drink they gave him,

Made of Nahma-wusk, the spearmint,

And Wabeno-wusk, the yarrow, Roots of power, and herbs of healing;

Beat their drums, and shook their rattles;

Chanted singly and in chorus, Mystic songs like these, they chanted.

"I myself, myself! behold me!
"T is the great Gray Eagle talking;
Come, ye white Grows, come and hear him!

The loud-speaking thunder helps me;

All the unseen spirits help me; I can hear their voices calling, All around the sky I hear them! I can blow you strong, my brother, I can heal you, Hiawatha!"

"Hi-au-ha!" replied the chorus,
"Way-ha-way!" the mystic chorus.
"Friends of mine are all the serpents!

Hear me shake my skin of henhawk!

Mahng, the white loon, I can kill him;

I can shoot your heart and kill it! I can blow you strong, my brother, I can heal you, Hiawatha!"

"Hi-au-ha!" replied the chorus.
"Way-ha-way!" the mystic chorus.
"I myself, myself! the prophet!
When I speak the wigwam trembles.

Shakes -the Sacred Lodge with terror,

Hands unseen begin to shake it! When I walk, the sky I tread on Bends and makes a noise beneath me!

I can blow you strong, my brother! Rise and speak, O Hiawatha!"

"Hi-au-ha!" replied the chorus.
"Way-ha-way!" the mystic chorus.
Then they shook their medicine-pouches

O'er the head of Hiawatha,

Danced their medicine-dance
around him;

And upstarting wild and haggard, Like a man from dreams awakened, He was healed of all his madness. As the clouds are swept from heaven,

Straightway from his heart de parted

All his moody melancholy;
As the ice is swept from rivers.
Straightway from the heart departed

All his sorrow and affliction.

Then they summoned Chibiabos From his grave beneath the waters, From the sands of Gitche Gumee Summoned Hiawatha's brother. And so mighty was the magic Of that cry and invocation, That he heard it as he lay there Urderneath the Big-Sea-Water. From the sand he rose and listened, Heard the music and the singing, Came, obedient to the summons, To the doorway of the wigwam, But to enter they forbade him.

Through a chink a coal they gave him,

Through the door a burning firebrand; Ruler in the Land of Spirits, Ruler o'er the dead, they made him, Telling him a fire to kindle For all those that died thereafter, Camp-fires for their night encampments

On their solitary journey
To the kingdom of Ponemah,
To the land of the Hereafter.
From the village of his childhood,
From the homes of those who knew
him.

Passing silent through the forest, Like a smoke-wreath wafted sideways,

Slowly vanished Chibiabos!

Where he passed, the branches moved not,

Where he trod, the grasses bent not,
And the fallen leaves of last year
Made no sound beneath his footsteps. [onward]

Four whole days he journeyed Down the pathway of the dead men;

On the dead-man's strawberry feasted,

Crossed the melancholy river,
On the swinging log he crossed it,
Came unto the Lake of Silver,
In the Stone Canoe was carried
To the Islands of the Blessed,
To the land of ghosts and shadows.

On that journey, moving slowly, Many weary spirits saw he, Panting under heavy burdens, Laden with war-clubs, bows and arrows,

Robes of fur, and pots and kettles And with food that friends had given

For that solitary journey.

"Ah! why do the living," said they,

"Lay such heavy burdens on us? Better were it to go naked, Better were it to go fasting, Than to bear such heavy burdens On our long and weary journey!"

Forth then issued Hiawatha, Wandered eastward, wandered westward,

Teaching men the use of simples

And the antidotes for poisons,

And the cure of all diseases.

Thus was first made known to
mortals

All the mystery of Medamin, All the sacred art of healing.

XVI.

PAU-PUK-KEEWIS.

You shall hear how Pau-Puk Keewis,

He, the handsome Yenadizze, Whom the people called the Storm-Fool,

Vexed the village with disturbance;

You shall hear of all his mischief, And his flight from Hiawatha, And his wondrous transmigrations, And the end of his adventures.

On the shores of Gitche Gumee, On the dunes of Nagow Wudjoo, By the shining Big-Sea-Water Stood the lodge of Pau-Puk-Keewis. It was he who in his frenzy Whirled these drifting sands together,

On the dunes of Nagow Wudjoo, When, among the guests assembled, He so merrily and madly Danced at Hiawatha's wedding,

LO.

Danced the Beggar's Dance to please them.

Now, in search of new adventures,

From his lodge went Pau-Puk-Keewis,

Came with speed into the village, Found the young men all assembled In the lodge of old Iagoo, Listening to his monstrous stories, To his wonderful adventures.

He was telling them the story
Of Ojeeg, the Summer-Maker,
How he made a hole in heaven,
How he climbed up into heaven,
And let out the summer-weather,
The perpetual, pleasant Summer;
How the Otter first essayed it;
How the Beaver, Lynx, and Badger
Tried in turn the great achievement,

From the summit of the mountain Smote their fists against the heavens,

Smote against the sky their fore-heads,

Cracked the sky, but could not break it;

How the Wolverine, uprising, Made him ready for the encounter, Bent his knees down, like a squirrel, Drew his arms back, like a cricket.

"Once he leaped," said old Iagoo,

"Once he leaped, and lo! above him

Bent the sky, as ice in rivers
When the waters rise beneath it;
Twice he leaped, and lo! above him

Cracked the sky, as ice in rivers When the freshet is at highest! Thrice he leaped, and lo! above him

Broke the shattered sky asunder, And he disappeared within it, And Ojeeg, the Fisher Weasel, With a bound went in behind him!"

"Hark you!" shouted Pau-Puk-Keewis

As he entered at the doorway;
"I am tired of all this talking,
Tired of old Iagoo's stories,
Tired of Hiawatha's wisdom.
Here is something to amuse you,
Better than this endless talking,"

Then from out his pouch of wolf-skin

Forth he drew, with solemn manner, All the game of Bowl and Counters. Pugasaing, with thirteen pieces. White on one side were they painted,

And vermilion on the other;
Two Kenabeeks or great serpents
Two Ininewug or wedge-men,
One great war-club, Pugamaugun
And one slender fish, the Keego,
Four round pieces, Ozawabeeks
And three Sheshebwug or ducklings.

All were made of bone and painted, All except the Ozawabeeks; These were brass, on one side

burnished,
And were black upon the other.

In a wooden bowl he placed them,

Shook and jostled them together,
Threw them on the ground before
him,

Thus exclaiming and explaining: "Red side up are all the pieces,

And one great Kenabeek standing, On the bright side of a brass piece, On a burnished Ozawabeek; Thirteen tens and eight are counted."

Then again he shook the pieces, Shook and jostled them together, Threw them on the ground before him,

Still exclaiming and explaining:
"White are both the great Kenabeeks,

White the Ininewug, the wedgemen,

Red are all the other pieces;
Five tens and an eight are counted."

Thus he taught the game of hazard,

Thus displayed it and explained it, Running through its various chances,

Various changes, various meanings: Twenty curious eyes stared at him, Full of eagerness stared at him.

"Many games," said old Iagoo,
"Many games of skill and hazard
Have I seen in different nations,
Have I played in different countries.

He who plays with old Iagoo Must have very nimble fingers; Though you think yourself so skilful,

I can beat you, Pau-Puk-Keewis,
I can even give you lessons
In your game of Bowl and
Counters!"

So they sat and played together, All the old men and the young men, Played for dresses, weapons, wampum, Played till midnight, played till morning,

Played until the Yenadizze,
Till the cunning Pau-Puk-Keewis,
Of their treasures had despoiled
them,

Of the best of all their dresses, Shirts of deer-skin, robes of ermine, Belts of wampum, crests of feathers,

Warlike weapons, pipes and pouches.

Twenty eyes glared wildly at him, Like the eyes of wolves glared at him.

Said the lucky Pau-Puk-Keewis:
"In my wigwam I am lonely,
In my wanderings and adventures
I have need of a companion,
Fain would have a Meshinauwa,
An attendant and pipe-bearer.
I will venture all these winnings,
All these garments heaped about me,

All this wampum, all these feathers, On a single throw will venture All against the young man yonder!" 'T was a youth of sixteen summers, 'T was a nephew of Iagoo; Face-in-a-Mist, the people called him.

As the fire burns in a pipe-head Dusky-red beneath the ashes, So beneath his shaggy eyebrows Glowed the eyes of old Iagoo. "Ugh!" he answered very fiercely; "Ugh!" they answered all and each one.

Seized the wooden bowl the old man,

Closely in his bony fingers Clutched the fatal bowl, Onagon, Shook it fiercely and with fury,
Made the pieces ring together
As he threw them down before
him.

Red were both the great Kenabeeks,

Red the Ininewug, the wedge-men, Red the Sheshebwug, the ducklings, Black the four brass Ozawabeeks. White alone the fish, the Keego; Only five the pieces counted!

Then the smiling Pau-Puk-Keewis

Shook the bowl and threw the pieces;

Lightly in the air he tossed them,
And they fell about him scattered;
Dark and bright the Ozawabeeks,
Red and white the other pieces,
And upright among the others
One Ininewug was standing,
Even as crafty Pau-Puk-Keewis
Stood alone among the players,
Saying, "Five tens! mine the game
is!"

Twenty eyes glared at him fiercely,

Like the eyes of wolves glared at him,

As he turned and left the wigwam,
Followed by his Meshinauwa,
By the nephew of Iagoo,
By the tall and graceful stripling,
Bearing in his arms the winnings,
Shirts of deer-skin, robes of ermine,
Belts of wampum, pipes and
weapons.

"Carry them," said Pau-Puk-Keewis,

Pointing with his fan of feathers, "To my wigwam far to eastward, On the dunes of Nagow Wudjoo!"

Hot and red with smoke and gambling

Were the eyes of Pau-Puk-Keewis
As he came forth to the freshness
Of the pleasant Summer morning.
All the birds were singing gaily,
All the streamlets flowing swiftly,
And the heart of Pau-Puk-Keewis
Sang with pleasure as the birds
sing,

Beat with triumph like the streamlets,

As he wandered through the village, In the early gray of morning, With his fan of turkey-feathers, With his plumes and tufts of swan's down,

Till he reached the farthest wigwam,

Reached the lodge of Hiawatha.

Silent was it and deserted;

No one met him at the doorway,

No one came to bid him welcome;

But the birds were singing round it,

In and out and round the doorway,

Hopping, singing, fluttering, feeding,

And aloft upon the ridge-pole
Kahgahgee, the King of Ravens,
Sat with fiery eyes, and, screaming,
Flapped his wings at Pau-PukKeewis.

"All are gone! the lodge is empty!"

Thus it was spake Pau-Puk-Keewis, In his heart resolving mischief;— "Gone is wary Hiawatha, Gone the silly Laughing Water, Gone Nokomis, the old woman, And the lodge is left unguarded!"

By the neck he seized the raven, Whirled it round him like a rattle. Like a medicine-pouch he shook it, Strangled Kahgahgee, the raven, From the ridge-pole of the wigwam Left its lifeless body hanging, As an insult to its master, As a taunt to Hiawatha.

With a stealthy step he entered, Round the lodge in wild disorder Threw the household things about him,

Piled together in confusion Bowls of wood and earthen kettles, Robes of buffalo and beaver, Skins of otter, lynx, and ermine, As an insult to Nokomis, As a taunt to Minnehaha.

Then departed Pau-Puk-Keewis, Whistling, singing through the forest,

Whistling gaily to the squirrels,
Who from hollow boughs above him
Dropped their acorn-shells upon
him,

Singing gaily to the wood-birds, Who from out the leafy darkness Answered with a song as merry.

Then he climbed the rocky head-lands,

Looking o'er the Gitche Gumee, Perched himself upon their summit, Waiting full of mirth and mischief The return of Hiawatha.

Stretched upon his back he lay there;

Far below him plashed the waters, Plashed and washed the dreamy waters;

Far above him swam the heavens, Swam the dizzy, dreamy heavens; Round him hovered, fluttered, rustled

Hiawatha's mountain chickens,

Flock-wise swept and wheeled about him,

Almost brushed him with their pinions.

And he killed them as he lay there,

Slaughtered them by tens and twenties.

Threw their bodies down the headland.

Threw them on the beach below him, Till at length Kayoshk, the sea-gull, Perched upon a crag above them, Shouted: "It is Pau-Puk-Keewis! He is slaying us by hundreds! Send a message to our brother, Tidings send to Hiawatha!"

XVII.

THE HUNTING OF PAU-PUK-KEEWIS. FULL of wrath was Hiawatha When he came into the village, Found the people in confusion, Heard of all the misdemeanours, All the malice and the mischief, Of the cunning Pau-Puk-Keewis.

Hard his breath came through his nostrils,

Through his teeth he buzzed and muttered

Words of anger and resentment,
Hot and humming, like a hornet.
"I will slay this Pau-Puk-Keewis,
Slay this mischief-maker!" said he.
"Not so long and wide the world is,
Not so rude and rough the way is,
That my wrath shall not attain him,
That my vengeance shall not reach
him!"

Then in swift pursuit departed Hiawatha and the hunters On the trail of Pau-Puk-Keewis, Through the forest, where he passed it,

To the headlands where he rested; But they found not Pau-Puk-Keewis,

Only in the trampled grasses, In the whortleberry-bushes, Found the couch where he had rested,

Found the impress of his body.

From the lowlands far beneath them,

From the Muskoday, the meadow, Pau-Puk-Keewis, turning backward,

Made a gesture of defiance,
Made a gesture of derision;
And aloud cried Hiawatha,
From the summit of the mountains:
"Not so long and wide the world is,
Not so rude and rough the way is,
But my wrath shall overtake you,
And my vengeance shall attain
you!"

Over rock and over river,
Through bush and brake and forest,
Ran the cunning Pau-Puk-Keewis;
Like an antelope he bounded,
Till he came unto a streamlet
In the middle of the forest,
To a streamlet still and tranquil,
That had overflowed its margin,
To a dam made by the beavers,
To a pond of quiet water,
Where knee-deep the trees were
standing,

Where the water-lilies floated, Where the rushes waved and whispered.

On the dam stood Pau-Puk-Keewis,

On the dam of trunks and branches,

Through whose chinks the water spouted,

O'er whose summit flowed the streamlet.

From the bottom rose the beaver, Looked with two great eyes of wonder,

Eyes that seemed to ask a question, At the stranger, Pau-Puk-Keewis.

On the dam stood Pau-Puk-Keewis,

O'er his ankles flowed the streamlet, Flowed the bright and silvery water, And he spake unto the beaver, With a smile he spake in this wise:

"O my friend, Ahmeek, the beaver,

Cool and pleasant is the water; Let me dive into the water, Let me rest there in your lodges; Change me, too, into a beaver!"

Cautiously replied the beaver,
With reserve he thus made answer:
"Let me first consult the others,
Let me ask the other beavers."
Down he sank into the water,
Heavily sank he, as a stone sinks,
Down among the leaves and
branches,

Brown and matted at the bottom.

On the dam stood Pau-PukKeewis.

O'er his ankles flowed the streamlet, Spouted through the chinks below him,

Dashed upon the stones beneath him, Spread serene and calm before him, And the sunshine and the shadows Fell in flecks and gleams upon him, Fell in little shining patches, Through the waving, rustling branches. From the bottom rose the beavers, Silently above the surface Rose one head and then another, Till the pond seemed full of beavers,

Full of black and shining faces.

To the beavers Pau-Puk-Keewis Spake entreating, said in this wise: "Very pleasant is your dwelling, O my friends! and safe from

danger;

Can you not, with all your cunning, All your wisdom and contrivance, Change me, too, into a beaver?"

"Yes," replied Ahmeek, the beaver,

He the King of all the beavers, "Let yourself slide down among us, Down into the tranquil water."

Down into the pond among them Silently sank Pau-Puk-Keewis; Black became his shirt of deer-skin, Black his moccasins and leggings, In a broad black tail behind him Spread his fox-tails and his fringes;

He was changed into a beaver.

"Make me large," said Pau-Puk-

" Make me large," said Pau-Pul Keewis,

"Make me large, and make me larger,

Larger than the other beavers."
"Yes," the beaver chief responded,
"When our lodge below you enter,
In our wigwam we will make you

Ten times larger than the others."

Thus into the clear, brown water
Silently sank Pau-Puk-Keewis;
Found the bottom covered over

With the trunks of trees and branches,

Hoards of food against the winter,

Piles and heaps against the famine; Found the lodge with arching doorway

Leading into spacious chambers.

Here they made him large and larger,

Made him largest of the beavers,
Ten times larger than the others.
"You shall be our ruler," said they;
"Chief and King of all the beavers.
But not long had Pau-PukKeewis

Sat in state among the beavers, When there came a voice of warning From the watchman at his station In the water-flags and lilies, Saying, "Here is Hiawatha! Hiawatha with his hunters!"

Then they heard a cry above them,

Heard a shouting and a tramping, Heard a crashing and a rushing, And the water round and o'er them Sank and sucked away in eddies, And they knew their dam was broken.

On the lodge's roof the hunters Leaped, and broke it all asunder; Streamed the sunshine through the crevice,

Sprang the beavers through the doorway,

Hid themselves in deeper water, In the channel of the streamlet; But the mighty Pau-Puk-Keewis Could not pass beneath the doorway;

He was puffed with pride and feeding,

He was swollen like a bladder.

Through the roof looked Hiawatha,

Cried aloud, "O Pau-Puk-Keewis! Vain are all your craft and cunning, Vain your manifold disguises! Well I know you, Pau-Puk-

Well I know you, Pau-Puk Keewis!"

With their clubs they beat and bruised him,

Beat to death poor Pau-Puk-Keewis,

Pounded him as maize is pounded, Till his skull was crushed to pieces. Six tall hunters, lithe and limber, Bore him home on poles and branches,

Bore the body of the beaver;
But the ghost, the Jeebi in him,
Thought and felt as Pau-PukKeewis,

Still lived on as Pau-Puk-Keewis.

And it fluttered, strove, and struggled,

Waving hither, waving thither, As the curtains of a wigwam Struggle with their thongs of deerskin,

When the wintry wind is blowing; Till it drew itself together,
Till it rose up from the body,
Till it took the form and features
Of the cunning Pau-Puk-Keewis,
Vanishing into the forest.

But the wary Hiawatha
Saw the figure ere it vanished,
Saw the form of Pau-Puk-Keewis
Glide into the soft blue shadow
Of the pine-trees of the forest; [it,
Toward the squares of white beyond
Toward an opening in the forest,
Like a wind it rushed and panted,
Bending all the boughs before it,
And behind it, as the rain comes,
Came the steps of Hiawatha.

To a lake with many islands
Came the breathless Pau-PukKeewis,

Where among the water-lilies
Pishnekuh, the brant, were sailing;
Through the tufts of rushes floating,

Steering through the reedy islands. Now their broad black beaks they lifted,

Now they plunged beneath the water,

Now they darkened in the shadow, Now they brightened in the sunshine.

"Pishnekuh!" cried Pau-Puk-Keewis,

"Pishnekuh! my brothers!" said he,
"Change me to a brant with
plumage,

With a shining neck and feathers, Make me large, and make me larger,

Ten times larger than the others."

Straightway to a brant they changed him,

With two huge and dusky pinions, With a bosom smooth and rounded, With a bill like two great paddles, Made him larger than the others, Ten times larger than the largest, Just as, shouting from the forest, On the shore stood Hiawatha.

Up they rose with cry and clamour,

With a whir and beat of pinions,
Rose up from the reedy islands,
From the water-flags and lilies.
And they said to Pau-Puk-Keewis:
"In your flying, look not downward,
Take good heed and look not downward.

Lest some strange mischance should happen,

Lest some great mishap befall you!"

Fast and far they fled to northward,

Fast and far through mist and sunshine,

Fed among the moors and fen-lands, Slept among the reeds and rushes.

On the morrow as they journeyed, Buoyed and lifted by the Southwind,

Wafted onward by the South- ind. Blowing fresh and strong behind them.

Rose a sound of human voices, Rose a clamour from beneath them, From the lodges of a village, From the people miles beneath them.

For the people of the village Saw the flock of brant with wonder, Saw the wings of Pau-Puk-Keewis Flapping far up in the ether, Broader than two doorway curtains.

Pau-Puk-Keewis heard the shouting,

Knew the voice of Hiawatha, Knew the outcry of Iagoo, And, forgetful of the warning, Drew his neck in, and looked downward;

And the wind that blew behind him Caught his mighty fan of feathers, Sent him wheeling, whirling downward!

All in vain did Pau-Puk-Keewis Struggle to regain his balance! Whirling round and round and downward,

He beheld in turn the village And in turn the flock above him, Saw the village coming nearer,
And the flock receding farther,
Heard the voices growing louder,
Heard the shouting and the
laughter;

Saw no more the flocks above him, Only saw the earth beneath him; Dead out of the empty heaven, Dead among the shouting people. With a heavy sound and sullen, Fell the brant with broken pinions. But his soul, his ghost, his shadow,

Still survived as Pau-Puk-Keewis, Took again the form and features Of the handsome Yenadizze, And again went rushing onward, Followed fast by Hiawatha, Crying: "Not so wide the world is, Not so long and rough the way is, But my wrath shall overtake you, But my vengeance shall attain you!"

And so near he came, so near him.

That his hand was stretched to seize him,

His right hand to seize and hold him.

When the cunning Pau-Puk-Keewis Whirled and spun about in circles, Fanned the air into a whirlwind, Danced the dust and leaves about him.

And amid the whirling eddies.

Sprang into a hollow oak-tree,

Changed himself into a serpent,

Gliding out through root and rubbish.

With his right hand Hiawatha Smote amain the hollow oak-tree, Rent it into shreds and splinters, Left it lying there in fragments.
But in vain; for Pau-Puk-Keewis,
Once again in human figure,
Full in sight ran on before him,
Sped away in gust and whirlwind,
On the shores of Gitche Gumee,
Westward by the Big-Sea-Water,
Came unto the rocky headlands,
To the Pictured Rocks of sandstone,

Looking over lake and landscape.

And the Old Man of the Mountain,

He the Manito of Mountains, Opened wide his rocky doorways, Opened wide his deep abysses, Giving Pau-Puk-Keewis shelter In his caverns dark and dreary, Bidding Pau-Puk-Keewis welcome To his gloomy lodge of sandstone.

There without stood Hiawatha, Found the doorways closed against him,

With his mittens, Minjekahwun, Smote great caverns in the sandstone,

Cried aloud in tones of thunder, "Open! I am Hiawatha!"
But the Old Man of the Mountain
Opened not, and made no answer
From the silent crags of sandstone,
From the gloomy rock abysses.

Then he raised his hands to heaven,

Called imploring on the tempest, Called Waywassimo, the lightning, And the thunder, Annemeekee; And they came with night and darkness.

Sweeping down the Big-Sea-Water From the distant. Thunder Mountains: And the trembling Pau-Puk-Keewis Heard the footsteps of the thunder, Saw the red eyes of the lightning, Was afraid, and crouched and trembled.

Then Waywassimo, the lightning, Smote the doorways of the caverns, With his war-club smote the doorways,

Smote the jutting crags of sandstone,

And the thunder, Annemeekee, Shouted down into the caverns, Saying, "Where is Pau-Puk-Keewis?"

And the crags fell, and beneath them

Dead among the rocky ruins Lay the cunning Pau-Puk-Keewis, Lay the handsome Yenadizze, Slain in his own human figure.

Ended were his wild adventures, Ended were his tricks and gambols, Ended all his craft and cunning, Ended all his mischief-making, All his gambling and his dancing, All his wooing of the maidens.

Then the noble Hiawatha

Took his soul, his ghost, his
shadow,

Spake and said: "O Pau-Puk-Keewis!

Never more in human figure Shall you search for new adventures,

Never more with jest and laughter Dance the dust and leaves in whirlwinds;

But above there in the heavens You shall soar and sail in circles; I will change you to an eagle, To Keneu, the great War-Eagle, Chief of all the fowls with feathers,

Chief of Hiawatha's chickens."

And the name of Pau-Puk-Keewis

Lingers still among the people, Lingers still among the singers, And among the story-tellers; And in Winter, when the snowflakes

Whirl in eddies round the lodges, When the wind in gusty tumult O'er the smoke-flue pipes and whistles,

"There," they cry, "comes Pau-Puk-Keewis;

He is dancing through the village, He is gathering in his harvest!"

XVIII.

THE DEATH OF KWASIND.

FAR and wide among the nations
Spread the name and fame of
Kwasind;

No man dared to strive with Kwasind,

No man could compete with Kwasind.

But the mischievous Puk-Wudjies, They the envious Little People, They the fairies and the pigmies, Plotted and conspired against him.

"If this hateful Kwasind," said they,

"If this great, outrageous fellow
Goes on thus a little longer,
Tearing everything he touches
Rending everything to pieces,
Filling all the world with wonder,
What becomes of the Puk-Wudjies? [jies?
Who will care for the Puk-Wud-

He will tread us down like mushrooms,

Drive us all into the water,
Give our bodies to be eaten
By the wicked Nee-ba-naw-baigs,
By the Spirits of the Water!"
So the approx Little People

So the angry Little People
All conspired against the Strong
Man,

All conspired to murder Kwasind, Yes, to rid the world of Kwasind, The audacious, overbearing,

Heartless, haughty, dangerous Kwasind!

Now this wondrous strength of Kwasind

In his crown alone was seated;
In his crown too was his weakness;
There alone could he be wounded,
Nowhere else could weapon pierce
him,

Nowhere else could weapon harm him.

Even there the only weapon That could wound him, that could slay him,

Was the seed-cone of the pine-tree, Was the blue-cone of the fir-tree. This was Kwasind's fatal secret, Known to no man among mortals; But the cunning Little People, The Puk-Wudjies, knew the secret, Knew the only way to kill him.

So they gathered cones together,
Gathered seed-cones of the pine-tree,
Gathered blue-cones of the fir-tree,
In the woods by Taquamenaw,
Brought them to the river's margin,
Heaped them in great piles together,

Where the red rocks from the margin

Jutting overhang the river. There they lay in wait for Kwasind, The malicious Little People.

'T was an afternoon in Summer; Very hot and still the air was, Very smooth the gliding river, Motionless the sleeping shadows: Insects glistened in the sunshine, Insects skated on the water, Filled the drowsy air with buzzing, With a far resounding war-cry.

Down the river came the Strong Man,

In his birch canoe came Kwasind, Floating slowly down the current Of the sluggish Taquamenaw, Very languid with the weather, Very sleepy with the silence

From the overhanging branches, From the tassels of the birch-trees, Soft the Spirit of Sleep descended; By his airy hosts surrounded, His invisible attendants, Came the Spirit of Sleep, Nepahwin;

Like a burnished Dush-kwo-ne-she, Like a Dragon-fly, he hovered O'er the drowsy head of Kwasind.

To his ear there came a murmur As of waves upon a sea-shore, As of far-off tumbling waters, As of winds among the pine-trees; And he felt upon his forehead Blows of little airy war-clubs, Wielded by the slumbrous legions Of the Spirit of Sleep, Nepahwin, As of some one breathing on him.

At the first blow of their warclubs,

Fell a drowsiness on Kwasind; At the second blow they smote him Motionless his paddle rested; At the third, before his vision Reeled the landscape into darkness, Very sound asleep was Kwasind.

So he floated down the river, Like a blind man seated upright, Floated down the Taquamenaw, Underneath the trembling birchtrees,

Underneath the wooded headlands, Underneath the war encampment Of the pigmies, the Puk-Wudjies.

There they stood, all armed and waiting,

Hurled the pine-cones down upon him, [shoulders, Struck him on his brawny On his crown defenceless struck him. [sudden "Death to Kwasind!" was the War-cry of the Little People.

And he sideways swayed and tumbled,

Sideways fell into the river,
Plunged beneath the sluggish water
Headlong, as an otter plunges;
And the birch canoe, abandoned,
Drifted empty down the river,
Bottom upward swerved and
drifted:

Nothing more was seen of Kwasind. But the memory of the Strong Man

Lingered long among the people,
And whenever through the forest
Raged and roared the wintry tempest, [troubled,
And the branches, tossed and
Creaked and groaned and split

asunder,
"Kwasind!" cried they; "that is
Kwasind!

He is gathering in his firewood!"

XIX.

THE GHOSTS.

NEVER stoops the soaring vulture
On his quarry in the desert,
On the sick or wounded bison,
But another vulture, watching
From his high aerial look-out,
Sees the downward plunge, and
follows;

And a third pursues the second, Coming from the invisible ether, First a speck, and then a vulture, Till the air is dark with pinions.

So disasters come not singly;
But as if they watched and waited,
Scanning one another's motions,
When the first descends, the others
Follow, follow, gathering flock-wise
Round their victim, sick and
wounded,

First a shadow, then a sorrow, Till the air is dark with anguish.

Now, o'er all the dreary Northland,

Mighty Peboan, the Winter, Breathing on the lakes and rivers, Into stone had changed their waters. From his hair he shook the snow-flakes,

Till the plains were strewn with whiteness,

One uninterrupted level,
As if, stooping, the Creator
With his hand had smoothed them
over.

Through the forest, wide and wailing, [shoes; Roamed the hunter on his snow-In the village worked the women, Pounded maize, or dressed the deer-skin;

And the young men played together On the ice the noisy ball-play, On the plain the dance of snowshoes.

One dark evening, after sundown,

In her wigwam Laughing Water
Sat with old Nokomis, waiting
For the steps of Hiawatha
Homeward from the hunt returning.
On their faces gleamed the firelight,

Painting them with streaks of crimson,

In the eyes of old Nokomis Glimmered like the watery moonlight,

In the eyes of Laughing Water Glistened like the sun in water; And behind them crouched shadows

In the corners of the wigwam,
And the smoke in wreaths above
them

Climbed and crowded through the smoke-flue.

Then the curtain of the doorway From without was slowly lifted; Brighter glowed the fire a moment, And a moment swerved the smokewreath.

As two women entered softly,
Passed the doorway uninvited,
Without word of salutation,
Without sign of recognition,
Sat down in the farthest corner,
Crouching low among the shadows.

From their aspect and their garments,

Strangers seemed they in the village;

Very pale and haggard were they,

As they sat there sad and silent, Trembling, cowering with the shadows.

Was it the wind above the smokeflue,

Muttering down into the wigwam?
Was it the owl, the Koko-koho,
Hooting from the dismal forest?
Sure a voice said in the silence:
"These are corpses clad in garments,

These are ghosts that come to haunt you,

From the kingdom of Ponemah, From the land of the Hereafter!"

Homeward now came Hiawatha From his hunting in the forest, With the snow upon his tresses, And the red deer on his shoulders. At the feet of Laughing Water Down he threw his lifeless burden; Nobler, handsomer she hought him, Than when first he came to woo her:

First threw down the deer before her,

As a token of his wishes,

As a promise of the future.

Then he turned and saw the strangers,

Cowering, crouching with the shadows;

Said within himself, "Who are they?

What strange guests has Minnehaha?"

But he questioned not the strangers, Only spake to bid them welcome To his lodge, his food, his fireside.

When the evening meal was ready,

And the deer had been divided,

Both the pallid guests, the strangers, Springing from among the shadows, Seized upon the choicest portions, Seized the white fat of the roebuck, Set apart for Laughing Water, For the wife of Hiawatha; Without asking, without thanking, Eagerly devoured the morsels, Flitted back among the shadows In the corner of the wigwam.

Not a word spake Hiawatha, Not a motion made Nokomis, Not a gesture Laughing Water; Not a change came o'er their features;

Only Minnehaha softly

Whispered, saying, "They are famished;

Let them do what best delights them;

Let them eat, for they are famished."

Many a daylight dawned and darkened,

Many a night shook off the daylight As the pine shakes off the snowflakes

From the midnight of its branches; Day by day the guests unmoving Sat there silent in the wigwam; But by night, in storm or starlight, Forth they went into the forest, Bringing fire-wood to the wigwam, Bringing pine-cones for the burning, Always sad and always silent.

And whenever Hiawatha
Came from fishing or from hunting,
When the evening meal was ready,
And the food had been divided,
Gliding from their darksome corner,
Came the pallid guests, the
strangers,

Seized upon the choicest portions Set aside for Laughing Water, And without rebuke or question Flitted back among the shadows.

Never once had Hiawatha
By a word or look reproved them;
Never once had old Nokomis
Made a gesture of impatience;
Never once had Laughing Water
Shown resentment at the outrage.
All had they endured in silence,
That the rights of guest and stranger,

That the virtue of free-giving, By a look might not be lessened, By a word might not be broken.

Once at midnight Hiawatha, Ever wakeful, ever watchful, In the wigwam, dimly lighted By the brands that still were burning,

By the glimmering, flickering firelight,

Heard a sighing, oft repeated, Heard a sobbing, as of sorrow.

From his couch rose Hiawatha, From his shaggy hides of bison, Pushed aside the deer-skin curtain, Saw the pallid guests, the shadows, Sitting upright on their couches, Weeping in the silent midnight.

And he said: "O guests! why is it

That your hearts are so afflicted,
That you sob so in the midnight?
Has perchance the old Nokomis,
Has my wife, my Minnehaha,
Wronged or grieved you by unkindness,

Failed in hospitable duties?"

Then the shadows ceased from weeping,

Ceased from sobbing and lament, ing,

And they said, with gentle voices:
"We are ghosts of the departed,
Souls of those who once were with
you.

From the realms of Chibiabos Hither have we come to try you, Hither have we come to warn you.

"Cries of grief and lamentation Reach us in the Blessed Islands; Cries of anguish from the living, Calling back their friends departed, Sadden us with useless sorrow. Therefore have we come to try you; No one knows us, no one heeds us. We are but a burden to you, And we see that the departed Have no place among the living.

"Think of this, O Hiawatha! Speak of it to all the people, That henceforward and for ever They no more with lamentations Sadden the souls of the departed In the Islands of the Blessed.

"Do not lay such heavy burdens In the graves of those you bury, Not such weight of furs and wampum,

Not such weight of pots and kettles, For the spirits faint beneath them. Only give them food to carry, Only give them fire to light them.

"Four days is the spirit's journey To the land of ghosts and shadows, Four its lonely night encampments; Four times must their fires be lighted.

Therefore, when the dead are buried,

Let a fire, as night approaches, Four times on the grave be kindled, That the soul upon its journey May not lack the cheerful fire-light, May not grope about in darkness.

"Farewell, noble Hiawatha!

We have put you to the trial,

To the proof have put your patience,

By the insult of our presence, By the outrage of our actions. We have found you great and noble. Fail not in the greater trial, . Faint not in the harder struggle."

When they ceased, a sudden darkness

Fell and filled the silent wigwam. Hiawatha heard a rustle
As of garments trailing by him,
Heard the curtain of the doorway
Lifted by a hand he saw not,
Felt the cold breath of the night air,
For a moment saw the starlight;
But he saw the ghosts no longer,
Saw no more the wandering spirits
From the kingdom of Ponemah,
From the land of the Hereafter.

XX.

THE FAMINE.

OH, the long and dreary Winter!
Oh, the cold and cruel Winter!
Ever thicker, thicker, thicker
Froze the ice on lake and river,
Ever deeper, deeper, deeper
Fell the snow o'er all the landscape,
Fell the covering snow, and drifted
Through the forest, round the
village.

Hardly from his buried wigwam Could the hunter force a passage; With his mittens and his snow-shoes Vainly walked he through the forest. Sought for bird or beast and found none,

Saw no track of deer or rabbit, In the snow beheld no footprints, In the ghastly, gleaming forest Fell, and could not rise from weak ness,

Perished there from cold and hunger.

Oh, the famine and the fever!
Oh, the wasting of the famine!
Oh, the blasting of the fever!
Oh, the wailing of the children!
Oh, the anguish of the women!

All the earth was sick and famished;

Hungry was the air around them, Hungry was the sky above them, And the hungry stars in heaven Like the eyes of wolves glared at them!

Into Hiawatha's wigwam
Came two other guests, as silent
As the ghosts were, and as gloomy,
Waited not to be invited,
Did not parley at the doorway,
Sat there without word of welcome
In the seat of Laughing Water;
Looked with haggard eyes and
hollow

At the face of Laughing Water.

And the foremost said, "Behold me!

I am Famine, Bukadawin!"
And the other said, "Behold me!
I am Fever, Ahkosewin!"

And the lovely Minnehaha
Shuddered as they looked upon her,
Shuddered at the words they
uttered,

Lay down on her bed in silence, Hid her face, but made no answer; Lay there trembling, freezing, burning

At the looks they cast upon her, At the fearful words they uttered.

Forth into the empty forest Rushed the maddened Hiawatha; In his heart was deadly sorrow, In his face a stony firmness; On his brow the sweat of anguish Started, but it froze and fell not.

Wrapped in furs and armed for hunting,

With his mighty bow of ash-tree, With his quiver full of arrows, With his mittens, Minjekahwun, Into the vast and vacant forest On his snow-shoes strode he forward.

"Gitche Manito, the Mighty!"
Cried he with his face uplifted
In that bitter hour of anguish,
"Give your children food, O
father!

Give us food, or we must perish! Give me food for Minnehaha, For my dying Minnehaha!"

Through the far-resounding forest,

Through the forest vast and vacant, Rang that cry of desolation, But there came no other answer Than the echo of his crying, Than the echo of the woodlands, "Minnehaha! Minnehaha!"

All day long roved Hiawatha
In that melancholy forest,
Through the shadow of whose thickets,

In the pleasant days of Summer,
Of that ne'er forgotten Summer,
He had brought his young wife
homeward

From the land of the Dacotahs; When the birds sang in the thickets. And the streamlets laughed and glistened,

And the air was full of fragrance, And the lovely Laughing Water Said, with voice that did not tremble,

"I will follow you, my husband!"
In the wigwam with Nokomis,
With those gloomy guests that
watched her,

With the Famine and the Fever, She was lying, the Beloved, She, the dying Minnehaha.

"Hark!" she said, "I hear a rushing,

Hear a roaring and a rushing,
Hear the Falls of Minnehaha
Calling to me from a distance!"
"No, my child!" said old Nokomis,
""I is the night-wind in the pinetrees!"

"Look!" she said, "I see my father

Standing lonely at his doorway,
Beckoning to me from his wigwam,
In the land of the Dacotahs!"
"No, my child!" said old Nokomis,
"'T is the smoke that waves and
beckons!"

"Ah!" said she, "the eyes of Pauguk

Glare upon me in the darkness; I can feel his icy fingers Clasping mine amid the darkness! Hiawatha! Hiawatha!"

And the desolate Hiawatha, Far away amid the forest, Miles away among the mountains, Heard that sudden cry of anguish, Heard the voice of Minnehaha

Calling to him in the darkness, "Hiawatha! Hiawatha!"

Over snow-fields waste and pathless,

Under snow-encumbered branches, Homeward hurried Hiawatha, Empty-handed, heavy-hearted, Heard Nokomis moaning, wailing: "Wahonowin! Wahonowin! Would that I had perished for you, Would that I were dead as you are! Wahonowin! Wahonowin!"

And he rushed into the wigwam, Saw the old Nokomis slowly Rocking to and fro and moaning, Saw his lovely Minnehaha Lying dead and cold before him; And his bursting heart within him Uttered such a cry of anguish, That the forest moaned and shuddered,

That the very stars in heaven Shook and trembled with his anguish.

Then he sat down, still and speechless,

On the bed of Minnehaha, At the feet of Laughing Water, At those willing feet, that never More would lightly run to meet him, Never more would lightly follow.

With both hands his face he covered,

Seven long days and nights he sat there,

As if in a swoon he sat there, Speechless, motionless, unconscious Of the daylight or the darkness.

Then they buried Minnehaha; In the snow a grave they made her, In the forest deep and darksome, Underneath the moaning hemlocks, Clothed her in her richest garments, Wrapped her in her robes of ermine, Covered her with snow, like ermine, Thus they buried Minnehaha.

And at night a fire was lighted,
On her grave four times was kindled,
For her soul upon its journey
To the Islands of the Blessed.
From his doorway Hiawatha
Saw it burning in the forest,
Lighting up the gloomy hemlocks;
From his sleepless bed uprising,
From the bed of Minnehaha,
Stood and watched it at the door

That it might not be extinguished, Might not leave her in the darkness "Farewell!" said he, "Minnehaha!

Farewell, O my Laughing Water!
All my heart is buried with you,
All my thoughts go onward with
you!

Come not back again to labour, Come not back again to suffer, Where the Famine and the Fever Wear the heart and waste the body. Soon my task will be completed, Soon your footsteps I shall follow To the Islands of the Blessed, To the kingdom of Ponemah, To the Land of the Hereafter!"

XXI.

THE WHITE MAN'S FOOT.

In his lodge beside a river,
Close beside a frozen river,
Sat an old man, sad and lonely.
White his hair was as a snow-drift;
Dull and low his fire was burning,
And the old man shook and
trembled,

Folded in his Waubewyon,
In his tattered white-skin wrapper,
Hearing nothing but the tempest
As it roared along the forest,
Seeing nothing but the snow-storm,
As it whirled and hissed and
drifted.

All the coals were white with ashes,

And the fire was slowly dying,
As a young man, walking lightly,
At the open doorway entered.
Red with blood of youth his cheeks
were,

Soft his eyes as stars in Springtime;

Bound his forehead was with grasses,

Bound and plumed with scented grasses;

On his lips a smile of beauty, Filling all the lodge with sunshine; In his hand a bunch of blossoms, Filling all the lodge with sweetness.

"Ah, my son!" exclaimed the old man,

"Happy are my eyes to see you. Sit here on the mat beside me, Sit here by the dying embers, Let us pass the night together; Tell me of your strange adventures, Of the lands where you have travelled;

I will tell you of my prowess,
Of my many deeds of wonder."
From his pouch he drew his
peace-pipe,

Very old and strangely fashioned; Made of red stone was the pipehead.

And the stem a reed with feathers; Filled the pipe with bark of willow,

Placed a burning coal upon it,
Gave it to his guest, the stranger,
And began to speak in this wise:
"When I blow my breath about
me,

When I breathe upon the landscape, Motionless are all the rivers, Hard as stone becomes the water!" And the young man answered, smiling:

"When I blow my breath about me, When I breathe upon the landscape, Flowers spring up o'er all the

meadows,

Singing, onward rush the rivers!"

"When I shake my hoary tresses,"

Said the old man darkly frowning,
"All the land with snow is covered;
All the leaves from all the branches
Fall and fade and die and wither,
For I breathe, and lo! they are not.
From the waters and the marshes
Rise the wild-goose and the heron,
Fly away to distant regions,
For I speak, and lo! they are not.
And where'er my footsteps wander,
All the wild beasts of the forest
Hide themselves in holes and
caverns.

And the earth becomes as flintstone!"

"When I shake my flowing ringlets,"

Said the young man, softly laughing, "Showers of rain fall warm and welcome,

Plants lift up their heads rejoicing,
Back into their lakes and marshes
Come the wild-goose and the heron,
Homeward shoots the arrowy
swallow

Sing the blue-bird and the robin, And where'er my footsteps wander, All the meadows wave with blossoms,

All the woodlands ring with music, All the trees are dark with foliage!" While they spake, the night departed:

From the distant realms of Wabun, From his shining lodge of silver, Like a warrior robed and painted, Came the sun, and said, "Behold me Gheezis, the great sun, behold me!"

Then the old man's tongue was speechless,

And the air grew warm and pleasant,

And upon the wigwam sweetly Sang the blue-bird and the robin, And the stream began to murmur, And a scent of growing grasses Through the lodge was gently wafted.

And Segwun, the youthful stranger,

More distinctly in the daylight Saw the icy face before him; It was Peboan, the Winter!

From his eyes the tears were flowing,

As from melting lakes the streamlets,

And his body shrunk and dwindled As the shouting sun ascended, Till into the air it faded, Till into the ground it vanished, And the young man saw before him, On the hearthstone of the wigwam, Where the fire had smoked and smouldered,

Saw the earliest flower of Springtime, Saw the Beauty of the Spring-time, Saw the Miskodeed in blossom.

Thus it was that in the North-land,

After that unheard-of coldness,
That intolerable Winter,
Came the Spring with all its splendour,

All its birds and all its blossoms,
All its flowers and leaves and
grasses.

Sailing on the wind to northward. Flying in great flocks, like arrows, Like huge arrows shot through heaven,

Passed the swan, the Mahnahbezee, Speaking almost as a man speaks; And in long lines waving. bending Like a bowstring snapped asunder, Came the white goose, Waw-bewawa;

And in pairs, or singly flying, Mahng the loon, with clangorous pinions,

The blue heron, the Shuh-shuh-gah, And the grouse, the Mushkodasa.

In the thickets and the meadows
Piped the blue-bird, the Owaissa,
On the summit of the lodges
Sang the robin, the Opechee,
In the covert of the pine-trees
Cooed the pigeon, the Omemee;
And the sorrowing Hiawatha,
Speechless in his infinite sorrow,
Heard their voices calling to him,
Went forth from his gloomy door
way,

Stood and gazed into the heaven, Gazed upon the earth and waters.

From his wanderings far to eastward.

From the regions of the morning,

From the shining land of Wabun, Homeward now returned Iagoo, The great traveller, the great boaster,

Full of new and strange adventures, Marvels many and many wonders.

And the people of the village
Listened to him as he told them
Of his marvellous adventures,
Laughing answered him in this
wise:

" Ugh! it is indeed Iagoo!

No one else beholds such wonders!"

He had seen, he said, a water Bigger than the Big-Sea-Water, Broader than the Gitche Gumee, Bitter so that none could drink it! At each other looked the warriors, Looked the women at each other, Smiled, and said, "It cannot be so!" "Kaw!" they said, "it cannot be so!"

O'er it, said he, o'er this water Came a great canoe with pinions, A canoe with wings came flying, Bigger than a grove of pine-trees, Taller than the tallest tree-tops! And the old men and the women Looked and tittered at each other. "Kaw!" they said, "we don't believe it!"

From its mouth, he said, to greet him,

Came Waywassimo, the lightning, Came the thunder, Annemeekee! And the warriors and the women Laughed aloud at poor Iagoo; "Kaw!" they said, "what tales you tell us!"

In it, said he, came a people, In the great canoe with pinions Came, he said, a hundred warriors; Painted white were all their faces, And with hair their chins were covered!

And the warriors and the women Laughed and shouted in derision, Like the ravens on the tree-tops, Like the crows upon the hemlocks. "Kaw!" they said, "what lies you tell us!

Do not think that we believe them!"
Only Hiawatha laughed not,
But he gravely spake and answered
To their jeering and their jesting:
"True is all Iagoo tells us;
I have seen it in a vision,
Seen the great canoe with pinions,
Seen the people with white faces,
Seen the coming of this bearded
People of the wooden vessel
From the regions of the morning,
From the shining land of Wabun.

"Gitche Manito, the Mighty,
The Great Spirit, the Creator,
Sends them hither on his errand,
Sends them to us with his message.
Wheresoe'er they move, before them
Swarms the stinging-fly, the Ahmo,
Swarms the bee, the honey-maker;
Wheresoe'er they tread, beneath
them

Springs a flower unknown among us,

Springs the White Man's Foot in blossom.

"Let us welcome, then, the strangers,

Hail them as our friends and brothers.

And the heart's right hand of friendship

Give them when they come to see us. Gitche Manito, the Mighty. Said this to me in my vision.

"I beheld, too, in that vision
All the secrets of the future,
Of the distant days that shall be.
I beheld the westward marches
Of the unknown, crowded nations.
All the land was full of people,
Restless, struggling, toiling, striving,

Speaking many tongues, yet feeling But one heart-beat in their bosoms. In the woodlands rang their axes, Smoked their towns in all the valleys,

Over all the lakes and rivers
Rushed their great canoes of
thunder.

"Then a darker, drearier vision Passed before me, vague and cloud-like;

I beheld our nation scattered,
All forgetful of my counsels,
Weakened, warring with each other:
Saw the remnants of our people
Sweeping westward, wild and woful,
Like the cloud-rack of a tempest,
Like the withered leaves of
Autumn!"

XXII.

HIAWATHA'S DEPARTURE.

By the shore of Gitche Gumee,
By the shining Big-Sea-Water,
At the doorway of his wigwam,
In the pleasant summer morning,
Hiawatha stood and waited.
All the air was full of freshness,
All the earth was bright and
joyous,

And before him, through the sunshine,

Westward toward the neighbouring forest

Passed in golden swarms the Ahmo, Passed the bees, the honey-makers, Burning, singing in the sunshine.

Bright above him shone the heavens,

Level spread the lake before him; From its bosom leaped the sturgeon. Sparkling, flashing in the sunshine; On its margin the great forest Stood reflected in the water, Every tree-top had its shadow, Motionless beneath the water.

From the brow of Hiawatha Gone was every trace of sorrow, As the fog from off the water, As the mist from off the meadow. With a smile of joy and triumph, With a look of exultation, As of one who in a vision Sees what is to be, but is not, Stood and waited Hiawatha.

Toward the sun his hands were lifted,

Both the palms spread out against it.

And between the parted fingers
Fell the sunshine on his features,
Flecked with light his naked
shoulders,

As it falls and flecks an oak-tree Through the rifted leaves and branches.

O'er the water floating, flying, Something in the hazy distance, Something in the mists of morning, Loomed and lifted from the water, Now seemed floating, now seemed flying,

Coming nearer, nearer, nearer. Was it Shingebis, the diver? Or the pelican, the Shada? Or the heron, the Shuh-shuh-gah? Or the white goose, Waw-be-wawa, With the water dripping, flashing From its glossy neck and feathers?

It was neither goose nor diver, Neither pelican nor heron, O'er the water floating, flying, Through the shining mist of morning,

But a birch canoe with paddles,
Rising, sinking on the water,
Dripping, flashing in the sunshine;
And within it came a people
From the distant land of Wabun,
From the farthest realms of morning

Came the Black-Robe chief, the Prophet,

He the Priest of Prayer, the Paleface,

With his guides and his companions
And the noble Hiawatha,
With his hands aloft extended,
Held aloft in sign of welcome,
Waited, full of exultation,
Till the birch canoe with paddles
Grated on the shining pebbles,
Stranded on the sandy margin,
Till the Black-Robe chief, the Paleface,

With the cross upon his bosom, Landed on the sandy margin.

Then the joyous Hiawatha
Cried aloud and spake in this wise.
"Beautiful is the sun, O strangers,
When you come so far to see us!
All our town in peace awaits you,
All our doors stand open for you;
You shall enter all our wigwams,
For the heart's right hand we give
you.

"Never bloomed the earth so gaily,

Never shone the sun so brightly, As to-day they shine and blossom, When you come so far to see us! Never was our lake so tranquil, Nor so free from rocks and sandbars;

For your birch canoe in passing Has removed both rock and sandbar!

" Never before had our tobacco Such a sweet and pleasant flavour, Never the broad leaves of our cornfields

Were so beautiful to look on,
As they seem to us this morning,
When you come so far to see us!"
And the Black-Robe chief made
answer.

Stammered in his speech a little,
Speaking words yet unfamiliar:
"Peace be with you, Hiawatha,
Peace be with you and your people,
Peace of prayer, and peace of
pardon,

Peace of Christ, and joy of Mary!"
Then the generous Hiawatha
Led the strangers to his wigwam,
Seated them on skins of bison,
Seated them on skins of ermine,
And the careful, old Nokomis
Brought them food in bowls of basswood,

Water brought in birchen dippers, And the calumet, the peace-pipe, Filled and lighted for their smoking.

All the old men of the village, All the warriors of the nation, All the Jossakeeds, the Prophets, The magicians, the Wabenos, And the Medicine men, the Medas, Came to bid the strangers welcome: "It is well," they said, "O brothers,

That you come so far to see us!"

In a circle round the doorway,
With their pipes they sat in silence,
Waiting to behold the strangers,
Waiting to receive their message;
Till the Black-Robe chief, the Paleface,

From the wigwam came to greet them,

Stammering in his speech a little, Speaking words yet unfamiliar: "It is well," they said, "O brother, That you come so far to see us!"

Then the Black-Robe chief, the prophet,

Told his message to the people,
Told the purport of his mission,
Told them of the Virgin Mary,
And her blessed Son, the Saviour,
How in distant lands and ages
He had lived on earth as we do;
How he fasted, prayed, and
laboured;

How the Jews, the tribe accursed, Mocked him, scourged him, crucified him;

How he rose from where they laid him,

Walked again with his disciples, And ascended into heaven.

And the chiefs made answer, saying:

"We have listened to you message, We have heard your words of wisdom,

We will think on what you tell us. It is well for us, O brothers, That you come so far to see us!"

Then they rose up and departed Each one homeward to his wigwam,

To the young men and the women Told the story of the strangers Whom the Master of Life had sent them

From the shining land of Wabun.

Heavy with the heat and silence Grew the afternoon of Summer; With a drowsy sound the forest Whispered round the sultry wigwam.

With a sound of sleep the water Rippled on the beach below it; From the cornfields shrill and ceaseless

Sang the grasshopper, Pah-Pukkeena;

And the guests of Hiawatha, Weary with the heat of Summer, Slumbered in the sultry wigwam.

Slowly o'er the simmering landscape

Fell the evening's dusk and coolness,

And the long and level sunbeams
Shot their spears into the forest,
Breaking through its shields of
shadow,

Rushed into each secret ambush, Searched each thicket, dingle, hollow;

Still the guests of Hiawatha Slumbered in the silent wigwam.

From his place rose Hiawatha, Bade farewell to old Nokomis, Spake in whispers, spake in this wise,

Did not wake the guests that slumbered:

"I am going, O Nokomis, On a long and distant journey, To the portals of the Sunset, To the regions of the home-wind, Of the Northwest-Wind, Keewaydin, But these guests I leave behind me,

In your watch and ward I leave them;

See that never harm comes near them,

See that never fear molests them, Never danger nor suspicion, Never want of food or shelter, In the lodge of Hiawatha!"

Forth into the village went he, Bade farewell to all the warriors, Bade farewell to all the young men, Spake persuading, spake in this wise:

"I am going, O my people,
On a long and distant journey;
Many moons and many winters
Will have come, and will have
vanished,

Ere I come again to see you.

But my guests I leave behind me;
Listen to their words of wisdom,
Listen to the truth they tell you,
For the Master of Life has sent
them

From the land of light and morning!"

On the shore stood Hiawatha, Turned and waved his hand at parting;

On the clear and luminous water Launched his birch canoe for sailing,

From the pebbles of the margin, Shoved it forth into the water; Whispered to it, "Westward! westward!"

And with speed it darted forward.

And the evening sun descending
Set the clouds on fire with redness.

Burned the broad sky, like a prairie,

Left upon the level water

One long track and trail of splendour,

dour,

Down whose stream, as down a river, Westward, westward Hiawatha Sailed into the fiery sunset, Sailed into the purple vapours, Sailed into the dusk of evening.

And the people from the margin Watched him floating, rising, sinking,

Till the birch canoe seemed lifted High into that sea of splendour, Till it sank into the vapours Like the new moon slowly, slowly Sinking in the purple distance.

And they said, "Farewell forever!"

Said, "Farewell, O Hiawatha!"
And the forests, dark and lonely,
Moved through all their depths of darkness.

Sighed, "Farewell, O Hiawatha!"
And the waves upon the margin
Rising, rippling on the pebbles,
Sobbed, "Farewell, O Hiawatha!"
And the heron, the Shuh-shuh-gah,
From her haunts among the fenlands,

Screamed, "Farewell, O Hiawatha!"

Thus departed Hiawatha,
Hiawatha the Beloved,
In the glory of the sunset,
In the purple mists of evening,
To the regions of the home-wind,
Of the Northwest-Wind, Keewaydin,
To the Islands of the Blessed,
To the Kingdom of Ponemah,
To the land of the Hereafter!

THE COURTSHIP OF MILES STANDISH.

I.

MILES STANDISH.

In the Old Colony days, in Plymouth the land of the Pilgrims, To and fro in a room of his simple and primitive dwelling, Clad in doublet and hose, and boots of Cordovan leather, Strode, with a martial air, Miles Standish the Puritan Captain. Buried in thought he seemed, with his hands behind him, and pausing

Ever and anon to behold his glittering weapons of warfare,
Hanging in shining array along the walls of the chamber,—
Cutlass and corselet of steel, and his trusty sword of Damascus
Curved at the point and inscribed with its mystical Arabic sentence,
While underneath, in a corner, were fowling-piece, musket, and
matchlock.

Short of stature he was, but strongly built and athletic, Broad in the shoulders, deep-chested, with muscles and sinews of iron;

Brown as a nut was his face, but his russet beard was already Flaked with patches of snow, as hedges sometimes in November. Near him was seated John Alden, his friend and household companion,

Writing with diligent speed at a table of pine by the window; Fair-haired, azure-eyed, with delicate Saxon complexion, Having the dew of his youth, and the beauty thereof, as the captives Whom Saint Gregory saw, and exclaimed, "Not Angles, but Angels."

Youngest of all was he of the men who came in the Mayflower.

Suddenly breaking the silence, the diligent scribe interrupting, Spake, in the pride of his heart, Miles Standish the Captain of Plymouth.

"Look at these arms," he said, "the warlike weapons that hang here Burnished and bright and clean, as if for parade or inspection! This is the sword of Damascus I fought with in Flanders; this breastplate, Well I remember the day! once saved my life in a skirmish; Here in front you can see the very dint of the bullet Fired point-blank at my heart by a Spanish arcabucero.

Had it not been of sheer steel, the forgotten bones of Miles Standish

Would at this moment be mould, in their grave in the Flemish morasses."

Thereupon answered John Alden, but looked not up from his writing:

"Truly the breath of the Lord hath slackened the speed of the bullet;

He in his mercy preserved you, to be our shield and our weapon!" Still the Captain continued, unheeding the words of the stripling: "See, how bright they are burnished, as if in an arsenal hanging; That is because I have done it myself, and not left it to others. Serve yourself, would you be well served, is an excellent adage; So I take care of my arms, as you of your pens and your inkhorn. Then, too, there are my soldiers, my great, invincible army, Twelve men, all equipped, having each his rest and his matchlock, Eighteen shillings a month, together with dict and pillage, And, like Cæsar, I know the name of each of my soldiers!" This he said with a smile, that danced in his eyes, as the sunbeams Dance on the waves of the sea, and vanish again in a moment. Alden laughed as he wrote, and still the Captain continued: "Look! you can see from this window my brazen howitzer planted High on the roof of the church, a preacher who speaks to the purpose,

Steady, straightforward, and strong, with irresistible logic, Orthodox, flashing conviction right into the hearts of the heathen. Now we are ready, I think, for any assault of the Indians; Let them come, if they like, and the sooner they try it the better,—Let them come, if they like, be it sagamore, sachem, or pow-wow, Aspinet, Samoset, Corbitant, Squanto, or Tokamahamon!"

Long at the window he stood, and wistfully gazed on the landscape,

Washed with a cold gray mist, the vapoury breath of the east-wind,

Forest and meadow and hill, and the steel-blue rim of the ocean, Lying silent and sad, in the afternoon shadows and sunshine. Over his countenance flitted a shadow like those on the landscape, Gloom intermingled with light; and his voice was subdued with emotion.

Tenderness, pity, regret, as after a pause he proceeded:
"Yonder there, on the hill by the sea, lies buried Rose Standish;
Beautiful rose of love, that bloomed for me by the wayside!
She was the first to die of all who came in the Mayflower!
Green above her is growing the field of wheat we have sown there,
Better to hide from the Indian scouts the graves of our people,
Lest they should count them and see how many already have
perished!"

Sadly his face he averted, and strode up and down, and was thoughtful.

Fixed to the opposite wall was a shelf of books, and among them Prominent three, distinguished alike for bulk and for binding; Bariffe's Artillery Guide, and the Commentaries of Cæsar, Out of the Latin translated by Arthur Goldinge of London, And, as if guarded by these, between them was standing the Bible. Musing a moment before them, Miles Standish paused, as if doubtful

Which of the three he should choose for his consolation and comfort, Whether the wars of the Hebrews, the famous campaigns of the Romans,

Or the Artillery practice, designed for belligerent Christians. Finally down from its shelf he dragged the ponderous Roman, 'Seated himself at the window, and opened the book, and in silence Turned o'er the well-worn leaves, where thumb-marks thick on the margin,

Like the trample of feet, proclaimed the battle was hottest. Nothing was heard in the room but the hurrying pen of the stripling, Busily writing epistles important, to go by the Mayflower, Ready to sail on the morrow, or next day at latest, God willing! Homeward bound with the tidings of all that terrible winter, Letters written by Alden, and full of the name of Priscilla! Full of the name and the fame of the Puritan maiden Priscilla!

II.

LOVE AND FRIENDSHIP.

NOTHING was heard in the room but the hurrying pen of the stripling,

Or an occasional sigh from the labouring heart of the Captain,

Reading the marvellous words and achievements of Julius Cæsar.

After a while he exclaimed, as he smote with his hand, palm downwards,

Heavily on the page: "A wonderful man was this Cæsar!

You are a writer, and I am a fighter, but here is a fellow

Who could both write and fight, and in both was equally skilful!" Straightway answered and spake John Alden, the comely, the youthful:

"Yes, he was equally skilled, as you say, with his pen and his weapons,

Somewhere have I read, but where I forget, he could dictate

Seven letters at once, at the same time writing his memoirs."

"Truly," continued the Captain, not heeding or hearing the other,

"Truly a wonderful man was Caius Julius Cæsar!

Better be first, he said, in a little Iberian village,

Than be second in Rome, and I think he was right when he said it. Twice was he married before he was twenty, and many times after;

Battles five hundred he fought, and a thousand cities he conquered;

He, too, fought in Flanders, as he himself has recorded;

Finally he was stabbed by his friend, the orator Brutus!

Now, do you know what he did on a certain occasion in Flanders,

When the rear-guard of his army retreated, the front giving way too, And the immortal Twelfth Legion was crowded so closely together

There was no room for their swords? Why, he seized a shield

from a soldier,

Put himself straight at the head of his troops, and commanded the captains,

Calling on each by his name, to order forward the ensigns;

Then to widen the ranks, and give more room for their weapons;

So he won the day, the battle of something-or-other.

That's what I always say; if you wish a thing to be well done,

You must do it yourself, you must not leave it to others!"

All was silent again; the Captain continued his reading.

Nothing was heard in the room but the hurrying pen of the stripling Writing epistles important to go next day by the Mayflower,

Filled with the name and the fame of the Puritan maiden Priscilla;

Every sentence began or closed with the name of Priscilla,

Till the treacherous pen, to which he confided the secret,

Strove to betray it by singing and shouting the name of Priscilla!

Finally closing his book, with a bang of the ponderous cover,

Sudden and loud as the sound of a soldier grounding his musket,

Thus to the young man spake Miles Standish the Captain of Plymouth:

"When you have finished your work, I have something important to tell you.

Be not however in haste; I can wait; I shall not be impatient!"
Straightway Alden replied, as he folded the last of his letters,
Pushing his papers aside, and giving respectful attention:
"Speak; for whenever you speak, I am always ready to listen,
Always ready to hear whatever pertains to Miles Standish."
Thereupon answered the Captain, embarrassed, and culling his phrases:

"'T is not good for a man to be alone, say the Scriptures. This I have said before, and again and again I repeat it; Every hour in the day, I think it, and feel it, and say it. Since Rose Standish died, my life has been weary and dreary; Sick at heart have I been, beyond the healing of friendship; Oft in my lonely hours have I thought of the maiden Priscilla. She is alone in the world; her father and mother and brother Died in the winter together; I saw her going and coming, Now to the grave of the dead, and now to the bed of the dying, Patient, courageous, and strong, and said to myself, that if ever There were angels on earth, as there are angels in heaven, Two have I seen and known; and the angel whose name is Priscilla Holds in my desolate life the place which the other abandoned. Long have I cherished the thought, but never have dared to reveal it, Being a coward in this, though valiant enough for the most part. Go to the damsel Priscilla, the loveliest maiden of Plymouth, . Say that a blunt old Captain, a man not of words but of actions, Offers his hand and his heart, the hand and heart of a soldier.

Not in these words, you know, but this in short is my meaning; I am a maker of war, and not a maker of phrases.

You, who are bred as a scholar, can say it in elegant language,

Such as you read in your books of the pleadings and wooings of lovers,

Such as you think best adapted to win the heart of a maiden."

When he had spoken, John Alden, the fair-haired, tactiturn stripling,

All aghast at his words, surprised, embarrassed, bewildered, Trying to mask his dismay by treating the subject with lightness, Trying to smile, and yet feeling his heart stand still in his bosom, Just as a timepiece stops in a house that is stricken by lightning, Thus made answer and spake, or rather stammered than answered: "Such a message as that, I am sure I should mangle and mar it; If you would have it well done,—I am only repeating your maxim,— You must do it yourself, you must not leave it to others!" But with the air of a man whom nothing can turn from his purpose, Gravely shaking his head, made answer the Captain of Plymouth: "Truly the maxim is good, and I do not mean to gainsay it; But we must use it discreetly, and not waste powder for nothing. Now, as I said before, I was never a maker of phrases. I can march up to a fortress and summon the place to surrender, But march up to a woman with such a proposal, I dare not. I'm not afraid of bullets, nor shot from the mouth of a cannon, But of a thundering 'No!' point-blank from the mouth of a woman, That I confess I'm afraid of, nor am I ashamed to confess it! So you must grant my request, for you are an elegant scholar, Having the graces of speech, and skill in the turning of phrases." Taking the hand of his friend, who still was reluctant and doubtful, Holding it long in his own, and pressing it kindly, he added: "Though I have spoken thus lightly, yet deep is the feeling that prompts me;

Surely you cannot refuse what I ask in the name of our friendship!" Then made answer John Alden: "The name of friendship is sacred; What you demand in that name, I have not the power to deny you!" So the strong will prevailed, subduing and moulding the gentler, Friendship prevailed over love, and Alden went on his errand.

III.

THE LOVER'S ERRAND.

So the strong will prevailed, and Alden went on his errand, Out of the street of the village, and into the paths of the forest, Into the tranquil woods, where blue-birds and robins were buildin Towns in the populous trees, with hanging gardens of verdure, Peaceful, aerial cities of joy and affection and freedom. All around him was calm, but within him commotion and conflict Love contending with friendship, and self with each generimpulse:

To and fro in his breast his thoughts were heaving and dashin As in a foundering ship, with every roll of the vessel, Washes the bitter sea, the merciless surge of the ocean! "Must I relinquish it all," he cried with a wild lamentation,— "Must I relinquish it all, the joy, the hope, the illusion? Was it for this I have loved, and waited, and worshipped in silence? Was it for this I have followed the flying feet and the shadow Over the wintry sea, to the desolate shores of New England? Truly the heart is deceitful, and out of its depths of corruption Rise, like an exhalation, the misty phantoms of passion; Angels of light they seem, but are only delusions of Satan. All is clear to me now; I feel it, I see it distinctly! This is the hand of the Lord; it is laid upon me in anger, For I have followed too much the heart's desires and devices. Worshipping Astaroth blindly, and impious idols of Baal. This is the cross I must bear: the sin and the swift retribution."

So through the Plymouth woods John Alden went on his errand; Crossing the brook at the ford, where it brawled over pebble and shallow,

Gathering still, as he went, the May-flowers blooming around him, Fragrant, filling the air with a strange and wonderful sweetness, Children lost in the woods, and covered with leaves in their slumber. "Puritan flowers," he said, "and the type of Puritan maidens, Modest and simple and sweet, the very type of Priscilla! So I will take them to her; to Priscilla the May-flower of Plymouth, Modest and simple and sweet, as a parting gift will I take them;

So through the Plymouth woods John Alden went on his errand;
Came to an open space, and saw the disk of the ocean,
Sailless, sombre and cold with the comfortless breath of the eastwind;

Saw the new-built house, and people at work in a meadow; Heard, as he drew near the door, the musical voice of Priscilla Singing the Hundredth Psalm, the grand old Puritan anthem, Music that Luther sang to the sacred words of the Psalmist, Full of the breath of the Lord, consoling and comforting many. Then, as he opened the door, he beheld the form of the maiden Seated beside her wheel, and the carded wool like a snow-drift Piled at her knee, her white hands feeding the ravenous spindle, While with her foot on the treadle she guided the wheel in its motion.

Open wide on her lap lay the well-worn psalm-book of Ainsworth, Printed in Amsterdam, the words and the music together, Rough-hewn, angular notes, like stones in the wall of a churchyard, Darkened and overhung by the running vine of the verses. Such was the book from whose pages she sang the old Puritan anthem,

She, the Puritan girl, in the solitude of the forest,
Making the humble house and the modest apparel of home-spunBeautiful with her beauty, and rich with the wealth of her being!
Over him rushed, like a wind that is keen and cold and relentless,
Thoughts of what might have been, and the weight and woe of his
errand;

All the dreams that had faded, and all the hopes that had vanished, All his life henceforth a dreary and tenantless mansion, Haunted by vain regrets, and pallid, sorrowful faces. Still he said to himself, and almost fiercely he said it, "Let not him that putteth his hand to the plough look backwards;

Though the ploughshare cut through the flowers of life to its fountains,

Though it pass o'er the graves of the dead and the hearths of the living,

It is the will of the Lord; and his mercy endureth forever!"

So he entered the house: and the hum of the wheel and the singing

Suddenly ceased, for Priscilla, aroused by his step on the threshold Rose as he entered, and gave him her hand, in signal of welcome, Saying, "I knew it was you, when I heard your step in the passage; For I was thinking of you, as I sat there singing and spinning." Awkward and dumb with delight, that a thought of him had been mingled

Thus in the sacred psalm, that came from the heart of the maiden, Silent before her he stood, and gave her the flowers for an answer, Finding no words for his thought. He remembered that day in the winter,

After the first great snow, when he broke a path from the village, Reeling and plunging along through the drifts that encumbered the doorway,

Stamping the snow from his feet as he entered the house, and Priscilla

Laughed at his snowy locks, and gave him a seat by the fireside, Grateful and pleased to know he had thought of her in the snowstorm.

Had he but spoken then! perhaps not in vain had he spoken; Now it was all too late; the golden moment had vanished! So he stood there abashed, and gave her the flowers for an answer.

Then they sat down and talked of the birds and the beautiful Spring-time,

Talked of their friends at home, and the Mayflower that sailed on the morrow.

"I have been thinking all day," said gently the Puritan maiden,

"Dreaming all night, and thinking all day, of the hedge-rows of England,—

They are in blossom now, and the country is all like a garden: Thinking of lanes and fields, and the song of the lark and the linnet, Seeing the village street, and familiar faces of neighbours Going about as of old, and stopping to gossip together, And, at the end of the street, the village church, with the ivy Climbing the old gray tower, and the quiet graves in the churchyard Kind are the people I live with, and dear to me my religion;

Still my heart is so sad, that I wish myself back in Old England. You will say it is wrong, but I cannot help it: I almost Wish myself back in Old England, I feel so lonely and wretched."

Thereupon answered the youth: "Indeed I do not conde...n you; Stouter hearts than a woman's have quailed in this terrible winter. Yours is tender and trusting, and needs a stronger to lean on; So I have come to you now, with an offer and proffer of marriage Made by a good man and true, Miles Standish the Captain of Plymouth!"

Thus he delivered his message, the dexterous writer of letters,—Did not embellish the theme, nor array it in beautiful phrases, But came straight to the point, and blurted it out like a schoolboy; Even the Captain himself could hardly have said it more bluntly, Mute with amazement and sorrow, Priscilla the Puritan maiden Looked into Alden's face, her eyes dilated with wonder, Feeling his words like a blow, that stunned her and rendered her speechless;

Till at length she exclaimed, interrupting the ominous silence:

"If the great Captain of Plymouth is so very eager to wed me,
Why does he not come himself, and take the trouble to woo me?
If I am not worth the wooing, I surely am not worth the winning!"
Then John Alden began explaining and smoothing the matter,
Making it worse as he went, by saying the Captain was busy,—
Had no time for such things—such things! the words grating
harshly

Fell on the ear of Priscilla; and swift as a flash she made answer: "Has he no time for such things, as you call it, before he is married, Would he be likely to find it, or make it, after the wedding? That is the way with you men; you don't understand us, you cannot. When you have made up your minds, after thinking of this one and that one,

Choosing, selecting, rejecting, comparing one with another,
Then you make known your desire, with abrupt and sudden avowal.
And are offended and hurt, and indignant perhaps, that a woman
Does not respond at once to a love that she never suspected,
Does not attain at a bound the height to which you have been
climbing.

This is not right nor just: for surely a woman's affection
Is not a thing to be asked for, and had for only the asking.
When one is truly in love, one not only says it, but shows it.

Had he but waited awhile, had he only showed that he loved me,
Even this Captain of yours—who knows?—at last might have won
me,

Old and rough as he is; but now it never can happen."

Still John Alden went on, unheeding the words of Priscilla, Urging the suit of his friend, explaining, persuading, expanding; Spoke of his courage and skill, and of all his battles in Flanders, How with the people of God he had chosen to suffer affliction; How, in return for his zeal, they had made him Captain of Plymouth;

He was a gentleman born, could trace his pedigree plainly Back to Hugh Standish of Duxbury Hall, in Lancashire, England, Who was the son of Ralph, and the grandson of Thurston de Standish;

Heir unto vast estates, of which he was basely defrauded,
Still bore the family arms, and had for his crest a cock argent,
Combed and wattled gules, and all the rest of the blazon.
He was a man of honour, of noble and generous nature;
Though he was rough, he was kindly; she knew how during the
winter

He had attended the sick, with a hand as gentle as woman's; Somewhat hasty and hot, he could not deny it, and headstrong, Stern as a soldier might be, but hearty, and placable always, Not to be laughed at and scorned, because he was little of stature; For he was great of heart, magnanimous, courtly, courageous; Any woman in Plymouth, nay, any woman in England, Might be happy and proud to be called the wife of Miles Standish!

But as he warmed and glowed, in his simple and eloquent language,

Quite forgetful of self, and full of the praise of his rival, Archly the maiden smiled, and, with eyes overrunning with laughter, Said, in a tremulous voice, "Why don't you speak for yourself, "John?"

1V.

JOHN ALDEN.

INTO the open air John Alden, perplexed and bewildered, Rushed like a man insane, and wandered alone by the sea-side; Paced up and down the sands, and bared his head to the east-wind, Cooling his heated brow, and the fire and fever within him. Slowly as out of the heavens, with apocalyptical splendours, Sank the City of God, in the vision of John the Apostle, So, with its cloudy walls of chrysolite, jasper, and sapphire, Sank the broad red sun, and over its turrets uplifted Glimmered the golden reed of the angel who measured the city.

"Welcome, O wind of the East!" he exclaimed in his wild exultation,

"Welcome, O wind of the East, from the caves of the misty Atlantic! Blowing o'er fields of dulse, and measureless meadows of sea-grass, Blowing o'er rocky wastes, and the grottoes and gardens of ocean! Lay thy cold, moist hand on my burning forehead, and wrap me Close in thy garments of mist, to allay the fever within me!"

Like an awakened conscience, the sea was moaning and tossing, Beating remorseful and loud the mutable sands of the sea-shore. Fierce in his soul was the struggle and tumult of passions contending;

Love triumphant and crowned, and friendship wounded and bleeding,

Passionate cries of desire, and importunate pleadings of duty!
"Is it my fault," he said, "that the maiden has chosen between us?
Is it my fault that he failed,—my fault that I am the victor?"
Then within him there thundered a voice, like the voice of the Prophet,

"It hath displeased the Lord!"—and he thought of David's transgression,

Bathsheba's beautiful face, and his friend in the front of the battle! Shame and confusion of guilt, and abasement and self-condemnation, Overwhelmed him at once; and he cried in the deepest contrition: "It hath displeased the Lord! It is the temptation of Satan!"

Then, uplifting his head, he looked at the sea, and beheld there Dimly the shadowy form of the Mayflower riding at ancnor, Rocked on the rising tide, and ready to sail on the morrow; Heard the voices of men through the mist, the rattle of cordage Thrown on the deck, the shouts of the mate, and the sailors' "Ay, ay, Sir!"

Clear and distinct, but not loud, in the dripping air of the twilight. Still for a moment he stood, and listened, and stared at the vessel, Then went hurriedly on, as one who, seeing a phantom, Stops, then quickens his pace, and follows the beckoning shadow. "Yes, it is plain to me now," he murmured; "the hand of the Lord is Leading me out of the land of darkness, the bondage of error, Through the sea, that shall lift the walls of its waters around me, Hiding me, cutting me oft, from the cruel thoughts that pursue me. Back will I go o'er the ocean, this dreary land will abandon, Her whom I may not love, and him whom my heart has offended. Better to be in my grave in the green old churchyard in England, Close by my mother's side, and among the dust of my kindred; Better be dead and forgotten, than living in shame and dishonour! Sacred and safe and unseen, in the dark of the narrow chamber With me my secret shall lie, like a buried jewel that glimmers Bright on the hand that is dust, in the chambers of silence and darkness.-

Yes, as the marriage ring of the great espousal hereafter!"

Thus as he spake, he turned, in the strength of his strong resolution,

Leaving behind him the shore, and hurried along in the twilight, Through the congenial gloom of the forest silent and sombre, Till he beheld the lights in the seven houses of Plymouth, Shining like seven stars in the dusk and mist of the evening. Soon he entered his door, and found the redoubtable Captain Sitting alone, and absorbed in the martial pages of Cæsar, Fighting some great campaign in Hainault or Brabant or Flanders, "Long have you been on your errand," he said with a cheery demeanour.

Even as one who is waiting an answer, and fears not the issue. "Not far off is the house, although the woods are between us;

But you have lingered so long, that while you were going and coming

I have fought ten battles and sacked and demolished a city. Come, sit down, and in order relate to me all that has happened."

Then John Alden spake, and related the wondrous adventure, From beginning to end, minutely, just as it happened; How he had seen Priscilla, and how he had sped in his courtship, Only smoothing a little, and softening down her refusal.

But when he came at length to the words Priscilla had spoken, Words so tender and cruel: "Why don't you speak for yourself, John?"

Up leaped the Captain of Plymouth, and stamped on the floor, till his armour

Clanged on the wall, where it hung, with a sound of sinister omen. All his pent-up wrath burst forth in a sudden explosion,

E'en as a hand-grenade, that scatters destruction around it.

Wildly he shouted, and loud: "John Alden! you have betrayed me! Me, Miles Standish, your friend! have supplanted, defrauded, betrayed me!

One of my ancestors ran his sword through the heart of Wat Tyler;

Who shall prevent me from running my own through the heart of a traitor?

Yours is the greater treason, for yours is a treason to friendship! You, who lived under my roof, whom I cherished and loved as a brother;

You, who have fed at my board, and drunk at my cup, to whose keeping

I have intrusted my honour, my thoughts the most sacred and secret,—

You, too, Brutus! ah woc to the name of friendship hereafter! Brutus was Cæsar's friend, and you were mine, but henceforward Let there be nothing between us save war, and implacable hatred!"

So spake the Captain of Plymouth, and strode about in the chamber,

Chafing and choking with rage; like cords were the veins on his temples.

But in the midst of his anger a man appeared at the doorway, Bringing in uttermost haste a message of urgent importance, Rumours of danger and war and hostile incursions of Indians! Straightway the Captain paused, and, without further question or parley,

Took from the nail on the wall his sword with its scabbard of iron, Buckled the belt round his waist, and, frowning fiercely, departed. Alden was left alone. He heard the clank of the scabbard Growing fainter and fainter, and dying away in the distance, Then he arose from his seat, and looked forth into the darkness, Felt the cool air blow on his cheek, that was hot with the insult, Lifted his eyes to the heavens, and, folding his hands as in childhood,

Prayed in the silence of night to the Father who seeth in secret.

Meanwhile the choleric Captain strode wrathful away to the council,

Found it already assembled, impatiently waiting his coming;
Men in the middle of life, austere and grave in deportment,
Only one of them old, the hill that was nearest to heaven,
Covered with snow, but erect, the excellent Elder of Plymouth.
God had sifted three kingdoms to find the wheat for this planting,
Then had sifted the wheat, as the living seed of a nation;
So say the chronicles old, and such is the faith of the people!
Near them was standing an Indian, in attitude stern and defiant,
Naked down to the waist, and grim and ferocious in aspect;
While on the table before them was lying unopened a Bible,
Ponderous, bound in leather, brass-studded, printed in Holland,
And beside it outstretched the skin of a rattlesnake glittered,
Filled, like a quiver, with arrows; a signal and challenge of warfare,
Brought by the Indian, and speaking with arrowy tongues of
defiance.

This Miles Standish beheld, as he entered, and heard them debating What were an answer befitting the hostile message and menace, Talking of this and of that, contriving, suggesting, objecting; One voice only for peace, and that the voice of the Elder, Judging it wise and well that some at least were converted, Rather than any were slain, for this was but Christian behaviour!

Then out spake Miles Standish, the stalwart Captain of Plymouth, Muttering deep in his throat, for his voice was husky with anger, "What! do you mean to make war with milk and the water of roses? Is it to shoot red squirrels you have your howitzer planted There on the roof of the church, or is it to shoot red devils? Truly the only tongue that is understood by a savage Must be the tongue of fire that speaks from the mouth of the cannon!"

Thereupon answered and said the excellent Elder of Plymouth, Somewhat amazed and alarmed at this irreverent language; "Not so thought Saint Paul, nor yet the other Apostles; Not from the cannon's mouth were the tongues of fire they spake with!"

But unheeded fell this mild rebuke on the Captain, Who had advanced to the table, and thus continued discoursing: "Leave this matter to me, for to me by right it pertaineth. War is a terrible trade; but in the cause that is righteous, Sweet is the smell of powder; and thus I answer the challenge!"

Then from the rattlesnake's skin, with a sudden, contemptuous gesture,

Jerking the Indian arrows, he filled it with powder and bullets Full to the very jaws, and handed it back to the savage, Saying, in thundering tones: "Here, take it! this is your answer!" Silently out of the room then glided the glistening savage, Bearing the serpent's skin, and seeming himself like a scrpent, Winding his sinuous way in the dark to the depths of the forest.

v.

THE SAILING OF THE MAYFLOWER.

JUST in the gray of the dawn, as the mists uprose from the meadows, There was a stir and a sound in the slumbering village of Plymouth;

Clanging and clicking of arms, and the order imperative, "Forward!"

Given in tone suppressed, a tramp of feet, and then silence. Figures ten, in the mist, marched slowly out of the village.

Standish the stalwart it was, with eight of his valorous army, Led by their Indian guide, by Hobomok, friend of the white men, Northward marching to quell the sudden revolt of the savage. Giants they seemed in the mist, or the mighty men of King David; Giants in heart they were, who believed in God and the Bible,—Ay, who believed in the smiting of Midianites and Philistines. Over them gleamed far off the crimson banners of morning; Under them loud on the sands, the serried billows, advancing, Fired along the line, and in regular order retreated.

Many a mile had they marched, when at length the village of Plymouth

Woke from its sleep, and arose, intent on its manifold labours. Sweet was the air and soft; and slowly the smoke from the chimneys

Rose over roofs of thatch, and pointed steadily eastward;

Men came forth from the doors, and paused and talked of the weather,

Said that the wind had changed, and was blowing fair for the May-flower;

Talked of their Captain's departure, and all the dangers that menaced,

He being gone, the town, and what should be done in his absence. Merrily sang the birds, and the tender voices of women Consecrated with hymns the common cares of the household. Out of the sea rose the sun, and the billows rejoiced at his coming; Beautiful were his feet on the purple tops of the mountains; Beautiful on the sails of the Mayflower riding at anchor, Battered and blackened and worn by all the storms of the winter Loosely against her masts was hanging and flapping her canvas, Rent by so many gales, and patched by the hands of the sailors. Suddenly from her side, as the sun rose over the ocean, Darted a puff of smoke, and floated seaward; anon rang Loud over field and forest the cannon's roar, and the echoes Heard and repeated the sound, the signal-gun of departure! Ah! but with louder echoes replied the hearts of the people! Meekly, in voices subdued, the chapter was read from the Bible. Meekly the prayer was begun, but ended in fervent entreaty!

Then from their houses in haste came forth the Pilgrims of Piymouth,

Men and women and children, all hurrying down to the sea-shore Eager, with tearful eyes, to say farewell to the Mayflower, Homeward bound o'er the sea, and leaving them here in the desert.

Foremost among them was Alden. All night he had lain without slumber,

Turning and tossing about in the heat and unrest of his fever.

He had beheld Miles Standish, who came back late from the council,

Stalking into the room, and heard him mutter and murmur;

Sometimes it seemed a prayer, and sometimes it sounded like swearing.

Once he had come to the bed, and stood there a moment in silence; Then he had turned away, and said: "I will not awake him;

Let him sleep on, it is best; for what is the use of more talking!"

Then he extinguished the light, and threw himself down on his pallet,

Dressed as he was, and ready to start at the break of the morning,—Covered himself with the cloak he had worn in his campaigns in Flanders.—

Slept as a soldier sleeps in his bivouac, ready for action.

But with the dawn he arose; in the twilight Alden beheld him

Put on his corselet of steel, and all the rest of his armour,

Buckle about his waist his trusty blade of Damascus,

Take from the corner his musket, and so stride out of the chamber. Often the heart of the youth had burned and yearned to embrace him.

Often his lips had essayed to speak, imploring for pardon;

All the old friendship came back, with its tender and grateful emotions;

But his pride overmastered the nobler nature within him,-

Pride, and the sense of his wrong, and the burning fire of the insult.

So he beheld his friend departing in anger, but spake not,

Saw him go forth'to danger, perhaps to death, and he spake not!

Then he arose from his bed, and heard what the people were saying, [Gilbert,

Joined in the talk at the door, with Stephen and Richard and

Joined in the morning prayer, and in the reading of Scripture, And, with the others, in haste went hurrying down to the sea-shore, Down to the Plymouth Rock, that had been to their feet as a doorstep

Into a world unknown,—the corner-stone of a nation!

There with his boat was the Master, already a little impatient Lest he should lose the tide, or the wind might shift to the eastward, Square-built, hearty, and strong, with an odour of ocean about him, Speaking with this one and that, and cramming letters and parcels Into his pockets capacious, and messages mingled together Into his narrow brain, till at last he was wholly bewildered. Nearer the boat stood Alden, with one foot placed on the gunwale, One still firm on the rock, and talking at times with the sailors, Seated erect on the thwarts, all ready and eager for starting. He too was eager to go, and thus put an end to his anguish, Thinking to fly from despair, that swifter than keel is or canvas, Thinking to drown in the sea the ghost that would rise and pursue him.

But as he gazed on the crowd, he beheld the form of Priscilla Standing dejected among them, unconscious of all that was passing. Fixed were her eyes upon his, as if she divined his intention, Fixed with a look so sad, so reproachful, imploring, and patient, That with a sudden revulsion his heart recoiled from its purpose, As from the verge of a crag, where one step more is destruction. Strange is the heart of man, with its quick, mysterious instincts! Strange is the life of man, and fatal or fated are moments, Whereupon turn, as on hinges, the gates of the wall adamantine! "Here I remain!" he exclaimed, as he looked at the heavens above him,

Thanking the Lord whose breath had scattered the mist and the madness,

Wherein, blind and lost, to death he was staggering headlong. "Yonder snow-white cloud, that floats in the ether above me, Seems like a hand that is pointing and beckoning over the ocean. There is another hand, that is not so spectral and ghost-like, Holding me, drawing me back, and clasping mine for protection. Float, O hand of cloud, and vanish away in the ether!

Roll thyself up like a fist, to threaten and daunt me; I heed not Either your warning or menace, or any omen of evil!

There is no land so sacred, no air so pure and so wholesome,
As is the air she breathes, and the soil that is pressed by her footsteps.

Here for her sake will I stay, and like an invisible presence Hover around her forever, protecting, supporting her weakness; Yes! as my foot was the first that stepped on this rock at the landing,

So, with the blessing of God, shall it be the last at the leaving!"

Meanwhile the Master alert, but with dignified air and important, Scanning with watchful eye the tide and the wind and the weather, Walked about on the sands; and the people crowded around him Saying a few last words, and enforcing his careful remembrance. Then, taking each by the hand, as if he were grasping a tiller, Into the boat he sprang, and in haste shoved off to his vessel, Glad in his heart to get rid of all this worry and flurry, Glad to be gone from a land of sand and sickness and sorrow, Short allowance of victual, and plenty of nothing but Gospel! Lost in the sound of the oars was the last farewell of the Pilgrims. O strong hearts and true! not one went back in the Mayflower! No, not one looked back, who had set his hand to this ploughing!

Soon were heard on board the shouts and songs of the sailors Heaving the windlass round, and hoisting the ponderous anchor. Then the yards were braced, and all sails set to the west-wind, Blowing steady and strong; and the Mayflower sailed from the harbour,

Rounded the point of the Gurnet, and leaving far to the southward Island and cape of sand, and the Field of the First Encounter, Took the wind on her quarter, and stood for the open Atlantic, Borne on the send of the sea, and the swelling hearts of the Pilgrims.

Long in silence they watched the receding sail of the vessel, Much endeared to them all, as something living and human; Then, as if filled with the spirit, and wrapt in a vision prophetic, Baring his hoary head, the excellent Elder of Plymouth Said, "Let us pray!" and they prayed, and thanked the Lord and took courage.

Mournfully sobbed the waves at the base of the rock, and above them

Bowed and whispered the wheat on the hill of death, and their kindred

Seemed to awake in their graves, and to join in the prayer that they uttered.

Sun-illumined and white, on the eastern verge of the ocean Gleamed the departing sail, like a marble slab in a graveyard; Buried beneath it lay for ever all hope of escaping.

Lo! as they turned to depart, they saw the form of an Indian, Watching them from the hill; but while they spake with each other, Pointing with outstretched hands, and saying, "Look!" he had vanished.

So they returned to their homes; but Alden lingered a little, Musing alone on the shore, and watching the wash of the billows Round the base of the rock, and the sparkle and flash of the sunshine,

Like the Spirit of God, moving visibly over the waters.

VI.

PRISCILLA.

THUS for a while he stood, and mused by the shore of the ocean, Thinking of many things, and most of all of Priscilla; And as if thought had the power to draw to itself, like the loadstone. Whatsoever it touches, by subtile laws of its nature, Lo! as he turned to depart, Priscilla was standing beside him.

"Are you so much offended, you will not speak to me?" said she "Am I so much to blame, that yesterday, when you were pleading Warmly the cause of another, my heart, impulsive and wayward, Pleaded your own, and spake out, forgetful perhaps of decorum? Certainly you can forgive me for speaking so frankly, for saying What I ought not to have said, yet now I can never unsay it; For there are moments in life, when the heart is so full of emotion That if by chance it be shaken, or into its depths like a pebble

Drops some careless word, it overflows, and its secret,
Spilt on the ground like water, can never be gathered together.
Yesterday I was shocked, when I heard you speak of Miles Standish,
Praising his virtues, transforming his very defects into virtues,
Praising his courage and strength, and even his fighting in Flanders,
As if by fighting alone you could win the heart of a woman,
Quite overlooking yourself and the rest, in exalting your hero.
Therefore I spake as I did, by an irresistible impulse.
You will forgive me, I hope, for the sake of the friendship between
us,

Which is too true and too sacred to be so easily broken!"
Thereupon answered John Alden, the scholar, the friend of Miles
Standish:

"I was not angry with you, with myself alone I was angry, Seeing how badly I managed the matter I had in my keeping."

"No!" interrupted the maiden, with answer prompt and decisive;

"No; you were angry with me, for speaking so frankly and freely. It was wrong, I acknowledge; for it is the fate of a woman Long to be patient and silent, to wait like a ghost that is speechless, Till some questioning voice dissolves the spell of its silence.

Hence is the inner life of so many suffering women Sunless and silent and deep, like subterranean rivers

Running through caverns of darkness, unheard, unseen, and unfruitful,

Chafing their channels of stone, with endless and profitless murmurs." [women:

Thereupon answered John Alden, the young man, the lover of "Heaven forbid it, Priscilla; and truly they seem to me always More like the beautiful rivers that watered the garden of Eden, More like the river Euphrates, through deserts of Havilah flowing, Filling the land with delight, and memories sweet of the garden!" "Ah, by these words, I can see," again interrupted the maiden,

"How very little you prize me, or care for what I am saying.
When from the depths of my heart in pain and with se

When from the depths of my heart, in pain and with secret misgiving,

Frankly I speak to you, asking for sympathy only and kindness, Straightway you take up my words, that are plain and direct and in earnest, Turn them away from their meaning, and answer with flattering phrases.

This is not right, is not just, is not true to the best that is in you; For I know and esteem you, and feel that your nature is noble, Lifting mine up to a higher, a more ethereal level.

Therefore I value your friendship, and feel it perhaps the more keenly

If you say aught that implies I am only as one among many, If you make use of those common and complimentary phrases Most men think so fine, in dealing and speaking with women. But which women reject as insipid, if not as insulting."

Mute and amazed was Alden; and listened and looked at Priscilla,

Thinking he never had seen her more fair, more divine in her beauty.

He who but yesterday pleaded so glibly the cause of another, Stood there embarrassed and silent, and seeking in vain for an answer.

So the maiden went on, and little divined or imagined

What was at work in his heart, that made him so awkward and speechless. [things

"Let us, then, be what we are, and speak what we think, and in all Keep ourselves loyal to truth, and the sacred professions of friendship.

It is no secret I tell you, nor am I ashamed to declare it:

I have liked to be with you, to see you, to speak with you always. So I was hurt at your words, and a little affronted to hear you Urge me to marry your friend, though he were the Captain Miles Standish.

For I must tell you the truth: much more to me is your friendship Than all the love he could give, were he twice the hero you think him."

Then she extended her hand, and Alden, who eagerly grasped it, Felt all the wounds in his heart, that were aching and bleeding sc sorely,

Healed by the touch of that hand, and he said, with a voice full of feeling:

"Yes, we must ever be friends; and of all who offer you friendship Let me be ever the first, the truest, the nearest and dearest!"

Casting a farewell look at the glimmering sail of the Mayflower, Distant, but still in sight, and sinking below the horizon, Homeward together they walked, with a strange, indefinite feeling, That all the rest had departed and left them alone in the desert. But, as they went through the fields in the blessing and smile of the sunshine.

Lighter grew their hearts, and Priscilla said very archly:

"Now that our terrible Captain has gone in pursuit of the Indians, Where he is happier far than he would be commanding a household,

You may speak boldly, and tell me of all that happened between you,

When you returned last night, and said how ungrateful you found me."

Thereupon answered John Alden, and told her the whole of the story,—

Told her his own despair, and the direful wrath of Miles Standish. Whereat the maiden smiled, and said between laughing and earnest,

"He is a little chimney, and heated hot in a moment!"

But as he gently rebuked her, and told her how he had suffered,— How he had even determined to sail that day in the Mayflower, And had remained for her sake, on hearing the dangers that

threatened,—
All her manner was changed, and she said with a faltering accent.

All her manner was changed, and she said with a faltering accent, "Truly I thank you for this: how good you have been to me always!"

Thus, as a pilgrim devout, who toward Jerusalem journeys, Taking three steps in advance, and one reluctantly backward, Urged by importunate zeal, and withheld by pangs of contrition; Slowly but steadily onward, receding yet ever advancing, Journeyed this Puritan youth to the Holy Land of his longings, Urged by the fervour of love, and withheld by remorseful misgivings.

VII.

THE MARCH OF MILES STANDISH.

MEANWHILE the stalwart Miles Standish was marching steadily northward,

Winding through forest and swamp, and along the trend of the sea-shore,

All day long, with hardly a halt, the fire of his anger
Burning and crackling within, and the sulphurous odour of powder
Seeming more sweet to his nostrils than all the scents of the forest.
Silent and moody he went, and much he revolved his discomfort;
He who was used to success, and to easy victories always,
Thus to be flouted, rejected, and laughed to scorn by a maiden,
Thus to be mocked and betrayed by the friend whom most he had
trusted.

Ah! 't was too much to be borne, and he fretted and chafed in his armour.

"I alone am to blame," he muttered, "for mine was the folly. What has a rough old soldier, grown grim and gray in the harness, Used to the camp and its ways, to do with the wooing of maidens? 'Twas but a dream,—let it pass,—let it vanish like so many others! What I thought was a flower, is only a weed, and is worthless; Out of my heart will I pluck it, and throw it away, and henceforward

Be but a fighter of battles, a lover and wood of dangers!"
Thus he revolved in his mind his sorry defeat and discomfort,
While he was marching by day or lying at night in the forest
Looking up at the trees, and the constellations beyond them.

After a three days' march he came to an Indian encampment Pitched on the edge of a meadow, between the sea and the forest; Women at work by the tents, and warriors, horrid with warpaint,

Seated about a fire, and smoking and talking together; Who, when they saw from afar the sudden approach of the white men.

Saw the flash of the sun on breastplate and sabre and musket,

Straightway leaped to their feet, and two, from among them advancing,

Came to parley with Standish, and offer him furs as a present; Friendship was in their looks, but in their hearts there was hatred. Braves of the tribe were these, and brothers, gigantic in stature, Huge as Goliath of Gath, or the terrible Og, king of Bashan; One was Pecksuot named, and the other was called Wattawamat. Round their necks were suspended their knives in scabbards of wampum,

Two-edged, trenchant knives, with points as sharp as a needle. Other arms had they none, for they were cunning and crafty. "Welcome, English!" they said,—these words they had learned from the traders

Touching at times on the coast, to barter and chaffer for peltries. Then in their native tongue they began to parley with Standish, Through his guide and interpreter, Hobomok, friend of the white man,

Begging for blankets and knives, but mostly for muskets and powder, [cellars,

Kept by the white man, they said, concealed, with the plague, in his Ready to be let loose, and destroy his brother the red man! But when Standish refused, and said he would give them the Bible, Suddenly changing their tone, they began to boast and to bluster. Then Wattawamat advanced with a stride in front of the other, And, with a lofty demeanour, thus vauntingly spake to the Captain: "Now Wattawamat can see, by the fiery eyes of the Captain, Angry is he in his heart; but the heart of the brave Wattawamat Is not afraid at the sight. He was not born of a woman, But on a mountain at night, from an oak-tree riven by lightning, Forth he sprang at a bound, with all his weapons about him, Shouting, 'Who is there here to fight with the brave Wattawamat?'"

Then he unsheathed his knife, and, whetting the blade on his left hand,

Held it aloft and displayed a woman's face on the handle; Saying, with bitter expression and look of sinister meaning: "I have another at home, with the face of a man on the handle. By and by they shall marry; and there will be plenty of children!" Then stood Pecksuot forth, self-vaunting, insulting Miles Standish;

While with his fingers he patted the knife that hung at his bosom, Drawing it half from its sheath, and plunging it back, as he muttered,

"By and by it shall see; it shall eat; ah, ha! but shall speak not! This is the mighty Captain the white men have sent to destroy us! He is a little man; let him go and work with the women!"

Meanwhile Standish had noted the faces and figures of Indians Peeping and creeping about from bush to tree in the forest, Feigning to look for game, with arrows set on their bow-strings, Drawing about him still closer and closer the net of their ambush, But undaunted he stood, and dissembled and treated them smoothly;

So the old chronicles say, that were writ in the days of the fathers. But when he heard their defiance, the boast, the taunt, and the insult,

All the hot blood of his race, of Sir Hugh and of Thurston de Standish.

Boiled and beat in his heart, and swelled in the veins of his temples. Headlong he leaped on the boaster, and, snatching his knife from its scabbard.

Plunged it into his heart, and, reeling backward, the savage Fell with his face to the sky, and a fiendlike fierceness upon it. Straight there arose from the forest the awful sound of the war-whoop,

And, like a flurry of snow on the whistling wind of December, Swift and sudden and keen came a flight of feathery arrows Then came a cloud of smoke, and out of the cloud came the lightning,

Out of the lightning thunder; and death unseen ran before it.

Frightened the savages fled for shelter in swamp and in thicket,
Hotly pursued and beset; but their sachem, the brave Wattawamat,
Fled not; he was dead. Unswerving and swift had a bullet
Passed through his brain, and he fell with both hands clutching
the greensward,

Seeming in death to hold back from his foe the land of his fathers.

There, on the flowers of the meadow the warriors lay, and above them,

Silent, with folded arms, stood Hobomok, friend of the white man.

Smiling at length he exclaimed to the stalwart Captain of Plymouth:

"Pecksuot bragged very loud, of his courage, his strength, and his stature,—

Mocked the great Captain, and called him a little man; but I see now

Big enough have you been to lay him speechless before you!"

Thus the first battle was fought and won by the stalwart Miles Standish.

When the tidings thereof were brought to the village of Plymouth, And as a trophy of war the head of the brave Wattawamat

Scowled from the roof of the fort, which at once was a church and a fortress,

All who beheld it rejoiced, and praised the Lord, and took courage. Only Priscilla averted her face from this spectre of terror,

Thanking God in her heart that she had not married Miles Standish;

Shrinking, fearing almost, lest, coming home from his battles, He should lay claim to her hand, as the prize and reward of his valour.

VIII.

THE SPINNING-WHEEL.

MONTH after month passed away, and in autumn the ships of the merchants

Came with kindred and friends, with cattle and corn for the Pilgrims.

All in the village was peace; the men were intent on their labours, Busy with hewing and building, with garden-plot and with merestead,

Busy with breaking the glebe, and mowing the grass in the meadows,

Searching the sea for its fish, and hunting the deer in the forest. All in the village was peace; but at times the rumour of warfare

Filled the air with alarm, and the apprehension of danger. Bravely the stalwart Standish was scouring the land with his forces, Waxing valiant in fight and defeating the alien armies, Till his name had become a sound of fear to the nations. Anger was still in his heart, but at times the remorse and contrition Which in all noble natures succeed the passionate outbreak, Came like a rising tide, that encounters the rush of a river, Staying its current awhile, but making it bitter and brackish.

Meanwhile Alden at home had built him a new habitation, Solid, substantial, of timber rough-hewn from the firs of the forest Wooden-barred was the door, and the roof was covered with rushes:

Latticed the windows were, and the window-panes were of paper, Oiled to admit the light, while wind and rain were excluded. There too he dug a well, and around it planted an orchard: Still may be seen to this day some trace of the well and the orchard. Close to the house was the stall, where, safe and secure from annoyance,

Raghorn, the snow-white bull, that had fallen to Alden's allotment In the division of cattle, might ruminate in the night-time Over the pastures he cropped, made fragrant by sweet pennyroyal.

Oft when his labour was finished, with eager feet would the dreamer

Follow the pathway that ran through the woods to the house of Priscilla.

Led by illusions romantic and subtile deceptions of fancy, Pleasure disguised as duty, and love in the semblance of friendship Ever of her he thought, when he fashioned the walls of his dwelling;

Ever of her he thought, when he delved in the soil of his garden; Ever of her he thought, when he read in his Bible on Sunday Praise of the virtuous woman, as she is described in the Proverbs,—How the heart of her husband doth safely trust in her always, How all the days of her life she will do him good, and not evil, How she seeketh the wool and the flax and worketh with gladness How she layeth her hand to the spindle and holdeth the distaff,

How she is not afraid of the snow for herself or her household, Knowing her household are clothed with the scarlet cloth of her weaving!

So as she sat at her wheel one afternoon in the Autumn, Alden, who opposite sat, and was watching her dexterous fingers, As if the thread she was spinning were that of his life and his fortune,

After a pause in their talk, thus spake to the sound of the spindle. "Truly, Priscilla," he said, "when I see you spinning and spinning, Never idle a moment, but thrifty and thoughtful of others, Suddenly you are transformed, are visibly changed in a moment; You are no longer Priscilla, but Bertha the Beautiful Spinner." Here the light foot on the treadle grew swifter and swifter; the spindle

Uttered an angry snarl, and the thread snapped short in her fingers;

While the impetuous speaker, not heeding the mischief, continued: "You are the beautiful Bertha, the spinner, the queen of Helvetia; She whose story I read at a stall in the streets of Southampton, Who, as she rode on her palfrey, o'er valley and meadow and mountain,

Ever was spinning her thread from a distaff fixed to her saddle. . She was so thrifty and good, that her name passed into a proverb. So shall it be with your own, when the spinning-wheel shall no longer

Hum in the house of the farmer, and fill its chambers with music. Then shall the mothers, reproving, relate how it was in their childhood,

Praising the good old times, and the days of Priscilla the spinner!" Straight uprose from her wheel the beautiful Puritan maiden, Pleased with the praise of her thrift from him whose praise was the sweetest,

Drew from the reel on the table a snowy skein of her spinning, Thus making answer, meanwhile, to the flattering phrases of Alden: "Come, you must not be idle; if I am a pattern for housewives, Show yourself equally worthy of being the model of husbands. Hold this skein on your hands, while I wind it, ready for knitting; Then who knows but hereafter, when fashions have changed and the manners,

Fathers may talk to their sons of the good old times of John Alden!"

Thus, with a jest and a laugh, the skein on his hands she adjusted, He sitting awkwardly there, with his arms extended before him, She standing graceful, erect, and winding the thread from his fingers,

Sometimes chiding a little his clumsy manner of holding, Sometimes touching his hands, as she disentangled expertly Twist or knot in the yarn, unawares—for how could she help it?— Sending electrical thrills through every nerve in his body.

Lo! in the midst of this scene, a breathless messenger entered, Bringing in hurry and heat the terrible news from the village.

Yes; Miles Standish was dead!—an Indian had brought them the tidings,—

Slain by a poisoned arrow, shot down in the front of the battle, Into an ambush beguiled, cut off with the whole of his forces; All the town would be burned, and all the people be murdered! Such were the tidings of evil that burst on the hearts of the hearers. Silent and statue-like stood Priscilla, her face looking backward Still at the face of the speaker, her arms uplifted in horror; But John Alden, upstarting, as if the barb of the arrow Piercing the heart of his friend had struck his own, and had sundered

Once and forever the bonds that held him bound as a captive, Wild with excess of sensation, the awful delight of his freedom, Mingled with pain and regret, unconscious of what he was doing, Clasped, almost with a groan, the motionless form of Priscilla, Pressing her close to his heart, as forever his own, and exclaiming: "Those whom the Lord hath united, let no man put them asunder!"

Even as rivulets twain, from distant and separate sources, Seeing each other afar, as they leap from the rocks, and pursuing Each one its devious path, but drawing nearer and nearer, Rush together at last, at their trysting-place in the forest; So these lives that had run thus far in separate channels, Coming in sight of each other, then swerving and flowing asunder, Parted by barriers strong, but drawing nearer and nearer, Rushed together at last, and one was lost in the other.

IX.

THE WEDDING-DAY.

FORTH from the curtain of clouds, from the tent of purple and scarlet,

Issued the sun, the great High-Priest, in his garments resplendent, Holiness unto the Lord, in letters of light, on his forehead, Round the hem of his robe the golden bells and pomegranates. Blessing the world he came, and the bars of vapour beneath him Gleamed like a grate of brass, and the sea at his feet was a laver!

This was the wedding morn of Priscilla the Puritan maiden. Friends were assembled together; the Elder and Magistrate also Graced the scene with their presence, and stood like the Law and the Gospel,

One with the sanction of earth, and one with the blessing of heaven. Simple and brief was the wedding, as that of Ruth and of Boaz. Softly the youth and the maiden repeated the words of betrothal, Taking each other for husband and wife in the Magistrate's presence,

After the Puritan way, and the laudable custom of Holland. Fervently then, and devoutly, the excellent Elder of Plymouth Prayed for the hearth and the home, that were founded that day in affection,

Speaking of life and of death, and imploring Divine benedictions.

Lo! when the service was ended, a form appeared on the threshold,

Clad in armour of steel, a sombre and sorrowful figure!
Why does the bridegroom start and stare at the strange apparition?
Why does the bride turn pale, and hide her face on his shoulder?
Is it a phantom of air,—a bodiless, spectral illusion?
Is it a ghost from the grave, that has come to forbid the betrothal?
Long had it stood there unseen, a guest uninvited, unwelcomed;

Over its clouded eyes there had passed at times an expression Softening the gloom and revealing the warm heart hidden beneath them,

As when across the sky the driving rack of the rain-cloud Grows for a moment thin, and betrays the sun by its brightness.

Once it had lifted its hand, and moved its lips, but was silent,

As if an iron will had mastered the fleeting intention.

But when were ended the troth and the prayer and the last benediction,

Into the room it strode, and the people beheld with amazement

Bodily there in his armour Miles Standish, the Captain of Plymouth! [me!

Grasping the bridegroom's hand, he said with emotion, "Forgive I have been angry and hurt,- too long have I cherished the feeling; I have been cruel and hard, but now, thank God, it is ended.

Mine is the same hot blood that leaped in the veins of Hugh Standish,

Sensitive, swift to resent, but as swift in atoning for error.

Never so much as now was Miles Standish the friend of John Alden."

Thereupon answered the bridegroom: "Let all be forgotten between us,—

All save the dear old friendship, and that shall grow older and dearer!"

Then the Captain advanced, and, bowing, saluted Priscilla,

Gravely, and after the manner of old-fashioned gentry in England, Something of camp and of court, of town and of country, commingled,

Wishing her joy of her wedding, and loudly lauding her husband. Then he said with a smile: "I should have remembered the

Then he said with a smile: "I should have remembered the adage,—

If you would be well served, you must serve yourself; and moreover, No man can gather cherries in Kent at the season of Christmas!"

Great was the people's amazement, and greater yet their rejoicing, Thus to behold once more the sunburnt face of their Captain, Whom they had mourned as dead; and they gathered and crowded about him, Eager to see him and hear him, forgetful of bride and of bridegroom,

Questioning, answering, laughing, and each interrupting the other, Till the good Captain declared, being quite overpowered and bewildered,

He had rather by far break into an Indian encampment, Than come again to a wedding to which he had not been invited.

Meanwhile the bridegroom went forth and stood with the bride at the doorway,

Breathing the perfumed air of that warm and beautiful morning. Touched with autumnal tints, but lonely and sad in the sunshine, Lay extended before them the land of toil and privation; There were the graves of the dead, and the barren waste of the seashore,

There the familiar fields, the groves of pine, and the meadows; But to their eyes transfigured, it seemed as the Garden of Eden, Filled with the presence of God, whose voice was the sound of the ocean.

Soon was their vision disturbed by the noise and stir of departure, Friends coming forth from the house, and impatient of longer delaying, [pleted.

Each with his plan for the day, and the work that was left uncom-Then from a stall near at hand, amid exclamations of wonder, Alden the thoughtful, the careful, so happy, so proud of Priscilla, Brought out his snow-white bull, obeying the hand of his master Led by a cord that was tied to an iron ring in its nostrils, Covered with crimson cloth, and a cushion placed for a saddle. She should not walk, he said, through the dust and heat of the noonday;

Nay, she should ride like a queen, not plod along like a peasant. Somewhat alarmed at first, but reassured by the others, Placing her hand on the cushion, her foot in the hand of her husband.

Gaily, with joyous laugh, Priscilla mounted her palfrey, "Nothing is wanting now," he said with a smile, "but the distaff; Then you would be in truth my queen, my beautiful Bertha!"

Onward the bridal procession now moved to their new habitation,

Happy husband and wife, and friends conversing together.

Pleasantly murmured the brook, as they crossed the ford in the forest,

Pleased with the image that passed, like a dream of love through its bosom,

Tremulous, floating in air, o'er the depths of the azure abysses.

Down through the golden leaves the sun was pouring his splendours, Gleaming on purple grapes, that, from branches above them suspended,

Mingled their odorous breath with the balm of the pine and the fir-tree,

Wild and sweet as the clusters that grow in the valley of Eshcol Like a picture it seemed of the primitive, pastoral ages,

Fresh with the youth of the world, and recalling Rebecca and Isaac, Old and yet ever new, and simple and beautiful always,

Love immortal and young in the endless succession of lovers. [sion. So through the Plymouth woods passed onward the bridal proces-

TALES OF A WAYSIDE INN.

PART FIRST. PRELUDE.

THE WAYSIDE INN.

ONE Autumn night, in Sudbury town,

Across the meadows bare and brown.

The windows of the wayside inn Gleamed red with fire-light through the leaves

Of woodbine, hanging from the eaves

Their crimson curtains rent and thin.

As ancient is this hostelry
As any in the land may be,
Built in the old Colonial day,
When men lived in a grander way,
With ampler hospitality;
A kind of old Hobgoblin Hall,
Now somewhat fallen to decay,
With weather-stains upon the wall,
And stairways worn, and crazy
doors,

And creaking and uneven floors, And chimneys huge, and tiled and tall.

A region of repose it seems, A place of slumber and of dreams, Remote among the wooded hills!
For there no noisy railway speeds,
Its torch-race scattering smoke and
gleeds;

But noon and night, the panting teams

Stop under the great oaks, that throw

Tangles of light and shade below, On roofs and doors and windowsills.

Across the road the barns display Their lines of stalls, their mows of hay,

Through the wide doors the breezes blow,

The wattled cocks strut to and fro, And, half effaced by rain and shine, The Red Horse prances on the sign. Round this old-fashioned, quaint abode

Deep silence reigned, save when a gust

Went rushing down the county road,

And skeletons of leaves, and dust, A moment quickened by its breath, Shuddered and danced their dance of death,

And through the ancient oaks o'erhead

Mysterious voices moaned and fled.

But from the parlour of the inn A pleasant murmur smote the ear, Like water rushing through a weir: Oft interrupted by the din Of laughter and of loud applause, And, in each intervening pause, The music of a violin. The fire-light, shedding over all The splendour of its ruddy glow,

Filled the whole parlour large and low;

It gleamed on wainscot and on wall,

It touched with more than wonted grace

Fair Princess Mary's pictured face; It bronzed the rafters overhead, On the old spinet's ivory keys It played inaudible melodies, It crowned the sombre clock with flame,

The hands, the hours, the maker's name,

And painted with a livelier red
The Landlord's coat-of-arms again;
And, flashing on the window-pane,
Emblazoned with its light and
shade

The jovial rhymes, that still remain, Writ near a century ago, By the great Major Molineaux, Whom Hawthorne has immortal made.

Before the blazing fire of wood
Erect the wrapt musician stood;
And ever and anon he bent
His head upon his instrument,
And seemed to listen, till he caught
Confessions of its secret thought,—
The joy, the triumph, the lament,
The exultation and the pain;
Then, by the magic of his art,
He soothed the throbbings of its
heart,

And lulled it into peace again.

Around the fireside, at their ease, There sat a group of friends, entranced With the delicious melodies; Who from the far-off noisy town
Had to the wayside inn come down,
To rest beneath its old oak trees.
The fire-light on their faces glanced,
Their shadows on the wainscot
danced, [speech,
And, though of different lands and
Each had his tale to tell, and each
Was anxious to be pleased and
please.

And while the sweet musician plays, Let me in outline sketch them all, Perchance uncouthly as the blaze With its uncertain touch portrays Their shadowysemblance on thewall.

But first the Landlord will I trace; Grave in his aspect and attire; A man of ancient pedigree, A Justice of the Peace was he, Known in all Sudbury as "The Squire."

Proud was he of his name and race, Of old Sir William and Sir Hugh, And in the parlour, full in view, His coat-of-arms, well framed and glazed,

Upon the wall in colours blazed;
He beareth gules upon his shield,
A chevron argent in the field,
With three wolf's-heads, and for
the crest

A Wyvern part-per-pale addressed Upon a helmet barred; below The scroll reads, "By the name of Howe."

And over this, no longer bright,
Though glimmering with a latent
light, [bore,
Was hung the sword his grandsire
In the rebellious days of yore,
Down there at Concord in the fight.

A youth was there, of quiet ways, A Student of old books and days, To whom all tongues and lands were known,

And yet a lover of his own;
With many a social virtue grace
And yet a friend of solitude;
A man of such a genial mood,
The heart of all things he embraced,
And yet of such fastidious taste,
He never found the best too good.
Books were his passion and delight,
And in his upper-room at home
Stood many a rare and sumptuous
tome.

In vellum bound, with gold bedight, Great volumes garmented in white, Recalling Florence, Pisa, Rome. He loved the twilight that surrounds

The border-land of old romance, Where glitter hauberk, helm, and lance.

And banner waves, and trumpet sounds,

And ladies ride with hawk on wrist, And mighty warriors sweep along, Magnified by the purple mist, The dusk of centuries and of song. The chronicles of Charlemagne, Of Merlin and the Mort d'Arthure, Mingled together in his brain With tales of Flores and Blanchefleur,

Sir Ferumbras, Sir Eglamour, Sir Launcelot, Sir Morgadour, Sir Guy, Sir Bevis, Sir Gawain.

A young Sicilian, too, was there; In sight of Etna born and bred, Some breath of its volcanic air Was glowing in his heart and brain, And, being rebellious to his liege,
After Palermo's fatal siege,
Across the western seas he fled,
In good King Bomba's happy reign.
His face was like a summer night,
All flooded with a dusky light;
His hands were small; his teeth
shone white

As sea-shells, when he smiled or spoke;

His sinews supple and strong as oak;

Clean shaven was he as a priest, Who at the mass on Sunday sings, Save that upon his upper lip His beard, a good palm's length at least,

Level and pointed at the tip, Shot sideways, like a swallow's wings.

The poets read he, o'er and o'er,
And most of all the Immortal
Four

Of Italy; and next to those, The story-telling bard of prose, Who wrote the joyous Tuscan tales Of the Decameron, that make Fiesole's green hills and vales Remembered for Boccaccio's sake. Much too of music was his thought; The melodies and measures fraught With sunshine and the open air, Of vineyards and the singing sea Of his beloved Sicily; And much it pleased him to peruse The songs of the Sicilian muse,-Bucolic songs by Meli sung In the familiar peasant tongue, That made men say, "Behold! once more

The pitying gods to earth restore Theocritus of Syracuse!"

A Spanish Jew from Alicant
With aspect grand and grave was
there;

Vender of silks and fabrics rare, And attar of rose from the Levant. Like an old Patriarch he appeared, Abraham or Isaac, or at least Some later Prophet or High-Priest; With lustrous eyes, and olive skin, And, wildly tossed from cheeks and chin.

The tumbling cataract of his beard. His garments breathed a spicy scent

Of cinnamon and sandal blent,
Like the soft aromatic gales
That meet the mariner, who sails
Through the Moluccas, and the seas
That wash the shores of Celebes.
All stories that recorded are
By Pierre Alphonse he knew by
heart,

And it was rumoured he could say
The Parables of Sandabar,
And all the Fables of Pilpay,
Or if not all, the greater part!
Well versed was he in Hebrew
books,

Talmud and Targum, and the lore Of Kabala; and evermore There was a mystery in his looks; His eyes seemed gazing far away, As if in vision or in trance He heard the solemn sackbut play, And saw the Jewish maidens dance.

A Theologian, from the school
Of Cambridge on the Charles, was
there;
Skilful alike with tongue and pen,
He preached to all men everywhere
The Gospel of the Golden Rule,

The New Commandment given to men,

Thinking the deed, and not the creed,

Would help us in our utmost need. With reverent feet the earth he trod,

Nor banished nature from his plan, But studied still with deep research To build the Universal Church, Lofty as is the love of God, And ample as the wants of man.

A Poet, too, was there, whose verse Was tender, musical, and terse; The inspiration, the delight, The gleam, the glory, the swift flight,

Of thoughts so sudden, that they seem

The revelations of a dream,
All these were his; but with them
came

No envy of another's fame; He did not find his sleep less sweet, For music in some neighbouring street,

Nor rustling hear in every breeze The laurels of Miltiades.

Honour and blessings on his head While living, good report when dead,

Who, not too eager for renown,
Accepts, but does not clutch, the
crown!

Last the Musician, as he stood Illumined by that fire of wood; Fair-haired, blue-eyed, his aspect blithe,

His figure tall and straight and lithe,

And every feature of his face Revealing his Norwegian race; A radiance, streaming from within, Around his eyes and forehead beamed,

The Angel with the violin,
Painted by Raphael, he seemed.
He lived in that ideal world
Whose language is not speech, but
sony:

Around him evermore the throng Of elves and sprites their dances whirled;

The Strömkarl sang, the cataract hurled

Its headlong waters from the height;

And mingled in the wild delight The scream of sea-birds in their flight,

The rumour of the forest trees,
The plunge of the implacable seas,
The tumult of the wind at night,
Voices of eld, like trumpets blowing,

Old ballads, and wild melodies Through mist and darkness pouring forth,

Like Elivagar's river flowing Out of the glaciers of the North.

The instrument on which he played Was in Cremona's workshops made, By a great master of the past, Ere yet was lost the art divine; Fashioned of maple and of pine, That in Tyrolean forests vast Had rocked and wrestled with the blast:

Exquisite was it in design, Perfect in each minutest part, A marvel of the lutist's art; And in its hollow chamber, thus, The maker from whose hands it came

Had written his unrivalled name,—"Antonius Stradivarius."

And when he played, the atmosphere

Was filled with magic, and the ear Caught echoes of that Harp of Gold,

Whose music had so weird a sound,
The hunted stag forgot to bound,
The leaping rivulet backward
rolled,

The birds came down from bush and tree, [sea, The dead came from beneath the The maiden to the harper's knee!

The music ceased; the applause was loud,

The pleased musician smiled and bowed;

The wood-fire ciapped its hands of flame,

The shadows on the wainscot stirred, [came And from the harpsichord there

A ghostly murmur of acclaim,

A sound like that sent down at
night

By birds of passage in their flight, From the remotest distance hear

Then silence followed; then began A clamour for the Landlord's tale,—The story promised them of old, They said, but always left untold; And he, although a bashful man, And all his courage seemed to fail, Finding excuse of no avail, Yielded; and thus the story ran.

THE LANDLORD'S TALE.

PAUL REVERE'S RIDE.

LISTEN, my children, and you shall hear Of the midnight ride of Paul Revere, On the eighteenth of April, in Seventy-five; Hardly a man is now alive Who remembers that famous day and year.

He said to his friend, "If the British march By land or sea from the town to-night, Hang a lantern aloft in the belfry arch Of the North Church tower as a signal light,—One, if by land, and two, if by sea; And I on the opposite shore will be, Ready to ride and spread the alarm Through every Middlesex village and farm, For the country folk to be up and to arm.

Then he said, "Good night!" and with muffled oar Silently rowed to the Charlestown shore, Just as the moon rose over the bay, Where swinging wide at her moorings lay The Somerset, British man-of-war; A phantom-ship, with each mast and spar Across the moon like a prison bar, And a huge black hulk, that was magnified. By its own reflection in the tide.

Meanwhile, his friend, through alley and street, Wanders and watches with eager ears, Till in the silence around him he hears The muster of men at the barrack door, The sound of arms, and the tramp of feet, And the measured tread of the grenadiers, Marching down to their boats on the shore.

Then he climbed the tower of the Old North Church, By the wooden stairs, with stealthy tread,
To the belfry-chamber overhead,
And startled the pigeons from their perch
On the sombre rafters, that round him made
Masses and moving shapes of shade,—
By the trembling ladder, steep and tall,
To the highest window in the wall,
Where he paused to listen and look down
A moment on the roofs of the town,
And the moonlight flowing over all.

Beneath, in the churchyard, lay the dead In their night-encampment on the hill, Wrapped in silence so deep and still That he could hear, like a sentinel's tread, The watchful night-wind, as it went Creeping along from tent to tent, And seeming to whisper, "All is well!" A moment only he feels the spell

Of the place and the hour, and the secret dread Of the lonely belfry and the dead; For suddenly all his thoughts are bent On a shadowy something far away, Where the river widens to meet the bay,— A line of black that bends and floats On the rising tide, like a bridge of boats.

Meanwhile, impatient to mount and ride, Booted and spurred, with a heavy stride On the opposite shore walked Paul Revere. Now he patted his horse's side, Now gazed at the landscape far and near, Then, impetuous, stamped the earth, And turned and tightened his saddle-girth; But mostly he watched with eager search The belfry tower of the Old North Church, As it rose above the graves on the hill, Lonely and spectral, and sombre and still. And lo! as he looks, on the belfry's height A glimmer, and then a gleam of light! He springs to the saddle, the bridle he'turns, But lingers and gazes, till full on his sight A second lamp in the belfry burns!

A hurry of hoofs in a village street,
A shape in the moonlight, a bulk in the dark,
And beneath, from the pebbles, in passing, a spark
Struck out by a steed flying fearless and fleet:
That was all! And yet, through the gloom and the light,

The fate of a nation was riding that night; And the spark struck out by that steed in his flight, Kindled the land into flame with its heat.

He has left the village and mounted the steep, And beneath him, tranquil and broad and deep, Is the Mystic, meeting the ocean tides; And under the alders that skirt its edge, Now soft on the sand, now loud on the ledge, Is heard the tramp of his steed as he rides.

It was twelve by the village clock, When he crossed the bridge into Medford town. He heard the crowing of the cock, And the barking of the farmer's dog, And felt the damp of the river fog, That rises after the sun goes down.

It was one by the village clock,
When he galloped into Lexington.
He saw the gilded weathercock
Swim in the moonlight as he passed,
And the meeting-house windows, blank and bare,
Gaze at him with a spectral glare,
As if they already stood aghast
At the bloody work they would look upon.

It was two by the village clock,
When he came to the bridge in Concord town.
He heard the bleating of the flock,
And the twitter of birds among the trees,
And felt the breath of the morning breeze
Blowing over the meadows brown.
And one was safe and asleep in his bed
Who at the bridge would be first to fall,
Who that day would be lying dead,
Pierced by a British musket-ball.

You know the rest. In the books you have read, How the British Regulars fired and fled,—How the farmers gave them ball for ball, From behind each fence and farm-yard wall, Chasing the red-coats down the lane, Then crossing the fields to emerge again Under the trees at the turn of the road, And only pausing to fire and load.

So through the night rode Paul Revere;
And so through the night went his cry of alarm
To every Middlesex village and farm,—
A cry of defiance and not of fear,
A voice in the darkness, a knock at the door
And a word that shall echo forevermore!
For, borne on the night-wind of the Past,
Through all our history, to the last,
In the hour of darkness and peril and need,
The people will waken and listen to hear
The hurrying hoof-beats of that steed.
And the midnight message of Paul Revere.

INTERLUDE.

THE Landlord ended thus his tale, Then rising took down from its nail The sword that hung there, dim with dust,

And cleaving to its sheath with rust, And said, "This sword was in the fight."

The Poet seized it, and exclaimed, "It is the sword of a good knight, Though homespun was his coat-of-mail;

What matter if it be not named Joyeuse, Colada, Durindale, Excalibar, or Aroundight, Or other name the books record? Your ancestor, who bore this sword As Colonel of the Volunteers, Mounted upon his old gray mare, Seen here and there and everywhere, To me a grander shape appears Than old Sir William, or what not, Clinking about in foreign lands With iron gauntlets on his hands, And on his head an iron pot!"

All laughed; the Landlord's face grew red

As his escutcheon on the wall;
He could not comprehend at all
The drift of what the Poet said;
For those who had been longest dead
Were always greatest in his eyes;
And he was speechless with surprise
To see Sir William's plumed head
Brought to a level with the rest,
And made the subject of a jest.
And this perceiving, to appease
The Landlord's wrath, the others'
fears,

The Student said, with careless ease, "The ladies and the cavaliers,
The arms, the loves, the courtesies,
The deeds of high emprise I sing!
Thus Ariosto says, in words
That have the stately stride and ring
Of armèd knights and clashing
swords.

Now listen to the tale I bring; Listen! though not to me belong The flowing draperies of his song, The words that rouse, the voice that charms.

The Landlord's tale was one of arms, Only a tale of love is mine, Blending the human and divine, A tale of the Decameron, told In Palmieri's garden old, By Fiametta, laurel-crowned, While her companions lay around, And heard the intermingled sound Of airs that on their errands sped, And wild birds gossiping overhead, And lisp of leaves, and fountain's fall,
And her own voice more sweet than all,
Telling the tale, which, wanting these,
Perchance may lose its power to please."

THE STUDENT'S TALE

THE FALCON OF SER FEDERIGO.

ONE summer morning, when the sun was hot, Weary with labour in his garden plot, On a rude bench beneath his cottage eaves, Ser Federigo sat among the leaves Of a huge vine, that, with its arms outspread, Hung its delicious clusters overhead. Below him, through the lovely valley, flowed The river Arno, like a winding road, And from its banks were lifted high in air The spires and roofs of Florence called the Fair; To him a marble tomb, that rose above His wasted fortunes and his buried love. For there, in banquet and in tournament, His wealth had lavished been, his substance spent, To woo and lose, since ill his wooing sped, Monna Giovanna, who his rival wed, Yet ever in his fancy reigned supreme, The ideal woman of a young man's dream.

Then he withdrew, in poverty and pain,
To this small farm, the last of his domain,
His only comfort and his only care
To prune his vines, and plant the fig and pear;
His only forester and only guest
His falcon, faithful to him, when the rest,
Whose willing hands had found so light of yore
The brazen knocker of his palace door,

Had now no strength to lift the wooden latch, That entrance gave beneath a roof of thatch. Companion of his solitary ways, Purveyor of his feasts on holidays, On him this melancholy man bestowed The love with which his nature overflowed.

And so the empty-handed years went round, Vacant, though voiceful with prophetic sound; And so, that summer morn, he sat and mused With folded, patient hands, as he was used, And dreamily before his half-closed sight Floated the vision of his lost delight. Beside him, motionless, the drowsy bird Dreamed of the chase, and in his slumber heard The sudden, scythe-like sweep of wings, that dare The headlong plunge through eddying gulfs of air, Then, starting broad awake upon his perch, Tinkled his bells, like mass-bells in a church, And, looking at his master, seemed to say, "Ser Federigo, shall we hunt to-day?"

Ser Federigo thought not of the chase;
The tender vision of her lovely face
I will not say he seems to see, he sees
In the leaf-shadows of the trellises,
Herself, yet not herself; a lovely child
With flowing tresses, and eyes wide and wild,
Coming undaunted up the garden walk,
And looking not at him, but at the hawk.
"Beautiful falcon!" said he, "would that I
Might hold thee on my wrist, or see thee fly!"
The voice was hers, and made strange echoes start
Through all the haunted chambers of his heart,
As an æolian harp through gusty doors
Of some old ruin its wild music pours.

"Who is thy mother, my fair boy?" he said. His hand laid softly on that shining head. "Monna Giovanna. Will you let me stay A little while, and with your falcon play? We live there, just beyond your garden wall, In the great house behind the poplars tall."

So he spake on; and Federigo heard
As from afar each softly uttered word,
And drifted onward through the golden gleams
And shadows of the misty sea of dreams,
As mariners becalmed through vapours drift,
And feel the sea beneath them sink and lift,
And hear far off the mournful breakers roar,
And voices calling faintly from the shore!
Then waking from his pleasant reveries,
He took the little boy upon his knees,
And told him stories of his gallant bird,
Till in their friendship he became a third.

Monna Giovanna, widowed in her prime, Had come with friends to pass the summer time In her grand villa, half-way up the hill, O'erlooking Florence, but retired and still; With iron gates, that opened through long lines Of sacred ilex and centennial pines, And terraced gardens, and broad steps of stone. And sylvan deities, with moss o'ergrown, And fountains palpitating in the heat, And all Val d'Arno stretched beneath its feet Here in seclusion, as a widow may, The lovely lady whiled the hours away. Pacing in sable robes the statued hall, Herself the stateliest statue among all, And seeing more and more, with secret joy, Her husband risen and living in her boy, Till the lost sense of life returned again. Not as delight, but as relief from pain. Meanwhile the boy, rejoicing in his strength, Stormed down the terraces from length to length; The screaming peacock chased in hot pursuit, And climbed the garden trellises for fruit. But his chief pastime was to watch the flight Of a gerfalcon, soaring into sight, Beyond the trees that fringed the garden wall, Then downward stooping at some distant call; And as he gazed full often wondered he Who might the master of the falcon be, Until that happy morning, when he found Master and falcon in the cottage ground.

And now a shadow and a terror fell
On the great house, as if a passing-bell
Tolled from the tower, and filled each spacious room
With secret awe and preternatural gloom;
The petted boy grew ill, and day by day
Pined with mysterious malady away.
The mother's heart would not be comforted;
Her darling seemed to her already dead,
And often, sitting by the sufferer's side,
"What can I do to comfort thee?" she cried.
At first the silent lips made no reply,
But, moved at length by her importunate cry,
"Give me," he answered, with imploring tone,
"Ser Federigo's falcon for my own!"

No answer could the astonished mother make; How could she ask, e'en for her darling's sake, Such favour at a luckless lover's hand, Well knowing that to ask was to command? Well knowing, what all falconers confessed, In all the land that falcon was the best, The master's pride and passion and delight, And the sole pursuivant of this poor knight. But yet, for her child's sake, she could no less Than give assent, to soothe his restlessness, So promised, and then promising to keep Her promise sacred, saw him fast asleep.

The morrow was a bright September morn; The earth was beautiful as if new-born; There was that nameless splendour everywhere, That wild exhilaration in the air. Which makes the passers in the city street Congratulate each other as they meet. Two lovely ladies, clothed in cloak and hood, Passed through the garden gate into the wood, Under the lustrous leaves, and through the sheen Of dewy sunshine showering down between. The one, close-hooded, had the attractive grace Which sorrow sometimes lends a woman's face; Her dark eyes moistened with the mists that roll From the gulf-stream of passion in the soul; The other with her hood thrown back, her hair Making a golden glory in the air, Her cheeks suffused with an auroral blush. Her young heart singing louder than the thrush, So walked, that morn, through mingled light and shade, Each by the other's presence lovelier made, Monna Giovanna and her bosom friend, Intent upon their errand and its end

They found Ser Federigo at his toil,
Like banished Adam, delving in the soil;
And when he looked and these fair women spied,
The garden suddenly was glorified;
His long-lost Eden was restored again,
And the strange river winding through the plain
No longer was the Arno to his eyes,
But the Euphrates watering Paradise!

Monna Giovanna raised her stately head, And with fair words of salutation said: "Ser Federigo, we come here as friends, Hoping in this to make some poor amends For past unkindness. I who ne'er before Would even cross the threshold of your door, I who in happier days such pride maintained, Refused your banquets, and your gifts disdained, This morning come, a self-invited guest, To put your generous nature to the test, And breakfast with you under your own vine." To which he answered: "Poor desert of mine, Not your unkindness call it, for if aught Is good in me of feeling or of thought, From you it comes, and this last grace outweighs All sorrows, all regrets of other days."

And after further compliment and talk, Among the asters in the garden walk He left his guests; and to his cottage turned, And as he entered for a moment yearned For the lost splendours of the days of old. The ruby glass, the silver, and the gold, And felt how piercing is the sting of pride, By want embittered and intensified. He looked about him for some means or way To keep this unexpected holiday; Searched every cupboard, and then searched again. Summoned the maid, who came, but came in vain: "The Signor did not hunt to-day," she said, "There's nothing in the house but wine and bread." Then suddenly the drowsy falcon shook His little bells, with that sagacious look, Which said, as plain as language to the ear, "If anything is wanting, I am here!"

Yes, everything is wanting, gallant bird!
The master seized thee without further word,
Like thine own lure, he whirled thee round; ah me!
The pomp and flutter of brave falconry,
The bells, the jesses, the bright scarlet hood,
The flight and the pursuit o'er field and wood,
All these forevermore are ended now;
No longer victor, but the victim thou!

Then on the board a snow-white cloth he spread, Laid on its wooden dish the loaf of bread, Brought purple grapes with autumn sunshine hot, The fragrant peach, the juicy bergamot; Then in the midst a flask of wine he placed, And with autumnal flowers the banquet graced. Ser Federigo, would not these suffice Without thy falcon stuffed with cloves and spice?

When all was ready, and the courtly dame
With her companion to the cottage came,
Upon Ser Federigo's brain there fell
The wild enchantment of a magic spell!
The room they entered, mean and low and small,
Was changed into a sumptuous banquet-hall,
With fanfares by aerial trumpets blown;
The rustic chair she sat on was a throne;
He ate celestial food, and a divine
Flavour was given to his country's wine,
And the poor falcon, fragrant with his spice,
A peacock was, or bird of paradise!

When the repast was ended, they arose And passed again into the garden-close. Then said the lady, "Far too well I know, Remembering still the days of long ago, Though you betray it not, with what surprise You see me here in this familiar wise. You have no children, and you cannot guess What anguish, what unspeakable distress A mother feels, whose child is lying ill, Nor how her heart anticipates his will. And yet for this, you see me lay aside All womanly reserve and check of pride, And ask the thing most precious in your sight, Your falcon, your sole comfort and delight, Which, if you find it in your heart to give, My poor, unhappy boy perchance may live."

Ser Federigo listens, and replies,
With tears of love and pity in his eyes:
"Alas, dear lady! there can be no task
So sweet to me, as giving when you ask.
One little hour ago, if I had known
This wish of yours, it would have been my own.
But thinking in what manner I could best
Do honour to the presence of my guest,
I deemed that nothing worthier could be
Than what most dear and precious was to me;
And so my gallant falcon breathed his last
To furnish forth this morning our repast."

In mute contrition, mingled with dismay,
The gentle lady turned her eyes away,
Grieving that he such sacrifice should make,
And kill his falcon for a woman's sake,
Yet feeling in her heart a woman's pride,
That nothing she could ask for was denied;
Then took her leave, and passed out at the gate
With footstep slow, and soul disconsolate.

Three days went by, and lo! a passing-bell Tolled from the little chapel in the dell; Ten strokes Ser Federigo heard, and said, Breathing a prayer, "Alas! her child is dead!" Three months went by, and lo! a merrier chime Rang from the chapel bells at Christmas time; The cottage was deserted, and no more Ser Federigo sat beside its door, . But now, with servitors to do his will, In the grand villa, half-way up the hill, Sat at the Christmas feast, and at his side Monna Giovanna, his beloved bride, Never so beautiful, so kind, so fair, Enthroned once more in the old rustic chair,

High-perched upon the back of which there stood The image of a falcon carved in wood, And underneath the inscription, with a date, "All things come round to him who will but wait."

INTERLUDE.

Soon as the story reached its end,
One, over eager to commend,
Crowned it with injudicious praise;
And then the voice of blame found
vent,

And fanned the embers of dissent Into a somewhat lively blaze.

The Theologian shook his head;
"These old Italian tales," he said,
"From the much-praised Decameron
down

Through all the rabble of the rest,
Are either trifling, dull, or lewd;
The gossip of a neighbourhood
In some remote provincial town,
A scandalous chronicle at best!
They seem to me a stagnant fen,
Grown rank with rushes and with reeds
Where a white lily, now and then,
Blooms in the midst of noxious
weeds
[banks!"
And deadly nightshade on its

To this the Student straight replied, "For the white lily, many thanks! One should not say, with too much pride,

Fountain, I will not drink of thee!
Nor were it grateful to forget,
That from these reservoirs and
tanks
Even imperial Shakespeare drew
His Moor of Venice, and the Jew,
And Romeo and Juliet,

Then a long pause; till some one said.

And many a famous comedy."

"An angel is flying overhead!"
At these words spake the Spanish
Jew, [breath:
And murmured with an inward
"God grant, if what you say be true,
It may not be the Angel of Death!"
And then another pause; and then,
Stroking his beard, he said again:
"This brings back to my memory
A story in the Talmud told,
That book of gems, that book of
gold,

Of wonders many and manifold,
A tale that often comes to me,
And fills my heart and haunts my
brain,

And never wearies nor grows old."

THE SPANISH JEW'S TALE.

THE LEGEND OF RABBI BEN LEVI.

RABBI BEN LEVI, on the Sabbath, read A volume of the Law, in which it said, "No man shall look upon my face and live." And as he read, he prayed that God would give His faithful servant grace with mortal eye To look upon His face and yet not die.

Then fell a sudden shadow on the page,
And, lifting up his eyes, grown dim with age,
He saw the Angel of Death before him stand,
Holding a naked sword in his right hand.
Rabbi Ben Levi was a righteous man,
Yet through his veins a chill of terror ran.
With trembling voice he said, "What wilt thou here?"
The Angel answered, "Lo! the time draws near
When thou must die; yet first, by God's decree,
Whate'er thou askest shall be granted thee."
Replied the Rabbi, "Let these living eyes
First look upon my place in Paradise."

Then said the Angel, "Come with me and look." Rabbi Ben Levi closed the sacred book, And rising, and uplifting his gray head, "Give me thy sword," he to the Angel said, "Lest thou shouldst fall upon me by the way." The Angel smiled and hastened to obey, Then led him forth to the Celestial Town, And set him on the wall, whence, gazing down, Rabbi Ben Levi, with his living eyes, Might look upon his place in Paradise.

Then straight into the city of the Lord
The Rabbi leaped with the Death-Angel's sword,
And through the streets there swept a sudden breath
Of something there unknown, which men call death.
Meanwhile the Angel stayed without, and cried,
"Come back!" To which the Rabbi's voice replied,
"No! in the name of God, whom I adore,
I swear that hence I will depart no more!"

Then all the Angels cried, "O Holy One, See what the son of Levi here hath done! The kingdom of Heaven he takes by violence, And in Thy name refuses to go hence!" The Lord replied, "My Angels, be not wroth: Did e'er the son of Levi break his oath? Let him remain; for he with mortal eye Shall look upon my face and yet not die."

Beyond the outer wall the Angel of Death Heard the great voice, and said, with panting breath, "Give back the sword, and let me go my way." Whereat the Rabbi paused, and answered, "Nay! Anguish enough already hath it caused Among the sons of men." And while he paused He heard the awful mandate of the Lord Resounding through the air, "Give back the sword!"

The Rabbi bowed his head in silent prayer; Then said he to the dreadful Angel, "Swear No human eye shall look on it again; But when thou takest away the souls of men, Thyself unseen, and with an unseen sword, Thou wilt perform the bidding of the Lord." The Angel took the sword again, and swore, And walks on earth unseen forevermore.

INTERLUDE.

HE ended: and a kind of spell
Upon the silent listeners fell.
His solemn manner and his words
Had touched the deep, mysterious
chords

That vibrate in each human breast Alike, but not alike confessed. The spiritual world seemed near; And close above them, full of fear, Its awful adumbration passed, A luminous shadow, vague and vast. They almost feared to look, lest there, Embodied from the impalpable air, They might behold the Angel stand, Holding the sword in his right hand.

At last, but in a voice subdued,
Not to disturb their dreamy mood,
Said the Sicilian: "While you
spoke,

Telling your legend marvellous, Suddenly in my memory woke The thought of one, now gone from us,—

An old Abate, meek and mild,
My friend and teacher, when a child,

Who sometimes in those days of old

The legend of an Angel told, Which ran, as I remember, thus."

THE SICILIAN'S TALE

KING ROBERT OF SICILY.

ROBERT of Sicily, brother of Pope Urbane And Valmond, Emperor of Allemaine. Apparelled in magnificent attire, With retinue of many a knight and squire, On St. John's Eve, at vespers, proudly sat And heard the priests chant the Magnificat And as he listened, o'er and o'er again Repeated, like a burden or refrain, He caught the words, "Deposuit potentes De sede, et exaltavit humiles:" And slowly lifting up his kingly head, He to a learned clerk beside him said. Imeet. "What mean these words?" The cierk made answer "He has put down the mighty from their seat, And has exalted them of low degree." Thereat King Robert muttered scornfully, "'T is well that such seditious words are sung Only by priests and in the Latin tongue; For unto priests and people be it known, There is no power can push me from my throne!" And leaning back, he yawned and fell asleep, Lulled by the chant monotonous and deep. When he awoke, it was already night; The church was empty, and there was no light, Save where the lamps, that glimmered few and faint, Lighted a little space before some saint. He started from his seat and gazed around, But saw no living thing and heard no sound. He groped towards the door, but it was locked; . He cried aloud, and listened, and then knocked, And uttered awful threatenings and complaints, And imprecations upon men and saints. The sounds re-echoed from the roof and walls As if dead priests were laughing in their stalls.

At length the sexton, hearing from without The tumult of the knocking and the shout, And thinking thieves were in the house of prayer, Came with his lantern, asking, "Who is there?" Half choked with rage, King Robert fiercely said, "Open: 't is I, the King! Art thou afraid?" The frightened sexton, muttering, with a curse, "This is some drunken vagabond, or worse!" Turned the great key and flung the portal wide; A man rushed by him at a single stride, Haggard, half naked, without hat or cloak, Who neither turned, nor looked at him, nor spoke, But leaped into the blackness of the night, And vanished like a spectre from his sight.

Robert of Sicily, brother of Pope Urbane
And Valmond, Emperor of Allemaine,
Despoiled of his magnificent attire,
Bareheaded, breathless, and besprent with mire,
With sense of wrong and outrage desperate,
Strode on and thundered at the palace gate;
Rushed through the court-yard, thrusting in his rage
To right and left each seneschal and page,
And hurried up the broad and sounding stair,
His white face ghastly in the torches' glare.
From hall to hall he passed with breathless speed;
Voices and cries he heard, but did not heed,
Until at last he reached the banquet-room,
Blazing with light, and breathing with perfume.

There on the dais sat another king,
Wearing his robes, his crown, his signet-ring,
King Robert's self in features, form, and height,
But all transfigured with angelic light!
It was an Angel; and his presence there
With a divine effulgence filled the air,
An exaltation, piercing the disguise,
Though none the hidden Angel recognise.

A moment speechless, motionless, amazed, The throneless monarch on the Angel gazed, Who met his look of anger and surprise With the divine compassion of his eyes; Then said, "Who art thou? and why com'st thou here?" To which King Robert answered, with a sneer, "I am the King, and come to claim my own From an impostor, who usurps my throne!" And suddenly, at these audacious words, Up sprang the angry guests, and drew their swords; The Angel answered, with unruffled brow, "Nay, not the King, but the King's Jester; thou Henceforth shalt wear the bells and scalloped cape, And for thy counsellor shalt lead an ape; Thou shalt obey my servants when they call, And wait upon my henchmen in the hall!"

Deaf to King Robert's threats and cries and prayers. They thrust him from the hall and down the stairs; A group of tittering pages ran before, And as they opened wide the folding-door, His heart failed, for he heard, with strange alarms, The boisterous laughter of the men-at-arms, And all the vaulted chamber roar and ring With the mock plaudits of "Long live the King!"

Next morning, waking with the day's first beam, He said within himself, "It was a dream!" But the straw rustled as he turned his head, There were the cap and bells beside his bed, Around him rose the bare, discoloured walls, Close by, the steeds were champing in their stalls, And in the corner, a revolting shape, Shivering and chattering, sat the wretched ape. It was no dream; the world he loved so much Had turned to dust and ashes at his touch!

Days came and went; and now returned again To Sicily the old Saturnian reign;

Under the Angel's governance benign The happy island danced with corn and wine, And deep within the mountain's burning breast Enceladus, the giant, was at rest.

Meanwhile King Robert yielded to his fate, Sullen and silent and disconsolate. Dressed in the motley garb that Jesters wear, With look bewildered and a vacant stare. Close shaven above the ears, as monks are shorn, By courtiers mocked, by pages laughed to scorn, His only friend the ape, his only food What others left,-he still was unsubdued. And when the Angel met him on his way, And half in earnest, half in jest, would say, Sternly, though tenderly, that he might feel The velvet scabbard held a sword of steel. "Art thou the King?" the passion of his woe Burst from him in resistless overflow, And, lifting high his forehead, he would fling The haughty answer back, "I am, I am the King!"

Almost three years were ended; when there came Ambassadors of great repute and name From Valmond, Emperor of Allemaine, Unto King Robert, saying that Pope Urbane By letter summoned them forthwith to come On Holy Thursday to his city of Rome. The Angel with great joy received his guests, And gave them presents of embroidered vests, And velvet mantles with rich ermine lined. And rings and jewels of the rarest kind. Then he departed with them o'er the sea Into the lovely land of Italy, Whose loveliness was more resplendent made By the mere passing of that cavalcade, With plumes, and cloaks, and housings, and the star Of jewelled bridle and of golden spur. And lo! among the menials, in mock state,

Upon a piebald steed, with shambling gait, His cloak of fox-tails flapping in the wind, The solemn ape demurely perched behind, King Robert rode, making huge merriment In all the country towns through which they went.

The Pope received them with great pomp and blare Of bannered trumpets, on Saint Peter's square, Giving his benediction and embrace, Fervent, and full of apostolic grace. While with congratulations and with prayers He entertained the Angel unawares, Robert, the Jester, bursting through the crowd, Into their presence rushed, and cried aloud, "I am the King! Look, and behold in me Robert your brother, King of Sicily! This man, who wears my semblance to your eyes, Is an impostor in a king's disguise. Do you not know me? does no voice within Answer my cry, and say we are akin?" The Pope in silence, but with troubled micn, Gazed at the Angel's countenance serene; The Emperor, laughing, said, "It is strange sport To keep a madman for thy Fool at court!" And the poor, baffled Jester in disgrace Was hustled back among the populace.

In solemn state the Holy Week went by,
And Easter Sunday gleamed upon the sky;
The presence of the Angel, with its light,
Before the sun rose, made the city bright,
And with new fervour filled the hearts of men,
Who felt that Christ indeed had risen again.
Even the Jester, on his bed of straw,
With haggard eyes the unwonted splendour saw,
He felt within a power unfelt before,
And, kneeling humbly on his chamber floor,
He heard the rushing garments of the Lord
Sweep through the silent air, ascending heavenward.

And now the visit ending, and once more Valmond returning to the Danube's shore, Homeward the Angel journeyed, and again The land was made resplendent with his train, Flashing along the towns of Italy Unto Salerno, and from thence by sea. And when once more within Palermo's wall, And, seated on the throne in his great hall, He heard the Angelus from convent towers, As if the better world conversed with ours, He beckoned to King Robert to draw nigher, And with a gesture bade the rest retire; And when they were alone, the Angel said, "Art thou the King?" Then, bowing down his head, King Robert crossed both hands upon his breast, And meekly answered him: "Thou knowest best! * My sins as scarlet are; let me go hence, And in some cloister's school of penitence, Across those stones, that pave the way to heaven, Walk barefoot, till my guilty soul be shriven!" The Angel smiled, and from his radiant face A holy light illumined all the place, And through the open window, loud and clear, They heard the monks chant in the chapel near, Above the stir and tumult of the street: "He has put down the mighty from their seat, And has exalted them of low degree!" And through the chant a second melody Rose like the throbbing of a single string: "I am an Angel, and thou art the King!"

King Robert, who was standing near the throne, Lifted his eyes, and lo! he was alone! But all apparelled as in days of old, With ermined mantle and with cloth of gold; And when his courtiers came, they found him there Kneeling upon the floor, absorbed in silent prayer.

INTERLUDE.

And then the blue-eyed Norseman told

A Saga of the days of old.

"There is," said he, "a wondrous book

Of Legends in the old Norse tongue, Of the dead kings of Norroway,— Legends that once were told or sung In many a smoky fireside nook Of Iceland, in the ancient day, By wandering Saga-man or Scald; 'Heimskringla' is the volume called; And he who looks may find therein The story that I now begin."

And in each pause the story made
Upon his violin he played,
As an appropriate interlude,
Fragments of old Norwegian tunes
That bound in one the separate
runes,

And held the mind in perfect mood, Entwining and encircling all The strange and antiquated rhymes With melodies of olden times; As over some half-ruined wall, Disjointed and about to fall, Fresh woodbines climb and interlace, [place. And keep the loosened stones in

THE MUSICIAN'S TALE.

THE SAGA OF KING OLAF.
i.

I AM the God Thor,
I am the War God,
I am the Thunderer!
Here in my Northland,
My fastness and fortress,
Reign I forever!

Here amid icebergs Rule I the nations; This is my hammer, Miolner the mighty; Giants and sorcerers Cannot withstand it!

These are the gauntlets, Wherewith I wield it, And hurl it afar off; This is my girdle; Whenever I brace it, Strength is redoubled!

The light thou beholdest Stream through the heavens, In flashes of crimson, Is but my red beard Blown by the night-wind, Affrighting the nations!

Jove is my brother; Mine eyes are the lightning; The wheels of my chariot Roll in the thunder, The blows of my hammer Ring in the earthquake!

Force rules the world still, Has ruled it, shall rule it; Meekness is weakness, Strength is triumphant, Over the whole earth Still is it Thor's-Day!

Thou art a God too, O Galilean! And thus single-handed Unto the combat, Gauntlet or Gospel, Here I defy thee! 11.

KING OLAF'S RETURN.

And King Olaf heard the cry,
Saw the red light in the sky,
Laid his hand upon his sword,
As he leaned upon the railing,
And his ships went sailing, sailing
Northward into Drontheim fiord.

There he stood as one who dreamed; [gleamed And the red light glanced and On the armour that he wore; And he shouted, as the rifted Streamers o'er him shook and shifted, "I accept thy challenge, Thor!"

To avenge his father slain,
And reconquer realm and reign,
Came the youthful Olaf home,
Through the midnight sailing, sailing,
Listening to the wild wind's wailing,
And the dashing of the foam.

To his thoughts the sacred name
Of his mother Astrid came,
And the tale she oft had told
Of her flight by secret passes
Through the mountains and
morasses,

To the home of Hakon old.

Then strange memories crowded back [wrack, Of Queen Gunhild's wrath and And a hurried flight by sea; Of grim Vikings, and the rapture Of the sea-fight, and the capture, And the life of slavery.

How a stranger watched his face In the Estonian market-place, Scanned his features one by one, Saying, "We should know each other;
I am Sigurd, Astrid's brother,
Thou art Olaf, Astrid's son!"

Then as Queen Allogia's page,
Old in honours, young in age,
Chief of all her men-at-arms;
Till vague whispers, and mysterious,
Reached King Valdemar, the
imperious,
Filling him with strange alarms.

Then his cruisings o'er the seas,
Westward to the Hebrides
And to Scilly's rocky shore;
And the hermit's cavern dismal,
Christ's great name and rites
baptismal,
In the ocean's rush and roar.

All these thoughts of love and strife Glimmered through his lurid life,
As the stars' intenser light
Through the red flames o'er him trailing,

As his ships went sailing, sailing Northward in the summer night.

Trained for either camp or court,
Skilful in each manly sport,
Young and beautiful and tall;
Art of warfare, craft of chases,
Swimming, skating, snow-shoe races,
Excellent alike in all.

When at sea, with all his rowers,
He along the bending oars
Outside of his ship could run.
He the Smalsor Horn ascended,
And his shining shield suspended
On its summit, like a sun.

On the ship-rails he could stand, Wield his sword with either hand, And at once two javelins throw; At all feasts where ale was strongest Sat the merry monarch longest, First to come and last to go.

Norway never yet had seen One so beautiful of mien, One so royal in attire, When in arms completely furnished, Harness gold-inlaid and burnished, Mantle like a flame of fire.

Thus came Olaf to his own,
When upon the night-wind blown
Passed that cry along the shore;
And he answered, while the rifted
Streamers o'er him shook and shifted,
"I accept thy challenge, Thor!"

111.

THORA OF RIMOL.

"Thora of Rimol! hide me! hide me!
Danger and shame and death betide me!
For Olaf the King is hunting me down
Through field and forest, through thorp and town!"
Thus cried Jarl Hakon
To Thora, the fairest of women.

"Hakon Jarl! for the love I bear thee Neither shall shame nor death come near thee! But the hiding-place wherein thou must lie Is the cave underneath the swine in the sty."

Thus to Jarl Hakon Said Thora, the fairest of women.

So Hakon Jarl and his base thrall Karker Crouched in the cave, than a dungeon darker, As Olaf came riding, with men in mail, Through the forest roads into Orkadale, Demanding Jarl Hakon
Of Thora, the fairest of women.

"Rich and honoured shall be whoever
The head of Hakon Jarl shall dissever!"
Hakon heard him, and Karker the slave,
Through the breathing-holes of the darksome cave.

Alone in her chamber Wept Thora, the fairest of women. Said Karker, the crafty, "I will not slay thee!
For all the king's gold I will never betray thee!"
"Then why dost thou turn so pale, O churl,
And then again black as the earth?" said the Eari.
More pale and more faithful
Was Thora, the fairest of women.

From a dream in the night the thrall started, saying, "Round my neck a gold ring King Olaf was laying!" And Hakon answered, "Beware of the king! He will lay round thy neck a blood-red ring."

At the ring on her finger

Gazed Thora, the fairest of women.

At daybreak slept Hakon, with sorrows encumbered, But screamed and drew up his feet as he slumbered; The thrall in the darkness plunged with his knife, And the Earl awakened no more in this life.

But wakeful and weeping

But wakeful and weeping Sat Thora, the fairest of women.

At Nidarholm the priests are all singing,
Two ghastly heads on the gibbet are swinging;
One is Jarl Hakon's and one is his thrall's,
And the people are shouting from windows and walls;
While alone in her chamber
Swoons Thora, the fairest of women.

IV.

QUEEN SIGRID THE HAUGHTY.

Queen Sigrid the Haughty sat proud and aloft In her chamber, that looked over meadow and croft.

Heart's dearest, Why dost thou sorrow so?

The floor with tassels of fir was besprent, Filling the room with their fragrant scent. She heard the birds sing, she saw the sun shine, The air of summer was sweeter than wine.

Like a sword without scabbard the bright river lay Between her own kingdom and Norroway.

But Olaf the King had sued for her hand, The sword would be sheathed, the river be spanned.

Her maidens were seated around her knee, Working bright figures in tapestry.

And one was singing the ancient rune Of Brynhilda's love and the wrath of Gudrun.

And through it, and round it, and over it all Sounded incessant the waterfall.

The Queen in her hand held a ring of gold, From the door of Ladé's Temple old.

King Olaf had sent her this wedding gift, But her thoughts as arrows were keen and swift.

She had given the ring to her goldsmiths twain, Who smiled as they handed it back again.

And Sigrid the Queen, in her haughty way, Said, "Why do you smile, my goldsmiths, say?"

And they answered: "O Queen! if the truth must be told, The ring is of copper, and not of gold!"

The lightning flashed o'er her forehead and cheek, She only murmured, she did not speak:

"If in his gifts he can faithless be, There will be no gold in his love to me."

A footstep was heard on the outer stair, And in strode King Olaf with royal air.

He kissed the Queen's hand, and he whispered of love, And swore to be true as the stars are above. But she smiled with contempt as she answered: "O King. Will you swear it, as Odin once swore, on the ring?"

And the King: "Oh speak not of Odin to me, The wife of King Olaf a Christian must be."

Looking straight at the King, with her level brows, She said, "I keep true to my faith and my vows."

Then the face of King Olaf was darkened with gloom, He rose in his anger and strode through the room.

"Why, then, should I care to have thee?" he said,—
"A faded old woman, a heathenish jade!"

His zeal was stronger than fear or love, And he struck the Queen in the face with his glove.

Then forth from the chamber in anger he fled, And the wooden stairway shook with his tread

Queen Sigrid the Haughty said under her breath, "This insult, King Olaf, shall be thy death!"

Heart's dearest,

Why dost thou sorrow so?

v.

THE SKERRY OF SHRIEKS.

Now from all King Olaf's farms
His men-at-arms
Gathered on the Eve of Easter;
To his house at Angvalds-ness
Fast they press,
Drinking with the royal feaster.

Loudly through the wide-flung door
Came the roar
Of the sea upon the Skerry;
And its thunder loud and near
Reached the ear,
Mingling with their voices merry.

"Hark!" said Olaf to his Scald,
Halfred the Bald,
"Listen to that song, and learn it!
Half my kingdom would I give,
As I live,
If by such songs you would earn it!

"For of all the runes and rhymes
Of all times,
Best I like the ocean's dirges,
When the old harper heaves and
rocks,
His hoary locks
Flowing and flashing in the
surges!"

Ilalfred answered: "I am called The Unappalled!
Nothing hinders me or daunts me.
Hearken to me, then, O King,
While I sing

The great Ocean Song that haunts me."

"I will hear your song sublime
Some other time,"
Says the drowsy monarch, yawning,
And retires; each laughing guest
Applauds the jest;
Then they sleep till day is dawning.

Pacing up and down the yard,
King Olaf's guard
Saw the sea-mist slowly creeping
O'er the sands, and up the hill,
Gathering still

Round the house where they were sleeping.

It was not the fog he saw,
Nor misty flaw,
That above the landscape brooded;
It was Eyvind Kallda's crew
Of warlocks blue,
With their caps of darkness hooded!

Round and round the house they go,
Weaving slow
Magic circles to encumber
And imprison in their ring
Olaf the King,
As he helpless lies in slumber.

Then athwart the vapours dun
The Easter sun
Streamed with one broad track of
splendour!
In their real forms appeared
The warlocks weird,
Awful as the Witch of Endor.

Blinded by the light that glared,
'They groped and stared
Round about with steps unsteady;
From his window Olaf gazed,
And, amazed,

"Who are these strange people?" said he.

"Eyvind Kallda and his men!"
Answered then
From the yard a sturdy farmer;
While the men-at-arms apace
Filled the place,
Busily buckling on their armour.

From the gates they sallied forth,
South and north,
Scoured theisland coast around them,
Seizing all the warlock band,
Foot and hand
On the Skerry's rocks they bound them.

And at eve the King again
Called his train,
And, with all the candles burning,
Silent sat and heard once more
The sullen roar
Of the ocean tides returning.

Shrieks and cries of wild despair
Filled the air,
Growing fainter as they listened;
Then the bursting surge alone
Sounded on;—

Thus the sorcerers were christened!

"Sing, O Scald, your song sublime,
Your ocean-rhyme,"
Code Vine Olef "it will cheer

Cried King Olaf: "it will cheer me!"

Said the Scald, with pallid cheeks,
"The Skerry of Shrieks
Sings too loud for you to hear me!"

1

VI.

THE WRAITH OF ODIN.

The guests were loud, the ale was strong, King Olaf feasted late and long; The hoary Scalds together sang; O'erhead the smoky rafters rang.

Dead rides Sir Morten of Fogelsang.

The door swung wide, with creak and din; A blast of cold night air came in, And on the threshold shivering stood A one-eyed guest, with cloak and hood.

Dead rides Sir Morten of Fogelsang.

The King exclaimed, "O graybeard pale! Come warm thee with this cup of ale." The foaming draught the old man quaffed, The noisy guests looked on and laughed.

Dead rides Sir Morten of Fogelsang.

Then spake the King: "Be not afraid; Sit here by me." The guest obeyed, And, seated at the table, told Tales of the sea, and Sagas old.

Dead rides Sir Morten of Fogelsang.

And ever, when the tale was o'er,
The King demanded yet one more;
Till Sigurd the Bishop smiling said,
"'T is late, O King, and time for bed."
Dead rides Sir Morten of Fogelsang.

The King retired; the stranger guest Followed and entered with the rest; The lights were out, the pages gone, But still the garrulous guest spake on.

Dead rides Sir Morten of Fogelsang.

THE MUSICIAN'S TALE.

As one who from a volume reads,
He spake of heroes and their deeds,
Of lands and cities he had seen,
And stormy gulfs that tossed between.
Dead rides Sir Morten of Fogelsang.

Then from his lips in music rolled
The Havamal of Odin old,
With sounds mysterious as the roar
Of billows on a distant shore.
Dead rides Sir Morten of Fogelsang.

"Do we not learn from runes and rhymes Made by the gods in elder times, And do not still the great Scalds teach That silence better is than speech?"

Dead rides Sir Morten of Fogelsang.

Smiling at this, the King replied,
"Thy lore is by thy tongue belied;
For never was I so enthralled
Either by Saga-man or Scald."
Dead rides Sir Morten of Fogelsang.

The Bishop said, "Late hours we keep! Night wanes, O King! 't is time for sleep!" Then slept the King, and when he woke The guest was gone, the morning broke.

Dead rides Sir Morten of Fogelsang.

They found the doors securely barred, They found the watch-dog in the yard, There was no footprint in the grass, And none had seen the stranger pass. Dead rides Sir Morten of Fogelsang.

King Olaf crossed himself and said: "I know that Odin the Great is dead;

Sure is the triumph of our Faith,
The one-eyed stranger was his wrait
Dead rides Sir Morten of Fogelsang.

VII.

IRON-BEARD.

Olaf the King, one summer morn, Blew a blast on his bugle-horn, Sending his signal through the land of Drontheim.

And to the Hus-Ting held at Mere Gathered the farmers far and near, With their war weapons ready to confront him.

Ploughing under the morning star, Old Iron-Beard in Yriar Heard the summons, chuckling with a low laugi.

He wiped the sweat-drops from his brow, Unharnessed his horses from the plough, And clattering came on horseback to King Olaf.

He was the churliest of the churls;
Little he cared for king or earls;
Bitter as home-brewed ale were his foaming passions.

Hodden-gray was the garb he wore, And by the Hammer of Thor he swore; He hated the narrow town, and all its fashions.

But he loved the freedom of his farm, His ale at night, by the fireside warm, Gudrun his daughter, with her flaxen tresses.

He loved his horses and his herds,
The smell of the earth, and the song of birds,
His well-filled barns, his brook with its watercresses.

Huge and cumbersome was his frame; His beard, from which he took his name, Frosty and fierce, like that of Hymer the Giant.

So at the Hus-Ting he appeared, The farmer of Yriar, Iron-Beard, On horseback, in an attitude defiant.

And to King Olaf he cried aloud, Out of the middle of the crowd, That tossed about him like a stormy ocean:

"Such sacrifices shalt thou bring, To Odin and to Thor, O King, As other kings have done in their devotion!"

King Olaf answered: "I command This land to be a Christian land; Here is my Bishop who the folk baptizes!

"But if you ask me to restore Your sacrifices, stained with gore, Then will I offer human sacrifices!

"Not slaves and peasants shall they be, But men of note and high degree, Such men as Orm of Lyra and Kar of Gryting!"

Then to their Temple strode he in, And loud behind him heard the din Of his men-at-arms and the peasants fiercely fighting.

There in the Temple, carved in wood, The image of great Odin stood, And other gods, with Thor supreme among them.

King Olaf smote them with the blade
Of his huge war-axe, gold inlaid,
And downward shattered to the pavement flung them.
LO.

At the same moment rose without, From the contending crowd, a shout, A mingled sound of triumph and of wailing.

And there upon the trampled plain
The farmer Iron-Beard lay slain,
Midway between the assailed and the assailing

King Olaf from the doorway spoke:

"Choose ye between two things, my folks
To be baptized or given up to slaughter!"

And seeing their leader stark and dead, The people with a murmur said, "O King, baptize us with thy holy water!"

So all the Drontheim land became
 A Christian land in name and fame,

 In the old gods no more believing and trusting.

And as a blood-atonement, soon
King Olaf wed the fair Gudrun;
And thus in peace ended the Drontheim Hus-Ting!

VIII. GUDRUN.

On King Olaf's bridal night
Shines the moon with tender light,
And across the chamber streams
Its tide of dreams.

At the fatal midnight hour,
When all evil things have power,
In the glimmer of the moon
Stands Gudrun.

Close against her heaving breast Something in her hand is pressed; Like an icicle, its sheen Is cold and keen. On the cairn are fixed her eyes.

Where her murdered father lies,

And a voice remote and drear

She seems to hear.

What a bridal night is this?
Cold will be the dagger's kiss;
Laden with the chill of death
Is its breath.

Like the drifting snow she sweeps To the couch where Olaf sleeps; Suddenly he wakes and stirs, His eyes meet hers. "What is that," King Olaf said,
"Gleams so bright above my head?
Wherefore standest thou so white
In pale moonlight?"

"'T is the bodkin that I wear
When at night I bind my hair;
It woke me falling on the floor;
"T is nothing more."

"Forests have ears, and fields have eyes;
Often treachery lurking lies
Underneath the fairest hair!
Gudrun beware!"

Ere the earliest peep of morn Blew King Olaf's bugle-horn; And forever sundered ride Bridegroom and bride!

IX.

THANGBRAND THE PRIEST.

Short of stature, large of limb,
Burly face and russet beard,
All the women stared at him,
When in Iceland he appeared.
"Look!" they said,
With nodding head,
"There goes Thangbrand, Olaf's Priest."

He could preach like Chrysostome,
From the Fathers he could quote,
He had even been at Rome.
A learned clerk,
A man of mark,
Was this Thangbrand, Olaf's Priest.

All the prayers he knew by rote,

He was quarrelsome and loud,
And impatient of control,
Boisterous in the market crowd,
Boisterous at the wassail-bowl,
Everywhere
Would drink and swear,
Swaggering Thangbrand, Olaf's Priest.

In his house this malcontent Could the King no longer bear, So to Iceland he was sent
To convert the heathen there,
And away
One summer day
Sailed this Thangbrand, Olaf's Priest.

There in Iceland, o'er their books
Pored the people day and night,
But he did not like their looks,
Nor the songs they used to write.

"All this rhyme
Is waste of time!"
Grumbled Thangbrand, Olaf's Priest.

To the alehouse, where he sat,
Came the Scalds and Saga-men;
Is it to be wondered at
That they quarrelled now and then,
When o'er his beer
Began to leer
Drunken Thangbrand, Olaf's Priest?

All the folk in Altafiord
Boasted of their island grand;
Saying in a single word,
"Iceland is the finest land
That the sun
Doth shine upon!"
Loud laughed Thangbrand, Olaf's Priest.

And he answered: "What's the use
Of this bragging up and down,
When three women and one goose
Make a market in your town!"
Every Scald
Satires drawled
On poor Thangbrand, Olaf's Priest.

Something worse they did than that;
And what vexed him most of all
Was a figure in shovel hat,
Drawn in charcoal on the wall;
With words that go
Sprawling below,
"This is Thangbrand, Olaf's Priest."

Hardly knowing what he did,

Then he smote them might and main,
Thorvald Veile and Veterlid

Lay there in the alchouse slain.

"To-day we are gold,
To-morrow mould!"

Muttered Thangbrand, Olaf's Priest.

Much in fear of axe and rope,
Back to Norway sailed he then.
"O King Olaf! little hope
Is there of these Iceland men!"
Meekly said,
With bending head,
Pious Thangbrand, Olaf's Priest.

v

RAUD THE STRONG.

"All the old gods are dead,
All the wild warlocks fled;
But the White Christ lives and
reigns,
And throughout my wide domains
His Gospel shall be spread!"
On the Evangelists
Thus swore King Olaf.

But still in dreams of the night Beheld he the crimson light, And heard the voice that defied Him who was crucified, And challenged him to the fight.

To Sigurd the Bishop

King Olaf confessed it.

A. Sigurd the Bishop said,
"The old gods are not dead,
For the great Thor still reigns,
And among the Jarls and Thanes
The old witchcraft still is spread."
Thus to King Olaf
Said Sigurd the Bishop.

"Far north in the Salten Fiord, By rapine, fire, and sword, Lives the Viking, Raud the Strong; All the Godoe Isles belong To him and his heathen horde."

Thus went on speaking
Sigurd the Bishop.

"A warlock, a wizard is he, And the lord of the wind and the sea; And whichever way he sails, He has ever favouring gales, By his craft in sorcery."

Here the sign of the cross Made devoutly King Olaf.

"With rites that we both abhor He worships Odin and Thor;

So it cannot yet be said,
That all the old gods are dead,
And the warlocks are no more,"
Flushing with anger
Said Sigurd the Bishop.

Then King Olaf cried aloud:
"I will talk with this mighty Raud,
And along the Salten Fiord
Preach the Gospel with my sword,
Or be brought back in my shroud!"
So northward from Drontheim
Sailed King Olaf.

XI.

BISHOP SIGURD OF SALTEN FIORD.

Loud the angry wind was wailing As King Olaf's ships came sailing Northward out of Drontheim haven To the mouth of Salten Fiord.

Though the flying sea-spray drenches Fore and aft the rowers' benches, Not a single heart is craven Of the champions there on board.

All without the Fiord was quiet, But within it storm and riot, Such as on his Viking cruises Raud the Strong was wont to ride.

And the sea through all its tide-ways Swept the reeling vessels sideways, As the leaves are swept through sluices, When the flood-gates open wide.

"'T is the warlock! 't is the demon Raud!" cried Sigurd to the seamen; "But the Lord is not affrighted By the witchcraft of his foes." To the ship's bow he ascended, By his choristers attended, Round him were the tapers lighted, And the sacred incense rose.

On the bow stood Bishop Sigurd, In his robes, as one transfigured, And the Crucifix he planted High amid the rain and mist.

Then with holy water sprinkled All the ship; the mass-bells tinkled; Loud the monks around him chanted, Loud he read the Evangelist.

As into the Fiord they darted, On each side the water parted; Down a path like silver molten Steadily rowed King Olaf's ships;

Steadily burned all night the tapers, And the White Christ through the vapours Gleamed across the Fiord of Salten, As through John's Apocalypse,—

Till at last they reached Raud's dwelling On the little isle of Gelling; Not a guard was at the doorway, Not a glimmer of light was seen.

But at anchor, carved and gilded, Lay the dragon-ship he builded; 'T was the grandest ship in Norway, With its crest and scales of green.

Up the stairway, softly creeping, To the loft where Raud was sleeping, With their fists they burst asunder Bolt and bar that held the door. Drunken with sleep and ale they found him, Dragged him from his bed and bound him, While he stared with stupid wonder, At the look and garb they wore.

Then King Olaf said: "O Sea-King! Little time have we for speaking, Choose between the good and evil; Be baptized, or thou shalt die!"

But in scorn the heathen scoffer Answered: "I disdain thine offer, Neither fear I God nor Devil; Thee and thy Gospel I defy!"

Then between his jaws distended, When his frantic struggles ended, Through King Olaf's horn an adder, Touched by fire, they forced to glide.

Sharp his tooth was as an arrow,
As he gnawed through bone and marrow;
But without a groan or shudder,
Raud the Strong blaspheming died.

Then baptized they all that region, Swarthy Lap and fair Norwegian, Far as swims the salmon, leaping, Up the streams of Salten Fiord.

In their temples Thor and Odin
Lay in dust and ashes trodden,
As King Olaf, onward sweeping,
Preached the Gospel with his sword.

Then he took the carved and gilded Dragon-ship that Raud had builded, And the tiller single-handed Grasping, steered into the main. Southward sailed the sea-gulls o'er him, Southward sailed the ship that bore him, Till at Drontheim haven landed Olaf and his crew again.

XII.

KING OLAF'S CHRISTMAS.

At Drontheim, Olaf the King
Heard the bells of Yule-tide ring,
As he sat in his banquet-hall,
Drinking the nut-brown ale,
With his bearded Berserks hale
And tall.

Three days his Yule-tide feasts
He held with Bishops and Priests,
And his horn filled up to the brim,
But the ale was never too strong,
Nor the Saga-man's tale too long,
For him.

O'er his drinking-horn, the sign
He made of the cross divine,
As he drank, and muttered his prayers;
But the Berserks evermore
Made the sign of the Hammer of Thor
Over theirs.

The gleams of the fire-light dance
Upon helmet and hauberk and lance,
And laugh in the eyes of the King;
And he cries to Halfred the Scald,
Gray-bearded, wrinkled, and bald,
"Sing!

"Sing me a song divine,
With a sword in every line,
And this shall be thy reward."

And he loosened the belt at his waist, And in front of the singer placed His sword.

"Quern-biter of Hakon the Good,
Wherewith at a stroke he hewed
The millstone through and through,
And Foot-breadth of Thoralf the Strong
Were neither so broad nor so long,
Nor so true."

Then the Scald took his harp and sang,
And loud through the music rang
The sound of that shining word;
And the harp-strings a clangour made,
As if they were struck with the blade
Of a sword.

And the Berserks round about
Broke forth into a shout
That made the rafters ring:
They smote with their fists on the board,
And shouted, "Long live the Sword,
And the King!"

But the King said, "O my son,
I miss the bright word in one
Of thy measures and thy rhymes."
And Halfred the Scald replied,
"In another 't was multiplied
Three times."

Then King Olaf raised the hilt
Of iron, cross-shaped and gilt,
And said, "Do not refuse;
Count well the gain and the loss,
Thor's hammer or Christ's cross:
Choose!"

THE MUSICIAN'S TALE.

And Halfred the Scald said, "This In the name of the Lord I kiss,
Who on it was crucified!"
And a shout went round the board,
"In the name of Christ the Lord,
Who died!"

Then over the waste of snows
The noonday sun uprose,
Through the driving mists revealed,
Like the lifting of the Host,
By incense-clouds almost
Concealed.

On the shining wall a vast
And shadowy cross was cast
From the hilt of the lifted sword,
And in foaming cups of ale
The Berserks drank "Was-hael!
To the Lord!"

XIII.

THE BUILDING OF THE LONG SERPENT.

Thorberg Skafting, master-builder, In his ship-yard by the sea, Whistling, said, "It would bewilder Any man but Thorberg Skafting, Any man but me!"

Near him lay the Dragon stranded.
Built of old by Raud the Strong,
And King Olaf had commanded
He should build another Dragon,
Twice as large and long.

Therefore whistled Thorberg Skafting, As he sat with half-closed eyes, And his head turned sideways, drafting That new vessel for King Olaf Twice the Dragon's size.

Round him busily hewed and hammered
Mallet huge and heavy axe;
Workmen laughed and sang and clamoured,
Whirred the wheels, that into rigging
Spun the shining flax!

All this tumult heard the master,—
It was music to his car;
Fancy whispered all the faster,
"Men shall hear of Thorberg Skafting
For a hundred year!"

Workmen sweating at the forges
Fashioned iron bolt and bar,
Like a warlock's midnight orgies
Smoked and bubbled the black cauldron
With the boiling tar.

Did the warlocks mingle in it, Thorberg Skafting, any curse? Could you not be gone a minute But some mischief must be doing, Turning bad to worse?

'T was an ill wind that came wafting From his homestead words of woe; To his farm went Thorberg Skafting, Oft repeating to his workmen, Build ye thus and so.

After long delays returning
Came the master back by night;
To his ship-yard longing, yearning,
Hurried he, and did not leave it
Till the morning's light.

"Come and see my ship, my darling!"
On the morrow said the King;
"Finished now from keel to carling;
Never yet was seen in Norway
Such a wondrous thing!"

In the ship-yard, idly talking,
At the ship the workmen stared:
Some one, all their labour balking,
Down her sides had cut deep gashes,
Not a plank was spared!

"Death be to the evil-doer!"
With an oath King Olaf spoke;
"But rewards to his pursuer!"
And with wrath his face grew redder
Than his scarlet cloak.

Straight the master-builder, smiling, Answered thus the angry King: "Cease blaspheming and reviling, Olaf, it was Thorberg Skafting Who has done this thing!"

Then he chipped and smoothed the planking.
Till the King, delighted, swore,
With much lauding and much thanking,
"Handsomer is now my Dragon
Than she was before!"

Seventy ells and four extended On the grass the vessel's keel; High above it, gilt and splendid, Rose the figure-head ferocious, With its crest of steel.

Then they launched her from the tressels In the ship-yard by the sea; She was the grandest of all vessels, Never ship was built in Norway Half so fine as she!

The Long Serpent was she christened 'Mid the roar of cheer on cheer!
They who to the Saga listened
Heard the name of Thorberg Skafting
For a hundred year!

XIV.

THE CREW OF THE LONG SERPENT.

Safe at anchor in Drontheim bay
King Olaf's fleet assembled lay,
And, striped with white and blue,
Downward fluttered sail and banner,
As alights the screaming lanner;
Lustily cheered, in their wild manner,
The Long Serpent's crew.

Her forecastle man was Ulf the Red:
Like a wolf's was his shaggy head,
His teeth as large and white;
His beard, of gray and russet blended,
Round as a swallow's nest descended;
As standard-bearer he defended
Olaf's flag in the fight.

Near him Kolbiorn had his place, Like the King in garb and face, So gallant and so hale; Every cabin-boy and varlet Wondered at his cloak of scarlet; Like a river, frozen and star-lit, Gleamed his coat of mail.

By the bulkhead, tall and dark, Stood Thrand Rame of Thelemark A figure gaunt and grand; On his hairy arm imprinted
Was an anchor, azure-tinted;
Like Thor's hammer, huge and dinted
Was his brawny hand.

Einar Tamberskelver, bare
To the winds his golden hair,
By the mainmast stood;
Graceful was his form, and slender,
And his eyes were deep and tender
As a woman's, in the splendour
Of her maidenhood.

In the fore-hold Biorn and Bork
Watched the sailors at their work:
Heavens! how they swore!
Thirty men they each commanded,
Iron-sinewed, horny-handed,
Shoulders broad, and chests expanded,
Tugging at the oar.

These, and many more like these,
With King Olaf sailed the seas,
Till the waters vast
Filled them with a vague devotion,
With the freedom and the motion,
With the roll and roar of ocean
And the sounding blast.

When they landed from the fleet,
How they roared through Drontheim's street,
Boisterous as the gale!
How they laughed and stamped and pounded,
Till the tavern roof resounded,
And the host looked on astounded
As they drank the ale!

Never saw the wild North Sea Such a gallant company Sail its billows blue! Never while they cruised and quarrelled, Old King Gorm, or Blue-Tooth Harald, Owned a ship so well apparelled, Boasted such a crew!

XV.

A LITTLE BIRD IN THE AIR.

A little bird in the air
Is singing of Thyri the fair,
The sister of Svend the Dane;
And the song of the garrulous bird
In the streets of the town is heard,
And repeated again and again.
Hoist up your sails of silk,
And flee away from each other.

To King Burislaf, it is said,
Was the beautiful Thyri wed,
And a sorrowful bride went she;
And after a week and a day,
She has fled away and away
From his town by the stormy sea.
Hoist up your sails of silk,
And flee away from each other.

They say that through heat and through cold,
Through weald, they say, and through wold,
By day and by night, they say,
She has fled; and the gossips report
She has come to King Olaf's court,
And the town is all in dismay.
Hoist up your sails of silk,
And flee away from each other.

It is whispered King Olaf has seen, Has talked with the beautiful Queen; And they wonder how it will end; For surely, if here she remain,
It is war with King Svend the Dane,
And King Burislaf the Vend!
Hoist up your sails of silk,
And flee away from each other.

Oh, greatest wonder of all!
It is published in hamlet and hall,
It roars like a flame that is fanned!
The King—yes, Olaf the King—
Has wedded her with his ring,
And Thyri is Queen in the land!
Hoist up your sails of silk,
And flee away from each other.

XVI.

QUEEN THYRI AND THE ANGELICA STALKS.

Northward over Drontheim, Flew the clamorous sea-gulls, Sang the lark and linnet From the meadows green;

Weeping in her chamber, Lonely and unhappy, Sat the Drottning Thyri, Sat King Olaf's Queen.

In at all the windows
Streamed the pleasant sunshine:
On the roof above her
Softly cooed the dove

But the sound she heard not, Nor the sunshine heeded, For the thoughts of Thyri Were not thoughts of love.

Then King Olaf entered, Beautiful as morning, Like the sun at Easter Shone his happy face; In his hand he carried Angelicas uprooted, With delicious fragrance Filling all the place.

Like a rainy midnight
Sat the Drottning Thyri,
Even the smile of Olaf
Could not cheer her gloom;

Nor the stalks he gave her With a gracious gesture, And with words as pleasant As their own perfume.

In her hands he placed them,
And her jewelled fingers
Through the green leaves glistened
Like the dews of morn;

But she cast them from her, Haughty and indignant, On the floor she threw them With a look of scorn.

"Richer presents," said she,
"Gave King Harald Gormson
To the Queen, my mother,
Than such worthless weeds;

"When he ravaged Norway, Laying waste the kingdom, Seizing scatt and treasure For her royal needs.

"But thou darest not venture Through the Sound to Vendland, My domains to rescue From King Burislaf;

"Lest King Svend of Denmark, Forkèd Beard, my brother, Scatter all thy vessels As the wind the chaff."

Then up sprang King Olaf, Like a reindeer bounding, With an oath he answered Thus the luckless Queen:

"Never yet did Olaf
Fear King Svend of Denmark;
This right hand shall hale him
By his forked chin!"

Then he left the chamber,
Thundering through the doorway,
Loud his steps resounded
Down the outer stair.

Smarting with the insult,
Through the streets of Drontheim
Strode he red and wrathful,
With his stately air.

All his ships he gathered, Summoned all his forces, Making his war levy In the region round;

Down the coast of Norway, Like a flock of sea-gulls, Sailed the fleet of Olaf Through the Danish Sound. With his own hand fearless, Steered he the Long Serpent, Strained the creaking cordage, Bent each boom and gaff;

Till in Vendland landing, The domains of Thyri He redeemed and rescued From King Burislaf.

Then said Olaf, laughing,
"Not ten yoke of oxen
Have the power to draw us
Like a woman's hair!

"Now will I confess it, Better things are jewels Than angelica stalks are For a Queen to wear."

XVII.

KING SVEND OF THE FORKED BEARD.

Loudly the sailors cheered
Svend of the Forkèd Beard,
As with his fleet he steered
Southward to Vendland;
Where with their courses hauled
All were together called,
Under the Isle of Svald,
Near to the mainland.

After Queen Gunhild's death,
So the old Saga saith,
Plighted King Svend his faith
To Sigrid the Haughty;
And to avenge his bride,
Soothing her wounded pride,
Over the waters wide
King Olaf sought he.

Still on her scornful face, Blushing with deep disgrace, Bore she the crimson trace
Of Olaf's gauntlet;
Like a malignant star,
Blazing in heaven afar,
Red shone the angry scar
Under her frontlet.

Oft to King Svend she spake,
"For thine own honour's sake
Shalt thou swift vengeance take
On the vile coward!"
Until the King at last,
Gusty and overcast
Like a tempestuous plast
Threatened and lowered.

Soon as the Spring appeared, Svend of the Forkèd Beard High his red standard reared, Eager for battle; While every warlike Dane, Seizing his arms again, Left all unsown the grain, Unhoused the cattle.

Likewise the Swedish King Summoned in haste a Thing, Weapons and men to bring In aid of Denmark; Eric the Norseman, too, As the war-tidings flew, Sailed with a chosen crew From Lapland and Finmark.

So upon Easter day
Sailed the three kings away
Out of the sheltered bay,
In the bright season;
With them Earl Sigvald came,
Eager for spoil and fame;
Pity that such a name
Stooped to such treason!

Safe under Svald at last,
Now were their anchors cast,
Safe from the sea and blast,
Plotted the three kings;
While, with a base intent,
Southward Earl Sigvald went,
On a foul errand bent,
Unto the Sea-kings.

Thence to hold on his course,
Unto King Olaf's force,
Lying within the hoarse
Mouths of Stet-haven;
Him to ensnare and bring
Unto the Danish King,
Who his dead corse would fling
Forth to the rayen!

XVIII.

KING OLAF AND EARL SIGVALD,

On the gray sea-sands King Olaf stands, Northward and seaward He points with his hands.

With eddy and whirl The sea-tides curl, Washing the sandals Of Sigvald the Earl.

The mariners shout, The ships swing about, The yards are all hoisted, The sails flutter out.

The war-horns are played, The anchors are weighed, Like moths in the distance The sails flit and fade. The sea is like lead, The harbour lies dead, As a corse on the sea-shore, Whose spirit has fled!

On that fatal day, The histories say, Seventy vessels Sailed out of the bay.

But soon scattered wide O'er the billows they ride, While Sigvald and Olaf Sail side by side. Cried the Earl: "Follow me! I your pilot will be, For I know all the channels Where flows the deep sea!"

So into the strait Where his foes lie in wait, Gallant King Olaf Sails to his fate!

Then the sea-fog veils
The ships and their sails;
Queen Sigrid the Haughty,
Thy vengeance prevails!

XIX.

KING OLAF'S WAR-HORNS.

"Strike the sails!" King Olaf said;
"Never shall men of mine take flight;
Never away from battle I fled,
Never away from my foes!
Let God dispose
Of my life in the fight!"

"Sound the horns!" said Olaf the King;
And suddenly through the drifting brume
The blare of the horns began to ring,
Like the terrible trumpet shock
Of Regnarock,
On the Day of Doom!

Louder and louder the war-horns sang
Over the level floor of the flood;
All the sails came down with a clang,
And there in the mist overhead
The sun hung red
As a drop of blood.

Drifting down on the Danish fleet Three together the ships were lashed,

So that neither should turn and retreat; In the midst, but in front of the rest, The burnished crest Of the Serpent flashed.

King Olaf stood on the quarter-deck, With bow of ash and arrows of oak. His gilded shield was without a fleck, His helmet inlaid with gold,

And in many a fold Hung his crimson cloak.

On the forecastle Ulf the Red Watched the lashing of the ships. "If the Serpent lie so far ahead, We shall have hard work of it here," Said he with a sneer On his bearded lips.

King Olaf laid an arrow on string, "Have I a coward on board?" said he. "Shoot it another way, O King!" Sullenly answered Ulf, The old sea-wolf: "You have need of me!"

In front came Svend, the King of the Danes, Sweeping down with his fifty rowers; To the right, the Swedish king with his thanes; And on board of the Iron Beard Earl Eric steered

To the left with his oars.

"These soft Danes and Swedes," said the King, "At home with their wives had better stay, Than come within reach of my Serpent's sting; But where Eric the Norseman leads Heroic deeds Will be done to-day!"

Then as together the vessels crashed,
Eric severed the cables of hide
With which King Olaf's ships were lashed,
And left them to drive and drift
With the currents swift
Of the outward tide.

Louder the war-horns growl and snarl, Sharper the dragons bite and sting! Eric the son of Hakon Jarl A death-drink salt as the sea Pledges to thee, Olaf the King!

XX.

EINAR TAMBERSKELVER.

It was Einar Tamberskelver
Stood beside the mast;
From his yew-bow, tipped with silver.
Flew the arrows fast;
Aimed at Eric unavailing,
As he sat concealed,
Half behind the quarter-railing,
Half behind his shield.

First an arrow struck the tiller,
Just above his head;
"Sing, O Eyvind Skaldaspiller,"
Then Earl Eric said,
"Sing the song of Hakon dying,
Sing his funeral wail!"
And another arrow flying
Grazed his coat of mail.

Turning to a Lapland yeoman, As the arrow passed, Said Earl Eric, "Shoot that bowman Standing by the mast." Sooner than the word was spoken Flew the yeoman's shaft; Einar's bow in twain was broken, Einar only laughed.

"What was that?" said Olaf, standing On the quarter-deck.

"Something heard I like the stranding Of a shattered wreck."

Einar then, the arrow taking From the loosened string,

Answered, "That was Norway breaking From thy hand, O king!"

"Thou art but a poor diviner," Straightway Olaf said;

"Take my bow, and swifter, Einar, Let thy shafts be sped."

Of his bows the fairest choosing, Reached he from above;

Einar saw the blood-drops oozing Through his iron glove.

But the bow was thin and narrow; At the first assay,

O'er its head he drew the arrow, Flung the bow away;

Said, with hot and angry temper Flushing in his cheek,

"Olaf! for so great a Kumper Are thy bows too weak!"

Then, with smile of joy defiant On his beardless lip, Scaled he, light and self-reliant,

Eric's dragon-ship.

Loose his golden locks were flowing,
Bright his armour gleamed;

Like Saint Michael overthrowing Lucifer he seemed.

XXI.

KING OLAF'S DEATH-DRINK.

All day has the battle raged, All day have the ships engaged, But not yet is assuaged The vengeance of Eric the Earl.

The decks with blood are red,
The arrows of death are sped,
The ships are filled with the dead,
And the spears the champions hurl.

They drift as wrecks on the tide, The grappling-irons are plied, The boarders climb up the side, The shouts are feeble and few.

Ah! never shall Norway again
See her sailors come back o'er the main;
They all lie wounded or slain
Or asleep in the billows blue!

On the deck stands Olaf the King, Around him whistle and sing The spears that the foemen fling, And the stones they hurl with their hands.

In the midst of the stones and the spears, Kolbiorn, the marshal, appears, His shield in the air he uprears, By the side of King Olaf he stands

Over the slippery wreck
Of the Long Serpent's deck
Sweeps Eric with hardly a check,
His lips with anger are pale;

He hews with his axe at the mast, Till it falls, with the sails overcast, Like a snow-covered pine in the vast Dim forests of Orkadale. Seeking King Olaf then, He rushes aft with his men, As a hunter into the den Of the bear, when he stands at bay.

"Remember Jarl Hakon!" he cries; When lo! on his wondering eyes, Two kingly figures arise,
Two Olafs in warlike array.

Then Kolbiorn speaks in the ear Of King Olaf a word of cheer, In a whisper that none may hear, With a smile on his tremulous lip

Two shields raised high in the air,
Two flashes of golden hair,
Two scarlet meteors' glare,
And both have leapt from the ship.

Earl Eric's men in the boats Seize Kolbiorn's shield as it floats, And cry, from their hairy throats, "See! it is Olaf the King!"

While far on the opposite side Floats another shield on the tide, Like a jewel set in the wide Sea-current's eddying ring.

There is told a wonderful tale, How the King stripped off his mail, Like leaves of the brown sea-kale, As he swam beneath the main;

But the young grew old and gray, And never, by night or by day, In his kingdom of Norroway Was King Olaf seen again! XXII.

THE NUN OF NIDAROS.

In the convent of Drontheim,
Alone in her chamber
Knelt Astrid the Abbess,
At midnight, adoring,
Beseeching, entreating
The Virgin and Mother.

She heard in the silence The voice of one speaking, Without in the darkness, In gusts of the night-wind, Now louder, now nearer, Now lost in the distance.

The voice of a stranger
It seemed as she listened,
Of some one who answered,
Beseeching, imploring,
A cry from afar off
She could not distinguish.

The voice of Saint John, The beloved disciple, Who wandered and waited The Master's appearance, Alone in the darkness, Unsheltered and friendless.

"It is accepted,
The angry defiance,
The challenge of battle!
It is accepted,
But not with the weapons
Of war that thou wieldest!

"Cross against corselet,
Love against hatred,
Peace-cry for war-cry!
Patience is powerful;
He that o'ercometh
Hath power o'er the nations!

"As torrents in summer, Half dried in their channels, Suddenly rise, though the Sky is still cloudless, For rain has been falling Far off at their fountains;

"So hearts that are fainting Grow full to o'erflowing, And they that behold it Marvel, and know not That God at their fountains Far off has been raining!

"Stronger than steel
Is the sword of the Spirit;
Swifter than arrows
The light of the truth is;
Greater than anger
Is love, and subdueth!

"Thou art a phantom,
A shape of the sea-mist,
A shape of the brumal
Rain, and the darkness
Fearful and formless;
Day dawns and thou art not!

"The dawn is not distant. Nor is the night starless; Love is eternal! God is still God, and His faith shall not fail us; Christ is eternal!"

INTERLUDE.

A strain of music closed the tale, A low, monotonous, funeral wail, That with its cadence, wild and sweet,

Made the long Saga more complete.

Thank God!" the Theologian said, The reign of violence is dead, Or dying surely from the world; While Love triumphant reigns instead,

And in a brighter sky o'erhead His blessèd banners are unfurled. And most of all thank God for this: The war and waste of clashing creeds

Now end in words, and not in deeds, And no one suffers loss, or bleeds, For thoughts that men call heresies.

"I stand without here in the porch,
I hear the bell's melodious din,
I hear the organ peal within,
I hear the prayer, with words that
scorch

Like sparks from an inverted torch, I hear the sermon upon sin, With threatenings of the last

account,
And all, translated in the air,
Reach me but as our dear Lord's
Prayer,

And as the Sermon on the Mount.

"Must it be Calvin, and not Christ? Must it be Athanasian creeds, Or holy water, books, and beads? Must struggling souls remain content

With councils and decrees of Trent?

And can it be enough for these

The Christian Church the year

embalms
With evergreens and boughs of palms,

And fills the air with litanies?

"I know that yonder Pharisee
Thanks God that he is not like me;
In my humiliation dressed,

I only stand and beat my breast, And pray for human charity. "Not to one church alone, but seven,

The voice prophetic spake from heaven;

And unto each the promise came,
Diversified, but still the same;
For him that overcometh are
The new name written on the stone,
The raiment white, the crown, the
throne,

And I will give him the Morning Star!

"Ah! to how many Faith has been No evidence of things unseen, But a dim shadow, that recasts The creed of the Phantasiasts, For whom no Man of Sorrows died, For whom the Tragedy Divine Was but a symbol and a sign, And Christ a phantom crucified!

"For others a diviner creed
Is living in the life they lead.
The passing of their beautiful feet
Blesses the pavement of the street,
And all their looks and words
repeat

Old Fuller's saying, wise and sweet, Not as a vulture, but a dove, The Holy Ghost came from above.

"And this brings back to me a tale. So sad the hearer well may quail, And question if such things can be; Yet in the chronicles of Spain Down the dark pages runs this stain,

And naught can wash them white again,

So fearful is the tragedy."

THE THEOLOGIAN'S TALE.

TORQUEMADA.

In the heroic days when Ferdinand And Isabella ruled the Spanish land, And Torquemada, with his subtle brain, Ruled them, as Grand Inquisitor of Spain, In a great castle near Valladolid, Moated and high and by fair woodlands hid, There dwelt, as from the chronicles we learn, An old Hidalgo, proud and taciturn, Whose name has perished with his towers of stone, And all his actions, save this one alone; This one, so terrible, perhaps 't were best If it, too, were forgotten with the rest; Unless, perchance, our eyes can see therein The martyrdom triumphant o'er the sin; A double picture, with its gloom and glow, The splendour overhead, the death below.

This sombre man counted each day as lost On which his feet no sacred threshold crossed: And when he chanced the passing Host to meet, He knelt and prayed devoutly in the street; Oft he confessed; and with each mutinous thought, As with wild beasts at Ephesus, he fought. In deep contrition scourged himself in Lent, Walked in processions with his head down bent; At plays of Corpus Christi oft was seen, And on Palm Sunday bore his bough of green. His sole diversion was to hunt the boar, Through tangled thickets of the forest hoar, Or with his jingling mules to hurry down To some grand bull-fight in the neighbouring town, Or in the crowd with lighted taper stand, When Jews were burned, or banished from the land. Then stirred within him a tumultuous joy; The demon whose delight is to destroy

Shook him, and shouted with a trumpet tone, "Kill! kill! and let the Lord find out his own!"

And now, in that old castle in the wood. His daughters, in the dawn of womanhood, Returning from their convent school, had made Resplendent with their bloom the forest shade, Reminding him of their dead mother's face, When first she came into that gloomy place,— A memory in his heart as dim and sweet As moonlight in a solitary street, Where the same rays, that lift the sea, are thrown Lovely but powerless upon walls of stone. These two fair daughters of a mother dead Were all the dream had left him as it fled. A joy at first, and then a growing care, As if a voice within him cried, "Beware!" A vague presentiment of impending doom, Like ghostly footsteps in a vacant room, Haunted him day and night; a formless fear That death to some one of his house was near, With dark surmises of a hidden crime. Made life itself a death before its time. Jealous, suspicious, with no sense of shame, A spy upon his daughters he became; With velvet slippers, noiseless on the floors He glided softly through half-open doors; Now in the room, and now upon the stair, He stood beside them ere they were aware; He listened in the passage when they talked, He watched them from the casement when they walked. He saw the gipsy haunt the river's side, He saw the monk among the cork-trees glide; And tortured by the mystery and the doubt Of some dark secret, past his finding out, Baffled he paused; then reassured again Pursued the flying phantom of his brain. He watched them even when they knelt in church:

And then, descending lower in his search, Questioned the servants, and with eager eyes Listened incredulous to their replies; The gipsy? none had seen her in the wood! The monk? a mendicant in search of food!

At length the awful revelation came,
Crushing at once his pride of birth and name;
The hopes his yearning bosom forward cast
And the ancestral glories of the past,
All fell together, crumbling in disgrace,
A turret rent from battlement to base.
His daughters talking in the dead of night
In their own chamber, and without a light,
Listening, as he was wont, he overheard,
And learned the dreadful secret, word by word;
And hurrying from his castle, with a cry
He raised his hands to the unpitying sky,
Repeating one dread word, till bush and tree
Caught it, and shuddering answered, "Heresy!"

Wrapped in his cloak, his hat drawn o'er his face, Now hurrying forward, now with lingering pace, He walked all night the alleys of his park, With one unseen companion in the dark, The demon who within him lay in wait, And by his presence turned his love to hate, Forever muttering in an undertone, "Kill! kill! and let the Lord find out his own!"

Upon the morrow, after early Mass,
While yet the dew was glistening on the grass,
And all the woods were musical with birds,
The old Hidalgo, uttering fearful words,
Walked homeward with the Priest, and in his room
Summoned his trembling daughters to their doom.
When questioned, with brief answers they replied,
Nor when accused evaded or denied;

Expostulations, passionate appeals, All that the human heart most fears or feels, In vain the Priest with earnest voice essayed; In vain the father threatened, wept, and prayed; Until at last he said, with haughty mien, "The Holy Office, then, must intervene!"

And now the Grand Inquisitor of Spain, With all the fifty horsemen of his train, His awful name, resounding like the blast Of funeral trumpets, as he onward passed, Came to Valladolid, and there began To harry the rich Jews with fire and ban. To him the Hidalgo went, and at the gate Demanded audience on affairs of state, And in a secret chamber stood before A venerable graybeard of fourscore, Dressed in the hood and habit of a friar: Out of his eyes flashed a consuming fire, And in his hand the mystic horn he held, Which poison and all noxious charms dispelled. He heard in silence the Hidalgo's tale, Then answered in a voice that made him quail: "Son of the Church! when Abraham of old To sacrifice his only son was told, He did not pause to parley nor protest, But hastened to obey the Lord's behest. In him it was accounted righteousness; The Holy Church expects of thee no less!"

A sacred frenzy seized the father's brain,
And Mercy from that hour implored in vain.
Ah! who will e'er believe the words I say?
His daughters he accused, and the same day
They both were cast into the dungeon's gloom,
That dismal ante-chamber of the tomb,
Arraigned, condemned, and sentenced to the flame,
The secret torture and the public shame,

Then to the Grand Inquisitor once more
The Hidalgo went, more eager than before,
And said: "When Abraham offered up his son,
He clave the wood wherewith it might be done.
By his example taught, let me too bring
Wood from the forest for my offering!"
And the deep voice, without a pause, replied:
"Son of the Church! by faith now justified,
Complete thy sacrifice, even as thou wilt;
The Church absolves thy conscience from all guilt!"

Then this most wretched father went his way
Into the woods that round his castle lay,
Where once his daughters in their childhood played
With their young mother in the sun and shade.
Now all the leaves had fallen; the branches bare
Made a perpetual moaning in the air,
And screaming from their eyries overhead
The ravens sailed athwart the sky of lead.
With his own hands he lopped the boughs and bound
Fagots, that crackled with foreboding sound,
And on his mules, caparisoned and gay
With bells and tassels, sent them on their way.

Then with his mind on one dark purpose bent, Again to the Inquisitor he went,
And said: "Behold the fagots I have brought,
And now, lest my atonement be as naught,
Grant me one more request, one last desire,—
With my own hand to light the funeral fire!"
And Torquemada answered from his seat,
"Son of the Church! thine offering is complete;
Her servants through all ages shall not cease
To magnify thy deed. Depart in peace!"

Upon the market-place, builded of stone The scaffold rose, whereon Death claimed his own. At the four corners, in stern attitude, Four statues of the Hebrew Prophets stood, Gazing with calm indifference in their eyes
Upon this place of human sacrifice,
Round which was gathering fast the eager crowd,
With clamour of woices dissonant and loud,
And every roof and window was alive
With restless gazers, swarming like a hive

The church-bells tolled, the chant of monks drew near, Loud trumpets stammered forth their notes of fear, A line of torches smoked along the street, There was a stir, a rush, a tramp of feet, And, with its banners floating in the air, Slowly the long procession crossed the square And, to the statues of the Prophets bound, The victims stood, with fagots piled around. Then all the air a blast of trumpets shook, And louder sang the monks with bell and book, And the Hidalgo, lofty, stern, and proud, Lifted his torch, and, bursting through the crowd, Lighted in haste the fagots, and then fled, Lest those imploring eyes should strike him dead! O pitiless skies! why did your clouds retain For peasants' fields their floods of hoarded rain? O pitiless earth! why open no abyss To bury in its chasm a crime like this?

That night, a mingled column of fire and smoke From the dark thickets of the forest broke, And, glaring o'er the landscape leagues away, Made all the fields and hamlets bright as day. Wrapped in a sheet of flame the castle blazed, And as the villagers in terror gazed, They saw the figure of that cruel knight Lean from a window in the turret's height, His ghastly face illumined with the glare, His hands upraised above his head in prayer. Till the floor sank beneath him, and he fell Down the black hollow of that burning well.

Three centuries and more above his bones
Have piled the oblivious years like funeral stones;
His name has perished with him, and no trace
Remains on earth of his afflicted race;
But Torquemada's name, with clouds o'ercast,
Looms in the distant landscape of the Past,
Like a burnt tower upon a blackened heath,
Lit by the fires of burning woods beneath!

INTERLUDE.

Thus closed the tale of guilt and gloom,

That cast upon each listener's face Its shadow, and for some brief space

Unbroken silence filled the room.

The Jew was thoughtful and distressed;

Upon his memory thronged and pressed

The persecution of his race, Their wrongs and sufferings and

disgrace;
His head was sunk upon his breast,
And from his eyes alternate came
Flashes of wrath and tears of
shame.

The Student first the silence broke, As one who long has lain in wait With purpose to retaliate, And thus he dealt the avenging stroke.

"In such a company as this,
A tale so tragic seems amiss,
That by its terrible control
O'ermasters and drags down the
soul

Into a fathomless abyss.

The Italian Tales that you disdain,
Some merry Night of Straparole,
Or Machiavelli's Belphagor,
Would cheer us and delight us more,
Give greater pleasure and less pain
Than your grim tragedies of
Spain!"

And here the Poet raised his hand, With such entreaty and command, It stopped discussion at its birth, And said: "The story I shall tell Has meaning in it, if not mirth; Listen, and hear what once befell The merry birds of Killingworth!"

THE POET'S TALE. THE BIRDS OF KILLINGWORTH.

IT was the season, when through all the land
The merle and mavis build, and building sing
Those lovely lyrics, written by His hand,
Whom Saxon Cædmon calls the Blithe-heart King;

When on the boughs the purple buds expand,
The banners of the vanguard of the Spring,
And rivulets, rejoicing, rush and leap,
And wave their fluttering signals from the steep.

The robin and the blue-bird, piping loud,
Filled all the blossoming orchards with their glee;
The sparrows chirped as if they still were proud
Their race in Holy Writ should mentioned be;
And hungry crows, assembled in a crowd,
Clamoured their piteous prayer incessantly,
Knowing who hears the ravens cry, and said:
"Give us, O Lord, this day our daily bread!"

Across the Sound the birds of passage sailed,
Speaking some unknown language strange and sweet
Of tropic isle remote, and passing hailed
The village with the cheers of all their fleet;
Or, quarrelling together, laughed and railed
Like foreign sailors, landed in the street
Of seaport town, and with outlandish noise
Of oaths and gibberish frightening girls and boys.

Thus came the jocund Spring in Killingworth,
In fabulous days, some hundred years ago;
And thrifty farmers, as they tilled the earth,
Heard with alarm the cawing of the crow,
That mingled with the universal mirth,
Cassandra-like, prognosticating woe;
They shook their heads, and doomed with dreadful words
To swift destruction the whole race of birds.

And a town-meeting was convened straightway
To set a price upon the guilty heads
Of these marauders, who, in lieu of pay,
Levied black-mail upon the garden beds
And corn-fields, and beheld without dismay
The awful scarecrow, with his fluttering shreds;
The skeleton that waited at their feast,
Whereby their sinful pleasure was increased.

Then from his house, a temple painted white,
With fluted columns, and a roof of red,
The Squire came forth, august and splendid sight!
Slowly descending, with majestic tread,
Three flights of steps, nor looking lest nor right,
Down the long street he walked, as one who said,
"A town that boasts inhabitants like me
Can have no lack of good society!"

The Parson, too, appeared, a man austere,
The instinct of whose nature was to kill;
The wrath of God he preached from year to year,
And read, with fervour, Edwards on the Will;
His favourite pastime was to slay the deer
In Summer on some Adirondac hill;
E'en now, while walking down the rural lane,
He lopped the wayside lilies with his cane.

From the Academy, whose belfry crowned
The hill of Science with its vane of brass,
Came the Preceptor, gazing idly round,
Now at the clouds, and now at the green grass.
And all absorbed in reveries profound
Of fair Almira in the upper class,
Who was, as in a sonnet he had said,
As pure as water, and as good as bread.

And next the Deacon issued from his door,
In his voluminous neck-cloth, white as snow;
A suit of sable bombazine he wore;
His form was ponderous, and his step was slow;
There never was so wise a man before;
He seemed the incarnate "Well, I told you so!"
And to perpetuate his great renown
There was a street named after him in town.

These came together in the new town-hall, With sundry farmers from the region round. The Squire presided, dignified and tall, His air impressive and his reasoning sound; Ill fared it with the birds, both great and small;
Hardly a friend in all that crowd they found,
But enemies enough, who every one
Charged them with all the crimes beneath the sun.

When they had ended, from his place apart
Rose the Preceptor, to redress the wrong,
And, trembling like a steed before the start,
Looked round bewildered on the expectant throng;
Then thought of fair Almira, and took heart
To speak out what was in him, clear and strong,
Alike regardless of their smile or frown,
And quite determined not to be laughed down.

"Plato, anticipating the Reviewers,
From his Republic banished without pity
The Poets; in this little town of yours,
You put to death, by means of a Committee.
The ballad-singers and the Troubadours,
The street musicians of the heavenly city,
The birds, who make sweet music for us all
In our dark hours, as David did for Saul.

From the green steeples of the piny wood;
The oriole in the elm; the noisy jay,
Jargoning like a foreigner at his food;
The blue-bird balanced on some topmost spray,
Flooding with melody the neighbourhood;
Linnet and meadow-lark, and all the throng
That dwell in nests, and have the gift of song.

"You slay them all! and wherefore? for the gain Of a scant handful more or less of wheat, Or rye, or barley, or some other grain, Scratched up at random by industrious feet, Searching for worm or weevil after rain! Or a few cherries, that are not so sweet As are the songs these uninvited guests Sing at their feast with comfortable breasts

"Do you ne'er think what wondrous beings these?
Do you ne'er think who made them, and who taught
The dialect they speak, where melodies
Alone are the interpreters of thought?
Whose household words are songs in many keys,
Sweeter than instrument of man e'er caught!
Whose habitations in the tree-tops even
Are half-way houses on the road to heaven!

"Think, every morning when the sun peeps through The dim, leaf-latticed windows of the grove, How jubilant the happy birds renew Their old, melodious madrigals of love! And when you think of this, remember too 'T is always morning somewhere, and above The awakening continents, from shore to shore, Somewhere the birds are singing evermore.

"Think of your woods and orchards without birds!
Of empty nests that cling to boughs and beams!
As in an idiot's brain remembered words
Hang empty 'mid the cobwebs of his dreams!
Will bleat of flocks or bellowing of herds
Make up for the lost music, when your teams
Drag home the stingy harvest, and no more
The feathered gleaners follow to your door?

"What! would you rather see the incessant stir
Of insects in the windrows of the hay,
And hear the locust and the grasshopper
Their melancholy hurdy-gurdies play?
Is this more pleasant to you than the whir
Of meadow-lark, and her sweet roundelay,
Or twitter of little field-fares, as you take
Your nooning in the shade of bush and brake?

"You call them thieves and pillagers; but know, They are the wingèd wardens of your farms, Who from the corn-fields drive the insidious foe, And from your harvests keep a hundred harms; Even the blackest of them all, the crow,
Renders good service as your man-at-arms,
Crushing the beetle in his coat of mail,
And crying havoc on the slug and snail.

"How can I teach your children gentleness,
And mercy to the weak, and reverence
For Life, which, in its weakness or excess,
Is still a gleam of God's omnipotence,
Or Death, which, seeming darkness, is no less
The selfsame light, although averted hence,
When by your laws, your actions, and your speech,
You contradict the very things I teach?"

With this he closed; and through the audience went A murmur, like the rustle of dead leaves; The farmers laughed and nodded, and some bent Their yellow heads together like their sheaves; Men have no faith in fine-spun sentiment Who put their trust in bullocks and in beeves. The birds were doomed; and, as the record shows, A bounty offered for the heads of crows.

There was another audience out of reach,
Who had no voice nor vote in making laws,
But in the papers read his little speech,
And crowned his modest temples with applause;
They made him conscious, each one more than each,
He still was victor, vanquished in their cause.
Sweetest of all the applause he won from thee,
O fair Almira at the Academy!

And so the dreadful massacre began;
O'er fields and orchards, and e'er woodland crests,
The ceaseless fusillade of terror ran.
Dead fell the birds, with blood-stains on their breasts,
Or wounded crept away from sight of man,
While the young died of famine in their nests;
A slaughter to be told in groans, not words,
The very St. Bartholomew of Birds!

The Summer came, and all the birds were dead;
The days were like hot coals; the very ground
Was burned to ashes; in the orchards fed
Myriads of caterpillars, and around
The cultivated fields and garden beds
Hosts of devouring insects crawled, and found
No foe to check their march, till they had made
The land a desert without leaf or shade.

Devoured by worms, like Herod, was the town,
Because, like Herod, it had ruthlessly
Slaughtered the Innocents. From the trees spun down
The canker-worms upon the passers-by,
Upon each woman's bonnet, shawl, and gown,
Who shook them off with just a little cry;
They were the terror of each favourite walk,
The endless theme of all the village talk.

The farmers grew impatient, but a few
Confessed their error, and would not complain,
For, after all, the best thing one can do
When it is raining, is to let it rain.
Then they repealed the law, although they knew

It would not call the dead to life again;
As school-boys, finding their mistake too late,
Draw a wet sponge across the accusing slate.

That year in Killingworth the Autumn came
Without the light of his majestic look,
The wonder of the falling tongues of flame,
The illumined pages of his Doom's-day-book.
A few lost leaves blushed crimson with their shame,
And drowned themselves despairing in the brook,
While the wild wind went moaning everywhere,
Lamenting the dead children of the air!

But the next Spring a stranger sight was seen, A sight that never yet by bard was sung, As great a wonder as it would have been If some dumb animal had found a tongue! A wagon, overarched with evergreen, Upon whose boughs were wicker cages hung, All full of singing birds, came down the street, Filling the air with music wild and sweet.

From all the country round these birds were brought,
By order of the town, with anxious quest,
And, loosened from their wicker prisons, sought
In woods and fields the places they loved best,
Singing loud canticles, which many thought
Were satires to the authorities addressed,
While others, listening in green lanes, averred
Such lovely music never had been heard!

But blither still and louder carolled they
Upon the morrow, for they seemed to know
It was the fair Almira's wedding-day,
And everywhere, around, above, below,
When the Preceptor bore his bride away,
Their songs burst forth in joyous overflow,
And a new heaven bent over a new earth
Amid the sunny farms of Killingworth.

FINALE.

THE hour was late; the fire burned low,

The Landlord's eyes were closed in sleep,

And near the story's end a deep, Sonorous sound at times was heard, As when the distant bagpipes blow. At this all laughed; the Landlord stirred,

As one awaking from a swound, And, gazing anxiously around, Protested that he had not slept, But only shut his eyes, and kept His ears attentive to each word. Then all arose, and said "Good Night."

Alone remained the drowsy Squire
To rake the embers of the fire,
And quench the waning parlour light;
While from the windows, here and
there,

The scattered lamps a moment gleamed,

And the illumined hostel seemed. The constellation of the Bear,
Downward, athwart the misty air,
Sinking and setting toward the sun.

Far off the village clock struck one

PART SECOND. PRELUDE.

A cold, uninterrupted rain, That washed each southern windowpane,

And made a river of the road;

A sea of mist that overflowed

The house, the barns, the gilded vane,

And drowned the upland and the plain,

Through which the oak-trees, broad and high,

Like phantom ships went drifting by;

And, hidden behind a watery screen, The sun unseen, or only seen As a faint pallor in the sky;—Thus cold and colourless and gray, The morn of that autumnal day, As if reluctant to begin, Dawned on the silent Sudbury Inn, And all the guests that in it lay.

Full late they slept. They did not hear

The challenge of Sir Chanticleer, Who on the empty threshing-floor, Disdainful of the rain outside, Was strutting with a martial stride, As if upon his thigh he wore The famous broadsword of the

Squire,

And said, "Behold me, and admire!"

Only the Poet seemed to hear, In drowse or dream, more near and near.

Across the border-land of sleep,
The blowing of a blithesome horn,
That laughed the dismal day to
scorn;

A splash of hoofs and rush of wheels

Through sand and mire like stranding keels,

As from the road with sudden sweep

The Mail drove up the little steep,

And stopped beside the tavern

door;

A moment stopped, and then again, With crack of whip and bark of dog,

Plunged forward through the sea of fog.

And all was silent as before,— All silent save the dripping rain.

Then one by one the guests came down,

And greeted with a smile the Squire, Who sat before the parlour fire, Reading the paper fresh from town. First the Sicilian, like a bird, Before his form appeared, was heard

Whistling and singing down the stair;

Then came the Student, with a look As placid as a meadow-brook; The Theologian, still perplexed With thoughts of this world and the next;

The Poet then, as one who seems
Walking in visions and in dreams;
Then the Musician, like a fair
Hyperion from whose golden hair
The radiance of the morning
streams;

And last the aromatic Jew
Of Alicant, who, as he threw
The door wide open, on the air
Breathed round about him a perfume

Of damask roses in full bloom, Making a garden of the room.

The breakfast ended, each pursued The promptings of his various mood;

Beside the fire in silence smoked The taciturn, impassive Jew, Lost in a pleasant reverie; While, by his gravity provoked, His portrait the Sicilian drew, And wrote beneath it, "Edrehi, At the Red Horse in Sudbury."

By far the busiest of them all,
The Theologian in the hall
Was feeding robins in a cage—
Two corpulent and lazy birds,
Vagrants and pilferers at best,
If one might trust the hostler's
words,

Chief instrument of their arrest;
Two poets of the Golden Age,
Heirs of a boundless heritage
Of fields and orchards, east and
west,

And sunshine of long summer days, Though outlawed now and dispossessed!—

Such was the Theologian's phrase.

Meanwhile the Student held discourse

With the Musician, on the source
Of all the legendary lore
Among the nations, scattered wide
Like silt and seaweed by the force
And fluctuation of the tide;
The tale repeated o'er and o'er,
With change of place and change of
name, [same.
Disguised, transformed, and yet the
We've heard a hundred times before.

The Poet at the window mused, And saw, as in a dream confused, The countenance of the Sun, discrowned,

And haggard with a pale despair, And saw the cloud-rack trail and drift

Before it, and the trees uplift
Their leafless branches, and the air
Filled with the arrows of the rain,
And heard amid the mist below,
Like voices of distress and pain,
That haunt the thoughts of men
insane,

The fateful cawings of the crow.

Then down the road, with mud besprent,

And drenched with rain from head to hoof,

The rain-drops dripping from his mane

And tail as from a pent-house roof, A jaded horse, his head down bent, Passed slowly, limping as he went.

The young Sicilian — who had grown

Impatient longer to abide
A prisoner, greatly mortified
To see completely overthrown
His plans for angling in the brook,
And, leaning o'er the bridge of
stone, [by,

To watch the speckled trout glide And float through the inverted sky, Still round and round the baited hook— [stride;

Now paced the room with rapid And, pausing at the Poet's side, Looked forth, and saw the wretched steed,

And said: "Alas for human greed,

That with cold hand and stony eye Thus turns an old friend out to die, Or beg his food from gate to gate! This brings a tale into my mind, Which, if you are not disinclined To listen, I will now relate."

All gave assent; all wished to hear, Not without many a jest and jeer, The story of a spavined steed; And even the Student with the rest Put in his pleasant little jest Out of Malherbe, that Pegasus Is but a horse that with all speed Bears poets to the hospital; While the Sicilian, self-possessed, After a moment's interval Began his simple story thus.

THE SICILIAN'S TALE.

THE BELL OF ATRI.

AT Atri in Abruzzo, a small town Of ancient Roman date, but scant renown, One of those little places that have run Half up the hill, beneath a blazing sun, * And then sat down to rest, as if to say, "I climb no farther upward, come what may,"— The Re Giovanni, now unknown to fame, So many monarchs since have borne the name, Had a great bell hung in the market-place, Beneath a roof, projecting some small space, By way of shelter from the sun and rain. Then rode he through the streets with all his train, And, with the blast of trumpets loud and long, Made proclamation, that whenever wrong Was done to any man, he should but ring The great bell in the square, and he, the King, Would cause the Syndic to decide thereon. Such was the proclamation of King John.

How swift the happy days in Atri sped,
What wrongs were righted, need not here be said.
Suffice it that, as all things must decay,
The hempen rope at length was worn away,
Unravelled at the end, and, strand by strand,
Loosened and wasted in the ringer's hand,
Till one, who noted this in passing by,

THE SICILIAN'S TALE.

Mended the rope with braids of briony, So that the leaves and tendrils of the vine Hung like a votive garland at a shrine.

By chance it happened that in Atri dwelt A knight, with spur on heel and sword in belt, Who loved to hunt the wild-boar in the woods, Who loved his falcons with their crimson hoods, Who loved his hounds and horses, and all sports And prodigalities of camps and courts.—
Loved, or had loved them; for at last, grown old, His only passion was the love of gold.

He sold his horses, sold his hawks and hounds, Rented his vineyards and his garden-grounds, Kept but one steed, his favourite steed of all, To starve and shiver in a naked stall, And day by day sat brooding in his chair, Devising plans how best to hoard and spare.

At length he said: "What is the use or need To keep at my own cost this lazy steed, Eating his head off in my stables here, When rents are low and provender is dear? Let him go feed upon the public ways; I want him only for the holidays." So the old steed was turned into the heat Of the long, lonely, silent, shadeless street; And wandered in suburban lanes forlorn, Barked at by dogs, and torn by brier and thorn.

One afternoon, as in that sultry clime
It is the custom in the summer time,
With bolted doors and window-shutters closed,
The inhabitants of Atri slept or dozed;
When suddenly upon their senses fell
The loud alarum of the accusing bell!
The Syndic started from his deep repose,
Turned on his couch, and listened, and then rose

And donned his robes, and with reluctant pace Went panting forth into the market-place, Where the great bell upon its cross-beams swung, Reiterating with persistent tongue, In half-articulate jargon, the old song: "Some one hath done a wrong, hath done a wrong!"

But ere he reached the belfry's light arcade
He saw, or thought he saw, beneath its shade,
No shape of human form of woman born,
But a poor steed dejected and forlorn,
Who with uplifted head and eager eye
Was tugging at the vines of briony.
"Domeneddio!" cried the Syndic straight,
"This is the Knight of Atri's steed of state!
He calls for justice, being sore distressed,
And pleads his cause as loudly as the best."

Meanwhile from street and lane a noisy crowd Had rolled together like a summer cloud, And told the story of the wretched beast In five-and-twenty different ways at least, With much gesticulation and appeal To heathen gods, in their excessive zeal. The Knight was called and questioned; in reply Did not confess the fact, did not deny; Treated the matter as a pleasant jest, And set at naught the Syndic and the rest, Maintaining in an angry undertone, That he should do what pleased him with his own.

And thereupon the Syndic gravely read
The proclamation of the King; then said:
"Pride goeth forth on horseback grand and gay,
But cometh back on foot, and begs its way;
Fame is the fragrance of heroic deeds,
Of flowers of chivalry and not of weeds!
These are familiar proverbs; but I fear

They never yet have reached your knightly ear.
What fair renown, what honour, what repute
Can come to you from starving this poor brute?
He who serves well and speaks not, merits more
Than they who clamour loudest at the door.
Therefore the law decrees that as this steed
Served you in youth, henceforth you shall take heed
To comfort his old age, and to provide
Shelter in stall, and food and field beside."

The Knight withdrew abashed; the people all Led home the steed in triumph to his stall. The King heard and approved, and laughed in glee, And cried aloud: "Right well it pleaseth me! Church-bells at best but ring us to the door; But go not in to mass; my bell doth more: It cometh into court and pleads the cause Of creatures dumb and unknown to the laws; And this shall make, in every Christian clime, The Bell of Atri famous for all time."

INTERLUDE.

"YES, well your story pleads the cause

Of those dumb mouths that have no speech,

Only a cry from each to each In its own kind, with its own laws; Something that is beyond the reach Of human power to learn or teach,—An inarticulate moan of pain, Like the immeasurable main Breaking upon an unknown beach."

Thus spake the Poet with a sigh;
Then added, with impassioned cry,
As one who feels the words he
speaks,

The colour flushing in his cheeks, The fervour burning in his eye: "Among the noblest in the land, Though he may count himself the least,

That man I honour and revere
Who without favour, without fear,
In the great city dares to stand
The friend of every friendless
beast.

And tames with his unflinching hand

The brutes that wear our form and face,

The were-wolves of the human race!"

Then paused, and waited with a frown

Like some old champion of romance, [down, Who, having thrown his gauntlet

Expectant leans upon his lance;
But neither Knight nor Squire is
found

To raise the gauntlet from the
ground, [chance.
And try with him the battle's

ground, [chance.
And try with him the battle's

"Wake from your dreams, ()
Edrehi!

Or dreaming speak to us, and make
A feint of being half awake,
And tell us what your dreams may
be.

Out of the hazy atmosphere
Of cloud-land deign to reappear
Among us in this Wayside Inn;
Tell us what visions and what
scenes
Illuminate the dark ravines

In which you grope your way. Begin!" Thus the Sicilian spake. The Jew Made no reply, but only smiled, As men unto a wayward child, Not knowing what to answer, do. As from a cavern's mouth, o'ergrown With moss and intertangled vines, A streamlet leaps into the light And murmurs over root and stone In a melodious undertone; Or as amid the noonday night Of sombre and wind-haunted pines, There runs a sound as of the sea; So from his bearded lips there came A melody without a name, A song, a tale, a history, Or whatsoever it may be, Writ and recorded in these lines.

THE SPANISH JEW'S TALE.

KAMBALU.

INTO the city of Kambalu, By the road that leadeth to Ispahan, At the head of his dusty caravan, Laden with treasure from realms afar, Baldacca and Kelat and Kandahar, Rode the great captain Alau.

The Khan from his palace-window gazed,
And saw in the thronging street beneath,
In the light of the setting sun, that blazed
Through the clouds of dust by the caravan raised,
The flash of harness and jewelled sheath,
And the shining scimitars of the guard,
And the weary camels that bared their teeth,
As they passed and passed through the gates unbarred
Into the shade of the palace-yard.

Thus into the city of Kambalu
Rode the great captain Alau;
And he stood before the Khan, and said:
"The enemies of my lord are dead;
All the Kalifs of all the West
Bow and obey thy least behest;
The plains are dark with the mulberry-trees,
The weavers are busy in Samarcand,
The miners are sifting the golden sand,
The divers plunging for pearls in the seas,
And peace and plenty are in the land.

"Baldacca's Kalif, and he alone,
Rose in revolt against thy throne:
His treasures are at thy palace-door,
With the swords and the shawls and the jewels he wore:
His body is dust o'er the desert blown.

"A mile outside of Baldacca's gate
I left my forces to lie in wait,
Concealed by forests and hillocks of sand,
And forward dashed with a handful of men,
To lure the old tiger from his den
Into the ambush I had planned.
Ere we reached the town the alarm was spread,
For we heard the sound of gongs from within;
And with clash of cymbals and warlike din
The gates swung wide; and we turned and fled;
And the garrison sallied forth and pursued,
With the gray old Kalif at their head,
And above them the banner of Mohammed:
So we snared them all, and the town was subdued.

"As in at the gate we rode, behold, A tower that is called the Tower of Gold! For there the Kalif had hidden his wealth, Heaped and hoarded and piled on high, Like sacks of wheat in a granary; And thither the miser crept by stealth To feel of the gold that gave him health, And to gaze and gloat with his hungry eye On jewels that gleamed like a glow-worm's spark, Or the eyes of a panther in the dark.

"I said to the Kalif: 'Thou art old,
Thou hast no need of so much gold.
Thou shouldst not have heaped and hidden it here.
Till the breath of battle was hot and near,
But have sown through the land these useless hoards
To spring into shining blades of swords,
And keep thine honour sweet and clear.
These grains of gold are not grains of wheat;
These bars of silver thou canst not eat;
These jewels and pearls and precious stones
Cannot cure the aches in thy bones,
Nor keep the feet of Death one hour
From climbing the stairways of thy tower!'

"Then into his dungeon I locked the drone And left him to feed there all alone In the honey-cells of his golden hive; Never a prayer, nor a cry, nor a groan Was heard from those massive walls of stone, Nor again was the Kalif seen alive!

"When at last we unlocked the door,
We found him dead upon the floor;
The rings had dropped from his withered hands,
His teeth were like bones in the desert sands:
Still clutching his treasure he had died;
And as he lay there, he appeared
A statue of gold with a silver beard,
His arms outstretched as if crucified."

This is the story, strange and true,
That the great captain Alau
Told to his brother the Tartar Khan,
When he rode that day into Kambalu
By the road that leadeth to Ispahan.

INTERLUDE.

"I THOUGHT before your tale began,"
The Student murmured, "we should have
Some legend written by Judah Rav
In his Gemara of Babylon;
Or something from the Gulistan,—
The tale of the Cazy of Hamadan,
Or of that King of Khorasan
Who saw in dreams the eyes of one
That had a hundred years been
dead

Still moving restless in his head,
Undimmed, and gleaming with the
lust [dust.
Of power, though all the rest was

"But lo! your glittering caravan On the road that leadeth to Ispahan Hath led us farther to the East Into the regions of Cathay. Spite of your Kalif and his gold, Pleasant has been the tale you told, And full of colour; that at least No one will question or gainsay. And yet on such a dismal day We need a merrier tale to clear The dark and heavy atmosphere. So listen, Lordlings, while I tell, Without a preface, what befell A simple cobbler, in the year— No matter; it was long ago; And that is all we need to know.

THE STUDENT'S TALE.

THE COBBLER OF HAGENAU.

I TRUST that somewhere and somehow You all have heard of Hagenau, A quiet, quaint, and ancient town Among the green Alsatian hills, A place of valleys, streams, and mills, Where Barbarossa's castle, brown With rust of centuries, still looks down On the broad, drowsy land below,—On shadowy forests filled with game, And the blue river winding slow Through meadows, where the hedges grow That give this little town its name.

It happened in the good old times, While yet the Master-singers filled The noisy workshop and the guild With various melodies and rhymes, That here in Hagenau there dwelt A cobbler,—one who loved debate, And, arguing from a postulate,

Would say what others only felt; A man of forecast and of thrift, And of a shrewd and careful mind In this world's business, but inclined Somewhat to let the next world drift.

Hans Sachs with vast delight he read,
And Regenbogen's rhymes of love,
For their poetic fame had spread
Even to the town of Hagenau;
And some Quick Melody of the Plough,
Or Double Harmony of the Dove,
Was always running in his head.
He kept, moreover, at his side,
Among his leathers and his tools,
Reynard the Fox, the Ship of Fools,
Or Eulenspiegel, open wide;
With these he was much edified:
He thought them wiser than the Schools.

His good wife, full of godly fear,
Liked not these worldly themes to hear;
The Psalter was her book of songs;
The only music to her ear
Was that which to the Church belongs,
When the loud choir on Sunday chanted,
And the two angels carved in wood,
That by the windy organ stood,
Blew on their trumpets loud and clear,
And all the echoes, far and near,
Gibbered as if the church were haunted.

Outside his door, one afternoon, This humble votary of the Muse Sat in the narrow strip of shade By a projecting cornice made, Mending the Burgomaster's shoes, And singing a familiar tune:— "Our ingress into the world
Was naked and bare;
Our progress through the world
Is trouble and care;
Our egress from the world
Will be nobody knows where;
But if we do well here
We shall do well there;
And I could tell you no more,
Should I preach a whole year!"

Thus sang the cobbler at his work; And with his gestures marked the time, Closing together with a jerk Of his waxed thread the stitch and rhyme.

Meanwhile his quiet little dame
Was leaning o'er the window-sill,
Eager, excited, but mouse-still,
Gazing impatiently to see
What the great throng of folk might be
That onward in procession came,
Along the unfrequented street,
With horns that blew, and drums that beat,
And banners flying, and the flame
Of tapers, and, at times, the sweet
Voices of nuns: and as they sang
Suddenly all the church-bells rang.

In a gay coach, above the crowd,
There sat a monk in ample hood,
Who with his right hand held aloft
A red and ponderous cross of wood,
To which at times he meekly bowed.
In front three horsemen rode, and oft,
With voice and air importunate,
A boisterous herald cried aloud:
"The grace of God is at your gate!"

So onward to the church they passed. The cobbler slowly turned his last, And, wagging his sagacious head, Unto his kneeling housewife said: "'T is the monk Tetzel. I have heard The cawings of that reverend bird. Don't let him cheat you of your gold; Indulgence is not bought and sold."

The church of Hagenau, that night,
Was full of people, full of light;
An odour of incense filled the air,
The priest intoned, the organ groaned
Its inarticulate despair;
The candles on the altar blazed,
And full in front of it, upraised,
The red cross stood against the glare.
Below, upon the altar-rail,
Indulgences were set to sale,
Like ballads at a country fair.
A heavy strong-box, iron-bound,
And carved with many a quaint device,
Received, with a melodious sound,
The coin that purchased Paradise.

Then from the pulpit overhead,
Tetzel the monk, with fiery glow,
Thundered upon the crowd below.
"Good people all, draw near!" he said;
"Purchase these letters, signed and sealed,
By which all sins, though unrevealed
And unrepented, are forgiven!
Count but the gain, count not the loss!
Your gold and silver are but dross,
And yet they pave the way to heaven.
I hear your mothers and your sires
Cry from their purgatorial fires,
And will ye not their ransom pay?

O senseless people! when the gate
Of heaven is open, will ye wait?
Will ye not enter in to-day?
To-morrow it will be too late;
I shall be gone upon my way.
Make haste! bring money while ye may!

The women shuddered and turned pale; Allured by hope or driven by fear, With many a sob and many a tear, All crowded to the altar-rail. Pieces of silver and of gold Into the tinkling strong-box fell Like pebbles dropped into a well; And soon the ballads were all sold. The cobbler's wife among the rest Slipped into the capacious chest A golden florin; then withdrew, Hiding the paper in her breast; And homeward through the darkness went Comforted, quieted, content; She did not walk, she rather flew, A dove that settles to her nest, When some appalling bird of prey That scared her has been driven away.

The days went by, the monk was gone,
The summer passed, the winter came;
Though seasons changed, yet still the same
The daily round of life went on;
The daily round of household care,
The narrow life of toil and prayer.
But in her heart the cobbler's dame
Had now a treasure beyond price,
A secret joy without a name,
The certainty of Paradise.
Alas, alas! Dust unto dust!
Before the winter wore away,

Her body in the churchyard lay,
Her patient soul was with the Just!
After her death, among the things
That even the poor preserve with care,
Some little trinkets and cheap rings,
A locket with her mother's hair,
Her wedding gown, the faded flowers
She wore upon her wedding day,
Among these memories of past hours,
That so much of the heart reveal,
Carefully kept and put away,
The Letter of Indulgence lay
Folded, with signature and seal.

Meanwhile the Priest, aggrieved and pained, Waited and wondered that no word Of mass or requiem he heard, As by the Holy Church ordained: Then to the Magistrate complained, That as this woman had been dead A week or more, and no mass said, It was rank heresy, or at least Contempt of Church; thus said the Priest; And straight the cobbler was arraigned.

He came, confiding in his cause,
But rather doubtful of the laws.
The Justice from his elbow-chair
Gave him a look that seemed to say
"Thou standest before a Magistrate,
Therefore do not prevaricate!"
Then asked him in a business way,
Kindly but cold: "Is thy wife dead?"
The cobbler meekly bowed his head;
"She is," came struggling from his throat
Scarce audibly. The Justice wrote
The words down in a book, and then
Continued, as he raised his pen:

"She is; and hath a mass been said
For the salvation of her soul?
Come, speak the truth! confess the whole!"
The cobbler without pause replied:
"Of mass or prayer there was no need;
For at the moment when she died
Her soul was with the glorified!"
And from his pocket with all speed
He drew the priestly title-deed,
And prayed the Justice he would read.

The Justice read, amused, amazed; And as he read his mirth increased: At times his shaggy brows he raised, Now wondering at the cobbler gazed, Now archly at the angry Priest. "From all excesses, sins, and crimes Thou hast committed in past times Thee I absolve! And furthermore, Purified from all earthly taints. To the communion of the Saints And to the sacraments restore! All stains of weakness, and all trace Of shame and censure I efface; Remit the pains thou shouldst endure, And make thee innocent and pure. So that in dying, unto thee The gates of heaven shall open be! Though long thou livest, yet this grace Until the moment of thy death Unchangeable continueth!"

Then said he to the Priest: "I find This document is duly signed Brother John Tetzel, his own hand. At all tribunals in the land In evidence it may be used; Therefore acquitted is the accused." Then to the cobbler turned: "My friend, Pray tell me, didst thou ever read Reynard the Fox?"—"Oh yes, indeed!"—"I thought so. Don't forget the end."

INTERLUDE.

"What was the end? I am ashamed Not to remember Reynard's fate; I have not read the book of late; Was he not hanged?" the Poet said. The Student gravely shook his head,

And answered: "You exaggerate.
There was a tournament proclaimed,

And Reynard fought with Isegrim
The Wolf, and having vanquished
him, •

Rose to high honour in the State, And Keeper of the Seals was named!"

At this the gay Sicilian laughed:
"Fight fire with fire, and craft with craft,

Successful cunning seems to be The moral of your tale," said he. "Mine had a better, and the Jew's Had none at all, that I could see; His aim was only to amuse."

Meanwhile from out its ebon case
His violin the Minstrel drew,
Now held it close in his embrace,
And having tuned its strings anew,
And poising in his outstretched
hand

The bow, like a magician's wand, He paused, and said, with beaming face:

"Last night my story was too long; To-day I give you but a song, An old tradition of the North; But first, to put you in the mood,
I will a little while prelude,
And from this instrument draw
forth
Something by way of overture."

He played; at first the tones were pure

And tender as a summer night,

The full moon climbing to her
height,

The sob and ripple of the seas,
The flapping of an idle sail;
And then by sudden and sharp
degrees

The multiplied, wild harmonies
Freshened and burst into a gale;
A tempest howling through the
dark.

A crash as of some shipwrecked bark,

A loud and melancholy wail.

Such was the prelude to the tale
Told by the Minstrel; and at times
He paused amid its varying
rhymes,

rnymes,
And at each pause again broke in
The music of his violin,
With tones of sweetness or of fear.
Movements of trouble or of calm,
Creating their own atmosphere;
As sitting in a church we hear
Between the verses of the psalm
The organ playing soft and clear,
Or thundering on the startled ear.

THE MUSICIAN'S TALE.

THE BALLAD OF CARMILHAN.

I.

AT Stralsund, by the Baltic Sea, Within the sandy bar, At sunset of a summer's day, Ready for sea, at anchor lay The good ship Valdemar.

The sunbeams danced upon the waves,
And played along her side;
And through the cabin windows streamed
In ripples of golden light, that seemed
The ripple of the tide.

There sat the captain with his friends,
Old skippers brown and hale,
Who smoked and grumbled o'er their grog,
And talked of iceberg and of fog,
Of calm and storm and gale.

And one was spinning a sailor's yarn About Klaboterman,
The Kobold of the sea; a sprite
Invisible to mortal sight,
Who o'er the rigging ran.

Sometimes he hammered in the hold, Sometimes upon the mast, Sometimes abeam, sometimes abaft, Or at the bows he sang and laughed, And made all tight and fast.

He helped the sailors at their work,
And toiled with jovial din;
He helped them hoist and reef the sails,
He helped them stow the casks and bales,
And heave the anchor in.

But woe unto the lazy louts,

The idlers of the crew;

Them to torment was his delight,

And worry them by day and night,

And pinch them black and blue.

And woe to him whose mortal eyes Klaboterman behold.
It is a certain sign of death!—
The cabin-boy here held his breath,
He felt his blood run cold.

II.

The jolly skipper paused awhile,
And then again began;
"There is a Spectre Ship," quoth he,
"A Ship of the Dead that sails the sea,
And is called the Carmilhan.

"A ghostly ship, with a ghostly crew, In tempests she appears; And before the gale, or against the gale, She sails without a rag of sail, Without a helmsman steers.

"She haunts the Atlantic north and south, But mostly the mid-sea, Where three great rocks rise bleak and bare, Like furnace chimneys in the air, And are called the Chimneys Three,

"And ill betide the luckless ship That meets the Carmilhan; Over her decks the seas will leap, She must go down into the deep, And perish mouse and man." The captain of the Valdemar

Laughed loud with merry heart.

"I should like to see this ship," said he;

"I should like to find these Chimneys Three

That are marked down in the chart.

"I have sailed right over the spot," he said,
"With a good stiff breeze behind,
When the sea was blue, and the sky was clear,—
You can follow my course by these pinholes here,—
And never a rock could find."

And then he swore a dreadful oath,
He swore by the Kingdoms Three,
That, should he meet the Carmilhan,
He would run her down, although he ran
Right into Eternity!

All this, while passing to and fro,
The cabin-boy had heard;
He lingered at the door to hear,
And drank in all with greedy ear,
And pondered every word.

He was a simple country lad,
But of a roving mind.

"Oh, it must be like heaven," thought he,
"Those far-off foreign lands to see,
And fortune seek and find!"

But in the fo'castle, when he heard
The mariners blaspheme,
He thought of home, he thought of God,
And his mother under the churchyard sod,
And wished it were a dream.

One friend on board that ship had he; 'T was the Klaboterman,
Who saw the Bible in his chest,
And made a sign upon his breast,
All evil things to ban.

III.

The cabin windows have grown blank As eyeballs of the dead; No more the glancing sunbeams burn On the gilt letters of the stern, But on the figure-head;

On Valdemar Victorious,
Who looketh with disdain
To see his image in the tide
Dismembered float from side to side,
And reunite again.

"It is the wind," those skippers said,
"That swings the vessel so;
It is the wind; it freshens fast,
'T is time to say farewell at last,
'T is time for us to go."

They shook the captain by the hand, "Good luck! good luck!" they cried; Each face was like the setting sun, As, broad and red, they one by one Went o'er the vessel's side.

The sun went down, the full moon rose, Serene o'er field and flood; And all the winding creeks and bays And broad sea-meadows seemed ablaze, The sky was red as blood. The south-west wind blew fresh and fair,
As fair as wind could be;
Bound for Odessa, o'er the bar,
With all sail set, the Valdemar
Went proudly out to sea.

The lovely moon climbs up the sky
As one who walks in dreams;
A tower of marble in her light,
A wall of black, a wall of white,
The stately vessel seems.

Low down upon the sandy coast
The lights begin to burn;
And now, uplifted high in air,
They kindle with a fiercer glare,
And now drop far astern.

The dawn appears, the land is gone,
The sea is all around;
Then on each hand low hills of sand
Emerge and form another land;
She steereth through the Sound.

Through Kattegat and Skager-rack She flitteth like a ghost; By day and night, by night and day. She bounds, she flies upon her way Along the English coast.

Cape Finisterre is drawing near, Cape Finisterre is past; Into the open ocean stream She floats, the vision of a dream Too beautiful to last. Suns rise and set, and rise, and yet
There is no land in sight;
The liquid planets overhead
Burn brighter now the moon is dead,
And longer stays the night.

IV.

And now along the horizon's edge Mountains of cloud uprose, Black as with forests underneath, Above, their sharp and jagged teeth Were white as drifted snows.

Unseen behind them sank the sun,
But flushed each snowy peak
A little while with rosy light,
That faded slowly from the sight
As blushes from the cheek.

Black grew the sky,—all black, all black
The clouds were everywhere;
There was a feeling of suspense
In nature, a mysterious sense
Of terror in the air.

And all on board the Valdemar
Was still as still could be;
Save when the dismal ship-bell tolled,
As ever and anon she rolled,
And lurched into the sea.

The captain up and down the deck
Went striding to and fro;
Now watched the compass at the wheel,
Now lifted up his hand to feel
Which way the wind might blow.

And now he looked up at the sails, And now upon the deep; In every fibre of his frame He felt the storm before it came, He had no thought of sleep.

Eight bells! and suddenly abaft,
With a great rush of rain,
Making the ocean white with spume,
In darkness like the day of doom,
On came the hurricane.

The lightning flashed from cloud to cloud, And rent the sky in two;
A jagged flame, a single jet
Of white fire, like a bayonet,
That pierced the eyeballs through.

Then all around was dark again,
And blacker than before;
But in that single flash of light
He had beheld a fearful sight,
And thought of the oath he swore.

For right ahead lay the Ship of the Dead,
The ghostly Carmilhan!
Her masts were stripped, her yards were bare,
And on her bowsprit, poised in air,
Sat the Klaboterman.

Her crew of ghosts was all on deck,
Or clambering up the shrouds;
The boatswain's whistle, the captain's hail,
Were like the piping of the gale,
And thunder in the clouds.

TALES OF A WAYSIDE INN.

And close behind the Carmilhan
There rose up from the sea,
As from a foundered ship of stone,
Three bare and splintered masts alone:
They were the Chimneys Three!

And onward dashed the Valdemar,
And leaped into the dark;
A denser mist, a colder blast,
A little shudder, and she had passed
Right through the Phantom Bark.

She cleft in twain the shadowy hulk,
But cleft it unaware;
As when, careering to her nest,
The sea-gull severs with her breast
The unresisting air.

Again the lightning flashed; again They saw the Carmilhan, Whole as before in hull and spar; But now on board of the Valdemar Stood the Klaboterman.

And they all knew their doom was sealed;
They knew that death was near;
Some prayed who never prayed before,
And some they wept, and some they swore,
And some were mute with fear.

Then suddenly there came a shock,
And louder than wind or sea
A cry burst from the crew on deck,
As she dashed and crashed, a hopeless wreck,
Upon the Chimneys Three.

The storm and night were passed, the light To streak the east began; The cabin-boy, picked up at sea, Survived the wreck, and only he, To tell of the Carmilhan.

INTERLUDE.

When the long murmur of applause That greeted the Musician's lay Had slowly buzzed itself away, And the long talk of Spectre Ships That followed died upon their lips, And came unto a natural pause, "These tales you tell are one and all

Of the Old World," the Poet said,
"Flowers gathered from a crumbling wall,

Dead leaves that rustle as they fall; Let me present you in their stead Something of our New England earth,

A tale, which, though of no great worth,

Has still this merit, that it yields A certain freshness of the fields,

A sweetness as of home-made bread."

The Student answered: "Be discreet;

For if the flour be fresh and sound,

And if the bread be light and sweet, Who careth in what mill 't was ground,

Or of what oven felt the heat,
Unless, as old Cervantes said,
You are looking after better bread
Than any that is made of wheat?
You know that people nowadays,
To what is old give little praise;
All must be new in prose and verse;
They want hot bread, or something
worse,

Fresh every morning, and half baked;

The wholesome bread of yesterday, Too stale for them, is thrown away, Nor is their thirst with water slaked."

As oft we see the sky in May Threaten to rain, and yet not rain, The Poet's face, before so gay, Was clouded with a look of pain, But suddenly brightened up again; And without further let or stay He told his tale of yesterday.

THE POET'S TALE.

LADY WENTWORTH.

ONE hundred years ago, and something more, In Queen Street, Portsmouth, at her tavern door, Neat as a pin, and blooming as a rose, Stood Mistress Stavers in her furbelows, Just as her cuckoo-clock was striking nine. Above her head, resplendent on the sign, The portrait of the Earl of Halifax, In scarlet coat and periwig of flax, Surveyed at leisure all her varied charms, Her cap, her bodice, her white folded arms,

And half resolved, though he was past his prime. And rather damaged by the lapse of time, To fall down at her feet, and to declare The passion that had driven him to despair. For from his lofty station he had seen Stavers, her husband, dressed in bottle-green, Drive his new Flying Stage-coach, four in hand, Down the long lane, and out into the land, And knew that he was far upon the way To Ipswich and to Boston on the Bay!

Just then the meditations of the Earl Were interrupted by a little girl, Barefooted, ragged, with neglected hair, Eyes full of laughter, neck and shoulders bare, A thin slip of a girl, like a new moon, Sure to be rounded into beauty soon, A creature men would worship and adore, Though now in mean habiliments she bore A pail of water, dripping through the street, And bathing, as she went, her naked feet.

It was a pretty picture, full of grace,— The slender form, the delicate, thin face: The swaying motion, as she hurried by; The shining feet, the laughter in her eye, That o'er her face in ripples gleamed and glanced As in her pail the shifting sunbeam danced: And with uncommon feelings of delight The Earl of Halifax beheld the sight. Not so Dame Stavers, for he heard her say These words, or thought he did, as plain as day: "O Martha Hilton! Fie! how dare you go About the town half dressed, and looking so!" At which the gipsy laughed, and straight replied: "No matter how I look; I yet shall ride In my own chariot, ma'am." And on the child The Earl of Halifax benignly smiled,

As with her heavy burden she passed on, Looked back, then turned the corner, and was gone.

What next, upon that memorable day, Arrested his attention was a gav And brilliant equipage, that flashed and spun, The silver harness glittering in the sun, Outriders with red jackets, lithe and lank, Pounding the saddles as they rose and sank. While all alone within the chariot sat A portly person with three-cornered hat, A crimson velvet coat, head high in air, Gold-headed cane, and nicely powdered hair, And diamond buckles sparkling at his knees, Dignified, stately, florid, much at case. Onward the pageant swept, and as it passed, Fair Mistress Stavers courtesied low and fast: For this was Governor Wentworth, driving down To Little Harbour, just beyond the town, Where his Great House stood looking out to sea A goodly place, where it was good to be.

It was a pleasant mansion, an abode Near and yet hidden from the great high-road, Sequestered among trees, a noble pile, Baronial and colonial in its style; Gables and dormer-windows everywhere, And stacks of chimneys rising high in air,---Pandæan pipes, on which all winds that blew Made mournful music the whole winter through. Within, unwonted splendours met the eye, Panels, and floors of oak, and tapestry; Carved chimney-pieces, where on brazen dogs Revelled and roared the Christmas fires of logs: Doors opening into darkness unawares, Mysterious passages, and flights of stairs; And on the walls, in heavy gilded frames, The ancestral Wentworths with Old-Scripture names. Such was the mansion where the great man dwelt, A widower and childless; and he felt The loneliness, the uncongenial gloom, That like a presence haunted every room; For though not given to weakness, he could feel The pain of wounds, that ache because they heal.

The years came and the years went,—seven in all, And passed in cloud and sunshine o'er the Hall; The dawns their splendour through its chambers shed The sunsets flushed its western windows red; The snow was on its roofs, the wind, the rain; Its woodlands were in leaf and bare again; Moons waxed and waned, the lilacs bloomed and died, In the broad river ebbed and flowed the tide, Ships went to sea, and ships came home from sea, And the slow years sailed by and ceased to be.

And all these years had Martha Hilton served
In the Great House, not wholly unobserved:
By day, by night, the silver crescent grew,
Though hidden by clouds, her light still shining through;
A maid of all work, whether coarse or fine,
A servant who made service seem divine!
Through her each room was fair to look upon;
The mirrors glistened, and the brasses shone,
The very knocker on the outer door,
If she but passed, was brighter than before.

And now the ceaseless turning of the mill Of Time, that never for an hour stands still, Ground out the Governor's sixtieth birthday, And powdered his brown hair with silver-gray. The robin, the forerunner of the spring, The blue-bird with his jocund carolling, The restless swallows building in the eaves, The golden buttercups, the grass, the leaves, The lilacs tossing in the winds of May,

All welcomed this majestic holiday!
He gave a splendid banquet, served on plate,
Such as became the Governor of the State,
Who represented England and the King,
And was magnificent in everything.
He had invited all his friends and peers,—
The Pepperels, the Langdons, and the Lears,
The Sparhawks, the Penhallows, and the rest;
For why repeat the name of every guest?
But I must mention one in bands and gown,
The rector there, the Reverend Arthur Brown
Of the Established Church; with smiling face
He sat beside the Governor and said grace;
And then the feast went on, as others do,
But ended as none other I e'er knew.

When they had drunk the King, with many a cheer, The Governor whispered in a servant's ear, Who disappeared, and presently there stood Within the room, in perfect womanhood, A maiden, modest and yet self-possessed, Youthful and beautiful, and simply dressed. Can this be Martha Hilton? It must be! Yes, Martha Hilton, and no other she! Dowered with the beauty of her twenty years, How ladylike, how queenlike she appears; The pale, thin crescent of the days gone by Is Dian now in all her majesty! Yet scarce a guest perceived that she was there, Until the Governor, rising from his chair, Played slightly with his ruffles, then looked down, And said unto the Reverend Arthur Brown: "This is my birthday: it shall likewise be My wedding-day; and you shall marry me!"

The listening guests were greatly mystified, None more so than the rector, who replied: "Marry you? Yes, that were a pleasant task, Your Excellency; but to whom? I ask."
The Governor answered: "To this lady here;"
And beckoned Martha Hilton to draw near.
She came and stood, all blushes, at his side.
The rector paused. The impatient Governor cried:
"This is the lady; do you hesitate?
Then I command you as Chief Magistrate."
The rector read the service loud and clear:
"Dearly beloved, we are gathered here,"
And so on to the end. At his command,
On the fourth finger of her fair left hand,
The Governor placed the ring; and that was all:
Martha was Lady Wentworth of the Hall!

INTERLUDE.

Well pleased the audience heard the tale.

The Theologian said: "Indeed,
To praise you there is little need;
One almost hears the farmer's flail
Thresh out your wheat, nor does
there fail

A certain freshness, as you said, And sweetness as of home-made bread.

But not less sweet and not less fresh

Are many legends that I know, Writ by the monks of long-ago, Who loved to mortify the flesh, So that the soul might purer grow, And rise to a diviner state; And one of these—perhaps of all Most beautiful—I now recall, And with permission will narrate; Hoping thereby to make amends

For that grim tragedy of mine, As strong and black as Spanish wine,

I told last night, and wish almost
It had remained untold, my
friends;

For Torquemada's awful ghost Came to me in the dreams I dreamed,

And in the darkness glared and gleamed

Like a great lighthouse on the coast."

The Student laughing said: "Far more

Like to some dismal fire of bale Flaring portentous on a hill; Or torches lighted on a shore By wreckers in a midnight gale. No matter; be it as you will, Only go forward with your tale."

THE THEOLOGIAN'S TALE THE LEGEND BEAUTIFUL.

"HADST thou stayed, I must have fled!" That is what the Vision said.

In his chamber all alone, Kneeling on the floor of stone, Prayed the Monk in deep contrition For his sins of indecision, Prayed for greater self-denial In temptation and in trial; It was noonday by the dial, And the Monk was all alone.

Suddenly, as if it lightened, An unwonted splendour brightened All within him and without him In that narrow cell of stone; And he saw the Blessed Vision Of our Lord, with light Elysian, Like a vesture wrapped about Him, Like a garment round Him thrown.

Not as crucified and slain,
Not in agonies of pain,
Not with bleeding hands and feet,
Did the Monk his Master see;
But as in the village street,
In the house or harvest-field,
Halt and lame and blind He healed,
When He walked in Galilee.

In an attitude imploring, Hands upon his bosom crossed, Wondering, worshipping, adoring, Knelt the Monk in rapture lost. Lord, he thought, in heaven that reignest, Who am I, that thus thou deignest To reveal thyself to me? Who am I, that from the centre Of thy glory thou shouldst enter This poor cell, my guest to be?

Then amid his exaltation. Loud the convent bell appalling, From its belfry calling, calling, Rang through court and corridor With persistent iteration He had never heard before. It was now the appointed hour When alike in shine or shower, Winter's cold or summer's heat. To the convent portals came All the blind and halt and lame, All the beggars of the street, For their daily dole of food Dealt them by the brotherhood; And their almoner was he Who upon his bended knee, Rapt in silent ecstasy Of divinest self-surrender. Saw the Vision and the Splendour Deep distress and hesitation Mingled with his adoration; Should he go, or should he stay? Should he leave the poor to wait Hungry at the convent gate, Till the Vision passed away?

Should he slight his radiant guest, Slight this visitant celestial, For a crowd of ragged, bestial Beggars at the convent gate? Would the Vision there remain? Would the Vision come again?

Then a voice within his breast Whispered, audible and clear, As if to the outward ear: "Do thy duty; that is best; Leave unto thy Lord the rest!"

Straightway to his feet he started, And with longing look intent On the Blessed Vision bent, Slowly from his cell departed, Slowly on his errand went.

At the gate the poor were waiting, Looking through the iron grating, With that terror in the eye That is only seen in those Who amid their wants and woes Hear the sound of doors that close, And of feet that pass them by; Grown familiar with disfavour. Grown familiar with the savour Of the bread by which men die! But to-day, they know not why, Like the gate of Paradise Seemed the convent gate to rise, Like a sacrament divine Seemed to them the bread and wine. In his heart the Monk was praying, Thinking of the homeless poor, What they suffer and endure; What we see not, what we see: And the inward voice was saying: "Whatsoever thing thou doest To the least of mine and lowest, That thou doest unto me!"

Unto me! but had the Vision Come to him in beggar's clothing, Come a mendicant imploring, Would he then have knelt adoring, Or have listened with derision, And have turned away with loathing?

Thus his conscience put the question,
Full of troublesome suggestion,
As at length, with hurried pace,
Towards his cell he turned his face
And beheld the convent bright
With a supernatural light,
Like a luminous cloud expanding
Over floor and wall and ceiling.

But he paused with awe-struck feeling At the threshold of his door, For the Vision still was standing As he left it there before, When the convent bell appalling, From its belfry calling, calling, Summoned him to feed the poor. Through the long hour intervening It had waited his return, And he felt his bosom burn, Comprehending all the meaning, When the Blessed Vision said, "Hadst thou stayed, I must have fled!"

INTERLUDE.

ALL praised the legend more or less; Some liked the moral, some the verse;

Some thought it better, and some worse

Than other legends of the past;
Until, with ill-concealed distress
At all their cavilling, at last
The Theologian gravely said:
"The Spanish proverb, then, is
right;

Consult your friends on what you do, And one will say that it is white. And others say that it is red." And "Amen!" quoth the Spanish Jew.

"Six stories told! We must have seven,
A cluster like the Pleiades,
And lo! it happens, as with these,
That one is missing from our heaven.

Where is the Landlord? Bring him here;
Let the Lost Pleiad reappear."

Thus the Sicilian cried, and went Forthwith to seek his missing star, But did not find him in the bar, A place that landlords most frequent, Nor yet beside the kitchen fire, Nor up the stairs, nor in the hall; It was in vain to ask or call, There were no tidings of the Squire.

So he came back with downcast head, [host Exclaiming: "Well, our bashful

Hath surely given up the ghost. Another proverb says the dead Can tell no tales; and that is true. It follows, then, that one of you Must tell a story in his stead. You must," he to the Student said, "Who know so many of the best, And tell them better than the rest."

Straight, by these flattering words beguiled,
The Student, happy as a child When he is called a little man,
Assumed the double task imposed,
And without more ado unclosed
His smiling lips, and thus began.

THE STUDENT'S SECOND TALE.

THE BARON OF ST. CASTINE.

BARON CASTINE of St. Castine
Has left his chateau in the Pyrenees,
And sailed across the western seas.
When he went away from his fair demesne
The birds were building, the woods were green;
And now the winds of winter blow
Round the turrets of the old chateau,
The birds are silent and unseen,
The leaves lie dead in the ravine,
And the Pyrenees are white with snow.

His father, lonely, old, and gray,
Sits by the fireside day by day,
Thinking ever one thought of care;
Through the southern windows, narrow and tall,
The sun shines into the ancient hall,
And makes a glory round his hair.
The house-dog, stretched beneath his chair,
Groans in his sleep, as if in pain,
Then wakes, and yawns, and sleeps again,

So silent is it everywhere,—
So silent you can hear the mouse
Run and rummage along the beams
Behind the wainscot of the wall;
And the old man rouses from his dreams,
And wanders-restless through the house,
As if he heard strange voices call.

His footsteps echo along the floor Of a distant passage, and pause awhile; He is standing by an open door Looking long, with a sad, sweet smile, Into the room of his absent son. There is the bed on which he lay. There are the pictures bright and gay, Horses and hounds and sun-lit seas: . There are his powder-flask and gun, And his hunting-knives in shape of a fan: The chair by the window where he sat, With the clouded tiger-skin for a mat, Looking out on the Pyrenees, Looking out on Mount Marboré And the Seven Valleys of Lavedan. Ah me! he turns away and sighs; There is a mist before his eyes.

At night, whatever the weather be, Wind or rain or starry heaven, Just as the clock is striking seven, Those who look from the windows see The village Curate, with lantern and maid. Come through the gateway from the park And cross the courtyard damp and dark,— A ring of light in a ring of shade.

And now at the old man's side he stands, His voice is cheery, his heart expands, He gossips pleasantly, by the blaze Of the fire of fagots, about old days, And Cardinal Mazarin and the Fronde, And the Cardinal's nieces fair and fond, And what they did, and what they said, When they heard his Eminence was dead.

And after a pause the old man says, His mind still coming back again. To the one sad thought that haunts his brain, "Are there any tidings from over sea? Ah, why has that wild boy gone from me?" And the Curate answers, looking down. Harmless and docile as a lamb. "Young blood! young blood! It must so be!" And draws from the pocket of his gown A handkerchief like an oriflamb, And wipes his spectacles, and they play Their little game of lansquenet In silence for an hour or so, Till the clock at nine strikes loud and clear From the village lying asleep below, And across the courtyard, into the dark Of the winding pathway in the park, Curate and lantern disappear, And darkness reigns in the old chateau.

The ship has come back from over sea, She has been signalled from below, And into the harbour of Bordeaux She sails with her gallant company. But among them is nowhere seen The brave young Baron of St. Castine; He hath tarried behind, I ween, In the beautiful land of Acadie!

And the father paces to and fro Through the chambers of the old chateau. Waiting, waiting to hear the hum Of wheels on the road that runs below, Of servants hurrying here and there. The voice in the courtyard, the step on the stair, Waiting for some one who doth not come! But letters there are, which the old man reads To the Curate, when he comes at night, Word by word, as an acolyte Repeats his prayers and tells his beads; Letters full of the rolling sea, Full of a young man's joy to be Abroad in the world, alone and free; Full of adventures and wonderful scenes Of hunting the deer through forests vast In the royal grant of Pierre du Gast; Of nights in the tents of the Tarratines; Of Madocawando the Indian chief, And his daughters, glorious as queens, And beautiful beyond belief; And so soft the tones of their native tongue, The words are not spoken, they are sung!

And the Curate listens, and smiling says: "Ah yes, dear friend! in our young days We should have liked to hunt the deer All day amid those forest scenes, And to sleep in the tents of the Tarratines; But now it is better sitting here Within four walls, and without the fear Of losing our hearts to Indian queens; For man is fire and woman is tow, And the Somebody comes and begins to blow." Then a gleam of distrust and vague surmise Shines in the father's gentle eyes, As fire-light on a window-pane Glimmers and vanishes again; But naught he answers; he only sighs, And for a moment bows his head; Then, as their custom is, they play Their little game of lansquenet, And another day is with the dead.

Another day, and many a day
And many a week and month depart,
When a fatal letter wings its way
Across the sea, like a bird of prey,
And strikes and tears the old man's heart
Lo! the young Baron of St. Castine,
Swift as the wind is, and as wild,
Has married a dusky Tarratine,
Has married Madocawando's child!

The letter drops from the father's hand; Though the sinews of his heart are wrung. He utters no cry, he breathes no prayer, No malediction falls from his tongue, But his stately figure, erect and grand, Bends and sinks like a column of sand In the whirlwind of his great despair. Dying, yes, dying! His latest breath Of parley at the door of death Is a blessing on his wayward son. Lower and lower on his breast Sinks his gray head; he is at rest; No longer he waits for any one.

For many a year the old chateau
Lies tenantless and desolate;
Rank grasses in the courtyard grow,
About its gables caws the crow:
Only the porter at the gate
Is left to guard it, and to wait
The coming of the rightful heir;
No other life or sound is there;
No more the Curate comes at night.
No more is seen the unsteady light,
Threading the alleys of the park;
The windows of the hall are dark,
The chambers dreary, cold, and bare!

At length, at last, when the winter is past, And birds are building, and woods are green, With flying skirts is the Curate seen Speeding along the woodland way, Humming gaily, "No day is so long But it comes at last to vesper-song." He stops at the porter's lodge to say That at last the Baron of St. Castine Is coming home with his Indian queen, Is coming without a week's delay; And all the house must be swept and clean, And all things set in good array! And the solemn porter shakes his head; And the answer he makes is: "Lackaday! We will see, as the blind man said!"

Alert since first the day began,
The cock upon the village church
Looks northward from his airy perch,
As if beyond the ken of man,
To see the ships come sailing on,
And pass the Isle of Oléron,
And pass the Tower of Cordouan.

In the church below is cold in clay
The heart that would have leaped for joy—
O tender heart of truth and trust!—
To see the coming of that day;
In the church below the lips are dust;
Dust are the hands, and dust the feet
That would have been so swift to meet
The coming of that wayward boy.

At night the front of the old chateau
Is a blaze of light above and below;
There's a sound of wheels and hoofs in the street,
A cracking of whips, and scamper of feet,
Bells are ringing, and horns are blown,

And the Baron hath come again to his own. The Curate is waiting in the hall, Most eager and alive of all To welcome the Baron and Baroness; But his mind is full of vague distress, For he hath read in Jesuit books Of those children of the wilderness, And now, good, simple man! he looks To see a painted savage stride Into the room, with shoulders bare, And eagle feathers in her hair, And around her a robe of panther's hide.

Instead, he beholds with secret shame A form of beauty undefined, A loveliness without a name. Not of degree, but more of kind; Nor bold nor shy, nor short nor tall, But a new mingling of them all. Yes, beautiful beyond belief, Transfigured and transfused, he sees The lady of the Pyrenees, The daughter of the Indian chief. Beneath the shadow of her hair The gold-bronze colour of the skin Seems lighted by a fire within, As when a burst of sunlight shines Beneath a sombre grove of pines,-A dusky splendour in the air. The two small hands, that now are pressed In his, seem made to be caressed, They lie so warm and soft and still, Like birds half hidden in a nest, Trustful, and innocent of ill. And ah! he cannot believe his ears When her melodious voice he hears Speaking his native Gascon tongue; The words she utters seem to be

Part of some poem of Goudouli,
They are not spoken, they are sung!
And the Baron smiles, and says, "You see,
I told you but the simple truth;
Ah, you may trust the eyes of youth!"

Down in the village day by day
The people gossip in their way,
And stared to see the Baroness pass
On Sunday morning to early Mass;
And when she kneeleth down to pray,
They wonder, and whisper together, and say,
"Surely this is no heathen lass!"
And in course of time they learn to bless
The Baron and the Baroness.

And in course of time the Curate learns A secret so dreadful, that by turns He is ice and fire, he freezes and burns. The Baron at confession hath said. That though this woman be his wife. He hath wed her as the Indians wed. He hath bought her for a gun and a knife! And the Curate replies: "O profligate, O Prodigal Son! return once more To the open arms and the open door Of the Church, or ever it be too late. Thank God, thy father did not live To see what he could not forgive; On thee, so reckless and perverse, He left his blessing, not his curse. But the nearer the dawn the darker the night And by going wrong all things come right; Things have been mended that were worse. And the worse, the nearer they are to mend. For the sake of the living and the dead, Thou shalt be wed as Christians wed. And all things come to a happy end."

FINALE. 373

O sun, that followest the night,
In yon blue sky, serene and pure,
And pourest thine impartial light
Alike on mountain and on moor,
Pause for a moment in thy course,
And bless the bridegroom and the bride!
O Gave, that from thy hidden source
In yon mysterious mountain-side
Pursuest thy wandering way alone,
And leaping down its steps of stone,
Along the meadow-lands demure
Stealest away to the Adour,
Pause for a moment in thy course
To bless the bridegroom and the bride!

The choir is singing the matin song,
The doors of the church are opened wide,
The people crowd, and press, and throng
To see the bridegroom and the bride.
They enter and pass along the nave;
They stand upon the father's grave;
The bells are ringing soft and slow;
The living above and the dead below
Give their blessing on one and twain;
The warm wind blows from the hills of Spair
The birds are building, the leaves are green,
And Baron Castine of St. Castine
Hath come at last to his own again.

FINALE.

"Nunc plaudite!" the Student cried, When he had finished; "now applaud, As Roman actors used to say At the conclusion of a play;" And rose, and spread his hands abroad, And smiling bowed from side to side, As one who bears the palm away.

And generous was the applause and loud, But less for him than for the sun,
That even as the tale was done
Burst from its canopy of cloud,
And lit the landscape with the blaze
Of afternoon on autumn days,
And filled the room with light, and made
The fire of logs a painted shade.

A sudden wind from out the west Blew all its trumpets loud and shrill; The windows rattled with the blast, The oak-trees shouted as it passed, And straight, as if by fear possessed, The cloud encampment on the hill Broke up, and fluttering flag and tent Vanished into the firmament, And down the valley fled amain The rear of the retreating rain.

Only far up in the blue sky
A mass of clouds, like drifted snow
Suffused with a faint Alpine glow,
Was heaped together, vast and high,
On which a shattered rainbow hung,
Not rising like the ruined arch
Of some aerial aqueduct,
But like a roseate garland plucked
From an Olympian god, and flung
Aside in his triumphal march.

Like prisoners from their dungeon gloom, Like birds escaping from a snare, Like school-boys at the hour of play, All left at once the pent-up room And rushed into the open air; And no more tales were told that day

PART THIRD. PRELUDE.

THE evening came; the golden vane A moment in the sunset glanced, Then darkened, and then gleamed again,

As from the east the moon advanced And touched it with a softer light; Whileunderneath, with flowing mane, Upon the sign the Red Horse pranced,

And galloped forth into the night.

But brighter than the afternoon
That followed the dark day of rain,
And brighter than the golden vane
That glistened in the rising moon,
Within, the ruddy fire-light gleamed;
And every separate window-pane,
Backed by the outer darkness,
showed [gleamed
A mirror, where the flamelets
And flickered to and fro, and seemed
A bonfire lighted in the road.

Amid the hospitable glow, Like an old actor on the stage, With the uncertain voice of age, The singing chimney chanted low The homely songs of long ago.

The voice that Ossian heard of yore, When midnight winds were in his hall;

A ghostly and appealing call,
A sound of days that are no more!
And dark as Ossian sat the Jew,
And listened to the sound, and knew
The passing of the airy hosts,
The gray and misty cloud of ghosts
In their interminable flight;
And listening muttered in his beard,

With accent indistinct and weird,
"Who are ye, children of the
Night?"

Beholding his mysterious face, "Tell me," the gay Sicilian said, "Why was it that in breaking bread At supper, you bent down your head And, musing, paused a little space, As one who says a silent grace?"

The Jew replied, with solemn air, "I said the Manichæan's prayer. It was his faith,—perhaps is mine,—That life in all its forms is one, And that its secret conduits run Unseen, but in unbroken line, I'rom the great fountain-head divine Through man and beast, through grain and grass.

Howe'er we struggle, strive, and cry, From death there can be no escape, And no escape from life, alas! Because we cannot die, but pass From one into another shape:

It is but into life we die.

"Therefore the Manichæan said
This simple prayer on breaking bread,
Lest he with hasty hand or knife
Might wound the incarcerated life,
The soul in things that we call dead:
'I did not reap thee, did not bind
thee.

I did not thrash thee, did not grind thee,

Nor did I in the oven bake thee! It was not I, it was another Did these things unto thee, O brother;

I only have thee, hold thee, break thee!"

"That birds have souls I can concede,"

The Poet cried, with glowing cheeks; "The flocks that from their beds of reed

Uprising north or southward fly,
And flying write upon the sky
The biforked letter of the Greeks,
As hath been said by Rucellai;
All birds that sing or chirp or cry,
Even those migratory bands,
The minor poets of the air,
The plover, peep, and sanderling,
That hardly can be said to sing,
But pipe along the barren sands,—
All these have souls akin to ours;
So hath the lovely race of flowers:
Thus much I grant, but nothing
more,

The rusty hinges of a door
Are not alive because they creak;
This chimney, with its dreary roar,
These rattling windows, do not speak!"

"To me they speak," the Jew replied;

"And in the sounds that sink and soar,

I hear the voices of a tide That breaks upon an unknown shore!"

Here the Sicilian interfered:

"That was your dream, then, as you dozed

A moment since, with eyes halfclosed,

And murmured something in your beard."

The Hebrew smiled, and answered, "Nay;

Not that, but something very near;

Like, and yet not the same, may seem

The vision of my waking dream; Before it wholly dies away, Listen to me, and you shall hear."

THE SPANISH JEW'S TALE.

King Solomon, before his palace gate

At evening, on the pavement tessellate

Was walking with a stranger from the East,

Arrayed in rich attire as for a feast, The mighty Runjeet-Sing, a learned man,

And Rajah of the realms of Hindostan.

And as they walked the guest became aware

Of a white figure in the twilight air, Gazing intent, as one who with surprise

His form and features seemed to recognize;

And in a whisper to the king he said: "What is you shape, that, pallid as the dead,

Is watching me, as if he sought to trace

In the dim light the features of my face?"

The king looked, and replied: "I know him well;

It is the Angel men call Azrael,

"I is the Death Angel; what hast thou to fear?"

And the guest answered: "Lest he should come near,

And speak to me, and take away my breath!

Save me from Azrael, save me from death!

O king, that hast dominion o'er the wind,

Bid it arise and bear me hence to Ind."

The king gazed upward at the cloudless sky,

Whispered a word, and raised his hand on high,

And lo! the signet-ring of chrysoprase

On his uplifted finger seemed to blaze

With hidden fire, and rushing from the west

There came a mighty wind, and seized the guest

And lifted him from earth, and on they passed,

Ais shining garments streaming in the blast,

A silken banner o'er the walls upreared,

A purple cloud, that gleamed and disappeared.

Then said the Angel, smiling: "If this man

Be Rajah Runjeet-Sing of Hindostan, Thou hast done well in listening to his prayer;

I was upon my way to seek him there."

INTERLUDE.

"O EDREHI, forbear to-night Your ghostly legends of affright, And let the Talmud rest in peace; Spare us your dismal tales of death That almost take away one's breath; So doing, may your tribe increase."

Thus the Sicilian said; then went And on the spinet's rattling keys Played Marianina, like a breeze From Naples and the Southern seas, That brings us the delicious scent Of citron and of orange trees, And memories of soft days of ease At Capri and Amalfi spent.

"Not so," the eager Poet said;
"At least, not so before I tell
The story of my Azrael,
An angel mortal as ourselves,
Which in an ancient tome I found
Upon a convent's dusty shelves,
Chained with an iron chain, and
bound

In parchment, and with clasps of brass,

Lest from its prison, some dark day, It might be stolen or steal away, While the good friars were singing mass.

"It is a tale of Charlemagne, When like a thunder-cloud, that lowers

And sweeps from mountain-crest to coast.

With lightning flaming through its showers,

He swept across the Lombard plain, Beleaguering with his warlike train Pavia, the country's pride and boast, The City of the Hundred Towers."

Thus heralded the tale began, And thus in sober measure ran.

THE POET'S TALE.

OLGER, the Dane, and Desiderio,
King of the Lombards, on a lofty tower
Stood gazing northward o'er the rolling plains,
League after league of harvests, to the foot
Of the snow-crested Alps,—and saw approach
A mighty army, thronging all the roads
That led into the city. And the King
Said unto Olger, who had passed his youth
As hostage at the Court of France, and knew
The Emperor's form and face: "Is Charlemagne
Among that host?" And Olger answered, "No."

And still the innumerable multitude
Flowed onward and increased, until the King
Cried in amazement, "Surely Charlemagne
Is coming in the midst of all these knights!"
And Olger answered slowly, "No, not yet;
He will not come so soon." Then much disturbed
King Desiderio asked, "What shall we do,
If he approach with a still greater army?"
And Olger answered, "When he shall appear.
You will behold what manner of man he is;
But what will then befall us, I know not."

Then came the guard that never knew repose, The Paladins of France; and at the sight The Lombard King, o'ercome with terror, cried, "This must be Charlemagne!" and, as before, Did Olger answer, "No, not yet; not yet."

And then appeared, in panoply complete, The Bishops, and the Abbots, and the Priests Of the Imperial chapel, and the Counts; And Desiderio could no more endure The light of day, nor yet encounter death, But sobbed aloud and said, "Let us go down And hide us in the bosom of the earth, Far from the sight and anger of a foe So terrible as this!" And Olger said, "When you behold the harvests in the fields Shaking with fear, the Po and the Ticino Lashing the city walls with iron waves, Then may you know that Charlemagne is come." And even as he spake, in the north-west, Lo! there uprose a black and threatening cloud, Out of whose bosom flashed the light of arms Upon the people pent up in the city; A light more terrible than any darkness, And Charlemagne appeared;—a Man of Iron!

His helmet was of iron, and his gloves
Of iron, and his breastplate and his greaves
And tassets were of iron, and his shield.
In his left hand he held an iron spear;
In his right hand his sword invincible.
The horse he rode on had the strength of iron,
And colour of iron. All who went before him,
Beside him, and behind him—his whole host—
Were armed with iron, and their hearts within them
Were stronger than the armour that they wore.
The fields and all the roads were filled with iron,
And points of iron glistened in the sun,
And shed a terror through the city streets.

This, at a single glance, Olger, the Dane, Saw from the tower, and turning to the King Exclaimed in haste, "Behold! this is the man. You looked for with such eagerness!" and then Fell as one dead at Desiderio's feet.

INTERLUDE.

Well pleased all listened to the tale,

That drew, the Student said, its pith And marrow from the ancient myth Of some one with an iron flail; Or that portentous Man of Brass Hephæstus made in days of yore, Who stalked about the Cretan shore, And saw the ships appear and pass, And threw stones at the Argonauts, Being filled with indiscriminate ire That tangled and perplexed his thoughts;

But, like a hospitable host,
When strangers landed on the coast,
Heated himself red-hot with fire,
And hugged them in his arms, and
pressed

Their bodies to his burning breast.

The Poet answered: "No, not thus

The legend rose; it sprang at first
Out of the hunger and the thirst
In all men for the marvellous.
And thus it filled and satisfied
The imagination of mankind
And this ideal to the mind
Was truer than historic fact.
Fancy enlarged and multiplied
The terrors of the awful name
Of Charlemagne, till he became
Armipotent in every act,
And, clothed in mystery, appeared
Not what men saw, but what they
feared.

"Besides, unless my memory fail, Your some one with an iron flail Is not an ancient myth at all, But comes much later on the scene As Talus in the Faeric Queenc, The iron groom of Artegall, Who threshed out falsehood and deceit,

And truth upheld, and righted wrong,

And was, as is the swallow, fleet, And as the lion is, was strong."

The Theologian said: "Perchance Your chronicler in writing this Had in his mind the Anabasis, Where Xenophon describes the advance

Of Artaxerxes to the fight;
At first the low gray cloud of dust,
And then a blackness o'er the
fields

As of a passing thunder-gust, Then flash of brazen armour bright, And ranks of men, and spears upthrust,

Bowmen and troops with wicker shields,

And cavalry equipped in white, And chariots ranged in front of these

With scythes upon their axle-trees."

To this the Student answered: "Well,

I also have a tale to tell
Of Charlemagne; a tale that throws
A softer light, more tinged with
rose,

Than your grim apparition cast Upon the darkness of the past. Listen, and hear in English rhyme What the good Monk of Lauresheim Gives as the gossip of his time, In mediæval Latin prose."

THE STUDENT'S TALE. EMMA AND EGINHARD.

WHEN Alcuin taught the sons of Charlemagne,

In the free schools of Aix, how kings should reign,

And with them taught the children of the poor

How subjects should be patient and endure,

He touched the lips of some, as best befit,

With honey from the hives of Holy Writ:

Others intoxicated with the wine Of ancient history, sweet but less divine;

Some with the wholesome fruits of grammar fed;

Others with mysteries of the stars o'erhead.

That hang suspended in the vaulted and high.

Like lamps in some fair palace vast

In sooth, it was a pleasant sight to

That Saxon monk, with hood and rosary,

With inkhorn at his belt, and pen and book,

And mingled love and reverence in his look.

Or hear the cloister and the court* repeat

The measured footfalls of his sandaled feet,

Or watch him with the pupils of his school,

Gentle of speech, but absolute of Of Eginhard much buzzed about the rule.

Among them, always earliest in his place,

Was Eginhard, a youth of Frankish race,

Whose face was bright with flashes that forerun

The splendours of a yet unrisen sun. To him all things were possible, and seemed

Not what he had accomplished, but had dreamed,

And what were tasks to others were his play,

The pastime of an idle holiday.

Smaragdo, Abbot of St. Michael's, said,

With many a shrug and shaking of the head,

Surely some demon must possess the lad.

Who showed more wit than ever school-boy had,

And learned his Trivium thus without the rod; God.

But Alcuin said it was the grace of

Thus he grew up, in Logic pointdevice,

Perfect in Grammar, and in Rhetoric nice;

Science of Numbers, Geometric art, And lore of Stars, and Music knew by heart;

A Minnesinger, long before the times Of those who sang their love in Suabian rhymes.

The Emperor, when he heard this good report

court,

Said to himself, "This stripling seems to be

Purposely sent into the world for me;

He shall become my scribe, and shall be schooled

In all the arts whereby the world is ruled."

Thus did the gentle Eginhard attain To honour in the court of Charlemagne;

Became the sovereign's favourite, his right hand,

So that his fame was great in all the land,

And all men loved him for his modest grace

And comeliness of figure and of face.

An inmate of the palace, yet recluse,
A man of books, yet sacred from
abuse

Among the armed knights with spur on heel,

The tramp of horses and the clang of steel;

And as the Emperor promised he was schooled

In all the arts by which the world is ruled.

But the one art supreme, whose law is fate,

The Emperor never dreamed of till too late.

Home from her convent to the palace came

The lovely Princess Emma, whose sweet name,

Whispered by seneschal or sung by bard,

Had often touched the soul of Eginhard.

He saw her from his window, as in state

She came, by knights attended through the gate;

He saw her at the banquet of that day,

Fresh as the morn, and beautiful as May;

He saw her in the garden, as she strayed

Among the flowers of summer with her maid,

And said to him, "O Eginhard, disclose

The meaning and the mystery of the rose;"

And trembling he made answer: "In good sooth,

Its mystery is love, its meaning youth!"

How can I tell the signals and the signs

By which one heart another heart divines?

How can I tell the many thousand ways

By which it keeps the secret it betrays?

O mystery of love! O strange romance!

Among the Peers and Paladins of France,

Shining in steel, and prancing on gay steeds,

Noble by birth, yet nobler by great deeds,

The Princess Emma had no words nor looks

But for this clerk, this man of thought and books.

The summer passed, the autumn came; the stalks

Of lilies blackened in the garden walks;

The leaves fell, russet-golden and blood-red,

Love-letters thought the poet fancyled,

Or Jove descending in a shower of gold

Into the lap of Danae of old;

For poets cherish many a strange conceit,

And love transmutes all nature by its heat.

No more the garden lessons, nor the dark

And hurried meetings in the twilight park;

But now the studious lamp, and the delights

Of firesides in the silent winter nights, And watching from his window hour by hour

The light that burned in Princess Emma's tower.

At length one night, while musing by the fire,

O'ercome at last by his insane desire,—

For what will reckless love not do and dare?

He crossed the court, and climbed the winding stair,

With some feigned message in the Emperor's name;

But when he to the lady's presence came

He knelt down at her feet, until she laid [blade, Her hand upon him, like a naked

And whispered in his car: "Arise, Sir Knight,

To my heart's level, O my heart's delight."

And there he lingered till the crowing cock,

The Alectryon of the farmyard and the flock,

Sang his aubade with lusty voice and clear,

To tell the sleeping world that dawn was near. [ing, lo!

And then they parted; but at part-They saw the palace courtyard white with snow,

And, placid as a nun, the moon on high [sky.

Gazing from cloudy cloisters of the "Alas!" he said, "how hide the fatal line fto mine,

Of footprints leading from thy door And none returning!" Ah, he little knew

What woman's wit, when put to proof, can do!

That night the Emperor, sleepless with the cares

And troubles that attend on state affairs,

Had risen before the dawn, and musing gazed

Into the silent night, as one amazed To see the calm that reigned o'er all supreme,

When his own reign was but a troubled dream.

The moon lit up the gables capped with snow,

And the white roofs, and half the court below,

And he beheld a form, that seemed to cower

Beneath a burden, come from Emma's tower,—

A woman, who upon her shoulders bore [door,

Clerk Eginhard to his own private And then returned in haste, but still essayed

· To tread the footprints she herself had made; [space,

And as she passed across the lighted
The Emperor saw his daughter
Emma's face!

He started not; he did not speak or moan,

But seemed as one who hath been turned to stone;

And stood there like a statue, nor awoke

Out of his trance of pain, till morning broke,

Till the stars faded, and the moon went down,

And o'er the towers and steeples of the town

Came the gray daylight; then the sun, who took

The empire of the world with sovereign look,

Suffusing with a soft and golden glow All the dead landscape in its shroud of snow.

Touching with flame the tapering chapel spires,

Windows and roofs, and smoke of household fires,

And kindling park and palace as he came;

The stork's nest on the chimney seemed in flame.

And thus he stood till Eginhard appeared,

Demure and modest with his comely beard

And flowing flaxen tresses, come to ask,

As was his wont, the day's appointed task.

The Emperor looked upon him with a smile,

And gently said: "My son, wait yet awhile:

This hour my council meets upon some great

And very urgent business of the state.

Come back within the hour. On thy return

The work appointed for thee shalt thou learn."

Having dismissed this gallant Troubadour,

He summoned straight his council, and secure

And steadfast in his purpose, from the throne

All the adventure of the night made known;

Then asked for sentence; and with eager breath

Some answered banishment, and others death.

Then spake the king: "Your sentence is not mine;

Life is the gift of God, and is divine:

Nor from these palace walls shall one depart

Who carries such a secret in his heart;

My better judgment points another way.

Good Alcuin, I remember how one day

When my Pepino asked you, 'What are men?'

You wrote upon his tablets with your pen,

'Guests of the grave and travellers that pass!'

This being true of all men, we, alas! Being all fashioned of the selfsame dust,

Let us be mcrciful as well as just; This passing traveller who hath stolen away

The brightest jewel of my crown today,

Shall of himself the precious gem restore;

By giving it, I make it mine once more.

Over those fatal footprints I will throw

My ermine mantle like another snow."

Then Eginhard was summoned to the hall,

And entered, and in presence of them all,

The Emperor said: "My son, for thou to me

Hast been a son, and evermore shalt be.

Long hast thou served thy sovereign, and thy zeal

Pleads to me with importunate appeal,

While I have been forgetful to requite [right. Thy service and affection as was

But now the hour is come, when I, thy Lord,

Will crown thy love with such supreme reward,

A gift so precious kings have striven in vain

To win it from the hands of Charlemagne."

Then sprang the portals of the chamber wide,

And Princess Emma entered, in the pride

Of birth and beauty, that in part o'ercame

The conscious terror and the blush of shame.

And the good Emperor rose up from his throne,

And taking her white hand within his own

Placed it in Eginhard's, and said: "My son,

This is the gift thy constant zeal hath won;

Thus I repay the royal debt I owe, And cover up the footprints in the snow."

INTERLUDE.

Thus ran the Student's pleasant rhyme

Of Eginhard and love and youth; Some doubted its historic truth, But while they doubted, ne'ertheless Saw in it gleams of truthfulness,

And thanked the Monk of Lauresheim.

This they discussed in various mood, Then in the silence that ensued Was heard a sharp and sudden sound As of a bowstring snapped in air; And the Musician with a bound Sprang up in terror from his chair, And for a moment listening stood, Then strode across the room, and found

His dear, his darling violin
Still lying safe asleep within
Its little cradle, like a child
That gives a sudden cry of pain,
And wakes to fall asleep again;
And as he looked at it and smiled,
By the uncertain light beguiled,
Despair! two strings were broken in
twain.

While all lamented and made moan, With many a sympathetic word As if the loss had been their own, Deeming the tones they might have heard

Sweeter than they had heard before, They saw the Landlord at the door, The missing man, the portly Squire! He had not entered, but he stood With both arms full of seasoned wood,

To feed the much-devouring fire, That like a lion in a cage Lashed its long tail and roared with rage.

The missing man! Ah, yes, they said,

Missing, but whither had he fled? Where had he hidden himself away? No farther than the barn or shed; He had not hidden himself, nor fled; How should he pass the rainy day But in his barn with hens and hay, Or mending harness, cart, or sled?

Now, having come, he needs must stay And tell his tale as well as they.

The Landlord answered only: "These Are logs from the dead apple-trees Of the old orchard planted here By the first Howe of Sudbury. Nor oak nor maple has so clear A flame, or burns so quietly, Or leaves an ash so clean and

white;"
Thinking by this to put aside
The impending tale that terrified;
When suddenly, to his delight,
The Theologian interposed,
Saying that when the door was closed,
And they had stopped that draft of
cold,

Unpleasant night air, he proposed To tell a tale world-wide apart From that the Student had just told; World-wide apart, and yet akin, As showing that the human heart Beats on forever as of old, As well beneath the snow-white fold Of Quaker kerchief, as within Sendal or silk or cloth of gold, And without preface would begin.

And then the clamorous clock struck eight,

Deliberate, with sonorous chime Slow measuring out the march of time,

Like some grave Consul of Old Rome

In Jupiter's temple driving home
The nails that marked the year and
date.

Thus interrupted in his rhyme, The Theologian needs must wait; But quoted Horace, where he sings The dire Necessity of things, That drives into the roofs sublime Of new-built houses of the great The adamantine nails of Fate.

When ceased the little carillon To herald from its wooden tower The important transit of the hour, The Theologian hastened on, Content to be allowed at last To sing his Idyl of the Past.

THE THEOLOGIAN'S TALE ELIZABETH.

I.

"AH, how short are the days! How soon the night overtakes us!

In the old country the twilight is longer; but here in the forest Suddenly comes the dark, with hardly

a pause in its coming,

Hardly a moment between the two lights, the day and the lamplight; Yet how grand is the winter! How spotless the snowis, and perfect!"

Thus spake Elizabeth Haddon at nightfall to Hannah the housemaid,

As in the farm-house kitchen, that served for kitchen and parlour, By the window she sat with her work,

and looked on the landscape
White as the great white sheet that
Peter saw in his vision,

By the four corners let down and descending out of the heavens. Covered with snow were the forests

Covered with snow were the forests of pine, and the fields and the meadows.

Nothing was dark but the sky, and the distant Delaware flowing

Down from its native hills, a peaceful and bountiful river.

Then with a smile on her lips made answer Hannah the housemaid:

"Beautiful winter! yea, the winter is beautiful, surely,

If one could only walk like a fly with one's feet on the ceiling.

But the great Delaware River is not like the Thames, as we saw it

Out of our upper windows in Rotherhithe Street in the Borough,

Crowded with masts and sails of vessels coming and going;

Here there is nothing but pines, with patches of snow on their branches,

There is snow in the air, and see! it is falling already;

All the roads will be blocked, and I pity Joseph to-morrow,

Breaking his way through the drifts, with his sled and oxen; and then, too,

How in all the world shall we get to Meeting on First-Day?"

But Elizabeth checked her, and answered, mildly reproving:

"Surely the Lord will provide; for unto the snow He sayeth,

Be thou on the earth, the good Lord sayeth; He is it

Giveth snow like wool, like ashes scatters the hoar-frost."

So she folded her work and laid it away in her basket.

Meanwhile Hannah the housemaid had closed and fastened the shutters,

Spread the cloth, and lighted the lamp on the table, and placed there

Plates and cups from the dresser, the brown rye loaf, and the butter

Fresh from the dairy, and then, protecting her hand with a holder,

Took from the crane in the chimney the steaming and simmering kettle,

Poised it aloft in the air, and filled up the earthen teapot,

Made in Delft, and adorned with quaint and wonderful figures.

Then Elizabeth said, "Lo! Joseph is long on his errand.

I have sent him away with a hamper of food and of clothing

For the poor in the village. A good lad and cheerful is Joseph;

In the right place is his heart, and his hand is ready and willing."

Thus in praise of her servant she spake, and Hannah the housemaid

Laughed with her eyes, as she listened, but governed her tongue, and was silent,

While her mistress went on: "The house is far from the village;

We should be lonely here, were it not for Friends that in passing

Sometimes tarry o'ernight, and make us glad by their coming."

Thereupon answered Hannah the housemaid, the thrifty, the frugal:

"Yea, they come and they tarry, as if thy house were a tavern;

Open to all are its doors, and they come and go like the pigeons

In and out of the holes of the pigeonhouse over the hayloft,

Cooing and smoothing their feathers and basking themselves in the sunshine."

But in meekness of spirit, and calmly, Elizabeth answered:

"All I have is the Lord's, not mine to give or withhold it;

I but distribute his gifts to the poor, and to those of his people

Who in journeyings often surrender their lives to his service.

His, not mine, are the gifts, and only so far can I make them

Mine, as in giving I add my heart to whatever is given.

Therefore my excellent father first built this house in the clearing;

Though he came not himself, I came; for the Lord was my guidance,

Leading me here for this service. We must not grudge, then, to others

Ever the cup of cold water, or crumbs that fall from our table."

Thus rebuked, for a season was silent the penitent housemaid;

And Elizabeth said in tones even sweeter and softer:

"Dost thou remember, Hannah, the great May-Meeting in London,

When I was still a child, how we sat in the silent assembly,

Waiting upon the Lord in patient and passive submission?

No one spake, till at length a young man, a stranger, John Estaugh,

Moved by the Spirit, rose, as if he were John the Apostle,

Speaking such words of power that they bowed our hearts, as a strong wind

Bends the grass of the fields, or grain that is ripe for the sickle.

Thoughts of him to-day have been oft borne inward upon me,

Wherefore I do not know; but strong is the feeling within me

That once more I shall see a face I have never forgotten."

11.

E'en as she spake they heard the musical jangle of sleigh-bells,

First far off, with a dreamy sound and faint in the distance,

Then growing nearer and louder, and turning into the farmyard, Till it stopped at the door, with

sudden creaking of runners. Then there were voices heard as of

two men talking together, And to herself, as she listened, upbraiding said Hannah the

"It is Joseph come back, and I wonder what stranger is with him."

housemaid.

Down from its nail she took and lighted the great tin lantern

Pierced with holes, and round, and roofed like the top of a light-house,

And went forth to receive the coming guest at the doorway,

Casting into the dark a network of glimmer and shadow

Over the falling snow, the yellow sleigh, and the horses,

And the forms of men, snow-covered, looming gigantic.

Then giving Joseph the lantern, she entered the house with the stranger.

Youthful he was and tall, and his cheeks aglow with the night air;

And as he entered, Elizabeth rose, and, going to meet him,

As if an unseen power had announced and preceded his presence,

And he had come as one whose coming had long been expected,

Quietly gave him her hand, and said, "Thou art welcome, John Estaugh."

And the stranger replied, with staid and quiet behaviour,

"Dost thou remember me still, Elizabeth? After so many

Years have passed, it seemeth a wonderful thing that I find thee.

Surely the hand of the Lord conducted me here to thy threshold.

For as I journeyed along, and pondered alone and in silence

On his ways, that are past finding out, I saw in the snow-mist,

Seemingly weary with travel, a wayfarer, who by the wayside

Paused and waited. Forthwith I remembered Queen Candace's eunuch,

How. on the way that goes down from Ierusalem unto Gaza.

Reading Esaias the Prophet, he journeyed, and spake unto Philip,

Praying him to come up and sit in his chariot with him.

So I greeted the man, and he mounted the sledge beside me,

And as we talked on the way he told me of thee and thy homestead,

How, being led by the light of the Spirit, that never deceiveth,

Full of zeal for the work of the Lord, thou hadst come to this country.

And I remembered thy name, and thy father and mother in England,

And on my journey have stopped to see thee, Elizabeth Haddon,

Wishing to strengthen thy hand in the labours of love thou art doing."

And Elizabeth answered with confident voice, and serenely

Looking into his face with her innocent eyes as she answered,

"Surely the hand of the Lord is in it; his Spirit hath led thee

Out of the darkness and storm to the light and peace of my fireside."

Then, with stamping of feet the door was opened, and Joseph

Entered, bearing the lantern, and, carefully blowing the light out,

Hung it up on its nail, and all sat down to their supper;

For underneath that roof was no distinction of persons,

But one family only, one heart, one hearth, and one household.

When the supper was ended they drew their chairs to the fire-place,

Spacious, open-hearted, profuse of flame and of firewood,

Lord of forests unfelled, and not a gleaner of fagots,

Spreading its arms to embrace with inexhaustible bounty

All who fled from the cold, exultant, laughing at winter!

Only Hannah the housemaid was busy in clearing the table,

Coming and going, and bustling about in closet and chamber.

Then Elizabeth told her story again to John Estaugh,

Going far back to the past, to the carly days of her childhood;

How she had waited and watched, in all her doubts and besetments,

Comforted with the extendings and holy, sweet inflowings

Of the spirit of love, till the voice imperative sounded,

And she obeyed the voice, and cast in her lot with her people

Here in the desert land, and God would provide for the issue.

Meanwhile Joseph sat with folded hands, and demurely

Listened, or seemed to listen, and in the silence that followed

Nothing was heard for a while but the step of Hannah the housemaid

Walking the floor overhead, and setting the chambers in order.

And Elizabeth said, with a smile of compassion, "The maiden

Hath a light heart in her breast, but her feet are heavy and awkward." Inwardly Joseph laughed, but gov-

erned his tongue, and was silent.

Then came the hour of sleep, death's counterfeit, nightly rehearsal

Of the great Silent Assembly, the Meeting of shadows, where no man

Speaketh, but all are still, and the peace and rest are unbroken!

Silently over that house the blessing of slumber descended.

But when the morning dawned, and the sun uprose in his splendour,

Breaking his way through clouds that encumbered his path in the heavens,

Joseph was seen with his sled and oxen breaking a pathway

Through the drifts of snow; the horses already were harnessed,

And John Estaugh was standing and taking leave at the threshold,

Saying that he should return at the Meeting in May; while above them

Hannah the housemaid, the homely, was looking out of the attic,

Laughing aloud at Joseph, then suddenly closing the casement,

As the bird in a cuckoo-clock peeps out of its window,

Then disappears again, and closes the shutter behind it.

III.

Now was the winter gone, and the snow; and Robin the Redbreast Boasted on bush and tree it was he, it was he and no other That had covered with leaves the Babes in the Wood, and blithely

All the birds sang with him, and little cared for his boasting,

Or for his Babes in the Wood, or the Cruel Uncle, and only

Sang for the mates they had chosen, and cared for the nests they were building.

With them, but more sedately and meckly, Elizabeth Haddon

Sang in her inmost heart, but her lips were silent and songless.

Thus came the lovely spring with a rush of blossoms and music,

Flooding the earth with flowers, and the air with melodies vernal.

Then it came to pass, one pleasant morning, that slowly

Up the road there came a cavalcade, as of pilgrims,

Men and women, wending their way to the Quarterly Meeting

In the neighbouring town; and with them cameriding John Estaugh.

At Elizabeth's door they stopped to rest, and alighting

Tasted the currant wine, and the bread of rye, and the honey

Brought from the hives, that stood by the sunny wall of the garden;

Then remounted their horses, refreshed, and continued their journey,

And Elizabeth with them, and Joseph, and Hannah the housemaid.

But, as they started, Elizabeth lingered a little, and leaning

Over her horse's neck, in a whisper said to John Estaugh:

"Tarry awhile behind, for I have something to tell thee,

Not to be spoken lightly, nor in the presence of others;

Them it concerneth not, only thee and me it concerneth."

And they rode slowly along through the woods, conversing together.

It was a pleasure to breathe the fragrant air of the forest;

It was a pleasure to live on that bright and happy May morning!

Then Elizabeth said, though still with a certain reluctance,

As if impelled to reveal a secret she fair would have guarded:

"I will no longer conceal what is laid upon me to tell thee;

I have received from the Lord a charge to love thee, John Estaugh."

And John Estaugh made answer, surprised at the words she had spoken,

"Pleasant to me are thy converse, thy ways, thy meekness of spirit;

Pleasant thy frankness of speech, and thy soul's immaculate whiteness,

Love without dissimulation, a holy and inward adorning.

But I have yet no light to lead me, no voice to direct me.

When the Lord's work is done, and the toil and the labour completed

He hath appointed to me, I will gather into the stillness

Of my own heart awhile, and listen and wait for his guidance."

Then Elizabeth said, not troubled nor wounded in spirit,

"So is it best, John Estaugh. We will not speak of it further.

It hath been laid upon me to tell thee this, for to-morrow

Thou art going away, across the sea, and I know not

When I shall see thee more; but if the Lord hath decreed it,

Thou wilt return again to seek me here and to find me."

And they rode onward in silence, and entered the town with the others.

IV.

Ships that pass in the night, and speak each other in passing,

Only a signal shown and a distant voice in the darkness:

So on the ocean of life, we pass and speak one another,

Only a look and a voice, then darkness again and a silence.

Now went on as of old the quiet life of the homestead.

Patient and unrepining Elizabeth laboured, in all things

Mindful not of herself, but bearing the burdens of others,

Always thoughtful and kind and untroubled; and Hannah the housemaid

Diligent early and late, and rosy with washing and scouring,

Still as of old disparaged the eminent merits of Joseph,

And was at times reproved for her light and frothy behaviour,

For her shy looks, and her careless words, and her evil surmisings, Being pressed down somewhat, like a cart with sheaves overladen, As she would sometimes say to Joseph, quoting the Scriptures.

Meanwhile John Estaugh departed across the sea, and departing Carried hid in his heart a secret sacred and precious,

Filling its chambers with fragrance, and seeming to him in its sweetness

Mary's ointment of spikenard, that filled all the house with its odour. O lost days of delight, that are wasted in doubting and waiting!

O lost hours and days in which we might have been happy!

But the light shone at last, and guided his wavering footsteps,

And at last came the voice, imperative, questionless, certain.

Then John Estaugh came back o'er the sea for the gift that was offered,

Better than houses and lands, the gift of a woman's affection.

And on the First-Day that followed, he rose in the Silent Assembly, Holding in his strong hand a hand that trembled a little,

Promising to be kind and true and faithful in all things.

Such were the marriage rites of John and Elizabeth Estaugh

And not otherwise Joseph, the honest, the diligent servant,

Sped in his bashful wooing with homely Hannah the housemaid;

For when he asked her the question, she answered, "Nay;" and then added:

"But thee may make believe, and see what will come of it, Joseph."

INTERLUDE.

"A PLEASANT and a winsome tale,"
The Student said, "though somewhat pale

And quiet in its colouring,
As if it caught its tone and air
From the gray suits that Quakers
wear;

Yet worthy of some German bard, Hebel, or Voss, or Eberhard, Who love of humble themes to sing, In humble verse; but no more true Than was the tale I told to you."

The Theologian made reply,

And with some warmth, "That I deny;

'T is no invention of my own,
But something well and widely
known

To readers of a riper age,
Writ by the skilful hand that wrote
The Indian tale of Hobomok,
And Philothea's classic page.
I found it like a waif afloat,
Or dulse uprooted from its rock,
On the swift tides that ebb and flow
In daily papers, and at flood
Bear freighted vessels to and fro,
But later, when the ebb is low,
Leave a long waste of sand and mud."

"It matters little," quoth the Jew;
"The cloak of truth is lined with lies,
Sayeth some proverb old and wise;

And Love is master of all arts, And puts it into human hearts The strangest things to say and do."

And here the controversy closed Abruptly, ere 't was well begun; For the Sicilian interposed With, "Lordlings, listen, every one That listen may, unto a tale That's merrier than the nightingale; A tale that cannot boast, forsooth, A single rag or shred of truth; That does not leave the mind in doubt

As to the with it or without; A naked falsehood and absurd As mortal ever told or heard. Therefore I tell it; or, maybe, Simply begause it pleases me."

THE SICILIAN'S TALE.

ONCE on a time, some centuries ago,
In the hot sunshine two Francis-

can friars
Wended their weary way, with foot-

steps slow,

Back to their convent, whose white walls and spires

Gleamed on the hillside like a patch of snow;

Covered with dust they were, and torn by briers,

And bore like sumpter-mules upon their backs

The badge of poverty, their beggar's sacks.

The first was Brother Anthony, a spare

And silent man, with pallid cheeks and thin,

Much given to vigils, penance, fast ing, prayer,

Solemn and gray, and worn with discipline,

As if his body but white ashes were, Heaped on the living coals that glowed within;

A simple monk, like many of his day, [obey.

Whose instinct was to listen and

A different man was Brother Timothy, Of larger mould and of a coarser paste;

A rubicund and stalwart monk was he,

Broad in the shoulders, broader in the waist,

Who often filled the dull refectory With noise by which the convent was disgraced,

But to the mass-book gave but little heed,

By reason he had never learned to read.

Now, as they passed the outskirts of a wood,

They saw, with mingled pleasure and surprise,

Fast tethered to a tree an ass, that stood

Lazily winking his large, limpid eyes.

The farmer Gilbert, of that neighbourhood.

His owner was, who, looking for supplies

Of fagots, deeper in the wood had strayed,

Leaving his beast to ponder in the shade.

As soon as Brother Timothy espied
The patient animal, he said:
"Good-lack!

Thus for our needs doth Providence provide;

We'll lay our wallets on the creature's back."

This being done, he leisurely untied From head and neck the halter of the jack,

And put it round his own, and to the tree

Stood tethered fast as if the ass were he.

And, bursting forth into a merry laugh,

He cried to Brother Anthony .
"Away!

And drive the ass before you with your staff;

And when you reach the convent you may say

You left me at a farm, half tired and half

Ill with a fever, for a night and day, And that the farmer lent this ass to bear [fare."

Our wallets, that are heavy with good

Now Brother Anthony, who knew the pranks

Of Brother Timothy, would not persuade

Or reason with him on his quirks and cranks,

But, being obedient, silently obeyed;

And, smiting with his staff the ass's flanks,

Drove him before him over hill and glade,

Safe with his provend to the convent gate,

Leaving poor Brother Timothy to his fate.

Then Gilbert, laden with fagots for his fire,

Forth issued from the wood, and stood aghast

To see the ponderous body of the friar

Standing where he had left his donkey last.

Trembling he stood, and dared not venture nigher,

But stared, and gaped, and crossed himself full fast;

For, being credulous and of little wit, He thought it was some demon from the pit.

While speechless and bewildered thus he gazed,

And dropped his load of fagots on the ground,

Quoth Brother Timothy: "Be not amazed

That where you left a donkey should be found

A poor Franciscan friar, half-starved and crazed,

Standing demure and with a halter bound;

But set me free, and hear the piteous story

Of Brother Timothy of Casal-Maggiore.

"I am a sinful man, although you see

I wear the consecrated cowl and cape;

You never owned an ass, but you owned me,

Changed and transformed from my own natural shape

All for the deadly sin of gluttony, From which I could not otherwise escape,

Than by this penance, dieting on grass,

And being worked and beaten as an ass.

"Think of the ignominy I endured; Think of the miserable life I led,

The toil and blows to which I was inured.

My wretched lodging in a windy shed,

My scanty fare so grudgingly procured,

The damp and musty straw that formed my bed!

But, having done this penance for my sins,

My life as man and monk again begins."

The simple Gilbert, hearing words like these,

Was conscience-stricken, and fell down apace

Before the friar upon his bended knees,

And with a suppliant voice implored his grace;

And the good monk, now very much at ease,

Granted him pardon with a smiling face,

Nor could refuse to be that night his guest,

being late, and he in need of rest.

Upon a hillside, where the olive thrives,

With figures painted on its white washed walls,

The cottage stood; and near the humming hives

Made murmurs as of far-off water-falls;

A place where those who love secluded lives

Might live content, and, free from noise and brawls,

Like Claudian's Old Man of Verona here [year.

Measure by fruits the slow-revolving

And, coming to this cottage of content,

They found his children, and the buxom wench

His wife, Dame Cicely, and his father, bent

With years and labour, seated on a bench,

Repeating over some obscure event In the old wars of Milanese and French; [a sense

All welcomed the Franciscan, with Of sacred awe and humble reverence.

When Gilbert told them what had come to pass,

How beyond question, cavil, or surmise,

Good Brother Timothy had been their ass,

You should have seen the wonder in their eyes;

You should have heard them cry "Alas! alas!"

Have heard their lamentations and their sighs!

For all believed the story, and

To see a saint in this afflicted man.

Forthwith there was prepared a grand repast,

To satisfy the craving of the friar After so rigid and prolonged a fast; The bustling housewife stirred the kitchen fire;

Then her two barn-yard fowls, her best and last,

Were put to death, at her express desire.

Ana served up with a salad in a bowl.

And flasks of country wine to crown the whole.

It would not be believed should I repeat

How hungry Brother Timothy appeared;

It was a pleasure but to see him eat, His white teeth flashing through his russet beard,

His face aglow and flushed with wine and meat,

His roguish eyes that rolled and laughed and leered!

Lord! how he drank the blood-red country wine

As if the village vintage were divine!

And all the while he talked without surcease,

And told his merry tales with jovial glee

That never flagged, but rather did increase.

were he,

And wagged his red beard, matted like a fleece,

And cast such glances at Dame Cicely

That Gilbert now grew angry with his guest,

And thus in words his rising wrath expressed.

"Good father," said he, "easily we

How needful in some persons, and how right,

Mortification of the flesh

The indulgence you have given it to-night,

After long penance, clearly proves

Your strength against temptation is but slight,

And shows the dreadful peril you are in

Of a relapse into your deadly sin.

"To-morrow morning, with the rising sun,

Go back unto your convent, nor refrain

From fasting and from scourging, for you run

Great danger to become an ass again,

Since monkish flesh and asinine are one;

Therefore be wise, nor longer here remain,

Unless you wish the scourge should be applied

And laughed aloud as if insane By other hands, that will not spare your hide."

When this the monk had heard, his colour fled

And then returned, like lightning in the air,

Till he was all one blush from foot to head,

And even the bald spot in his russet hair

Turned from its usual pallor to bright red!

The old man was asleep upon his chair.

Then all retired, and sank into the deep

And helpless imbecility of sleep.

They slept until the dawn of day drew near,

Till the cock should have crowed, but did not crow,

For they had slain the shining chanticleer

And eaten him for supper, as you know.

The monk was up betimes and of good cheer,

And, having breakfasted, made haste to go,

As if he heard the distant matin bell, And had but little time to say farewell.

Fresh was the morning as the breath of kine;

Odours of herbs commingled with the sweet

Balsamic exhalations of the pine;

A haze was in the air presaging heat;

Uprose the sun above the Apennine, And all the misty valleys at its feet Were full of the delirious song of birds,

Voices of men, and bells, and low of herds.

All this to Brother Timothy was naught;

He did not care for scenery, nor here

His busy fancy found the thing it sought;

But when he saw the convent walls appear,

And smoke from kitchen chimneys upward caught

And whirled aloft into the atmosphere,

He quickened his slow footsteps, like a beast

That scents the stable a league off at least.

And as he entered through the convent gate

He saw there in the court the ass, who stood

Twirling his ears about, and seemed to wait,

Just as he found him waiting in the wood:

And told the Prior that, to alleviate The daily labours of the brother-hood,

The owner, being a man of means and thrift,

Bestowed him on the convent as a gift.

And thereupon the Prior for many days

Revolved this serious matter in his mind,

And turned it over many different ways,

Hoping that some safe issue he might find;

But stood in fear of what the world would say,

If he accepted presents of this kind,

Employing beasts of burden for the packs

That lazy monks should carry on their backs.

Then, to avoid all scandal of the sort,

And stop the mouth of cavil, he decreed

That he would cut the tedious matter short,

And sell the ass with all convenient speed,

Thus saving the expense of his support,

And hoarding something for a time of need.

So he despatched him to the neighbouring Fair,

And freed himself from cumber and from care.

It happened now by chance, as some might say,

Others perhaps would call it destiny,

Gilbert was at the Fair; and heard a bray,

And nearer came, and saw that it was he,

And whispered in his ear, "Ah, lackaday!

Good father, the rebellious flesh, I see,

Has changed you back into an ass again,

And all my admonitions were in vain."

The ass, who felt this breathing in his ear,

Did not turn round to look, but shook his head,

As if he were not pleased these words to hear,

And contradicted all that had been said.

And this made Gilbert cry in voice more clear,

"I know you well; your hair is russet-red;

Do not deny it; for you are the same Franciscan friar, and Timothy by name."

The ass, though now the secret had come out,

Was obstinate, and shook his head again;

Until a crowd was gathered round about

To hear this dialogue between the twain;

And raised their voices in a noisy shout

When Gilbert tried to make the matter plain,

And flouted him and mocked him all day long

With laughter and with jibes and scraps of song.

"If this be Brother Timothy," they cried.

"Buy him, and feed him on the tenderest grass;

Thou canst not do too much for one so tried

As to be twice transformed into an ass."

So simple Gilbert bought him, and untied

His halter, and o'er mountain and morass

He led him homeward, talking as he went

Of good behaviour and a mind content.

The children saw them coming, and advanced,

Shouting with joy, and hung about his neck,—

Not Gilbert's, but the ass's,—round him danced,

And wove green garlands wherewithal to deck

His sacred person; for again it chanced

Their childish feelings, without rein or check,

Could not discriminate in any way

A donkey from a friar of Orders

Gray.

"O Brother Timothy," the children said,

"You have come back to us just as before;

We were afraid, and thought that you were dead,

And we should never see you any more."

And then they kissed the white star on his head,

That like a birth-mark or a badge he wore,

And patted him upon the neck and face,

And said a thousand things with childish grace.

Thenceforward and forever he was known

As Brother Timothy, and led alway

A life of luxury, till he had grown

Ungrateful, being stuffed with corn and hay,

And very vicious. Then in angry tone,

Rousing himself, poor Gilbert said one day,

"When simple kindness is misunderstood

Λ little flagellation may do good."

His many vices need not here be told;

Among them was a habit that he had

Of flinging up his heels at young and old,

Breaking his halter, running off like mad

O'er pasture-landsand meadow, wood and wold,

And other misdemeanours quite as bad;

But worst of all was breaking from his shed [bed.

At night, and ravaging the cabbage-

So Brother Timothy went back once more

To his old life of labour and distress;

Was beaten worse than he had been before;

And now, instead of comfort and caress,

Came labours manifold and trials sore;

And as his toils increased his food grew less,

Until at last the great consoler,
Death, [breath.
Ended his many sufferings with his

Great was the lamentation when he died;

And mainly that he died impenitent;

Dame Cicely bewailed, the children cried,

The old man still remembered the event

In the French war, and Gilbert magnified [went,

His many virtues, as he came and And said: "Heaven pardon Brother Timothy,

And keep us from the sin of gluttony."

INTERLUDE.

"Signor Luigi," said the Jew, When the Sicilian's tale was told, "The were-wolf is a legend old, But the were-ass is something new, And yet for one I think it true. The days of wonder have not ceased; If there are beasts in forms of men, As sure it happens now and then, Why may not man become a beast, In way of punishment at least?

"But this I will not now discuss; I leave the theme, that we may thus Remain within the realm of song. The story that I told before,

Though not acceptable to all,
At least you did not find too long.
I beg you, let me try again,
With something in a different vein,
Before you bid the curtain fall.
Meanwhile keep watch upon the
door,

Nor let the Landlord leave his chair, Lest he should vanish into air, And so clude our search once more."

Thus saying, from his lips he blew A little cloud of perfumed breath, And then, as if it were a clew To lead his footsteps safely through, Began his tale as followeth.

THE SPANISH JEW'S SECOND TALE.

SCANDERBEG.

THE battle is fought and won By King Ladislaus, the Hun, In fire of hell and death's frost, On the day of Pentecost; And in rout before his path From the field of battle red Flee all that are not dead Of the army of Amurath.

In the darkness of the night Iskander, the pride and boast Of that mighty Othman host, With his routed Turks, takes flight From the battle fought and lost On the day of Pentecost; Leaving behind him dead The army of Amurath, The vanguard as it led, The rearguard as it fled, Mown down in the bloody swath Of the battle's aftermath.

But he cared not for Hospodars, Nor for Baron or Voivode, As on through the night he rode And gazed at the fateful stars, That were shining overhead; But smote his steed with his staff, And smiled to himself, and said: "This is the time to laugh."

In the middle of the night, In a halt of the hurrying flight, There came a Scribe of the King Wearing his signet ring, And said in a voice severe: "This is the first dark blot On thy name, George Castriot! Alas! why art thou here, And the army of Amurath slain, And left on the battle plain?"

And Iskander answered and said:
"They lie on the bloody sod
By the hoofs of horses trod;
But this was the decree
Of the watchers overhead;
For the war belongeth to God,
And in battle who are we,
Who are we, that shall withstand
The wind of his lifted hand?"

Then he bade them bind with chains This man of books and brains; And the Scribe said: "What misdeed

Have I done, that, without need, Thou doest to me this thing?" And Iskander answering Said unto him: "Not one Misdeed to me hast thou done; But for fear that thou shouldst run And hide thyself from me, Have I done this unto thee. "Now write me a writing, O Scribe, And a blessing be on thy tribe! A writing sealed with thy ring, To King Amurath's Pasha In the city of Croia, The city moated and walled, That he surrender the same In the name of my master, the King;

For what is writ in his name Can never be recalled."

And the Scribe bowed low in dread, And unto Iskander said: "Allah is great and just, But we are as ashes and dust; How shall I do this thing, When I know that my guilty head Will be forfeit to the King?"

Then swift as a shooting star
The curved and shining blade
Of Iskander's scimitar
From its sheath, with jewels bright,
Shot, as he thundered: "Write!"
And the trembling Scribe obeyed,
And wrote in the fitful glare
Of the bivouac fire apart,
With the chill of the midnight air
On his forehead white and bare,
And the chill of death in his heart.

Then again Iskander cried:

"Now follow whither I ride,
For here thou must not stay.
Thou shalt be as my dearest friend,
And honours without end
Shall surround thee on every side,
And attend thee night and day."
But the sullen Scribe replied:

"Our pathways here divide;
Mine leadeth not thy way."

And even as he spoke
Fell a sudden scimitar stroke,
When no one else was near;
And the Scribe sank to the ground,
As a stone, pushed from the brink
Of a black pool, might sink
With a sob and disappear:
And no one saw the deed;
And in the stillness around
No sound was heard but the sound
Of the hoofs of Iskander's steed,
As forward he sprang with a bound.

Then onward he rode and afar, With scarce three hundred men, Through river and forest and fen, O'er the mountains of Argentar; And his heart was merry within, When he crossed the river Drin, And saw in the gleam of the morn The White Castle Ak-Hissar, The city Croia called, The city moated and walled, The city where he was born,—And above it the morning star.

Then his trumpeters in the van
On their silver bugles blew,
And in crowds about him ran
Albanian and Turkoman,
That the sound together drew.
And he feasted with his friends,
And when they were warm with
wine,

He said: "O friends of mine, Behold what fortune sends, And what the fates design! King Amurath commands That my father's wide domain, This city and all its lands, Shall be given to me again." Then to the Castle White
He rode in regal state,
And entered in at the gate
In all his arms bedight,
And gave to the Pasha
Who ruled in Croia
The writing of the King,
Sealed with his signet ring.
And the Pasha bowed his head,
And after a silence said:
"Allah is just and great!
I yield to the will divine,
The city and lands are thine;
Who shall contend with fate?"

Anon from the castle walls
The crescent banner falls,
And the crowd beholds instead,
Like a portent in the sky,
Iskander's banner fly,
The Black Eagle with double head;
And a shout ascends on high,
For men's souls are tired of the Turks,
And their wicked ways and works,
That have made of Ak-Hissar
A city of the plague;
And the loud, exultant cry
That echoes wide and far
Is: "Long live Scanderbeg!"

It was thus Iskander came
Once more unto his own;
And the tidings, like the flame
Of a conflagration blown
By the winds of summer, ran,
Till the land was in a blaze,
And the cities far and near,
Sayeth Ben Joshua Ben Meir,
In his Book of the Words of the
Days,

"Were taken as a man
Would take the tip of his ear."

INTERLUDE.

"Now that is after my own heart," The Poet cried; "one understands Your swarthy hero Scanderbeg, Gauntlet on hand and boot on leg, And skilled in every warlike art, Riding through his Albanian lands, And following the auspicious star That shone for him o'er Ak-Hissar."

The Theologian added here
His word of praise not less sincere,
Although he ended with a jibe;
"The hero of romance and song
Was born," he said, "to right the
wrong;

And I approve; but all the same That bit of treason with the Scribe Adds nothing to your hero's fame."

The Student praised the good old times,

And liked the canter of the rhymes, That had a hoofbeat in their sound; But longed some further word to hear

Of the old chronicler Ben Meir, And where his volume might be found.

The tall Musician walked the room With folded arms and gleaming eyes, As if he saw the Vikings rise, Gigantic shadows in the gloom; And much he talked of their emprise And meteors seen in Northern skies, And Heimdal's horn, and day of doom.

But the Sicilian laughed again;
"This is the time to laugh," he said,
For the whole story he well knew

Was an invention of the Jew,
Spun from the cobwebs in his brain,
And of the same bright scarlet
thread

As was the Tale of Kambalu.

Only the Landlord spake no word;
"I' was doubtful whether he had heard

The tale at all, so full of care Was he of his impending fate, That, like the sword of Damocles, Above his head hung blank and bare, Suspended by a single hair, So that he could not sit at ease, But sighed and looked disconsolate, And shifted restless in his chair, Revolving how he might evade The blow of the descending blade.

The Student came to his relief By saying in his easy way To the Musician: "Calm your grief, My fair Apollo of the North, Balder the Beautiful and so forth; Although your magic lyre or lute With broken strings is lying mute, Still you can tell some doleful tale Of shipwreck in a midnight gale, Or something of the kind to suit The mood that we are in to-night For what is marvellous and strange; So give your nimble fancy range, And we will follow in its flight."

But the Musician shook his head;
"No tale I tell to-night," he said,
"While my poor instrument lies
there,

Even as a child with vacant stare Lies in its little coffin dead." Yet, being urged, he said at last:
"There comes to me out of the Past
A voice, whose tones are sweet and
wild,

Singing a song almost divine,
And with a tear in every line;
An ancient ballad, that my nurse
Sang to me when I was a child,
In accents tender as the verse;
And sometimes wept, and sometimes
smiled

While singing it, to see arise
The look of wonder in my eyes,
And feel my heart with terror beat.
This simple ballad I retain
Clearly imprinted on my brain,
And as a tale will now repeat."

THE MUSICIAN'S TALE.

THE MOTHER'S GHOST.

Svend Dyring he rideth adown the glade;

I myself was young!

There he hath wooed him so winsome a maid;

Fair words gladden so many a heart.

Together were they for seven years, And together children six were theirs.

Then came Death abroad through the land,

And blighted the beautiful lily-wand.

Svend Dyring he rideth adown the glade.

And again hath he wooed him another maid.

He hath wooed him a maid and brought home a bride, But she was bitter and full of pride. When she came driving into the yard, There stood the six children weeping so hard.

There stood the small children with sorrowful heart;

From before her feet she thrust them apart.

She gave to them neither ale nor bread;

"Ye shall suffer hunger and hate," she said.

She took from them their quilts of blue,

And said: "Ye shall lie on the straw we strew."

She took from them the great wax-light:

"Now ye shall lie in the dark at night."

In the evening late they cried with cold;

The mother heard it under the mould.

The woman heard it the earth below: "To my little children I must go."

She standeth before the Lord of all:
"And may I go to my children small?"

She prayed him so long, and would not cease,

Until he bade her depart in peace.

"At cock-crow thou shalt return again;

Longer thou shalt not there remain!"

She girded up her sorrowful bones,

And rifted the walls and the marble stones.

As through the village she flitted by, The watch-dogs howled aloud to the sky.

When she came to the castle gate, There stood her eldest daughter in wait.

"Why standest thou here, dear daughter mine?

How fares it with brothers and sisters thine?"

"Never art thou mother of mine, For my mother was both fair and fine.

"My mother was white, with cheeks of red,

But thou art pale, and like to the dead."

"How should I be fair and fine?
I have been dead; pale cheeks are mine.

"How should I be white and red, So long, so long have I been dead?"

When she came in at the chamber door,

There stood the small children weeping sore.

One she braided, another she brushed,

The third she lifted, the fourth she hushed.

The fifth she took on her lap and pressed,

As if she would suckle it at her breast.

Then to her eldest daughter said she,

"Do thou bid Svend Dyring come hither to me."

Into the chamber when he came

She spake to him in anger and shame.

"I left behind me both ale and bread:

My children hunger and are not fed.

"I left behind me quilts of blue; My children lie on the straw ye strew.

"I left behind me the great waxlight; My children lie in the dark at night.

"If I come again unto your hall, As cruel a fate shall you befall!

"Now crows the cock with feathers red:

Back to the earth must all the dead.

"Now crows the cock with feathers swart;

The gates of heaven fly wide apart.

"Now crows the cock with feathers white;

I can abide no longer to-night."

Whenever they heard the watch-dogs wail,

They gave the children bread and ale.

Whenever they heard the watch-dogs bay,

They feared lest the dead were on their way.

Whenever they heard the watch-dogs bark.

I myself was young!

They feared the dead out there in the dark.

Fair words gladden so many a heart.

INTERLUDE.

TOUCHED by the pathos of these rhymes,

The Theologian said: "All praise Be to the ballads of old times And to the bards of simple ways, Who walked with Nature hand in hand,

Whose country was their Holy Land, Whose singing robes were homespun brown

From looms of their own native town, Which they were not ashamed to wear,

And not of silk or sendal gay, Nor decked with fanciful array Of cockle-shells from Outre-Mer."

To whom the Student answered: "Yes;

All praise and honour! I confess
That bread and ale, home-baked,
home-brewed.

Are wholesome and nutritious food, But not enough for all our needs; Poets—the best of them—are birds Of passage; where their instinct leads They range abroad for thoughts and words.

And from all climes bring home the seeds

That germinate in flowers or weeds.
They are not fowls in barnyards born
To cackle o'er a grain of corn;
And, if you shut the horizon down
To the small limits of their town,
What do you do but degrade your
bard

Till he at last becomes as one Who thinks the all-encircling sun Rises and sets in his back yard?" The Theologian said again:
"It may be so; yet I maintain
That what is native still is best,
And little care I for the rest.
'T is a long story; time would fail
To tell it, and the hour is late;
We will not waste it in debate,
But listen to our Landlord's tale."

And thus the sword of Damocles Descending not by slow degrees, But suddenly, on the Landlord fell, Who blushing, and with much demur And many vain apologies, Plucking up heart, began to tell The Rhyme of one Sir Christopher.

THE LANDLORD'S TALE.

THE RHYME OF SIR CHRISTOPHER.

It was Sir Christopher Gardiner, Knight of the Holy Sepulchre, From Merry England over the sea, Who stepped upon this continent As if his august presence lent A glory to the colony.

You should have seen him in the street [time, Of the little Boston of Winthrop's His rapier dangling at his feet, Doublet and hose and boots complete,

Prince Rupert hat with ostrich plume, [perfume, Gloves that exhaled a faint Luxuriant curls and air sublime, And superior manners now obsolete!

He had a way of saying things
That made one think of courts and kings,

And lords and ladies of high degree;

So that not having been at court Seemed something very little short Of treason or lese-majesty,

Such an accomplished knight was he.

His dwelling was just beyond the town,

At what he called his country-seat, For, careless of Fortune's smile or frown,

And weary grown of the world and its ways,

He wished to pass the rest of his days

In a private life and a calm retreat.

But a double life was the life he led;

And, while professing to be in search

Of a godly course, and willing, he said,

Nay, anxious to join the Puritan Church,

He made of all this but small account,

And passed his idle hours instead With roystering Morton of Merry Mount,

That pettifogger from Furnival's Inn,

Lord of misrule and riot and sin, Who looked on the wine when it was red.

This country-seat was little more Than a cabin of logs; but in front of the door

A modest flower-bed thickly sown

With sweet alyssum and columbine
Made those who saw it at once
divine

[his own.

The touch of some other hand than And first it was whispered, and then it was known, [there

That he in secret was harbouring A little lady with golden hair,

Whom he called his cousin, but whom he had wed

In the Italian manner, as men said, And great was the scandal everywhere.

But worse than this was the vague surmise—

Though none could vouch for it or aver—

That the Knight of the Holy Sepulchre

Was only a Papist in disguise;

And the more to imbitter their bitter lives,

And the more to trouble the public mind,

Came letters from England, from two other wives,

Whom he had carelessly left behind;

Both of them letters of such a kind As made the governor hold his breath;

The one imploring him straight to send

The husband home, that he might amend;

The other asking his instant death, As the only way to make an end.

The wary governor deemed it right, When all this wickedness was revealed, To send his warrant signed and sealed,

And take the body of the knight. Armed with this mighty instrument, The marshal, mounting his gallant steed.

Rode forth from town at the top of his speed,

And followed by all his bailiffs bold,

As if on high achievement bent, To storm some castle or stronghold, Challenge the warders on the wall, And seize in his ancestral hall A robber-baron grim and old.

But when through all the dust and heat

He came to Sir Christopher's country-seat,

No knight he found, nor warder there,

But the little lady with golden hair, Who was gathering in the bright sunshine

The sweet alyssum and columbine; While gallant Sir Christopher, all so gay,

Being forewarned, through the postern gate

Of his castle wall had tripped away, And was keeping a little holiday In the forests, that bounded his estate.

Then as a trusty squire and true The marshal searched the castle through,

Not crediting what the lady said;
Searched from cellar to garret in
vain, [again
And, finding no knight, came out

And arrested the golden damsel instead,

And bore her in triumph into the town,

While from her eyes the tears rolled down

On the sweet alyssum and columbine.

That she held in her fingers white and fine.

The governor's heart was moved to see

So fair a creature caught within The snares of Satan and of sin, And he read her a little homily On the folly and wickedness of the

lives

Of women, half cousins and half wives;

But, seeing that naught his words availed,

He sent her away in a ship that sailed

For Merry England over the sea, To the other two wives in the old countree.

To search her further, since he had failed

To come at the heart of the mystery.

Meanwhile Sir Christopher wandered away

Through pathless woods for a month and a day,

Shooting pigeons, and sleeping at night

With the noble savage, who took delight

In his feathered hat and his velvet vest,

His gun and his rapier and the rest.

But as soon as the noble savage heard

That a bounty was offered for this gay bird,

He wanted to slay him out of hand, And bring in his beautiful scalp for a show,

Like the glossy head of a kite or crow,

Until he was made to understand
They wanted the bird alive, not
dead; [he fled,

Then he followed him whithersoever. Through forest and field, and hunted him down,

And brought him prisoner into the town.

Alas! it was a rueful sight,
To see this melancholy knight
In such a dismal and hapless case;
His hat deformed by stain and
dent,

His plumage broken, his doublet rent,

His beard and flowing locks forlorn.

Matted, dishevelled, and unshorn, His boots with dust and mire besprent;

But dignified in his disgrace, And wearing an unblushing face. And thus before the magistrate He stood to hear the doom of fate. In vain he strove with wonted ease To modify and extenuate His evil deeds in church and state;

For gone was now his power to please:

And his pompous words had no more weight

Than feathers flying in the breeze.

With suavity equal to his own

The governor lent a patient ear

To the speech evasive and highflown.

In which he endeavoured to make clear

That colonial laws were too severe
When applied to a gallant cavalier,
A gentleman born, and so well
known,

And accustomed to move in a higher sphere.

All this the Puritan governor heard, And deigned in answer never a word;

But in summary manner shipped away,

In a vessel that sailed from Salem Bay,

This splendid and famous cavalier, With his Rupert hat and his Popery, To Merry England over the sea, As being unmeet to inhabit here.

Thus endeth the Rhyme of Sir Christopher,

Knight of the Holy Sepulchre, The first who furnished this barren land

With apples of Sodom and ropes of sand.

FINALE.

THESE are the tales those merry guests

Told to each other, well or ill; Like summer birds that lift their crests

Above the borders of their nests And twitter, and again are still. These are the tales, or new or old, In idle moments idly told; Flowers of the field with petals thin,

Lilies that neither toil nor spin,
And tufts of wayside weeds and
gorse

Hung in the parlour of the inn Beneath the sign of the Red Horse.

And still, reluctant to retire,
The friends sat talking by the fire
And watched the smouldering embers
burn

To ashes, and flash up again
Into a momentary glow,
Lingering like them when forced to
go,

And going when they would remain; For on the morrow they must turn Their faces homeward, and the pain Of parting touched with its unrest A tender nerve in every breast.

But sleep at last the victory won;
They must be stirring with the sun,
And drowsily good night they said,
And went still gossiping to bed,
And left the parlour wrapped in
gloom.

The only live thing in the room
Was the old clock, that in its pace
Kept time with the revolving spheres
And constellations in their flight,
And struck with its uplifted mace
The dark, unconscious hours of
night,

To senseless and unlistening ears.

Uprose the sun; and every guest, Uprisen, was soon equipped and dressed For journeying home and city-ward; The old stage-coach was at the door,

With horses harnessed, long before The sunshine reached the withered sward

Beneath the oaks, whose branches hoar

Murmured: "Farewell forevermore."

"Farewell!" the portly Landlord cried;

"Farewell!" the parting guests replied,

But little thought that nevermore Their feet would pass that threshold o'er;

That nevermore together there
Would they assemble, free from
care,

To hear the oaks' mysterious roar, And breathe the wholesome country air.

Where are they now? What lands and skies

Paint pictures in their friendly eyes? What hope deludes, what promise cheers,

What pleasant voices fill their ears? Two are beyond the salt sea waves, And three already in their graves. Perchance the living still may look Into the pages of this book, And see the days of long ago Floating and fleeting to and fro, As in the well-remembered brook They saw the inverted landscape gleam,

And their own faces, like a dream Look up upon them from below.

BIRDS OF PASSAGE.

FLIGHT THE FIRST.

BIRDS OF PASSAGE.

BLACK shadows fall
From the lindens tall,
That lift aloft their massive wall
Against the southern sky;

And from the realms
Of the shadowy elms
A tide-like darkness overwhelms
The fields that round us lie.

But the night is fair,
And everywhere
A warm, soft vapour fills the air,
And distant sounds seem near;

And above, in the light
Of the star-lit night, [flight
Swift birds of passage wing their
Through the dewy atmosphere.

I hear the beat
Of their pinions fleet,
As from the land of snow and sleet
They seek a southern lea.

I hear the cry
Of their voices high
Falling dreamily through the sky,
But their forms I cannot see.

O, say not so!
Those sounds that flow
In murmurs of delight and woe
Come not from wings of birds.

They are the throngs
Of the poets songs, [and wrongs,
Murmurs of pleasures, and pains,
The sound of winged words.

This is the cry
Of souls, that high
On toiling, beating pinions, fly,
Seeking a warmer clime.

From their distant flight
Through realms of light
It falls into our world of night,
With the murmuring sound of
rhyme.

PROMETHEUS;

OR THE POET'S FORETHOUGHT
OF Prometheus, how undaunted
On Olympus' shining bastions
His audacious foot he planted,
Myths are told and songs are
chanted,
Full of promptings and suggestions.

Beautiful is the tradition

Of that flight through heavenly portals,

The old classic superstition

Of the theft and the transmission

Of the fire of the Immortals!

First the deed of noble daring,
Born of heavenward aspiration,
Then the fire with mortals sharing,
Then the vulture,—the despairing
Cry of pain on crags Caucasian.

All is but a symbol painted
Of the Poet, Prophet, Seer;
Only those are crowned and sainted
Who with grief have been
acquainted,
Making nations nobler, freer.

In their feverish exultations,
In their triumph and their yearning,
In their passionate pulsations,

In their words among the nations,
The Promethean fire is burning.

Shall it, then, be unavailing,
All this toil for human culture?
Through the cloud-rack, dark and
trailing,

Must they see above them sailing
O'er life's barren crags the vulture?

Such a fate as this was Dante's,
By defeat and exile maddened;
Thus were Milton and Cervantes,
Nature's priests and Corybantes,
By affliction touched and saddened.

But the glories so transcendent
That around their memories
cluster,
And, on all their steps attendant,
Make their darkened lives resplen-

Make their darkened lives resplendent [lustre! With such gleams of inward

All the melodies mysterious,

Through the dreary darkness
chanted;

Thoughts in attitudes imperious, Voices soft, and deep, and serious, Words that whispered, songs that haunted!

All the soul in rapt suspension, All the quivering, palpitating Chords of life in utmost tension, With the fervour of invention, With the rapture of creating! Ah, Prometheus! heaven-scaling!
In such hours of exultation
Even the faintest heart, unquailing,
Might behold the vulture sailing
Round the cloudy crags Caucasian.

Though to all there be not given Strength for such sublime endeayour,

Thus to scale the walls of heaven, And to leaven with fiery leaven All the hearts of men forever;

Yet all bards, whose hearts unblighted

Honour and believe the presage, Hold aloft their torches lighted, Gleaning through the realms benighted,

As they onward bear the message!

EPIMETHEUS;

OR THE POET'S AFTERTHOUGHT.

HAVE I dreamed? or was it real,
What I saw as in a vision,
When to marches hymeneal
In the land of the Ideal
Moved my thought o'er Fields
Elysian?

What! are these the guests whose glances [round me? Seemed like sunshine gleaming These the wild, bewildering fancies, That with dithyrambic dances

As with magic circles bound me?

Ah! how cold are their caresses!
Pallid cheeks, and haggard
bosoms!

Spectral gleam their snow-white dresses,

And from loose, dishevelled tresses Fall the hyacinthine blossoms!

O my songs! whose winsome measures

Filled my heart with secret rapture!

Children of my golden leisures!

Must even your delights and pleasures

Fade and perish with the capture?

Fair they seemed, those songs sonorous,

When they came to be unbidden; Voices single, and in chorus, Like the wild birds singing o'er us In the dark of branches hidden.

Disenchantment! Disillusion!

Must each noble aspiration

Come at last to this conclusion,

Jarring discord, wild confusion,

Lassitude, renunciation?

Not with steeper fall nor faster,
From the sun's serene dominions,
Not through brighter realms nor
vaster,

In swift ruin and disaster,

Icarus fell with shattered
pinions!

Sweet Pandora! dear Pandora!
Why did mighty Jove create thee
Coy as Thetis, fair as Flora,
Beautiful as young Aurora,
If to win thee is to hate thee?

No, not hate thee! for this feeling Of unrest and long resistance Is but passionate appealing,
A prophetic whisper stealing
O'er the chords of our existence.

Him whom thou dost once enamour, Thou, beloved, never leavest;

In life's discord, strife, and clamour,

Still he feels thy spell of glamour; Him of Hope thou ne'er bereavest.

Weary hearts by thee are lifted, Struggling souls by thee are strengthened,

Clouds of fear asunder rifted,

Truth from falsehood cleansed and
sifted, [lengthened!
Lives, like days in summer,

Therefore art thou ever dearer,
O my Sibyl, my deceiver!
For thou makest each mystery
clearer,

And the unattained seems nearer, When thou fillest my heart with fever!

Muse of all the Gifts and Graces!

Though the fields around us wither,

There are ampler realms and spaces, Where no foot has left its traces: Let us turn and wander thither!

THE LADDER OF SAINT AUGUSTINE.

SAINT AUGUSTINE! well hast thou said,

That of our vices we can frame A ladder, if we will but tread Beneath our feet each deed of shame! All common things, each day's events,

That with the hour begin and end,

Our pleasures and our discontents, Are rounds by which we may ascend.

The low desire, the base design,
That makes another's virtues
less;

The revel of the ruddy wine, And all occasions of excess;

The longing for ignoble things;
The strite for triumph more than truth;

The hardening of the heart, that brings

Irreverence for the dreams of youth;

All thoughts of ill; all evil deeds,
That have their root in thoughts
of ill;

Whatever hinders or impedes

The action of the nobler will;—

All these must first be trampled down

Beneath our feet, if we would gain

In the bright fields of fair renown The right of eminent domain.

We have not wings, we cannot soar;

But we have feet to scale and climb

By slow degrees, by more and more, The cloudy summits of our time. The mighty pyramids of stone
That wedge-like cleave the desert
airs,

When nearer seen, and better known, Are but gigantic flights of stairs.

The distant mountains, that uprear Their solid bastions to the skies, Are crossed by pathways, that appear

As we to higher levels rise.

The heights by great men reached and kept

Were not attained by sudden flight,

But they, while their companions slept,

Were toiling upward in the night.

Standing on what too long we bore With shoulders bent and downcast eyes,

We may discern—unseen before Λ path to higher destinies,

Nor deem the irrevocable Past
As wholly wasted, wholly vain,
If, rising on its wrecks, at last
To something nobler we attain.

THE PHANTOM SHIP.

In Mather's Magnalia Christi,
Of the old colonial time,
May be found in prose the legend
That is here set down in rhyme.

A ship sailed from New Haven,
And the keen and frosty airs,
That filled her sails at parting,
Were heavy with good men's prayers.

"O Lord! if it be thy pleasure"—
Thus prayed the old divine—
"To bury our friends in the ocean,
Take them, for they are thine!"

But Master Lamberton muttered, And under his breath said he, "This ship is so crank and walty, I fear our grave she will be!"

And the ships that came from England,

When the winter months were gone, .

Brought no tidings of this vessel, Nor of Master Lamberton.

This put the people to praying
That "the Lord would let them
hear

What in His greater wisdom

He had done with friends so
dear.

And at last their prayers were answered:

It was in the month of June, An hour before the sunset Of a windy afternoon,

When, steadily steering landward, A ship was seen below,

And they knew it was Lamberton, Master, Who sailed so long ago.

On she came, with a cloud of canvas,

Right against the wind that blew, Until the eye could distinguish The faces of the crew.

Then fell her straining topmasts,
Hanging tangled in the shrouds,
And her sails were loosened and
lifted,
And blown away like clouds.

And the masts, with all their rigging,
Fell slowly, one by one,
And the hulk dilated and vanished,
As a sea-mist in the sun!

And the people who saw this marvel Each said unto his friend,
That this was the mould of their vessel,
And thus her tragic end.

And the pastor of the village
Gave thanks to God in prayer,
That, to quiet their troubled spirits,
He had sent this Ship of Air.

THE WARDEN OF THE CINQUE PORTS.

A MIST was driving down the British Channel,
The day was just begun,
And through the window-panes, on floor and panel,
Streamed the red autumn sun.

It glanced on flowing flag and rippling pennon, And the white sails of ships;

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And, from the frowning rampart, the black cannon Hailed it with feverish lips.

Sandwich and Romney, Hastings, Hithe, and Dover, Were all alert that day,

To see the French war-steamers speeding over, When the fog cleared away.

Sullen and silent, and like couchant lions, Their cannon, through the night,

Holding their breath, had watched, in grim defiance, The sea-coast opposite.

And now they roared at drum-beat from their stations On every citadel;

Each answering each, with morning salutations, That all was well.

And down the coast, all taking up the burden, Replied the distant forts,

As if to summon from his sleep the Warden And Lord of the Cinque Ports.

Him shall no sunshine from the fields of azure, No drum-beat from the wall,

No morning gun from the black fort's embrasure Awaken with its call!

No more, surveying with an eye impartial The long line of the coast,

Shall the gaunt figure of the old Field Marshal Be seen upon his post!

For in the night, unseen, a single warrior, In sombre harness mailed,

Dreaded of man, and surnamed the Destroyer, The rampart wall had scaled.

He passed into the chamber of the sleeper,
The dark and silent room,

And as he entered, darker grew, and deeper, The silence and the gloom.

He did not pause to parley or dissemble,
But smote the Warden hoar;
Ah! what a blow! that made all England tremble,
And groan from shore to shore.

Meanwhile, without, the surly cannon waited,
The sun rose bright o'erhead;
Nothing in Nature's aspect intimated
That a great man was dead.

HAUNTED HOUSES.

All houses wherein men have lived and died Are haunted houses. Through the open doors The harmless phantoms on their errands glide, With feet that make no sound upon the floors.

We meet them at the doorway, on the stair, Along the passages they come and go, Impalpable impressions on the air, A sense of something moving to and fro.

There are more guests at table than the hosts Invited; the illuminated hall
Is thronged with quiet, inoffensive ghosts,
As silent as the pictures on the wall.

The stranger at my fireside cannot see

The forms I see, nor hear the sounds I hear;

He but perceives what is; while unto me

All that has been is visible and clear.

We have no title-deeds to house or lands;
Owners and occupants of earlier dates
From graves forgotten stretch their dusty hands,
And hold in mortmain still their old estates.

The spirit-world around this world of sense
Floats like an atmosphere, and everywhere
Wafts through these earthly mists and vapours dense
A vital breath of more ethereal air.

Our little lives are kept in equipoise
By opposite attractions and desires;
The struggle of the instinct that enjoys,
And the more noble instinct that aspires.

These perturbations, this perpetual jar Of earthly wants and aspirations high, Come from the influence of an unseen star, An undiscovered planet in our sky

And as the moon from some dark gate of cloud Throws o'er the sea a floating bridge of light, Across whose trembling planks our fancies crowd Into the realm of mystery and night,—

So from the world of spirits there descends A bridge of light, connecting it with this, O'er whose unsteady floor, that sways and bends, Wander our thoughts above the dark abyss.

IN THE CHURCHYARD AT CAMBRIDGE.

In the village churchyard she lies,
Dust is in her beautiful eyes,
No more she breathes, nor feels,
nor stirs;
At her feet and at her head
Lies a slave to attend the dead,
But their dust is white as hers.

Was she, a lady of high degree, So much in love with the vanity And foolish pomp of this world of ours? Or was it Christian charity,
And lowliness and humility,
The richest and rarest of all
dowers?

Who shall tell us? No one speaks, No colour shoots into those cheeks, Either of anger or of pride,

At the rude question we have asked;

Nor will the mystery be unmasked

. By those who are sleeping at her side.

Hereafter?—And do you think to look

On the terrible pages of that Book To find her failings, faults, and errors?

Ah, you will then have other cares, In your own shortcomings and despairs,

In your own secret sins and terrors!

THE EMPEROR'S BIRD'S-NEST.

ONCE the Emperor Charles of Spain With his swarthy, grave commanders,

I forget in what campaign,
Long besieged, in mud and rain,
Some old frontier town of
Flånders.

Up and down the dreary camp,
In great boots of Spanish leather,
Striding with a measured tramp,
These Hidalgos, dull and damp,
Cursed the Frenchmen, cursed
the weather.

Thus as to and fro they went
Over upland and through hollow,
Giving their impatience vent,
Perched upon the Emperor's tent,
In her nest, they spied a swallow.

Yes, it was a swallow's nest,
Built of clay and hair of horses,
Mane, or tail, or dragoon's crest,
Found on hedge-rows east and west,
After skirmish of the forces.

Then an old Hidalgo said,
As he twirled his gray mustachio,
"Sure this swallow overhead
Thinks the Emperor's tent a shed,
And the Emperor but a Macho!"

Hearing his imperial name Coupled with those words of malice,

Half in anger, half in shame, Forth the great campaigner came Slowly from his canvas palace.

"Let no hand the bird molest,"
Said he solemnly, "nor hurt
her!"

Adding then, by way of jest, "Golondrina is my guest,
"T is the wife of some deserter!"

Swift as bow-string speeds a shaft, Through the camp was spread the rumour,

And the soldiers, as they quaffed Flemish beer at dinner, laughed At the Emperor's pleasant humour.

So unharmed and unafraid
Sat the swallow still and brooded,

Till the constant cannonade
Through the walls a breach had
made,

And the siege was thus concluded,

Then the army, elsewhere bent, Struck its tents as if disbanding, Only not the Emperor's tent, For he ordered, ere he went, Very curtly, "Leave it standing!"

So it stood there all alone, Loosely flapping, torn and tattered,

Till the brood was fledged and flown,

Singing o'er those walls of stone Which the cannon-shot had shattered.

THE TWO ANGELS.

Two angels, one of Life and one of Death,
Passed o'er our village as the morning broke;
The dawn was on their faces, and beneath,
The sombre houses hearsed with plumes of smoke

Their attitude and aspect were the same,
Alike their features and their robes of white;
But one was crowned with amaranth, as with flame,
And one with asphodels, like flakes of light.

I saw them pause on their celestial way;
Then said I, with deep fear and doubt oppressed,
"Beat not so loud, my heart, lest thou betray
The place where thy beloved are at rest!"

And he who wore the crown of asphodels,
Descending, at my door began to knock,
And my soul sank within me, as in wells
The waters sink before an earthquake's shock.

I recognised the nameless agony,

The terror and the tremor and the pain,

That oft before had filled or haunted me,

And now returned with threefold strength again.

The door I opened to my heavenly guest,
And listened, for I thought I heard God's voice;
And, knowing whatsoe'er He sent was best,
Dared neither to lament nor to rejoice.

Then with a smile, that filled the house with light, "My errand is not Death, but Life," he said; And ere I answered, passing out of sight, On his celestial embassy he sped.

'T was at thy door, O friend! and not at mine, The angel with the amaranthine wreath, Pausing, descended, and with voice divine, Whispered a word that had a sound like Death. Then fell upon the house a sudden gloom,
A shadow on those features fair and thin,
And softly, from that hushed and darkened room.
Two angels issued, where but one went in.

All is of God! If He but wave His hand,
The mists collect, the rain falls thick and loud,
Till, with a smile of light on sea and land,
Lo! He looks back from the departing cloud.

Angels of Life and Death alike are His; Without His leave they pass no threshold o'er; Who, then, would wish or dare, believing this, Against His messengers to shut the door?

DAYLIGHT AND MOON-LIGHT.

In broad daylight and at noon, Yesterday I saw the moon Sailing high, but faint and white, As a schoolboy's paper kite.

In broad daylight, yesterday, I read a Poet's mystic lay; And it seemed to me at most As a phantom, or a ghost.

But at length the feverish day Like a passion died away, And the night, serene and still, Fell on village, vale, and hill.

Then the moon, in all her pride,
Like a spirit glorified,
Filled and overflowed the night
With revelations of her light.

And the Poet's song again

Passed like music through my
brain;

Night interpreted to me
All its grace and mystery.

THE JEWISH CEMETERY AT NEWPORT.

How strange it seems! These Hebrews in their graves, Close by the street of this fair seaport town, Silent beside the never-silent waves, At rest in all this moving up and down!

The trees are white with dust, that o'er their sleep.

Wave their broad curtains in the south-wind's breath,
While underneath these leafy tents they keep
The long, mysterious Exodus of Death.

And these sepulchral stones, so old and brown,
That pave with level flags their burial-place,
Seem like the tablets of the Law, thrown down
And broken by Moses at the mountain's base.

The very names recorded here are strange, Of foreign accent, and of different climes; Alvares and Rivera interchange With Abraham and Jacob of old times.

"Blessed be God! for he created Death!"

The mourners said, "and Death is rest and peace;"

Then added, in the certainty of faith,

"And giveth Life that nevermore shall cease."

Closed are the portals of their Synagogue, No Psalms of David now the silence break, No Rabbi reads the ancient Decalogue In the grand dialect the Prophets spake.

Gone are the living, but the dead remain,
And not neglected; for a hand unseen,
Scattering its bounty, like a summer rain,
Still keeps their graves and their remembrance green.

How came they here? What burst of Christian hate, What persecution, merciless and blind, Drove o'er the sea—that desert desolate—
These Ishmaels and Hagars of mankind?

They lived in narrow streets and lanes obscure,
Ghetto and Judenstrass, in mirk and mire;
Taught in the school of patience to endure
The life of anguish and the death of fire.

All their lives long, with the unleavened bread And bitter herbs of exile and its fears, The wasting famine of the heart they fed, And slaked its thirst with marah of their tears. Anathema maranatha! was the cry
That rang from town to town, from street to street;
At every gate the accursed Mordecai
Was mocked and jeered, and spurned by Christian feet.

Pride and humiliation hand in hand
Walked with them through the world where'er they went;
Trampled and beaten were they as the sand,
And yet unshaken as the continent.

For in the background figures vague and vast Of patriarchs and of prophets rose sublime, And all the great traditions of the Past They saw reflected in the coming time.

And thus forever with reverted look
The mystic volume of the world they read,
Spelling it backward, like a Hebrew book,
Till life became a Legend of the Dead.

But ah! what once has been shall be no more!

The groaning earth in travail and in pain
Brings forth its races, but does not restore,
And the dead nations never rise again.

OLIVER BASSELIN.

In the Valley of the Vire
Still is seen an ancient mill,
With its gables quaint and queer,
And beneath the window-sill
On the stone,
These words alone:
"Oliver Basselin lived here."

Far above it, on the steep,
Ruined stands the old Château;
Nothing but the donjon-keep
Left for shelter or for show.
Its vacant eyes
Stare at the skies,
Stare at the valley green and deep.

Once a convent, old and brown,
Looked, but ah! it looks no
more,
From the neighbouring hillside down
On the rushing and the roar
Of the stream
Whose sunny gleam
Cheers the little Norman town.

In that darksome mill of stone,
To the water's dash and din,
Careless, humble, and unknown,
Sang the poet Basselin
Songs that fill
That ancient mill
With a splendour of its own.

Never feeling of unrest
Broke the pleasant dream he
dreamed;
Only made to be his nest,
All the lovely valley seemed;
No desire
Of soaring higher
Stirred or fluttered in his breast.

True, his songs were not divine;
Were not songs of that high art,
Which, as winds do in the pine,
Find an answer in each heart;
But the mirth
Of this green earth
Laughed and revelled in his line.

From the alehouse and the inn,
Opening on the narrow street,
Came the loud, convivial din,
Singing and applause of feet,
The laughing lays
That in those days
Sang the poet Basselin.

In the castle, cased in steel,
Knights, who fought at Agincourt,
Watched and waited, spur on
heel;
But the poet sang for sport

Songs that rang
Another clang,
Songs that lowlier hearts could
feel.

In the convent, clad in gray,
Sat the monks in lonely cells,
Paced the cloisters, knelt to pray,
And the poet heard their bells;
But his rhymes
Found other chimes,
Nearer to the earth than they.

Gone are all the barons bold,
Gone are all the knights and
squires,
Gone the abbot stern and cold,
And the brotherhood of friars;
Not a name
Remains to fame,
From those mouldering days of old!

But the poet's memory here
Of the landscape makes a part;
Like the river, swift and clear,
Flows his song through many a
heart;
Haunting still
That ancient mill
In the Valley of the Vire.

VICTOR GALBRAITH.

UNDER the walls of Monterey
At daybreak the bugles began to play,
Victor Galbraith!
In the mist of the morning damp and gray,
These were the words they seemed to say:
"Come forth to thy death,
Victor Galbraith!"

BIRDS OF PASSAGE.

Forth he came, with a martial tread;
Firm was his step, erect his head;
Victor Galbraith,
He who so well the bugle played,
Could not mistake the words it said:
"Come forth to thy death,
Victor Galbraith!"

He looked at the earth, he looked at the sl:y,
He looked at the files of musketry,
Victor Galbraith!
And he said, with a steady voice and eye,
"Take good aim; I am ready to die!"
Thus challenges death
Victor Galbraith!

Twelve fiery tongues flashed straight and red,
Six leaden balls on their errand sped;
Victor Galbraith
Falls to the ground, but he is not dead:
His name was not stamped on those balls of lead
And they only scath
Victor Galbraith.

Three balls are in his breast and brain,
But he rises out of the dust again,
Victor Galbraith!
The water he drinks has a bloody stain;
"Oh kill me, and put me out of my pain!"
In his agony prayeth
Victor Galbraith.

Forth dart once more those tongues of flame.
And the bugler has died a death of shame,
Victor Galbraith!
His soul has gone back to whence it came,
And no one answers to the name,
When the Sergeant saith,
"Victor Galbraith!"

Under the walls of Monterey By night a bugle is heard to play,

Victor Galbraith!

Through the mist of the valley damp and gray The sentinels hear the sound, and say,

"That is the wraith Of Victor Galbraith!"

MY LOST YOUTH.

OFTEN I think of the beautiful town
That is seated by the sea;
Often in thought go up and down
The pleasant streets of that dear old town,
And my youth comes back to me.

And a verse of a Lapland song Is haunting my memory still:

"A boy's will is the wind's will,

And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts."

I can see the shadowy lines of its trees, And catch, in sudden gleams,

The sheen of the far-surrounding seas,

And islands that were the Hesperides

Of all my boyish dreams.

And the burden of that old song, It murmurs and whispers still:

"A boy's will is the wind's will,

And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts."

I remember the black wharves and the slips, .

And the sea-tides tossing free;

And Spanish sailors with bearded lips,

And the beauty and mystery of the ships,

And the magic of the sea.

And the voice of that wayward song

Is singing and saying still:

"A boy's will is the wind's will,

And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts.

I remember the bulwarks by the shore
And the fort upon the hill;
The sunrise gun, with its hollow roar,
The drum-beat repeated o'er and o'er,
And the bugle wild and shrill.
And the music of that old song
Throbs in my memory still:
"A boy's will is the wind's will,
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts.'

I remember the sea-fight far away,
How it thundered o'er the tide!
And the dead captains, as they lay
In their graves, o'erlooking the tranquil bay
Where they in battle died.
And the sound of that mournful song
Goes through me with a thrill:
"A boy's will is the wind's will,
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts."

I can see the breezy dome of groves,
The shadows of Deering's Woods;
And the friendships old and the early loves
Come back with a Sabbath sound, as of doves.
In quiet neighbourhoods.

And the verse of that sweet old song,
It flutters and murmurs still:
"A boy's will is the wind's will,
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts."

I remember the gleams and glooms that dart
Across the schoolboy's brain;
The song and the silence in the heart,
That in part are prophecies, and in part
Are longings wild and vain.
And the voice of that fitful song
Sings on, and is never still:

"A boy's will is the wind's will,
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts."

There are things of which I may not speak; There are dreams that cannot die: There are thoughts that make the strong heart weak. And bring a pallor into the cheek, And a mist before the eye.

· And the words of that fatal song Come over me like a chill:

"A boy's will is the wind's will, And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts."

Strange to me now are the forms I meet When I visit the dear old town: But the native air is pure and sweet, And the trees that o'ershadow each well-known street As they balance up and down, Are singing the beautiful song, Are sighing and whispering still: "A boy's will is the wind's will,

And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts."

And Deering's Woods are fresh and fair, And with joy that is almost pain My heart goes back to wander there, And among the dreams of the days that were, I find my lost youth again. And the strange and beautiful song, The groves are repeating it still: "A boy's will is the wind's will,

And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts."

THE ROPEWALK. In that building, long and low, With its windows all a-row, Like the port-holes of a hulk, Human spiders spin and spin, Backward down their threads so

Dropping, each a hempen bulk.

At the end, an open door; Squares of sunshine on the floor dusky Light the long and lane; And the whirring of a wheel, Dull and drowsy, makes me feel All its spokes are in my brain.

As the spinners to the end
Downward go and reascend,
Gleam the long threads in the sun;
While within this brain of mine
Cobwebs brighter and more fine
By the busy wheel are spun.

Two fair maidens in a swing,
Like white doves upon the wing,
First before my vision pass;
Laughing, as their gentle hands
Closely clasp the twisted strands,
At their shadow on the grass.

Then a booth of mountebanks, With its smell of tan and planks, And a girl poised high in air On a cord, in spangled dress, With a faded loveliness, And a weary look of care.

Then a homestead among farms,
And a woman with bare arms
Drawing water from a well;
As the bucket mounts apace,
With it mounts her own fair face,
As at some magician's spell.

Then an old man in a tower, Ringing loud the noontide hour, While the rope coils round and round, Like a serpent at his feet, And again, in swift retreat, Nearly lifts him from the ground.

Then within a prison-yard,
Faces fixed, and stern, and hard,
Laughter and indecent mirth;
Ah! it is the gallows-tree;
Breath of Christian charity,
Blow, and sweep it from the earth!

Then a schoolboy, with his kite
Gleaming in a sky of light,
And an eager, upward look;
Steeds pursued through lane and field;
Fowlers with their snares concealed;
And an angler by a brook.

Ships rejoicing in the breeze,
Wrecks that float o'er unknown seas,
Anchors dragged through faithless sand;
Sea-fog drifting overhead,
And, with lessening line and lead,
Sailors feeling for the land.

All these scenes do I behold,
These, and many left untold,
In that building long and low;
While the wheel goes round and round,
With a drowsy, dreamy sound,
And the spinners backward go.

THE GOLDEN MILE-STONE.

LEAFLESS are the trees; their purple branches
Spread themselves abroad, like reefs of coral,
Rising silent
In the Red Sea of the Winter sunset.

From the hundred chimneys of the village, Like the Afreet in the Arabian story, Smoky columns Tower aloft into the air of amber. At the window winks the flickering fire-light; Here and there the lamps of evening glimmer, Social watchfires

Answering one another through the darkness.

On the hearth the lighted logs are glowing, And like Ariel in the cloven pine-tree For its freedom Groans and sighs the air imprisoned in them.

By the fireside there are old men scated, Seeing ruined cities in the ashes, Asking sadly

Of the Past what it can ne'er restore them.

By the fireside there are youthful dreamers, Building castles fair, with stately stairways, Asking blindly Of the Future what it cannot give them.

By the fireside tragedies are acted In whose scenes appear two actors only, Wife and husband, And above them God the sole spectator.

By the fireside there are peace and comfort,
Wives and children, with fair, thoughtful faces,
Waiting, watching
For a well-known footstep in the passage.

Each man's chimney is his Golden Mile-stone; Is the central point, from which he measures.

Every distance
Through the gateways of the world around him

In his farthest wanderings still he sees it;
Hears the talking flame, the answering night-wind,
As he heard them
When he sat with those who were, but are not.

Happy he whom neither wealth nor fashion,
Nor the march of the encroaching city,
Drives an exile
From the hearth of his ancestral homestead.

We may build more splendid habitations,
Fill our rooms with paintings and with sculptures
But we cannot
Buy with gold the old associations!

CATAWBA WINE.

This song of mine
Is a Song of the Vine,
To be sung by the glowing embers
Of wayside inns,
When the rain begins
To darken the drear Novembers.

Of the Scuppernong,
From warm Carolinian valleys,
Nor the Isabel
And the Muscadel
That bask in our garden alleys.

Nor the red Mustang,
Whose clusters hang
O'er the waves of the Colorado,
And the fiery flood
Of whose purple blood
Has a dash of Spanish bravado.

For richest and best
Is the wine of the West,
That grows by the Beautiful River;
Whose sweet perfume
Fills all the room
With a benison on the giver.

And as hollow trees
Are the haunts of bees,
Forever going and coming;

So this crystal hive
Is all alive
With a swarming and buzzing and
humming.

Very good in its way
Is the Verzenay,
Or the Sillery foft and creamy;
But Catawba wine
Has a taste more divine,
More dulcet, delicious, and
dreamy.

There grows no vine
By the haunted Rhine,
By Danube or Guadalquivir,
Nor on island or cape,
That bears such a grape
As grows by the Beautiful River.

Drugged is their juice
For foreign use,
When shipped o'er the reeling
Atlantic,
To rack our brains
With the fever pains,
That have driven the Old World
frantic.

To the sewers and sinks
With all such drinks,
And after them tumble the mixer;

For a poison malign Is such Borgia wine, Or at best but a Devil's Elixir.

While pure as a spring
Is the wine I sing, [name it;
And to praise it, one needs but
For Catawba wine
Has need of no sign,
No tavern-bush to proclaim it.

And this Song of the Vine,
This greeting of mine,
The winds and the birds shall deliver

To the Queen of the West, In her garlands dressed, On the banks of the Beautiful River.

SANTA FILOMENA.

Whene'er a noble deed is wrought, Whene'er is spoken a noble thought, Our hearts, in glad surprise, To higher levels rise.

The tidal wave of deeper souls Into our inmost being rolls, And lifts us unawares Out of all meaner cares.

Honour to those whose words or deeds

Thus help us in our daily needs, And by their overflow Raise us from what is low!

Thus thought I, as by night I read,
Of the great army of the dead,
The trenches cold and damp,
The starved and frozen camp,—

The wounded from the battle-plain, In dreary hospitals of pain, The cheerless corridors, The cold and stony floors. Lo! in that house of misery

A lady with a lamp I see

Pass through the glimmering gloom,

And flit from room to room.

And slow, as in a dream of bliss, The speechless sufferer turns to kiss Her shadow, as it falls Upon the darkening walls.

As if a door in heaven should be Opened and then closed suddenly, The vision came and went, The light shone and was spent.

On England's annals, through the long

Hereafter of her speech and song

Hereafter of her speech and song, That light its rays shall cast From portals of the past.

A Lady with a Lamp shall stand In the great history of the land, A noble type of good, Heroic womanhood.

Nor even shall be wanting here The palm, the lily, and the spear, The symbols that of yore Saint Filomena bore.

THE DISCOVERER OF THE NORTH CAPE.

LEAF FROM KING ALFRED'S OROSIUS.

OTHERE, the old sea-captain,
Who dwelt in Helgoland,
To King Alfred, the Lover of
Truth,

Brought a snow-white walrus-tooth.

Which he held in his brown right hand.

His figure was tall and stately, Like a boy's his eye appeared; His hair was yellow as hay, But threads of a silvery gray Gleamed in his tawny beard.

Hearty and hale was Othere,
His cheek had the colour of oak;
With a kind of a laugh in his speech,
Like the sea-tide on a beach,
As unto the King he spoke.

And Alfred, King of the Saxons,
Had a book upon his knees,
And wrote down the wondrous tale
Of him who was first to sail
Into the Arctic seas.

- "So far I live to the northward,
 No man lives north of me;
 To the east are wild mountain-chains,
 And beyond them meres and plains;
 To the westward all is sea.
- "So far I live to the northward,
 From the harbour of Skeringeshale,
 If you only sailed by day,
 With a fair wind all the way,
 More than a month would you sail.
- "I own six hundred reindeer,
 With sheep and swine beside;
 I have tribute from the Finns,
 Whalebone and reindeer-skins,
 And ropes of walrus-hide.
- "I ploughed the land with horses, But my heart was ill at ease, For the old seafaring men Came to me now and then, With their sagas of the seas;—

- "Of Iceland and of Greenland, And the stormy Hebrides, And the undiscovered deep;— Oh I could not eat nor sleep For thinking of those seas.
- "To the northward stretched the desert,

How far I fain would know; So at last I sallied forth, And three days sailed due north, As far as the whale-ships go.

- "To the west of me was the ocean,
 To the right the desolate shore,
 But I did not slacken sail
 For the walrus or the whale,
 Till after three days more.
- "The days grew longer and longer,
 Till they became as one,
 And northward through the haze
 I saw the sullen blaze
 Of the red midnight sun.
- "And then uprose before me, Upon the water's edge, The huge and haggard shape Of that unknown North Cape, Whose form is like a wedge.
- "The sea was rough and stormy,
 The tempest howled and wailed,
 And the sea-fog, like a ghost,
 Haunted that dreary coast,
 But onward still I sailed.
- "Four days I steered to eastward,
 Four days without a night:
 Round in a fiery ring
 Went the great sun, O King,
 With red and lurid light."

Here Alfred, King of the Saxons, Ceased writing for a while; And raised his eyes from his book, With a strange and puzzled look, And an incredulous smile.

But Othere, the old sea-captain, He neither paused nor stirred, Till the King listened, and then Once more took up his pen, And wrote down every word.

"And now the land," said Othere,
"Bent southward suddenly,
And I followed the curving shore,
And ever southward bore
Into a nameless sea.

"And there we hunted the walrus,
The narwhale, and the seal;
Ha! 't was a noble game!
And like the lightning's flame
Flew our harpoons of steel.

"There were six of us all together,
Norsemen of Helgoland;
In two days and no more
We killed of them threescore,
And dragged them to the
strand!"

Here Alfred the Truth-teller
Suddenly closed his book,
And lifted his blue eyes,
With doubt and strange surmise
Depicted in their look.

And Othere the old sea-captain Stared at him wild and weird, Then smiled, till his shining teeth Gleamed white from underneath His tawny, quivering beard. And to the King of the Saxons,
In witness of the truth,
Raising his noble head,
He stretched his brown hand, and
said,
"Behold this walrus-tooth!"

DAYBREAK.

A WIND came up out of the sea, And said, "O mists, make room for me."

It hailed the ships, and cried, "Sail on, Ye mariners, the night is gone."

And hurried landward far away, Crying, "Awake! it is the day."

It said unto the forest, "Shout! Hang all your leafy banners out!"

It touched the wood-bird's folded wing, And said, "O bird, awake and sing."

And o'er the farms, "O chanticleer, Your clarion blow; the day is near."

It whispered to the fields of corn, "Bow down, and hail the coming morn."

It shouted through the belfry-tower, "Awake, O bell! proclaim the hour."

It crossed the churchyard with a sigh,
And said, "Not yet! in quiet lie."

THE FIFTLETH BIRTHDAY OF AGASSIZ.

MAY 28, 1857.

It was fifty years ago,
In the pleasant month of May,
In the beautiful Pays de Vaud,
A child in its cradle lay.

And Nature, the old nurse, took
The child upon her knee,
Saying: "Here is a story-book
Thy Father has written for thee."

"Come, wander with me," she said,
"Into regions yet untrod;
And read what is still unread
In the manuscripts of God."

And he wandered away and away
With Nature, the dear old nurse,
Who sang to him night and day
The rhymes of the universe.

And whenever the way seemed long, Or his heart began to fail, [song, She would sing a more wonderful Or tell a more marvellous tale.

So she keeps him still a child, And will not let him go, Though at times his heart beats wild For the beautiful Pays de Vaud;

Though at times he hears in his dreams

The Ranz des Vaches of old, And the rush of mountain streams From glaciers clear and cold;

And the mother at home says, "Hark! For his voice I listen and yearn;

It is growing late and dark,
And my boy does not return!"

CHILDREN.

COME to me, O ye children!

For I hear you at your play,

And the questions that perplexed

me

Have vanished quite away.

Ye open the eastern windows,
That look towards the sun,
Where thoughts are singing
swallows,
And the breeks of morning run

And the brooks of morning run.

In your hearts are the birds and the sunshine,

In your thoughts the brooklet's flow,

But in mine is the wind of Autumn, And the first fall of the snow.

Ah! what would the world be to us,
If the children were no more?
We should dread the desert behind us
Worse than the dark before.

What the leaves are to the forest, With light and air for food, Ere their sweet and tender juices Have been hardened into wood,—

That to the world are children;
Through them it feels the glow
Of a brighter and sunnier climate
Than reaches the trunks below.

Come to me, O ye children!

And whisper in my ear

What the birds and the winds are singing

In your sunny atmosphere.

For what are all our contrivings, And the wisdom of our books, When compared with your caresses, And the gladness of your looks? Ye are better than all the ballads
That ever were sung or said;
For ye are living poems,
And all the rest are dead.

SANDALPHON.

HAVE you read in the Talmud of old,

In the Legends the Rabbins have told

Of the limitless realms of the air, Have you read it,—the marvellous story

Of Sandalphon, the Angel of Glory, Sandalphon, the Angel of Prayer?

How, erect, at the outermost gates Of the City Celestial he waits,

With his feet on the ladder of light,

That, crowded with angels unnumbered,

By Jacob was seen, as he slumbered Alone in the desert at night?

The Angels of Wind and of Fire Chant only one hymn, and expire With the song's irresistible stress; Expire in their rapture and wonder, As harp-strings are broken asunder By music they throb to express.

But serene in the rapturous throng, Unmoved by the rush of the song,

With eyes unimpassioned and slow,

Among the dead angels, the deathless

Sandalphon stands listening breathless

Te sounds that ascend from below:—

From the spirits on earth that adore, From the souls that entreat and implore

In the fervour and passion of prayer;

From the hearts that are broken with losses, [crosses

And weary with dragging the Too heavy for mortals to bear.

And he gathers the prayers as he stands,

And they change into flowers in his hands.

Into garlands of purple and red;
And beneath the great arch of the
portal, [Immortal

Through the streets of the City Is wafted the fragrance they shed.

It is but a legend, I know,—
A fable, a phantom, a show,
Of the ancient Rabbinical lore;
Yet the old mediæval tradition,
The beautiful, strange superstition,
But haunts me and holds me the
more.

When I look from my window at night,

And the welkin above is all white, All throbbing and panting with stars.

Among them majestic is standing Sandalphon the angel, expanding His pinions in nebulous bars.

And the legend, I feel, is a part
Of the hunger and thirst of the heart,
The frenzy and fire of the brain,
That grasps at the fruitage forbidden,

The golden pomegranates of Eden, To quiet its fever and pain.

FLIGHT THE SECOND. THE CHILDREN'S HOUR.

BETWEEN the dark and the daylight, When the night is beginning to lower,

Comes a pause in the day's occupa-

That is known as the Children's Hour.

I hear in the chamber above me The patter of little feet,

The sound of a door that is opened, And voices soft and sweet.

From my study I see in the lamplight,

Descending the broad hall stair, Grave Alice, and laughing Allegra, And Edith with golden hair.

A whisper, and then a silence; Yet I know by their merry eyes They are plotting and planning together

To take me by surprise.

A sudden rush from the stairway, A sudden raid from the hall! By three doors left unguarded They enter my castle wall!

They climb up into my turret O'er the arms and back of my chair;

If I try to escape, they surround

They seem to be everywhere.

They almost devour me with kisses, Their arms about me entwine,

Till I think of the Bishop of Bingen

In his Mouse Tower on the Rhine!

Do you think, O blue-eyed banditti, Because your have scaled the wall.

Such an old moustache as I am Is not a match for you all!

I have you fast in my fortress, And will not let you depart, But put you down into the dungeon In the round-tower of my heart.

And there will I keep you forever, Yes, forever and a day, Till the walls shall crumble to ruin, And moulder in dust away!

ENCELADUS.

UNDER Mount Etna he lies. It is slumber, it is not death; For he struggles at times to arise, And above him the lurid skies Are hot with his fiery breath.

The crags are piled on his breast, The earth is heaped on his head; But the groans of his wild unrest, Though smothered and half suppressed.

Are heard, and he is not dead.

And the nations far away Are watching with eager eyes; They talk together and say, "To-morrow, perhaps to-day, Enceladus will arise!"

And the old gods, the austere Oppressors in their strength, Stand aghast and white with fear At the ominous sounds they hear, And tremble, and mutter, "At length!"

Ah me! for the land that is sown
With the harvest of despair,
Where the burning cinders, blown
From the lips of the overthrown
Enceladus, fill the air;

Where ashes are heaped in drifts

Over vineyard and field and
town,

Whenever he starts and lifts

His head through the blackened rifts

Of the crags that keep him down.

See, see! the red light shines!
"It is the glare of his awful eyes!
And the storm-wind shouts through the pines
Of Alps and of Apennines,
"Enceladus, arise!"

THE CUMBERLAND.

At anchor in Hampton Roads we lay,
On board of the Cumberland sloop-of-war;
And at times from the fortress across the bay
The alarum of drums swept past,
Or a bugle blast
From the camp on the shore.

Then far away to the south uprose
A little feather of snow-white smoke,
And we knew that the iron ship of our foes
Was steadily steering its course
To try the force
Of our ribs of oak.

Down upon us heavily runs,
Silent and sullen, the floating fort;
Then comes a puff of smoke from her guns,
And leaps the terrible death,
With fiery breath,
From each open port.

We are not idle, but send her straight
Defiance back in a full broadside!
As hail rebounds from a roof of slate
Rebounds our heavier hail
From each iron scale
Of the monster's hide.

"Strike your flag!" the rebel cries,
In his arrogant old plantation strain.

"Never!" our gallant Morris replies;
"It is better to sink than to yield!"
And the whole air pealed
With the cheers of our men.

Then, like a kraken huge and black,
She crushed our ribs in her iron grasp!
Down went the Cumberland all a wrack,
With a sudden shudder of death,
And the cannon's breath
For her dying gasp.

Next morn, as the sun rose over the bay,
Still floated our flag at the mainmast head.
Lord, how beautiful was Thy day!
Every waft of the air
Was a whisper of prayer,
Or a dirge for the dead.

Ho! brave hearts that went down in the seas!
Ye are at peace in the troubled stream;
Ho! brave land! with hearts like these,
Thy flag, that is rent in twain,
Shall be one again,
And without a seam!

SNOW-FLAKES.

Out of the bosom of the Air,
Out of the cloud-folds of her garments shaken,
Over the woodlands brown and

Over the woodlands brown and bare,
Over the barvest-fields forsaken.

Over the harvest-fields forsaken, Silent, and soft, and slow Descends the snow. Even as our cloudy fancies take Suddenly shape in some divine expression,

Even as the troubled heart doth make

In the white countenance confession,

The troubled sky reveals

The grief it feels.

This is the poem of the air,
Slowly in silent syllables recorded;

This is the secret of despair,

Long in its cloudy bosom hoarded,

Now whispered and revealed

To wood and field.

A DAY OF SUNSHINE.

O GIFT of God! O perfect day: Whereon shall no man work, but play;

Whereon it is enough for me, Not to be doing, but to be!

Through every fibre of my brain, Through every nerve, through every vein,

I feel the electric thrill, the touch Of life, that seems almost too much.

I hear the wind among the trees
Playing celestial symphonies;
I see the branches downward
bent,

Like keys of some great instrument.

And over me unrolls on high
The splendid scenery of the sky,
Where through a sapphire sea the
sun
Sails like a golden galleon,

Towards yonder cloud-land in the West,

Towards yonder Islands of the Blest,

Whose steep sierra far uplifts
Its craggy summits white with drifts.

Blow, winds! and waft through all the rooms

The snow-flakes of the cherry-blooms!

Blow, winds! and bend within my reach

The fiery blossoms of the peach.

O Life and Love! O happy throng Of thoughts, whose only speech is song!

O heart of man! canst thou not be Blithe as the air is, and as free?

SOMETHING LEFT UNDONE.

Labour with what zeal we will,
Something still remains undone,
Something uncompleted still
Waits the rising of the sun.

By the bedside, on the stair,
At the threshold, near the gates,
With its menace, or its prayer,
Like a mendicant it waits;

Waits, and will not go away;
Waits, and will not be gainsaid:

By the cares of yesterday Each to-day is heavier made;

Till at length the burden seems Greater than our strength can bear,

Heavy as the weight of dreams, Pressing on us everywhere.

And we stand from day to day,
Like the dwarfs of times gone by,
Who, as Northern legends say,
On their shoulders held the
sky.

WEARINESS.

O LITTLE feet! that such long years

Must wander on through hopes and fears,

Must ache and bleed beneath your load;

I, nearer to the wayside inn

Where toil shall cease and rest begin,

Am weary, thinking of your road!

O little hands! that, weak or strong,

Have still to serve or rule so long, Have still so long to give or ask;

I, who so much with book and pen

Have toiled among my fellow-men, Am weary, thinking of your task.

O little hearts! that throb and beat

With such impatient, feverish heat, Such limitless and strong desires;

Mine, that so long has glowed and burned,

With passions into ashes turned, Now covers and conceals its fires.

O little souls! as pure and white And crystalline as rays of light Direct from heaven, their source divine;

Refracted through the mist of years,
How red my setting sun appears,
How lurid looks this soul of
mine!

FLIGHT THE THIRD. FATA MORGANA.

O sweet illusions of Song,
That tempt me everywhere,
In the lonely fields, and the throng
Of the crowded thoroughfare!

I approach, and ye vanish away, I grasp you, and ye are gone; But ever by night and by day, The melody soundeth on.

As the weary traveller sees
In desert or prairie vast,
Blue lakes, overhung with trees,
That a pleasant shadow cast;

Fair towns with turrets high,
And shining roofs of gold,
That vanish as he draws nigh,
Like mists together rolled,—

So I wander and wander along,
And forever before me gleams
The shining city of song,
In the beautiful land of dreams.

But when I would enter the gate
Of that golden atmosphere,
It is gone, and I wonder and wait
For the vision to reappear.

THE HAUNTED CHAMBER.

EACH heart has its haunted chamber, Where the silent moonlight falls! On the floor are mysterious footsteps, There are whispers along the walls!

And mine at times is haunted By phantoms of the Past, As motionless as shadows By the silent moonlight cast. A form sits by the window, That is not seen by day, For as soon as the dawn approaches It vanishes away.

It sits there in the moonlight, Itself as pale and still, And points with its airy finger Across the window-sill.

Without, before the window, There stands a gloomy pine, Whose boughs wave upward and downward As wave these thoughts of mine.

And underneath its branches Is the grave of a little child, Who died upon life's threshold, And never wept nor smiled.

What are ye, O pallid phantoms! That haunt my troubled brain? That vanish when day approaches, And at night return again?

What are ye, O pallid phantoms! But the statues without breath, That stand on the bridge overarching The silent river of death?

THE MEETING.

After so long an absence At last we meet again: Does the meeting give us pleasure, Or does it give us pain?

The tree of life has been shaken, And but few of us linger now, Like the Prophet's two or three berries In the top of the uppermost bough. We cordially greet each other In the old, familiar tone; And we think, though we do not say it, How old and gray he is grown!

We speak of a Merry Christmas And many a Happy New Year; But each in his heart is thinking Of those that are not here.

We speak of friends and their fortunes, And of what they did and said, Till the dead alone seem living, And the living alone seem dead.

And at last we hardly distinguish the ghosts and the Between guests;

And a mist and shadow of sad-

Steals over our merriest jests.

VOX POPULI.

When Mazárvan the Magician Journeyed westward through Cathay,

Nothing heard he but the praises Of Badoura on his way.

But the lessening rumour ended When he came to Khaledan, There the folk were talking only Of Prince Camaralzaman.

So it happens with the poets: Every province hath its own: Camaralzaman is famous Where Badoura is unknown.

THE CASTLE-BUILDER.

A GENTLE boy, with soft and silken locks,

A dreamy boy, with brown and tender eyes,

A castle-builder, with his wooden blocks,

And towers that touch imaginary skies.

A fearless rider on his father's knee, An eager listener unto stories told At the Round Table of the nursery, Of heroes and adventures manifold.

There will be other towers for thee to build;

There will be other steeds for thee to ride;

There will be other legends, and all filled

With greater marvels and more glorified.

Build on, and make thy castles high and fair,

Rising and reaching upward to the skies;

Listen to voices in the upper air,

Nor lose thy simple faith in

mysteries.

CHANGED.

From the outskirts of the town,
Where of old the mile-stone stood,
Now a stranger, looking down,
I behold the shadowy crown
Of the dark and haunted wood.

Is it changed, or am I changed?

Ah! the oaks are fresh and green,

But the friends with whom I ranged Through their thickets are estranged By the years that intervene.

Bright as ever flows the sea,
Bright as ever shines the sun,
But alas! they seem to me
Not the sun that used to be,
Not the tides that used to run.

THE CHALLENGE.

I HAVE a vague remembrance Of a story, that is told In some ancient Spanish legend Or chronicle of old.

It was when brave King Sanchez Was before Zamora slain, And his great besieging army Lay encamped upon the plain.

Don Diego de Ordoñez
Sallied forth in front of all,
And shouted loud his challenge
To the warders on the wall.

All the people of Zamora,

Both the born and the unborn,
As traitors did he challenge

With taunting words of scorn.

The living, in their houses,
And in their graves, the dead!
And the waters of their rivers,
And their wine, and oil, and bread!

There is a greater army,

That besets us round with strife,
A starving, numberless army,

At all the gates of life.

The poverty-stricken millions
Who challenge our wine and
bread,

And impeach us all as traitors, Both the living and the dead.

And whenever I sit at the banquet, Where the feast and song are high,

Amid the mirth and the music I can hear that fearful cry.

And hollow and haggard faces
Look into the lighted hall,
And wasted hands are extended
To catch the crumbs that fall.

For within there is light and plenty,

And odours fill the air;
But without there is cold and darkness,

And hunger and despair.

And there in the camp of famine
In wind and cold and rain,
Christ, the great Lord of the army,
Lies dead upon the plain!

THE BROOK AND THE WAVE.

THE brooklet came from the mountain,

As sang the bard of old, Running with feet of silver Over the sands of gold!

Far away in the briny ocean

There rolled a turbulent wave,
Now singing along the sea-beach,
Now howling along the cave.

And the brooklet has found the billow,

Though they flowed so far apart, And has filled with its freshness and sweetness

That turbulent, bitter heart!

AFTERMATH.

WHEN the summer fields are mown,
When the birds are fledged and flown,
And the dry leaves strew the path;
With the falling of the snow,
With the cawing of the crow,
Once again the fields we mow
And gather in the aftermath.

Not the sweet, new grass with flowers Is this harvesting of ours;

Not the upland clover bloom; But the rowen mixed with weeds, Tangled tufts from marsh and meads, Where the poppy drops its seeds In the silence and the gloom.

FLIGHT THE FOURTH. CHARLES SUMNER.

Garlands upon his grave
And flowers upon his hearse,
And to the tender heart and brave
The tribute of this verse.

His was the troubled life,
The conflict and the pain,
The grief, the bitterness of strife,
The honour without stain.

Like Winkelried, he took
Into his manly breast
The sheaf of hostile spears, and broke
A path for the oppressed.

Then from the fatal field Upon a nation's heart Borne like a warrior on his shield!— So should the brave depart.

Death takes us by surprise, And stays our hurrying feet; The great design unfinished lies, Our lives are incomplete.

But in the dark unknown Perfect their circles seem, Even as a bridge's arch of stone Is rounded in the stream.

Alike are life and death, When life in death survives, And the uninterrupted breath Inspires a thousand lives.

Were a star quenched on high,
For ages would its light, [sky,
Still travelling downward from the
Shine on our mortal sight,

So when a great man dies, For years beyond our ken, The light he leaves behind him lies Upon the paths of men

TRAVELS BY THE FIRESIDE.

The ceaseless rain is falling fast, And yonder gilded vane, Immovable for three days past, Points to the misty main.

It drives me in upon myself,
And to the fireside gleams,
To pleasant books that crowd my
shelf.

And still more pleasant dreams.

I read whatever bards have sung Of lands beyond the sea, And the bright days when I was young

Come thronging back to me.

In fancy I can hear again
The Alpine torrent's roar,
The mule-bells on the hills of Spain,
The sea at Elsinore.

I see the convent's gleaming wall Rise from its groves of pine, And towers of old cathedrals tall, And castles by the Rhine.

I journey on by park and spire, Beneath centennial trees, Through fields with poppies all on fire, And gleams of distant seas.

I fear no more the dust and heat, No more I feel fatigue, While journeying with another's feet O'er many a lengthening league.

Let others traverse sea and land, And toil through various climes, I turn the world round with my hand Reading these poets' rhymes.

From them I learn whatever lies
Beneath each changing zone,
And see, when looking with their eyes,
Better than with mine own.

CADENABBIA.

LAKE OF COMO.

No sound of wheels or hoof-beat breaks

The silence of the summer day, As by the loveliest of all lakes I while the idle hours away. I pace the leafy colonnade,
Where level branches of the plane
Above me weave a roof of shade
Impervious to the sun and rain.

At times a sudden rush of air
Flutters the lazy leaves o'erhead,
And gleams of sunshine toss and flare
Like torches down the path I tread.

By Somariva's garden gate
I make the marble stairs my seat,
And hear the water, as I wait,
Lapping the steps beneath my feet.

The undulation sinks and swells
Along the stony parapets,
And far away the stony bells
Tinkle upon the fisher's nets.

Silent and slow, by tower and town
The freighted barges come and go,
Their pendent shadows gliding down
By town and tower submerged
below.

The hills sweep upward from the shore,

With villas scattered one by one Upon their wooded spurs, and lower Bellaggio blazing in the sun.

And dimly seen, a tangled mass
Of walls and woods, of light and
shade,

Stands, beckoning up the Stelvio Pass,

Varenna with its white cascade.

I ask myself, Is this a dream?
Will it all vanish into air?
Is there a land of such supreme
And perfect beauty anywhere?

Sweet vision! Do not fade away: Linger, until my heart shall take Into itself the summer day, And all the beauty of the lake;

Linger, until upon my brain
Is stamped an image of the scene;
Then fade into the air again,
And be as if thou hadst not been.

MONTE CASSINO.

TERRA DI LAVORO.

BEAUTIFUL valley! through whose verdant meads

Unheard the Garigliano glides along;—

The Liris, nurse of rushes and of reeds,

The river taciturn of classic song.

The Land of Labour and the Land of Rest,

Where mediæval towns are white on all

The hillsides, and where every mountain's crest

Is an Etrurian or a Roman wall.

There is Alagna, where Pope Boniface

Was dragged with contumely from his throne;

Sciarra Colonna, was that day's disgrace [own? The Pontiff's only, or in part thine

There is Ceprano, where a renegade Was each Apulian, as great Dante saith,

When Manfred by his men-at-arms betrayed [death. Spurred on to Benevento and to There is Aquinum, the old Volscian town,

Where Juvenal was born, whose lurid light

Still hovers o'er his birthplace like the crown [the night. Of splendour seen o'er cities in

Doubled the splendour is, that in its streets

The Angelic Doctor as a schoolboy played,

And dreamed perhaps the dreams, that he repeats [made. In ponderous folios for scholastics

And there, uplifted, like a passing cloud.

That pauses on a mountain summit high,

Monte Cassino's convent rears its proud [sky. And venerable walls against the

Well I remember how on foot I climbed

The stony pathway leading to its gate;

Above, the convent bells for vespers chimed, [desolate. Below, the darkening town grew

Well I remember the low arch and dark.

The courtyard with its well, the terrace wide,

From which, far down, the valley like a park,

Veiled in the evening mists, was dim descried.

The day was dying, and with feeble hands

Caressed the mountain-tops; the vales between

Darkened; the river in the meadowlands

Sheathed itself as a sword, and was not seen.

The silence of the place was like a sleep,

So full of rest it seemed; each passing tread

Was a reverberation from the deep Recesses of the ages that are dead.

For, more than thirteen centuries ago, Benedict fleeing from the gates of Rome,

A youth disgusted with its vice and woe,

Sought in these mountain solitudes a home.

He founded here his Convent and his Rule

Of prayer and work, and counted work as prayer;

The pen became a clarion, and his school

Flamed like a beacon in the midnight air.

What though Boccaccio, in his reckless way,

Mocking the iazy brotherhood, deplores

The illuminated manuscripts, that lay

Torn and neglected on the dusty floors?

Boccaccio was a novelist, a child Of fancy and of fiction at the best! This the urbane librarian said, and smiled

Incredulous, as at some idle jest.

Upon such themes as these, with one young friar

I sat conversing late into the night, Till in its cavernous chimney the wood-fire

Had burnt its heart out like an anchorite.

And then translated, in my convent cell,

Myself yet not myself, in dreams I lay,

And, as a monk who hears the matin bell.

Started from sleep;—already it was day.

From the high window I beheld the scene

On which Saint Benedict so oft had gazed,—

The mountains and the valley in the sheen

Of the bright sun,—and stood as one amazed.

Gray mists were rolling, rising, vanishing;

The woodlands glistened with their jewelled crowns;

Far off the mellow bells began to ring [towns.

For matins in the half-awakened

The conflict of the Present and the Past,

The ideal and the actual in our life,

As on a field of battle held me fast, Where this world and the next world were at strife.

For, as the valley from its sleep awoke,

I saw the iron horses of the steam Toss to the morning air their plumes of smoke,

And woke, as one awaketh from a dream.

P

AMALFI.

SWEET the memory is to me
Of a land beyond the sea,
Where the waves and mountains meet;
Where amid her mulberry-trees
Sits Amalfi in the heat,
Bathing ever her white feet
In the tideless summer seas.

In the middle of the town, From its fountains in the hills,

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Tumbling through the narrow gorge. The Canneto rushes down,
Turns the great wheels of the mills,
Lifts the hammers of the forge.

'T is a stairway, not a street,
That ascends the deep ravine,
Where the torrent leaps between
Rocky walls that almost meet.
Toiling up from stair to stair
Peasant girls their burdens bear;
Sunburnt daughters of the soil,
Stately figures tall and straight;
What inexorable fate
Dooms them to this life of toil?

Lord of vineyards and of lands, Far above the convent stands. On its terraced walk aloof Leans a monk with folded hands, Placid, satisfied, serene, Looking down upon the scene Over wall and red-tiled roof; Wondering unto what good end All this toil and traffic tend, And why all men cannot be Free from care and free from pain. And the sordid love of gain, And as indolent as he.

Where are now the freighted barks
From the marts of east and west?
Where the knights in iron sarks
Journeying to the Holy Land,
Glove of steel upon the hand,
Cross of crimson on the breast?
Where the pomp of camp and court?
Where the pilgrims with their prayers?

AMALFI. 451

Where the merchants with their wares, And their gallant brigantines Sailing safely into port, Chased by corsair Algerines?

Vanished like a fleet of cloud,
Like a passing trumpet-blast,
Are those splendours of the past,
And the commerce and the crowd!
Fathoms deep beneath the seas
Lie the ancient wharves and quays,
Swallowed by the engulfing waves;
Silent streets and vacant halls,
Ruined roofs and towers and walls;
Hidden from all mortal eyes
Deep the sunken city lies;
Even cities have their graves!

This is an enchanted land!
Round the headlands far away
Sweeps the blue Salernian bay
With its sickle of white sand:
Further still and furthermost
On the dim discovered coast
Pæstum with its ruins lies,
And its roses all in bloom
Seem to tinge the fatal skies
Of that lonely land of doom.

On his terrace, high in air,
Nothing doth the good monk care
For such worldly themes as these.
From the garden just below
Little puffs of perfume blow,
And a sound is in his ears
Of the murmur of the bees
In the shining chestnut-trees;
Nothing else he heeds or hears.

All the landscape seems to swoon In the happy afternoon; Slowly o'er his senses creep The encroaching waves of sleep, And he sinks as sank the town, Unresisting, fathoms down Into caverns cool and deep!

Walled about with drifts of snow, Hearing the fierce north-wind blow, Seeing all the landscape white, And the river cased in ice, Comes this memory of delight, Comes this vision unto me Of a long-lost Paradise In the land beyond the sea.

THE SERMON OF ST. FRANCIS.

Up soared the lark into the air.

A shaft of song, a wingèd prayer, As if a soul released from pain Were flying back to heaven again.

St. Francis heard; it was to him
An emblem of the Seraphim;
The upward motion of the fire,
The light, the heat, the heart's
desire.

Around Assisi's convent gate
The birds, God's poor who cannot
wait,

From moor, and mere, and darksome wood,

Come flocking for their dole of food.

"O brother birds," St. Francis said, "Ye come to me and ask for bread, But not with bread alone to-day Shall ye be fed and sent away.

"Ye shall be fed, ye happy birds, With manna of celestial words; Not mine, though mine they seem to be,

Not mine, though they be spoken through me.

"Oh, doubly are ye bound to praise
The great Creator in your lays;
He giveth you your plumes of
down, [brown.
Your crimson hoods, your cloaks of

"He giveth you your wings to fly, And breathe a purer air on high; And careth for you everywhere, Who for yourselves so little care!" With flutter of swift wings and songs
Together rose the feathered throngs,
And singing scattered far apart;
Deep peace was in St. Francis'
heart.

He knew not if the brotherhood His homily had understood; He only knew that to one ear The meaning of his words was clear.

BELISARIUS.

I AM poor and old and blind;
The sun burns me, and the wind
Blows through the city gate,
And covers me with dust
From the wheels of the august
Justinian the Great.

It was for him I chased
The Persians o'er wild and waste,
As General of the East;
Night after night I lay
In their camps of yesterday;
Their forage was my feast.

For him, with sails of red,
And torches at mast-head,
Piloting the great fleet,
I swept the Afric coasts
And scattered the Vandal hosts,
Like dust in a windy street.

For him I won again
The Ausonian realm and reign,
Rome and Parthenope;
And all the land was mine
From the summits of Apennine
To the shores of either sea.

For him, in my feeble age,
I dared the battle's rage,
To save Byzantium's state,
When the tents of Zabergan
Like snow-drifts overran
The road to the Golden Gate.

And for this, for this, behold!
Infirm and blind and old,
With gray, uncovered head,
Beneath the very arch
Of my triumphal march,
I stand and beg my bread!

Methinks I still can hear,
Sounding distinct and near,
The Vandal monarch's cry.
As, captive and disgraced,
With majestic step he paced,—
"All, all is Vanity!"

Ah! vainest of all things
Is the gratitude of kings;
The plaudits of the crowd
Are but the clatter of feet
At midnight in the street,
Hollow and restless and loud.

But the bitterest disgrace
Is to see forever the face
Of the Monk of Ephesus!
The unconquerable will
This, too, can bear;—I still
Am Belisarius!

SONGO RIVER.

Nowhere such a devious stream,
Save in fancy or in dream,
Winding slow through bush and
brake,
Links together lake and lake.

Walled with woods or sandy shelf, Ever doubling on itself Flows the stream, so still and slow That it hardly seems to flow.

Never errant knight of old, Lost in woodland or on wold, Such a winding path pursued Through the sylvan solitude.

Never school-boy, in his quest After hazel-nut or nest, Through the forest in and out Wandered loitering thus about.

In the mirror of its tide Tangled thickets on each side Hang inverted, and between Floating cloud or sky serene.

Swift or swallow on the wing Seems the only living thing, Or the loon, that laughs and flies Down to those reflected skies. Silent stream! thy Indian name Unfamiliar is to fame; For thou hidest here alone, Well content to be unknown.

But thy tranquil waters teach Wisdom deep as human speech, Moving without haste or noise In unbroken equipoise.

Though thou turnest no busy mill, And art ever calm and still, Even thy silence seems to say To the traveller on his way:—

"Traveller, hurrying from the heat Of the city, stay thy feet! Rest awhile, nor longer waste Life with inconsiderate haste!

"Be not like a stream that brawls Loud with shallow waterfalls, But in quiet self-control Link together soul and soul."

FLIGHT THE FIFTH.

THE HERONS OF ELMWOOD.

WARM and still is the summer night,
As here by the river's brink I wander;
White overhead are the stars, and white
The glimmering lamps on the hillside yonder.

Silent are all the sounds of day;
Nothing I hear but the chirp of crickets,
And the cry of the herons winging their way
O'er the poet's house in the Elmwood thickets.

Call to him, herons, as slowly you pass

To your roosts in the haunts of the exiled thrushes,

Sing him the song of the green morass, And the tides that water the reeds and rushes.

Sing him the mystical Song of the Hern,
And the secret that baffles our utmost seeking;
For only a sound of lament we discern,
And cannot interpret the words you are speaking.

Sing of the air, and the wild delight
Of wings that uplift and winds that uphold you,
The joy of freedom, the rapture of flight
Through the drift of the floating mists that infold you;

Of the landscape lying so far below,
With its towns and rivers and desert places;
And the splendour of light above, and the glow
Of the limitless, blue, ethereal spaces.

Ask him if songs of the Troubadours,
Or of Minnesingers in old black-letter,
Sound in his ears more sweet than yours,
And if yours are not sweeter and wilder and better.

Sing to him, say to him, here at his gate,
Where the boughs of the stately elms are meeting,
Some one hath lingered to meditate,
And send him unseen this friendly greeting;

That many another hath done the same,
Though not by a sound was the silence broken;
The surest pledge of a deathless name
Is the silent homage of thoughts unspoken.

A DUTCH PICTURE.

SIMON DANZ has come home again,
From cruising about with his buccaneers;
He has singed the beard of the King of Spain,
And carried away the Dean of Jaen
And sold him in Algiers.

In his house by the Maese, with its roof of tiles, And weathercocks flying aloft in air, There are silver tankards of antique styles, Plunder of convent and castle, and piles Of carpets rich and rare.

In his tulip-garden there by the town,
Overlooking the sluggish stream,
With his Moorish cap and dressing-gown,
The old sea-captain, hale and brown,
Walks in a waking dream.

A smile in his gray mustachio lurks
Whenever he thinks of the King of Spain,
And the listed tulips look like Turks,
And the silent gardener as he works
Is changed to the Dean of Jaen.

The windmills on the outermost
Verge of the landscape in the haze,
To him are towers on the Spanish coast,
With whiskered sentinels at their post,
Though this is the river Maese.

But when the winter rains begin,
He sits and smokes by the blazing brands,
And old seafaring men come in,
Goat-bearded, gray, and with double chin,
And rings upon their hands.

They sit there in the shadow and shine
Of the flickering fire of the winter night;
Figures in colour and design
Like those by Rembrandt of the Rhine,
Half darkness and half light.

And they talk of ventures lost or won, And their talk is ever and ever the same, While they drink the red wine of Tarragon, From the cellars of some Spanish Don, Or convent set on flame.

Restless at times, with heavy strides

He paces his parlour to and fro;

He is like a ship that at anchor rides,

And swings with the rising and falling tides

And tugs at her anchor-tow.

Voices mysterious far and near,
Sound of the wind and sound of the sea,
Are calling and whispering in his ear,
"Simon Danz! Why stayest thou here?
Come forth and follow me!"

So he thinks he shall take to the sea again
For one more cruise with his buccancers,
To singe the beard of the King of Spain,
And capture another Dean of Jaen
And sell him in Algiers.

CASTLES IN SPAIN.

How much of my young heart, O Spain,

Went out to thee in days of yore! What dreams romantic filled my brain,

And summoned back to life again The Paladins of Charlemagne, The Cid Campeador!

And shapes more shadowy than these, [vealed; In the dim twilight half re-Phœnician galleys on the seas, The Roman camps like hives of bees,

The Goth uplifting from his knees Pelayo on his shield.

It was these memories perchance,
From annals of remotest eld,
That lent the colours of romance
To every trivial circumstance,
And changed the form and countenance

Of all that I beheld.

Old towns, whose history lies hid
In monkish chronicle or rhyme,—
Burgos, the birthplace of the Cid,
Zamora and Valladolid,
Toledo, built and walled amid
The wars of Wamba's time;

The long, straight line of the highway, [near,
The distant town that seems so
The peasants in the fields, that stay

Their toil to cross themselves and pray,

When from the belfry at midday The Angelus they hear;

White crosses in the mountain pass, Mules gay with tassels, the loud din

Of muleteers, the tethered ass That crops the dusty wayside grass, And cavaliers with spurs of brass Alighting at the inn;

White hamlets hidden in fields of wheat, [sea, White cities slumbering by the

White sunshine flooding square and street,

Dark mountain ranges, at whose feet The river beds are dry with heat,— All was a dream to me.

Yet something sombre and severe O'er the enchanted landscape reigned;

A terror in the atmosphere
As if King Philip listened near,
Or Torquemada, the austere,
His ghostly sway maintained.

The softer Andalusian skies

Dispelled the sadness and the gloom;

There Cadiz by the seaside lies, And Seville's orange-orchards rise, Making the land a paradise Of beauty and of bloom.

There Cordova is hidden among
The palm, the olive, and the
vine;

Gem of the South, by poets sung,

And in whose mosque Almanzor hung [rung As lamps the bells that once had At Compostella's shrine.

But over all the rest supreme,
The star of stars, the cynosure,
The artist's and the poet's theme,
The young man's vision, the ol
man's dream,—
Granada by its winding stream

Granada by its winding stream, The city of the Moor!

And there the Alhambra still recalls
Aladdin's palace of delight:
Allah il Allah! through its halls
Whispers the fountain as it falls;
The Darro darts beneath its walls,
The hills with snow are white.

Ah yes, the hills are white with snow, [freeze;

And cold with blasts that bite and But in the happy vale below
The orange and pomegranate grow,
And wafts of air toss to and fro
The blossoming almond trees.

The Vega cleft by the Xenil,
The fascination and allure
Of the sweet landscape chains the will;
The traveller lingers on the hill,
His parted lips are breathing still
The last sigh of the Moor.

How like a ruin overgrown

With flowers that hide the rents
of time, [known,
Stands now the past that I have
Castles in Spain, not built of stone,
But of white summer clouds, and
blown

Into this little mist of rhyme!

VITTORIA COLONNA

ONCE more, once more, Inarimé,
I see thy purple hills!—once more
I hear the billows of the bay
Wash the white pebbles on thy shore.

High o'er the sea-surge and the sands, Like a great galleon wrecked and cast Ashore by storms, thy castle stands, A mouldering landmark of the Past.

Upon its terrace-walk I see
A phantom gliding to and fro;
It is Colonna,—it is she
Who lived and loved so long ago.

Pescara's beautiful young wife,
The type of perfect womanhood,
Whose life was love, the life of life,
That time and change and death withstood.

For death, that breaks the marriage band In others, only closer pressed The wedding-ring upon her hand And closer locked and barred her breast.

She knew the life-long martyrdom,
The weariness, the endless pain
Of waiting for some one to come
Who nevermore would come again.

The shadows of the chestnut trees,
The odour of the orange blooms,
The song of birds, and, more than these,
The silence of deserted rooms;

The respiration of the sea, The soft caresses of the air, All things in nature seemed to be But ministers of her despair;

Till the o'erburdened heart, so long Imprisoned in itself, found vent And voice in one impassioned song Of inconsolable lament.

Then as the sun, though hidden from sight, Transmutes to gold the leaden mist, Her life was interfused with light, From realms that, though unseen, exist

Inarimé! Inarimé!
Thy castle on the crags above
In dust shall crumble and decay,
But not the memory of her love.

THE REVENGE OF RAIN-IN-THE-FACE.

In that desolate land and lone, Where the Big Horn and Yellowstone

Roar down their mountain path, By their fires the Sioux Chiefs Muttered their woes and griefs, And the menace of their wrath.

"Revenge!" cried Rain-in-the-Face,
"Revenge upon all the race [hair!
Of the White Chief with yellow
And the mountains dark and high
From their crags re-echoed the cry
Of his anger and despair.

In the meadow, spreading wide By woodland and river-side, The Indian village stood; All was silent as a dream, Save the rushing of the stream And the blue-jay in the wood. In his war-paint and his beads,
Like a bison among the reeds,
In ambush the Sitting Bull
Lay with three thousand braves,
Crouched in the clefts and caves
Savage, unmerciful!

Into the fatal snare
The White Chief with yellow hair
And his three hundred men
Dashed headlong, sword in hand;
But of that gallant band
Not one returned again.

The sudden darkness of death
Overwhelmed them, like the breath
And smoke of a furnace fire;
By the river's bank, and between
The rocks of the ravine,
They lay in their bloody attire.

But the foemen fled in the night, And Rain-in-the-Face, in his flight, Uplifted high in air As a ghastly trophy, bore
The brave heart, that beat no more,
Of the White Chief with yellow
hair.

Whose was the right and the wrong?

Sing it, O funeral song,
With a voice that is full of tears,
And say that our broken faith
Wrought all this ruin and scathe,
In the Year of a Hundred
Years.

TO THE RIVER YVETTE.

O LOVELY river of Yvette!
O darling river! like a bride,
Some dimpled, bashful, fair Lisette,
Thou goest to wed the Orge's
tide.

Maincourt, and lordly Dampierre,
See and salute thee on thy way,
And, with a blessing and a prayer,
Ring the sweet bells of St.
Forget.

The valley of Chevreuse in vain Would hold thee in its fond embrace;

Thou glidest from its arms again,
And hurriest on with swifter
pace.

Thou wilt not stay; with restless feet,

Pursuing still thine onward flight,

Thou goest as one in haste to meet

Her sole desire, her heart's delight.

O lovely river of Yvette!
O darling stream! on balanced wings

The wood-birds sang the chansonnette [sings. That here a wandering poet

THE EMPEROR'S GLOVE.

On St. Bavon's tower, commanding Half of Flanders, his domain, Charles the Emperor once was standing,

While beneath him on the landing Stood Duke Alva and his train.

Like a print in books of fables,
Or a model made for show,
With its pointed roofs and gables,
Dormer windows, scrolls and labels,
Lay the city far below.

Through its squares and streets and alleys

Poured the populace of Ghent;
As a routed army rallies,
Or as rivers run through valleys,
Hurrying to their homes they
went.

"Nest of Lutheran misbelievers!" Cried Duke Alva as he gazed; "Haunt of traitors and deceivers, Stronghold of insurgent weavers, Let it to the ground be razed!"

On the Emperor's cap the feather Nods, as laughing he replies: "How many skins of Spanish leather,

Think you, would, if stitched together, Make a glove of such a size?"

A BALLAD OF THE FRENCH FLEET.

OCTOBER, 1746.

MR. THOMAS PRINCE loquitur.

A FLEET with flags arrayed
Sailed from the port of Brest,
And the Admiral's ship displayed
The signal: "Steer south-west."
For this Admiral D'Anville
Had sworn by cross and crown
To ravage with fire and steel
Our helpless Boston town.

There were rumours in the street,
In the houses there was fear
Of the coming of the fleet,
And the danger hovering near;
And while from mouth to mouth
Spread the tidings of dismay,
I stood in the Old South,
Saying humbly, "Let us pray!

"O Lord! we would not advise;
But if in Thy Providence
A tempest should arise
To drive the French fleet hence,
And scatter it far and wide,
Or sink it in the sea,
We should be satisfied,
And Thine the glory be."

This was the prayer I made,
For my soul was all on flame,
And even as I prayed
The answering tempest came.
It came with a mighty power,
Shaking the windows and walls,
And tolling the bell in the
tower,
As it tolls at funerals.

The lightning suddenly
Unsheathed its flaming sword,
And I cried, "Stand still, and see
The salvation of the Lord!"
The heavens were black with cloud,
The sea was white with hail,
And ever more fierce and loud
Blew the October gale.

The fleet it overtook,
And the broad sails in the van
Like the tents of Cushan shook,
Or the curtains of Midian.
Down on the reeling decks
Crashed the o'erwhelming seas;
Ah, never were there wrecks
So pitiful as these!

Like a potter's vessel broke
The great ships of the line;
They were carried away as a smoke,
Or sank like lead in the brine.
O Lord! before Thy path
They vanished and ceased to be,
When Thou didst walk in wrath,
With Thine horses through thesea!

THE LEAP OF ROUSHAN BEG.

MOUNTED on Kyrat strong and fleet, His chestnut steed with four white feet,

Roushan Beg, called Kurroglou, Son of the road and bandit chief, Seeking refuge and relief, Up the mountain pathway flew.

Such was Kyrat's wondrous speed, Never yet could any steed Reach the dust-cloud in his course. More than maiden, more than wife, More than gold, and next to life Roushan the Robber loved his horse.

In the land that lies beyond
Erzeroum and Trebizond,
Garden-girt his fortress stood;
Plundered khan, or caravan
Journeying north from Koordistan,
Gave him wealth and wine and
food.

Seven hundred and fourscore
Men at arms his livery wore,
Did his bidding night and day.
Now, through regions all unknown,
He was wandering, lost, alone,
Seeking without guide his way.

Suddenly the pathway ends,
Sheer the precipice descends,
Loud the torrent roars unseen;
Thirty feet from side to side
Yawns the chasm; on air must ride
He who crosses this ravine.

Following close in his pursuit, At the precipice's foot, Reyhan the Arab of Orfah Halted with his hundred men, Shouting upward from the glen, "La Illáh illa Alláh!"

Gently Roushan Beg caressed Kyrat's forehead, neck, and breast; Kissed him upon both his eyes; Sang to him in his wild way, As upon the topmost spray Sings a bird before it flies.

"O my Kyrat, O my steed, Round and slender as a reed, Carry me this peril through! Satin housings shall be thine, Shoes of gold, O Kyrat mine, O thou soul of Kurroglou!

"Soft thy skin as silken skein, Soft as woman's hair thy mane, Tender are thine eyes and true; All thy hoofs like ivory shine, Polished bright; O, life of mine, Leap, and rescue Kurroglou!"

Kyrat, then, the strong and fleet,
Drew together his four white feet,
Paused a moment on the verge,
Measured with his eye the space,
And into the air's embrace
Leaped as leaps the ocean surge.

As the ocean surge o'er sand
Bears a swimmer safe to land,
Kyrat safe his rider bore;
Rattling down the deep abyss
Fragments of the precipice
Rolled like pebbles on a shore.

Roushan's tasselled cap of red Trembled not upon his head, Careless sat he and upright; Neither hand nor bridle shook, Nor his head he turned to look, As he galloped out of sight.

Flash of harness in the air,
Seen a moment like the glare
Of a sword drawn from its sheath;
Thus the phantom horseman passed,
And the shadow that he cast
Leaped the cataract underneath.

Reyhan the Arab held his breath While this vision of life and death Passed above him. "Allahu!" Cried he. "In all Koordistan Lives there not so brave a man As this Robber Kurroglou!"

HAROUN AL RASCHID.

ONE day, Haroun Al Raschid read A book wherein the poet said:—

"Where are the kings, and where the rest Of those who once the world possessed?

"They're gone with all their pomp and show, They're gone the way that thou shalt go.

"O thou who choosest for thy share The world, and what the world calls fair,

"Take all that it can give or lend, But know that death is at the end!"

Haroun Al Raschid bowed his head: Tears fell upon the page he read.

KING TRISANKU.

VISWAMITRA the Magician,
By his spells and incantations,
Up to Indra's realms elysian
Raised Trisanku, king of nations.

Indra and the god's offended
Hurled him downward, and descending
In the air he hung suspended,
With these equal powers contending.

Thus by aspirations lifted, By misgivings downward driven, Human hearts are tossed and drifted Midway between earth and heaven. A WRAITH IN THE MIST.

On the green little isle of Inchkenneth,

Who is it that walks by the shore, So gay with his Highland blue bonnet, [more? So brave with his targe and clay-

His form is the form of a giant, But his face wears an aspect of pain; Can this be the Laird of Inchkenneth?

Can this be Sir Allan McLean?

Ah, no! It is only the Rambler, The Idler, who lives in Bolt Court,

And who says, were he Laird of Inchkenneth,

He would wall himself round with a fort.

THE THREE KINGS.

THREE Kings came riding from far away,
Melchior and Gaspar and Baltasar;
Three Wise Men out of the East were they,
And they travelled by night and they slept by day,
For their guide was a beautiful, wonderful star.

The star was so beautiful, large, and clear,
That all the other stars of the sky
Became a white mist in the atmosphere,
And by this they knew that the coming was near
Of the Prince foretold in the prophecy.

Three caskets they bore on their saddle-bows,
Three caskets of gold with golden keys;
Their robes were of crimson silk with rows
Of bells and pomegranates and furbelows,
Their turbans like blossoming almond-trees.

And so the Three Kings rode into the West,
Through the dusk of night, over hill and dell,
And sometimes they nodded with beard on breast,
And sometimes talked, as they paused to rest,
With the people they met at some wayside well.

"Of the child that is born," said Baltasar,
"Good people, I pray you, tell us the news;

For we in the East have seen his star, And have ridden fast, and have ridden far, To find and worship the King of the Jews."

And the people answered, "You ask in vain; We know of no king but Herod the Great!" They thought the Wise Men were men insane, As they spurred their horses across the plain, Like riders in haste, and who cannot wait.

And when they came to Jerusalem,
Herod the Great, who had heard this thing,
Sent for the Wise Men and questioned them;
And said, "Go down unto Bethlehem,
And bring me tidings of this new king."

So they rode away; and the star stood still,
The only one in the gray of morn;
Yes, it stopped,—it stood still of its own free will,
Right over Bethlehem on the hill,
The city of David, where Christ was born.

And the Three Kings rode through the gate and the guard,

Through the silent street, till their horses turned And neighed as they entered the great inn-yard; But the windows were closed, and the doors were barred, And only a light in the stable burned.

And cradled there in the scented hay,
In the air made sweet by the breath of kine,
The little child in the manger lay,
The child that would be king one day
Of a kingdom not human but divine.

His mother, Mary of Nazareth, Sat watching beside his place of rest, SONG. 467

Watching the even flow of his breath, For the joy of life and the terror of death Were mingled together in her breast.

They laid their offerings at his feet:

The gold was their tribute to a King,
The frankincense, with its odour sweet,
Was for the Priest, the Paraclete,
The myrrh for the body's burying.

And the mother wondered and bowed her head, And sat as still as a statue of stone; Her heart was troubled yet comforted, Remembering what the Angel had said Of an endless reign and of David's throne.

Then the Kings rode out of the city gate,
With a clatter of hoofs in proud array;
But they went not back to Herod the Great,
For they knew his malice and feared his hate,
And returned to their homes by another way.

SONG.

STAY, stay at home, my heart, and rest;
Home-keeping hearts are happiest,
For those that wander they know not where
Are full of trouble and full of care;
To stay at home is best.

Weary and homesick and distressed,
They wander east, they wander west,
And are baffled and beaten and blown about
By the winds of the wilderness of doubt;
To stay at home is best.

Then stay at home, my heart, and rest;
The bird is safest in its nest;
O'er all that flutter their wings and fly
A hawk is hovering in the sky;
To stay at home is best.

THE WHITE CZAR.

Dost thou see on the rampart's height

That wreath of mist, in the light
Of the midnight moon? Oh, hist!
It is not a wreath of mist;
It is the Czar, the White Czar,
Batyushka! Gosudar!

He has heard, among the dead,
The artillery roll o'erhead;
The drums and the tramp of feet
Of his soldiery in the street;
He is awake! the White Czar,
Batyushka! Gosudar!

He has heard in the grave the cries Of his people: "Awake! arise!" He has rent the gold brocade Whereof his shroud was made; He is risen! the White Czar, Batyushka! Gosudar!

From the Volga and the Don He has led his armies on, Over river and morass, Over desert and mountain pass; The Czar, the Orthodox Czar, Batyushka! Gosudar!

He looks from the mountain-chain Toward the seas, that cleave in twain The continents; his hand Points southward o'er the land Of Roumili! O Czar, Batyushka! Gosudar!

And the words break from his lips:
"I am the builder of ships,
And my ships shall sail these seas
To the Pillars of Hercules!
I say it; the White Czar,
Batyushka! Gosudar!

"The Bosphorus shall be free;
It shall make room for me;
And the gates of its water-streets
Be unbarred before my fleets.
I say it; the White Czar,
Batyushka! Gosudar!

"And the Christian shall no more Be crushed, as heretofore, Beneath thine iron rule, O Sultan of Istamboul! I swear it! I the Czar,
Batyushka! Gosudar!

DELIA.

Sweet as the tender fragrance that survives,

When martyred flowers breathe out their little lives, [our pain, Sweet as a song that once consoled But never will be sung to us again, Is thy remembrance. Now the hour of rest [it is best. Hath come to thee. Sleep, darling;

FLOWER-DE-LUCE.

FLOWER-DE-LUCE.

- BEAUTIFUL lily, dwelling by still rivers, Or solitary mere,
- Or where the sluggish meadow-brook delivers Its waters to the weir!
- Thou laughest at the mill, the whir and worry Of spindle and of loom,
- And the great wheel that toils amid the hurry And rushing of the flume.
- Born in the purple, born to joy and pleasance, Thou dost not toil nor spin,
- But makest glad and radiant with thy presence The meadow and the lin.
- The wind blows, and uplifts thy drooping banner, And round thee throng and run
- The rushes, the green yeomen of thy manor, The outlaws of the sun.
- The burnished dragon-fly is thine attendant, And tilts against the field,
- And down the listed sunbeam rides resplendent With steel-blue mail and shield.
- Thou art the Iris, fair among the fairest, Who, armed with golden rod
- And winged with the celestial azure, bearest The message of some God.
- Thou art the Muse, who far from crowded cities Hauntest the sylvan streams,
- Playing on pipes of reed the artless ditties That come to us as dreams.

O flower-de-luce, bloom on, and let the river Linger to kiss thy feet! O flower of song, bloom on, and make for ever The world more fair and sweet.

PALINGENESIS.

I LAY upon the headland height, and listened
To the incessant sobbing of the sea
In caverns under me,
And watched the waves, that tossed and fled and glistened,
Until the rolling meadows of amethyst
Melted away in mist.

Then suddenly, as one from sleep, I started;
For round about me all the sunny capes
Seemed peopled with the shapes
Of those whom I had known in days departed,
Apparelled in the loveliness which gleams
On faces seen in dreams.

A moment only, and the light and glory
Faded away, and the disconsolate shore
Stood lonely as before;
And the wild roses of the promontory
Around me shuddered in the wind, and shed
Their petals of pale red.

There was an old belief that in the embers
Of all things their primordial form exists,
And cunning alchemists
Could re-create the rose with all its members
From its own ashes, but without the bloom,
Without the lost perfume.

Ah me! what wonder-working, occult science Can from the ashes in our hearts once more The rose of youth restore? What craft of alchemy can bid defiance To time and change, and for a single hour Renew this phantom flower?

"Oh, give me back," I cried, "the vanished splendours,
The breath of morn, and the exultant strife,
When the swift stream of life
Bounds o'er its rocky channel, and surrenders
The pond, with all its lilies, for the leap
Into the unknown deep!"

And the sea answered, with a lamentation,
Like some old prophet wailing, and it said,
"Alas! thy youth is dead!
It breathes no more, its heart has no pulsation;
In the dark places, with the dead of old
It lies for ever cold!"

Then said I, "From its consecrated cerements I will not drag this sacred dust again,
Only to give me pain;
But, still remembering all the lost endearments,
Go on my way, like one who looks before,
And turn to weep no more."

Into what land of harvests, what plantations
Bright with autumnal foliage and the glow
Of sunsets burning low;
Beneath what midnight skies, whose constellations
Light up the spacious avenues between
This world and the unseen!

Amid what friendly greetings and caresses,
What households, though not alien, yet not mine,
What bowers of rest divine;
To what temptations in lone wildernesses,
What famine of the heart, what pain and loss,
The bearing of what cross!

I do not know; nor will I vainly question
Those pages of the mystic book which hold
The story still untold,
But without rash conjecture or suggestion
Turn its last leaves in reverence and good heed,
Until "The End" I read.

THE BRIDGE OF CLOUD.

Burn, O evening hearth, and waken Pleasant visions, as of old! Though the house by winds be shaken, Safe I keep this room of gold.

Ah, no longer wizard Fancy
Builds her castles in the air,
Luring me by necromancy
Up the never-ending stair.

But, instead, she builds me bridges Over many a dark ravine, Where, beneath the gusty ridges, Cataracts dash and roar unseen.

And I cross them, little heeding
Blast of wind, or torrent's roar,
As I follow the receding
Footsteps that have gone before.

Naught avails the imploring gesture, Naught avails the cry of pain! When I touch the flying vesture,

T is the gray robe of the rain.

Baffled I return; and, leaning
O'er the parapets of cloud,
Watch the mist that intervening
Wraps the valley in its shroud.

And the sounds of life ascending
Faintly, vaguely, meet the ear,
Murmur of bells and voices blending
With the rush of waters near.

Well I know what there lies hidden, Every tower and town and farm, And again the land forbidden Reassumes its vanished charm.

Well I know the secret places,
And the nests in hedge and tree;
At what doors are friendly faces,
In what hearts are thoughts of me.

Through the mist and darkness sinking,
Blown by wind, and beaten by shower,
Down I fling the thought I'm thinking,
Down I toss this Alpine flower.

HAWTHORNE.

MAY 23, 1864.

How beautiful it was, that one bright day
In the long week of rain!
Though all its splendour could not chase away
The omnipresent pain.

The lovely town was white with apple-blooms,

And the great elms o'erhead

Dark shadows wove on their aerial looms

Shot through with golden thread.

Across the meadows, by the gray old manse,

The historic river flowed:

I was as one who wanders in a trance, Unconscious of his road.

The faces of familiar friends seemed strange;

Their voices I could hear,

And yet the words they uttered seemed to change

Their meaning to my ear.

For the one face I looked for was not there,

The one low voice was mute; Onlyan unseen presence filled the air, And baffled my pursuit.

Now I look back, and meadow, manse, and stream Dimly my thought defines;

I only see—a dream within a dream— The hill-top hearsed with pines.

I only hear above his place of rest Their tender undertone,

The infinite longings of a troubled breast,

The voice so like his own.

There in seclusion and remote from men

The wizard hand lies cold,

Which at its topmost speed let fall the pen,

And left the tale half told.

Ah! who shall lift that wand of magic power,

And the lost clew regain?

The unfinished window in Aladdin's tower

Unfinished must remain!

CHRISTMAS BELLS.

I HEARD the bells on Christmas Day Their old, familiar carols play, And wild and sweet

The words repeat

Of peace on earth, good-will to men!

And thought how, as the day had come,

The belfries of all Christendom
Had rolled along
The unbroken song

Of peace on earth, good-will to men!

Till, ringing, singing on its way,
The world revolved from night to
day,

A voice, a chime,

A chant sublime

Of peace on earth, good-will to men!

Then from each black, accursed mouth

The cannon thundered in the South,
And with the sound
The carols drowned

Of peace on earth, good-will to men!

It was as if an earthquake rent
The hearth-stones of a continent,
And made forlorn
The households born
Of peace on earth, good-will to men!

And in despair I bowed my head;
"There is no peace on earth," I said;
"For hate is strong,
And mocks the song
Of peace on earth, good-will to men!"

Then pealed the bells more loud and deep:
"God is not dead; nor doth he sleep!
The Wrong shall fail,
The Right prevail,
With peace on earth, good-will to men!"

THE WIND OVER THE CHIMNEY.

SEE, the fire is sinking low,
Dusky red the embers glow,
While above them still I cower,
While a moment more I linger,
Though the clock, with lifted finger,
Points beyond the midnight hour.

Sings the blackened log a tune
Learned in some forgotten June
From a schoolboy at his play,
When they both were young together,
Heart of youth and summer weather
Making all their holiday.

And the night-wind rising, hark! How above there in the dark,
In the midnight and the snow,
Ever wilder, fiercer, grander,
Like the trumpets of Iskander,
All the noisy chimneys blow!

Every quivering tongue of flame
Seems to murmur some great name,
Seems to say to me, "Aspire!"
But the night-wind answers, "Hollow
Are the visions that you follow;
Into darkness sinks your fire!"

Then the flicker of the blaze
Gleams on volumes of old days,
Written by masters of the art,
Loud through whose majestic pages
Rolls the melody of ages,
Throb the harp-strings of the heart.

And again the tongues of flame
Start exulting and exclaim,
"These are prophets, bards, and seers;
In the horoscope of nations,
Like ascendant constellations,
They control the coming years."

But the night-wind cries, "Despair!
Those who walk with feet of air
Leave no long-enduring marks;
At God's forges incandescent
Mighty hammers beat incessant,
These are but the flying sparks.

"Dust are all the hands that wrought;
Books are sepulchres of thought;
The dead laurels of the dead
Rustle for a moment only,
Like the withered leaves in lonely
Churchyards at some passing tread."

Suddenly the flame sinks down;
Sink the rumours of renown;
And alone the night-wind drear
Clamours louder, wilder, vaguer,
"'T is the brand of Meleager
Dying on the hearth-stone here!"

FLOWER-DE-LUCE.

And I answer,—"Though it be,
Why should that discomfort me?
No endeavour is in vain;
Its reward is in the doing,
And the rapture of pursuing
Is the prize the vanquished gain."

THE BELLS OF LYNN. HEARD AT NAHANT.

O CURFEW of the setting sun! O Bells of Lynn! O requiem of the dying day! O Bells of Lynn!

From the dark belfries of yon cloud-cathedral wafted, Your sounds aerial seem to float, O Bells of Lynn!

Borne on the evening wind across the crimson twilight, O'er land and sea they rise and fall, O Bells of Lynn!

The fisherman in his boat, far out beyond the headland, Listens, and leisurely rows ashore, O Bells of Lynn!

Over the shining sands the wandering cattle homeward Follow each other at your call, O Bells of Lynn!

The distant lighthouse hears, and with his flaming signal Answers you, passing the watchword on, O Bells of Lynn!

And down the darkening coast run the tumultuous surges, And clap their hands, and shout to you, O Bells of Lynn!

Till from the shuddering sea, with your wild incantations, Ye summon up the spectral moon, O Bells of Lynn!

And startled at the sight, like the weird woman of Endor, Ye cry aloud, and then are still, O Bells of Lynn!

KILLED AT THE FORD.

HE is dead, the beautiful youth,
The heart of honour, the tongue of truth;
He, the life and light of us all,
Whose voice was blithe as a bugle call,
Whom all eyes followed with one consent,
The cheer of whose laugh, and whose pleasant word,
Hushed all murmurs of discontent.

Only last night, as we rode along,
Down the dark of the mountain gap,
To visit the picket-guard at the ford,
Little dreaming of any mishap,
He was humming the words of some old song:
"Two red roses he had on his cap,
And another he bore at the point of his sword."

Sudden and swift a whistling ball
Came out of a wood, and the voice was still;
Something I heard in the darkness fall,
And for a moment my blood grew chill:
I spake in a whisper, as he who speaks
In a room where some one is lying dead;
But he made no answer to what I said.

We lifted him up to his saddle again,
And through the mire and the mist and the rain
Carried him back to the silent camp,
And laid him as if asleep on his bed;
And I saw, by the light of the surgeon's lamp,
Two white roses upon his cheeks,
And one, just over his heart, blood-red!

And I saw in a vision how far and fleet That fatal bullet went speeding forth, Till it reached a town in the distant North, Till it reached a house in a sunny street, Till it reached a heart that ceased to beat Without a murmur, without a cry; And a bell was tolled in that far-off town, For one who had passed from cross to crown,— And the neighbours wondered that she should die.

GIOTTO'S TOWER.

How many lives, made beautiful and sweet
By self-devotion and by self-restraint,
Whose pleasure is to run without complaint
On unknown errands of the Paraclete,
Wanting the reverence of unshodden feet,
Fail of the nimbus which the artists paint
Around the shining forehead of the saint,
And are in their completeness incomplete!
In the old Tuscan town stands Giotto's tower,
The lily of Florence blossoming in stone,—
A vision, a delight, and a desire,—
The builder's perfect and centennial flower,
That in the night of ages bloomed alon
But wanting still the glory of the spire.

TO-MORROW.

'T is late at night, and in the realm of sleep
My little lambs are folded like the flocks;
From room to room I hear the wakeful clocks
Challenge the passing hour, like guards that keep
Their solitary watch on tower and steep;
Far off I hear the crowing of the cocks,
And through the opening door that time unlocks
Feel the fresh breathing of To-morrow creep
To-morrow! the mysterious, unknown guest,
Who cries to me: "Remember Barmecide,
And tremble to be happy with the rest."
And I make answer: "I am satisfied;
I dare not ask; I know not what is best;
God hath already said what shall betide."

DIVINA COMMEDIA.

DIVINA COMMEDIA.

I.

OFT have I seen at some cathedral door
A labourer, pausing in the dust and heat,
Lay down his burden, and with reverent feet
Enter, and cross himself, and on the floor
Kneel to repeat his paternoster o'er;
Far off the noises of the world retreat;
The loud vociferations of the street
Become an undistinguishable roar.
So, as I enter here from day to day,

o, as I enter here from day to day, And leave my burden at this minster gate, Kneeling in prayer, and not ashamed to pray,

The tumult of the time disconsolate

To inarticulate murmurs dies away,

While the eternal ages watch and wait.

II.

How strange the sculptures that adorn these towers.

This crowd of statues, in whose folded sleeves
Birds build their nests; while canopied with leaves
Parvis and portal bloom like trellised bowers,

And the vast minster seems a cross of flowers!
But fiends and dragons on the gargoyled eaves
Watch the dead Christ between the living thieves
And, underneath, the traitor Judas lowers!

Ah! from what agonies of heart and brain, What exultations trampling on despair, What tenderness, what tears, what hate of wrong,

What passionate outcry of a soul in pain, Uprose this poem of the earth and air, The mediæval miracle of song!

III.

I enter, and I see thee in the gloom
Of the long aisles, O poet saturnine!
And strive to make my steps keep pace with thine.
The air is filled with some unknown perfume:

The congregation of the dead make room
For thee to pass; the votive tapers shine;
Like rooks that haunt Ravenna's groves of pine
The hovering echoes fly from tomb to tomb.

From the confessionals I hear arise
Rehearsals of forgotten tragedies,
And lamentations from the crypts below;
And then a voice celestial, that begins
With the pathetic words, "Although your sins
As scarlet be," and ends with "as the snow."

IV.

With snow-white veil and garments as of flame,
She stands before thee, who so long ago
Filled thy young heart with passion and the woe
From which thy song and all its splendours came;
And while with stern rebuke she speaks thy name,

The ice about thy heart melts as the snow On mountain heights, and in swift overflow Comes gushing from thy lips in sobs of shame.

Thou makest full confession; and a gleam,
As of the dawn on some dark forest cast,
Seems on thy lifted forehead to increase;
Lethe and Funce—the remembered dream

Lethe and Eunoë—the remembered dream And the forgotten sorrow—bring at last That perfect pardon which is perfect peace.

v.

I lift mine eyes, and all the windows blaze
With forms of saints and holy men who died,
Here martyred and hereafter glorified;
And the great Rose upon its leaves displays
Christ's Triumph, and the angelic roundelays
With splendour upon splendour multiplied;
And Beatrice again at Dante's side
No more rebukes, but smiles her words of praise.
And then the organ sounds, and unseen choirs
Sing the old Latin hymns of peace and love
And benedictions of the Holy Ghost;

NOEL. 481

And the melodious bells among the spires
O'er all the house-tops and through heaven above
Proclaim the elevation of the Host!

VI.

O star of morning and of liberty!
O bringer of the light, whose splendour shines
Above the darkness of the Apennines,
Forerunner of the day that is to be!

The voices of the city and the sea,

The voices of the mountains and the pines,

Repeat thy song, till the familiar lines

Are footpaths for the thought of Italy!

Thy flame is blown abroad from all the heights, Through all the nations, and a sound is heard, As of a mighty wind, and men devout,

Strangers of Rome, and the new proselytes, In their own language hear thy wondrous word, And many are amazed and many doubt.

NOËL.

vvoyé à m. agassiz, la veille de noël 1864, avec un panier de vins divers.

UAND les astres de Noël rillaient, palpitaient au ciel, k gaillards, et chacun ivre, hantaient gaîment dans le givre,

"Bons amis, ons donc chez Agassiz!"

s illustres Pèlerins Dutre-Mer, adroits et fins, donnant des airs de prêtre, envi se vantaient d'être

"Bons amis ean Rudolphe Agassiz!"

de-Perdrix, grand farceur, reproche et sans pudeur, son patois de Bourgogne, LO. Bredouillait comme un ivrogne, "Bons amis, J'ai dansé chez Agassiz!"

Verzenay le Champenois, Bon Français, point New-Yorquois, Mais des environs d'Avize, Fredonne, à mainte reprise, "Bons amis,

J'ai chanté chez Agassiz!"

A côté marchait un vieux
Hidalgo, mais non mousseux;
Dans le temps de Charlemagne,
Fut son père Grand d'Espagne!
"Bons amis,

J'ai diné chez Agassiz!"

Derrière eux un Bordelais, Gascon, s'il en fut jamais, Parfumé de poésic Riait, chantait, plein de vie, "Bons amis, J'ai soupé chez Agassiz!"

Avec ce beau cadet roux, Bras dessus et bras dessous, Mine altière et couleur terne, Vint le Sire de Sauterne;

"Bons amis, J'ai couché chez Agassiz!"

Mais le dernier de ces preux Etait un pauvre Chartreux, Qui disait, d'un ton robuste, "Bénédictions sur le Juste! Bons amis,

Bénissons Père Agassiz!"

Ils arrivent trois à trois, Montent l'escalier de bois Clopin-clopant! quel gendarme
Peut permettre ce vacarme,
Bons amis,
À la porte d'Agassiz!

"Ouvrez donc, mon bon Seigneur, Ouvrez vite et n'ayez peur; Ouvrez, ouvrez, car nous sommes Gens de bien et gentilshommes, Bons amis,

De la famille Agassiz!"

Chut, ganaches! taisez-vous!
C'en est trop de vos glouglous;

Epargnez aux Philosophes Vos abominables strophes! Bons amis, Respectez mon Agassiz!

THE HANGING OF THE CRANE.

T.

The lights are out, and gone are all the guests

That thronging came with merriment and jests [Crane To celebrate the Hanging of the In the new house,—into the night are gone; [burns on, But still the fire upon the hearth And I alone remain.

O fortunate, O happy day, When a new household finds its place

Among the myriad homes of earth, Like a new star just sprung to birth,

And rolled on its harmonious way Into the boundless realms of space!

So said the guests in speech and song, As in the chimney, burning bright, We hung the iron crane to-night, And merry was the feast and long.

H.

And now I sit and muse on what
may be, [see,
And in my vision see, or seem to
Through floating vapours interfused with light,
Shapes indeterminate that gleam

Shapes indeterminate, that gleam and fade, [shade As shadows passing into deeper Sink and elude the sight.

For two alone, there in the hall, Is spread the table round and small: Upon the polished silver shine The evening lamps, but, more divine,

The light of love shines over all;
Of love, that says not mine and
thine, [mine.
But ours, for ours is thine and

They want no guests, to come between

Their tender glances like a screen, And tell them tales of land and sea, And whatsoever may betide The great, forgotten world outside; They want no guests; they needs must be

Each other's own best company.

III.

The picture fades; as at a village
fair

A showman's views, dissolving into
Again appear transfigured on the
screen,

So in my fancy this; and now once more, [open door In part transfigured, through the Appears the selfsame scene.

Seated, I see the two again,
But not alone; they entertain
A little angel unaware,
With face as round as is the moon,
A royal guest with flaxen hair,
Who, throned upon his lofty chair,
Drums on the table with his spoon,
Then drops it careless on the floor,
To grasp at things unseen before.

Are these celestial manners? these The ways that win, the arts that please?

Ah yes; consider well the guest,
And whatsoe'er he does seems best;
He ruleth by the right divine
Of helplessness, so lately born
In purple chambers of the morn,
As sovereign over thee and thine.
He speaketh not; and yet there
lies

A conversation in his eyes;
The golden silence of the Greek,
The gravest wisdom of the wise,
Not spoken in language, but in
looks

More legible than printed books, As if he could but would not speak.

And now, O monarch absolute,
Thy power is put to proof; for, lo!
Resistless, fathomless, and slow,
The nurse comes rustling like the
sea, [thee,
And pushes back thy chair and
And so good night to King
Canute.

IV.

As one who walking in a forest sees A lovely landscape through the parted trees,

Then sees it not, for boughs that intervene;

Or as we see the moon sometimes revealed

Through drifting clouds, and then again concealed,

So I behold the scene.

There are two guests at table now; The king, deposed and older grown,

No longer occupies the throne,— The crown is on his sister's brow A Princess from the Fairy Isles,
The very pattern girl of girls,
All covered and embowered in
curls, [Flowers,
Rose-tinted from the Isle of
And sailing with soft, silken sails
From far-off Dreamland into ours.
Above their bowls with rims of
blue

Four azure eyes of deeper hue Are looking, dreamy with delight; Limpid as planets that emerge Above the ocean's rounded verge, Soft-shining through the summer night.

Steadfast they gaze, yet nothing see

Beyond the horizon of their bowls; Nor care they for the world that rolls

With all its freight of troubled souls

Into the days that are to be.

V

Again the tossing boughs shut out the scene,

Again the drifting vapours intervene, And the moon's pallid disc is hidden quite;

And now I see the table wider grown,

As round a pebble into water thrown Dilates a ring of light.

I see the table wider grown,
I see it garlanded with guests,
As if fair Ariadne's Crown
Out of the sky had fallen down;
Maidens within whose tender breasts [fears,
A thousand restless hopes and

Forth reaching to the coming years,

Flutter awhile, then quiet lie,
Like timid birds that fain would
fly, [nests;—

But do not dare to leave their And youths, who in their strength elate [fate,

Challenge the van and front of Eager as champions to be

In the divine knight-errantry
Of youth, that travels sea and
land

Seeking adventures, or pursues, Through cities, and through solitudes

Frequented by the lyric Muse, The phantom with the beckoning hand,

That still allures and still eludes.
O'sweet illusions of the brain!
O sudden thrills of fire and frost!
The world is bright while ye remain, [lost!
And dark and dead when ye are

VI.

The meadow-brook, that seemeth to stand still, [mill; Quickens its current as it nears the And so the stream of Time that lingereth

In level places, and so dull appears, Runs with a swifter current as it nears The gloomy mills of Death.

And now, like the magician's scroll, [shrinks

That in the owner's keeping

With every wish he speaks or thinks, [whole,

Till the last wish consumes the

The table dwindles, and again

I see the two alone remain.

The crown of stars is broken in parts;

Its jewels, brighter than the day.

Its jewels, brighter than the day,
Have one by one been stolen
away [hearts.

To shine in other homes and One is a wanderer now afar In Ceylon or in Zanzibar,

Or sunny regions of Cathay; And one is in the boisterous camp Mid clink of arms and horses' tramp,

And battle's terrible array.

I see the patient mother read,
With aching heart, of wrecks that

Disabled on those seas remote, Or of some great heroic deed, On battle-fields, where thousands bleed

To lift one hero into fame.

Anxious she bends her graceful head

Above these chronicles of pain, And trembles with a secret dread Lest there among the drowned or slain

She find the one beloved name.

VII.

After a day of cloud and wind and rain

Sometimes the setting sun breaks out again,

And, touching all the darksome woods with light,

Smiles on the fields, until they laugh and sing, [ring

Then like a ruby from the horizon's.

Drops down into the night.

What see I now? The night is fair, [care, The storm of grief, the clouds of The wind, the rain, have passed away;

The lamps are lit, the fires burn bright,

The house is full of life and light; It is the Golden Wedding day.

The guests come thronging in once more, [floor,

Quick footsteps sound along the The trooping children crowd the stair,

And in and out and everywhere Flashes along the corridor The sunshine of their golden hair. On the round table in the hall Another Λriadne's Crown Out of the sky hath fallen down; More than one Monarch of the Moon

Is drumming with his silver spoon; The light of love shines over all.

O fortunate, O happy day!
The people sing, the people say.
The ancient bridegroom and the bride.

Smiling contented and serene Upon the blithe, bewildering scene, Behold, well pleased, on every side,

Their forms and features multiplied,

As the reflection of a light Between two burnished mirrors gleams,

Or lamps upon a bridge at night Stretch on and on before the sight,

Till the long vista endless seems.

MORITURI SALUTAMUS.

POEM FOR THE FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY OF THE CLASS OF 1825 IN BOWDOIN COLLEGE.

"O CÆSAR, we who are about to die, Salute you!" was the gladiators' cry In the arena, standing face to face With death and with the Roman populace.

O ye familiar scenes,—ye groves of pine,
That once were mine and are no longer mine,—
Thou river, widening through the meadows green
To the vast sea, so near and yet unseen,—
Ye halls, in whose seclusion and repose
Phantoms of fame, like exhalations, rose
And vanished,—we who are about to die,
Salute you; earth and air and sea and sky,
And the Imperial Sun that scatters down
His sovereign splendours upon grove and town.

Ye do not answer us! ye do not hear!
We are forgotten; and in your austere
And calm indifference, ye little care
Whether we come or go, or whence or where.
What passing generations fill these halls,
What passing voices echo from these walls,
Ye heed not; we are only as the blast,
A moment heard, and then for ever past.

Not so the teachers who in earlier days
Led our bewildered feet through learning's maze;
They answer us—alas! what have I said?
What greetings come there from the voiceless dead?
What salutation, welcome, or reply?
What pressure from the hands that lifeless lie?
They are no longer here; they all are gone
Into the land of shadows—all save one.
Honour and reverence, and the good repute
That follows faithful service as its fruit,
Be unto him, whom living we salute.

The great Italian poet, when he made
His dreadful journey to the realms of shade,
Met there the old instructor of his youth,
And cried in tones of pity and of ruth:
"Oh, never from the memory of my heart
Your dear, paternal image shall depart,
Who while on earth, ere yet by death surprised,
Taught me how mortals are immortalized;
How grateful am I for that patient care
All my life long my language shall declare."

To-day we make the poet's words our own, And utter them in plaintive undertone: Nor to the living only be they said, But to the other living, called the dead, Whose dear, paternal images appear, Not wrapped in gloom, but robed in sunshine here: Whose simple lives, complete and without flaw, Were part and parcel of great Nature's law; Who said not to their Lord, as if afraid, "Here is thy talent in a napkin laid," But laboured in their sphere, as men who live In the delight that work alone can give. Peace be to them; eternal peace and rest, And the fulfilment of the great behest: "Ye have been faithful over a few things, Over ten cities shall ye reign as kings."

And ye who fill the places we once filled, And follow in the furrows that we tilled, Young men, whose generous hearts are beating high, We who are old, and are about to die, Salute you; hail you; take your hands in ours, And crown you with our welcome as with flowers!

How beautiful is youth! how bright it gleams With its illusions, aspirations, dreams! Book of Beginnings, Story without End, Each maid a heroine, and each man a friend!

Aladdin's Lamp, and Fortunatus' Purse,
That holds the treasures of the universe!
All possibilities are in its hands,
No danger daunts it, and no foe withstands;
In its sublime audacity of faith,
"Be thou removed!" it to the mountain saith,
And with ambitious feet, secure and proud,
Ascends the ladder leaning on the cloud!

As ancient Priam at the Scæan gate
Sat on the walls of Troy in regal state
With the old men, too old and weak to fight,
Chirping like grasshoppers in their delight
To see the embattled hosts, with spear and shield,
Of Trojans and Achaians in the field;
So from the snowy summits of our years
We see you in the plain, as each appears,
And question of you; asking, "Who is he
That towers above the others? Which may be
Atreides, Menelaus, Odysseus,
Ajax the great, or bold Idomeneus?"

Let him not boast who puts his armour on As he who puts it off, the battle done. Study yourselves; and most of all note well Wherein kind Nature meant you to excel. Not every blossom ripens into fruit; Minerva, the inventress of the flute, Flung it aside, when she her face surveyed Distorted in a fountain as she played; The unlucky Marsyas found it, and his fate Was one to make the bravest hesitate.

Write on your doors the saying wise and old, "Be bold! be bold! and everywhere be bold; Be not too bold!" Yet better the excess Than the defect; better the more than less; Better like Hector in the field to die, Than like a perfumed Paris turn and fly.

And now, my classmates; ye remaining few That number not the half of those we knew; Ye, against whose familiar names not yet The fatal asterisk of death is set, Ye I salute! The horologe of Time Strikes the half-century with a solemn chime, And summons us together once again, The joy of meeting not unmixed with pain.

Where are the others? Voices from the deep Caverns of darkness answer me: "They sleep!" I name no names; instinctively I feel Each at some well-remembered grave will kneel, And from the inscription wipe the weeds and moss, For every heart best knoweth its own loss. I see their scattered gravestones gleaming white Through the pale dusk of the impending night; O'er all alike the impartial sunset throws Its golden lilies mingled with the rose; We give to each a tender thought, and pass Out of the graveyards with their tangled grass, Unto these scenes frequented by our feet When we were young, and life was fresh and sweet

What shall I say to you? What can I say Better than silence is? When I survey This throng of faces turned to meet my own, Friendly and fair, and yet to me unknown, Transformed the very landscape seems to be; It is the same, yet not the same to me. So many memories crowd upon my brain, So many ghosts are in the wooded plain, I fain would steal away, with noiseless tread, As from a house where some one lieth dead. I cannot go;—I pause;—I hesitate; My feet reluctant linger at the gate; As one who struggles in a troubled dream To speak and cannot, to myself I seem.

Vanish the dream! Vanish the idle fears!
Vanish the rolling mists of fifty years!
Whatever time or space may intervene,
I will not be a stranger in this scene.
Here every doubt, all indecision, ends;
Hail, my companions, comrades, classmates, friends!

Ah me! the fifty years since last we met
Seem to me fifty folios bound and set
By Time, the great transcriber, on his shelves,
Wherein are written the histories of ourselves.
What tragedies, what comedies, are there;
What joy and grief, what rapture and despair!
What chronicles of triumph and defeat,
Of struggle, and temptation, and retreat!
What records of regrets, and doubts, and fears!
What pages blotted, blistered by our tears!
What lovely landscapes on the margin shine,
What sweet, angelic faces, what divine
And holy images of love and trust,
Undimmed by age, unsoiled by damp or dust!

Whose hand shall dare to open and explore
These volumes, closed and clasped for evermore
Not mine. With reverential feet I pass;
I hear a voice that cries, "Alas! alas!
Whatever hath been written shall remain,
Nor be erased nor written o'er again;
The unwritten only still belongs to thee:
Take heed, and ponder well what that shall be."

As children frightened by a thunder-cloud Are reassured if some one reads aloud A tale of wonder, with enchantment fraught, Or wild adventure, that diverts their thought, Let me endeavour with a tale to chase The gathering shadows of the time and place, And banish what we all too deeply feel Wholly to say, or wholly to conceal.

In mediæval Rome, I know not where, There stood an image with its arm in air, And on its lifted finger, shining clear, A golden ring with the device, "Strike here!" Greatly the people wondered, though none guessed The meaning that these words but half expressed. Until a learned clerk, who at noonday With downcast eyes was passing on his way, Paused, and observed the spot, and marked it well, Whereon the shadow of the finger fell; And, coming back at midnight, delved, and found A secret stairway leading underground. Down this he passed into a spacious hall, Lit by a flaming jewel on the wall; And opposite, in threatening attitude, With bow and shaft a brazen statue stood. Upon its forehead, like a coronet, Were these mysterious words of menace set: "That which I am, I am; my fatal aim None can escape, not even you luminous flame!"

Midway the hall was a fair table placed,
With cloth of gold, and golden cups enchased
With rubies, and the plates and knives were gold,
And gold the bread and viands manifold.
Around it, silent, motionless, and sad,
Were seated gallant knights in armour clad,
And ladies beautiful with plume and zone,
But they were stone, their hearts within were stone;
And the vast hall was filled in every part
With silent crowds, stony in face and heart.

Long at the scene, bewildered and amazed,
The trembling clerk in speechless wonder gazed;
Then from the table, by his greed made bold,
He seized a goblet and a knife of gold,
And suddenly from their seats the guests upsprang,
The vaulted ceiling with loud clamours rang,

The archer sped his arrow, at their call, Shattering the lambent jewel on the wall, And all was dark around and overhead;— Stark on the floor the luckless clerk lay dead!

The writer of this legend then records
Its ghostly application in these words:
The image is the Adversary old,
Whose beckoning finger points to realms of gold;
Our lusts and passions are the downward stair
That leads the soul from a diviner air;
The archer, Death; the flaming jewel, Life;
Terrestrial goods, the goblet and the knife;
The knights and ladies, all whose flesh and bone
By avarice have been hardened into stone;
The clerk, the scholar whom the love of pelf
Tempts from his books and from his nobler self.

The scholar and the world! The endless strife, The discord in the harmonies of life! The love of learning, the sequestered nooks, And all the sweet serenity of books; The market-place, the eager love of gain, Whose aim is vanity, and whose end is pain!

But why, you ask me, should this tale be told To men grown old, or who are growing old? It is too late! Ah, nothing is too late
Till the tired heart shall cease to palpitate.
Cato learned Greek at eighty; Sophocles
Wrote his grand Œdipus, and Simonides
Bore off the prize of verse from his compeers,
When each had numbered more than fourscore years.
And Theophrastus, at fourscore and ten,
Had but begun his "Characters of Men."
Chaucer, at Woodstock with the nightingales,
At sixty wrote the Canterbury Tales;
Goethe, at Weimar, toiling to the last,
Completed Faust when eighty years were past.

These are, indeed, exceptions; but they show How far the gulf-stream of our youth may flow Into the Arctic regions of our lives, Where little else than life itself survives.

As the barometer foretells the storm While still the skies are clear, the weather warm. So something in us, as old age draws near, Betrays the pressure of the atmosphere. The nimble mercury, ere we are aware, Descends the elastic ladder of the air; The tell-tale blood in artery and vein Sinks from its higher levels in the brain; Whatever poet, orator, or sage May say of it, old age is still old age. It is the waning, not the crescent moon; The dusk of evening, not the blaze of noon: It is not strength, but weakness; not desire, But its surcease; not the fierce heat of fire, The burning and consuming element, But that of ashes and of embers spent, In which some living sparks we still discern. Enough to warm, but not enough to burn.

What then? Shall we sit idly down and say The night hath come; it is no longer day? The night hath not yet come; we are not quite Cut off from labour by the failing light; Something remains for us to do or dare; Even the oldest tree some fruit may bear; Not Œdipus Coloneus, or Greek Ode, Or tales of pilgrims that one morning rode Out of the gateway of the Tabard Inn, But other something, would we but begin; For age is opportunity no less Than youth itself, though in another dress, And as the evening twilight fades away The sky is filled with stars, invisible by day.

A BOOK OF SONNETS.

THREE FRIENDS OF MINE.

- WHEN I remember them, those friends of mine,
 - Who are no longer here, the noble three,
 - Who half my life were more than friends to me,
 - And whose discourse was like a generous wine,
- I most of all remember the divine Something, that shone in them, and made us see
 - The archetypal man, and what might be
 - The amplitude of Nature's first design.
- In vain I stretch my hands to clasp their hands:
 - I cannot find them. Nothing now is left
 - But a majestic memory. They meanwhile
- Wander together in Elysian lands, Perchance remembering me, who am bereft
 - Of their dear presence, and, remembering, smile.
- In Attica thy birthplace should have been,
 - Or the Ionian Isles, or where the
 - Encircle in their arms the Cyclades, So wholly Greek wast thou in thy serene
- And childlike joy of life, O Philhellene!
 - Around thee would have swarmed the Attic bees;

- Homer had been thy friend, or Socrates,
- And Plato welcomed thee to his demesne.
- For thee old legends breathed historic breath;
 - Thou sawest Poseidon in the purple sea,
 - And in the sunset Jason's fleece of gold!
- Oh, what hadst thou to do with cruel Death,
 - Who wast so full of life, or Death with thee,
 - That thou shouldst die before thou hadst grown old!
- I stand again on the familiar shore,
 And hear the waves of the distracted sea

 [thee.]
 - Piteously calling and lamenting And waiting restless at thy cottage door.
- The rocks, the sea-weed on the ocean floor,
 - The willows in the meadow, and the free [come me;
 - Wild winds of the Atlantic wel-Then why shouldst thou be dead, and come no more?
- Ah, why shouldst thou be dead, when common men
 - Are busy with their trivial affairs, Having and holding? Why, when thou hadst read
- Nature's mysterious manuscript, and then [bears,
 - Wast ready to reveal the truth it
 Why art thou silent? Why
 shouldst thou be dead?

River, that stealest with such silent pace [where lies Around the City of the Dead, A friend who bore thy name, and

whom these eyes

Shall see' no more in his accustomed place, [embrace,

Linger and fold him in thy soft And say good night, for now the western skies

Are red with sunset, and gray mists arise

Like damps that gather on a dead man's face.

Good night! good night! as we so oft have said [the days Beneath this roof at midnight, in That are no more, and shall no more return.

Thou hast but taken thy lamp and gone to bed;

I stay a little longer, as one stays To cover up the embers that still burn. The doors are all wide open; at the gate

The blossomed lilacs counterfeit a blaze, [dreamy haze And seem to warm the air; a Hangs o'er the Brighton meadows like a fate, [elate,

And on their margin, with sea-tides The flooded Charles, as in the happier days,

Writes the last letter of his name, and stays

His restless steps, as if compelled to wait. [more,

I also wait; but they will come no Those friends of mine, whose presence satisfied

The thirst and hunger of my heart.

Ah me!

They have forgotten the pathway to my door!

Something is gone from nature since they died, [can be. And summer is not summer, nor

CHAUCER.

An old man in a lodge within a park;

The chamber walls depicted all around

With portraitures of huntsman, hawk, and hound,

And the hurt deer. He listeneth to the lark,

Whose song comes with the sunshine through the dark

Of painted glass in leaden lattice bound;

He listeneth and he laugheth at the sound,

Then writeth in a book like any clerk.

He is the poet of the dawn, who wrote

The Canterbury Tales, and his old age

Made beautiful with song; and as I read

I hear the crowing cock, I hear the note

Of lark and linnet, and from every page

Rise odours of ploughed field or flowery mead.

SHAKESPEARE.

A vision as of crowded city streets, With human life in endless overflow:

Thunder of thoroughfares; trumpets that blow

To battle; clamour, in obscure retreats,

Of sailors landed from their anchored fleets;

Tolling of bells in turrets, and below

Voices of children, and bright flowers that throw

O'er garden - walls their intermingled sweets!

This vision comes to me when I unfold

The volume of the Poet paramount, Whom all the Muses loved, not one alone;—

Into his hands they put the lyre of gold,

And, crowned with sacred laurel at their fount,

Placed him as Musagetes on their throne.

MILTON.

I PACE the sounding sea-beach and behold

How the voluminous billows roll and run,

Upheaving and subsiding, while the sun

Shines through their sleeted emerald far unrolled,

And the ninth wave, slow gathering fold by fold

All its loose-flowing garments into one.

Plunges upon the shore, and floods the dun

Pale reach of sands, and changes them to gold.

So in majestic cadence rise and fall
The mighty undulations of thy
song,

O sightless bard, England's Mæonides!

And ever and anon, high over all

Uplifted, a ninth wave superb and strong,

Floods all the soul with its melodious seas.

KEATS.

THE young Endymion sleeps Endymion's sleep;

The shepherd-boy whose tale was left half told!

The solemn grove uplifts its shield of gold

To the red rising moon, and loud and deep

The nightingale is singing from the steep;

It is midsummer, but the air is cold; [the fold

Can it be death? Alas, beside A shepherd's pipe lies shattered near his sheep.

Lo! in the moonlight gleams a marble white,

On which I read: "Here lieth one whose name

Was writ in water." And was this the meed

Of his sweet singing? Rather let me write: [to flame

"The smoking flax before it burst Was quenched by death, and broken the bruised reed."

THE GALAXY.

TORRENT of light and river of the air,

Along whose bed the glimmering stars are seen

Like gold and silver sands in some ravine

Where mountain streams have left their channels bare!

The Spaniard sees in thee the pathway, where

His patron saint descended in the sheen

Of his celestial armour, on serene And quiet nights, when all the heavens were fair.

Not this I see, nor yet the ancient fable Of Phaeton's wild course, that scorched the skies

Where'er the hoofs of his hot coursers trod;

But the white drift of worlds o'er chasms of sable,

The star-dust, that is whirled aloft and flies [of God.

From the invisible chariot-wheels

THE SOUND OF THE SEA.

THE sea awoke at midnight from its sleep,

And round the pebbly beaches far and wide [tide I heard the first wave of the rising Rush onward with uninterrupted sweep; [deep,

A voice out of the silence of the A sound mysteriously multiplied

As of a cataract from the mountain's side,

Or roar of winds upon a wooded steep.

So comes to us at times, from the unknown

And inaccessible solitudes of being,

The rushing of the sea-tides of the soul;

And inspirations, that we deem our own,

Are some divine foreshadowing and foreseeing

Of things beyond our reason or control.

A SUMMER DAY BY THE SEA.

THE sun is set; and in his latest beams

Yon little cloud of ashen gray and gold,

Slowly upon the amber air unrolled,

The falling mantle of the Prophet seems.

From the dim headlands many a light-house gleams,

The street-lamps of the ocean; and behold,

O'erhead the banners of the night unfold;

The day hath passed into the land of dreams.

O summer day beside the joyous sea!

O summer day so wonderful and white, [pain!

So full of gladness and so full of Forever and forever shalt thou be

To some the gravestone of a dead delight,

To some the landmark of a new domain.

THE TIDES.

I saw the long line of the vacant shore,

The sea-weed and the shells upon the sand,

And the brown rocks left bare on every hand,

As if the ebbing tide would flow no more.

Then heard I, more distinctly than before,

The ocean breathe and its great breast expand,

And hurrying came on the defenceless land

The insurgent waters with tumultuous roar.

All thought and feeling and desire, I said.

Love, laughter, and the exultant iov of song

Have ebbed from me forever! Suddenly o'er me

They swept again from their deep ocean bed,

And in a tumult of delight, and strong

As youth, and beautiful as youth, upbore me.

A SHADOW.

I said unto myself, if I were dead, What would befall these children? What would be

Their fate, who now are looking up to me

For help and furtherance? Their lives, I said, [read Would be a volume wherein I have

But the first chapters, and no longer see

To read the rest of their dear history, [dread. So full of beauty and so full of

Be comforted; the world is very old, And generations pass, as they have passed,

A troop of shadows moving with the sun;

Thousands of times has the old tale been told;

The world belongs to those who come the last,

They will find hope and strength as we have done.

A NAMELESS GRAVE.

"A SOLDIER of the Union mustered out,"

Is the inscription on an unknown grave

At Newport News, beside the saltsea wave,

Nameless and dateless; sentinel or scout [rout

Shot down in skirmish, or disastrous
Of battle, when the loud artillery
drave

[of brave]

Its iron wedges through the ranks And doomed battalions, storming the redoubt.

Thou unknown hero sleeping by the sea [shame

In thy forgotten grave! with secret

I feel my pulses beat, my forehead
burn.

When I remember thou hast given for me

All that thou hadst, thy life, thy very name,

And I can give thee nothing in return.

SLEEP.

Lull me to sleep, ye winds, whose fitful sound

Seems from some faint Æolian harp-string caught;

Seal up the hundred wakeful eyes of thought

As Hermes with his lyre in sleep profound

The hundred wakeful eyes of Argus bound;

For I am weary, and am overwrought

With too much toil, with too much care distraught,

And with the iron crown of anguish crowned.

Lay thy soft hand upon my brow and cheek,

O peaceful Sleep! until from pain released

I breathe again uninterrupted breath!

Ah, with what subtle meaning did the Greek

Call thee the lesser mystery at the feast

Whereof the greater mystery is death!

THE OLD BRIDGE AT FLORENCE.

Taddeo Gaddi built me. I am old; Five centuries old. I plant my foot of stone

Upon the Arno, as St. Michael's own

Was planted on the dragon. Fold by fold

Beneath me, as it struggles, I behold

Its glistening scales. Twice hath it overthrown

My kindred and companions. Me alone

It moveth not, but is by me controlled.

I can remember when the Medici

Were driven from Florence; longer still ago,

The final wars of Ghibelline and Guelf.

Florence adorns me with her jewelry; And when I think that Michael Angelo

Hath leaned on me, I glory in myself.

IL PONTE VECCHIO DI FIRENZE.

Gaddi mi fece; il Ponte Vecchio sono;

Cinquecent' anni già sull' Arno pianto

Il piede, come il suo Michele Santo

Piantò sul draco. Mentre ch' io ragiono

Lo vedo torcere con flebil suono

Le rilucenti scaglie. Ha questi affranto

Due volte i miei maggior. Me solo intanto

Neppure muove, ed io non l'abbandono.

Io mi rammento quando fur cacciati I Medici; pur quando Ghibellino E Guelfo fecer pace mi rammento.

Fiorenza i suoi giojelli m'ha prestati; E quando penso ch' Agnolo il divino

Su me posava, insuperbir mi sento

NATURE.

As a fond mother, when the day is o'er,

Leads by the hand her little child to bed,
Half willing, half reluctant to be led,
And leave his broken playthings on the floor,
Still gazing at them through the open door,
Nor wholly reassured and comforted
By promises of others in their stead, [more;
Which, though more splendid, may not please him
So Nature deals with us, and takes away
Our playthings one by one, and by the hand
Leads us to rest so gently, that we go,
Scarce knowing if we wish to go or stay,
Being too full of sleep to understand
How far the unknown transcends the what we know.

IN THE CHURCHYARD AT TARRYTOWN.

HERE lies the gentle humourist, who died
In the bright Indian Summer of his fame!
A simple stone, with but a date and name,
Marks his secluded resting-place beside
The river that he loved and glorified.
Here in the autumn of his days he came,
But the dry leaves of life were all aflame
With tints that brightened and were multiplied.
How sweet a life was his; how sweet a death!
Living, to wing with mirth the weary hours,
Or with romantic tales the heart to cheer;
Dying, to leave a memory like the breath
Of summers full of sunshine and of showers,
A grief and gladness in the atmosphere.

ELIOT'S OAK.

THOU ancient oak! whose myriad leaves are loud With sounds of unintelligible speech,
Sounds as of surges on a shingly beach,
Or multitudinous murmurs of a crowd;

With some mysterious gift of tongues endowed,
Thou speakest a different dialect to each;
To me a language that no man can teach,
Of a lost race, long vanished like a cloud.
For underneath thy shade, in days remote,
Seated like Abraham at eventide
Beneath the oaks of Mamre, the unknown
Apostle of the Indians, Eliot, wrote
His Bible in a language that hath died
And is forgotten, save by thee alone.

THE DESCENT OF THE MUSES.

NINE sisters, beautiful in form and face,
Came from their convent on the shining heights
Of Pierus, the mountain of delights,
To dwell among the people at its base.
Then seemed the world to change. All time and space,
Splendour of cloudless days and starry nights,
And men and manners, and all sounds and sights,
Had a new meaning, a diviner grace.
Proud were these sisters, but were not too proud
To teach in schools of little country towns
Science and song, and all the arts that please;
So that while housewives span, and farmers ploughed,
Their comely daughters, clad in homespun gowns,
Learned the sweet songs of the Pierides.

VENICE.

White swan of cities, slumbering in thy nest
So wonderfully built among the reeds
Of the lagoon, that fences thee and feeds,
As sayeth thy old historian and thy guest!
White water-lily, cradled and caressed
By ocean streams, and from the silt and weeds
Lifting thy golden filaments and seeds,
Thy sun-illumined spires, thy crown and crest!

White phantom city, whose untrodden streets
Are rivers, and whose pavements are the shifting
Shadows of palaces and strips of sky;
I wait to see thee vanish like the fleets
Seen in mirage, or towers of cloud uplifting
In air their unsubstantial masonry.

THE POETS.

O YE dead Poets, who are living still Immortal in your verse, though life be fled,

And ye, O living Poets, who are dead

Though ye are living, if neglect can kill,

Tell me if in the darkest hours of ill, With drops of anguish falling fast and red

From the sharp crown of thorns upon your head.

Ye were not glad your errand to fulfil?

Yes; for the gift and ministry of Song

Have something in them so divinely sweet,

It can assuage the bitterness of wrong;

Not in the clamour of the crowded street,

Not in the shouts and plaudits of the throng, [defeat. But in ourselves, are triumph and

PARKER CLEAVELAND.

WRITTEN ON REVISITING BRUNSWICK IN THE SUMMER OF 1875.

Among the many lives that I have known,

None I remember more serene and sweet,

More rounded in itself, and more complete,

Than his, who lies beneath this funeral stone.

These pines, that murmur in low monotone,

These walks frequented by scholastic feet,

Were all his world; but in this calm retreat

For him the teacher's chair became a throne.

With fond affection memory loves to dwell

On the old days, when his example made

A pastime of the toil of tongue and pen;

And now, amid the groves he loved so well,

That naught could lure him from their grateful shade,

He sleeps, but wakes elsewhere, for God hath said, Amen!

THE HARVEST MOON.

1T is the Harvest Moon! On gilded vanes

And roofs of villages, on woodland crests [of nests And their aerial neighbourhoods Deserted, on the curtained window-panes

Of rooms where children sleep, on country lanes

And harvest-fields, its mystic splendour rests!

Gone are the birds that were our summer guests;

With the last sheaves return the labouring wains!

All things are symbols: the external shows

Of Nature have their image in the mind,

As flowers and fruits and falling of the leaves;

The song-birds leave us at the summer's close,

Only the empty nests are left behind,

And pipings of the quail among the sheaves.

TO THE RIVER RHONE.

Thou Royal River, born of sun and shower
In chambers purple with the Alpine glow,
Wrapped in the spotless ermine of the snow
And rocked by tempests!—at the appointed hour
Forth, like a steel-clad horseman from a tower,
With clang and clink of harness dost thou go
To meet thy vassal torrents, that below
Rush to receive thee and obey thy power.
And now thou movest in triumphal march,
A king among the rivers! On thy way
A hundred towns await and welcome thee;
Bridge's uplift for thee the stately arch,
Vineyards encircle thee with garlands gay,
And fleets attend thy progress to the sea!

THE THREE SILENCES OF MOLINOS.

TO JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

THREE Silences there are: the first of speech,
The second of desire, the third of thought;
This is the lore a Spanish monk, distraught
With dreams and visions, was the first to teach.

These Silences, commingling each with each,
Made up the perfect Silence that he sought
And prayed for, and wherein at times he caught
Mysterious sounds from realms beyond our reach.

O thou, whose daily life anticipates

The life to come, and in whose thought and word

The spiritual world preponderates,

Hermit of Amesbury! thou too hast heard Voices and melodies from beyond the gates, And speakest only when thy soul is stirred!

THE TWO RIVERS.

I.

SLOWLY the hour-hand of the clock moves round;
So slowly that no human eye hath power
To see it move! Slowly in shine or shower
The painted ship above it, homeward bound,
Sails, but seems motionless, as if aground;
Yet both arrive at last; and in his tower
The slumberous watchman wakes and strikes the hour
A mellow, measured, melancholy sound.
Midnight! the outpost of advancing day!
The frontier town and citadel of night!
The watershed of Time, from which the streams
Of Yesterday and To-morrow take their way,
One to the land of darkness and of dreams!

TT.

O River of Yesterday, with current swift
Through chasms descending, and soon lost to sight,
I do not care to follow in their flight
The faded leaves, that on thy bosom drift!
O River of To-morrow, I uplift
Mine eyes, and thee I follow, as the night
Wanes into morning, and the dawning light
Broadens, and all the shadows fade and shift!

I follow, follow, where thy waters run
Through unfrequented, unfamiliar fields,
Fragrant with flowers and musical with song,
Still follow, follow; sure to meet the sun,
And confident, that what the future yields
Will be the right, unless myself be wrong.

III.

Yet not in vain, O River of Yesterday,
'Through chasms of darkness to the deep descending,
I heard thee sobbing in the rain, and blending
Thy voice with other voices far away.
I called to thee, and yet thou wouldst not stay,
But turbulent, and with thyself contending,
And torrent-like thy force on pebbles spending,
Thou wouldst not listen to a poet's lay.
Thoughts, like a loud and sudden rush of wings,
Regrets and recollections of things past,
With hints and prophecies of things to be,
And inspirations, which, could they be things,
And stay with us, and we could hold them fast,
Were our good angels,—these I owe to thee.

IV.

And thou, O River of To-morrow, flowing
Between thy narrow adamantine walls,
But beautiful, and white with waterfalls,
And wreaths of mist, like hands the pathway showing
I hear the trumpets of the morning blowing,
I hear thy mighty voice, that calls and calls,
And see, as Ossian saw in Morven's halls,
Mysterious phantoms, coming, beckoning, going!
It is the mystery of the unknown
That fascinates us; we are children still,
Wayward and wistful; with one hand we cling
To the familiar things we call our own,
And with the other, resolute of will,
Grope in the dark for what the day will bring.

BOSTON.

St. Botolph's Town! Hither across the plains And fens of Lincolnshire, in garb austere, There came a Saxon monk, and founded here A Priory, pillaged by marauding Danes, So that thereof no vestige now remains; Only a name, that, spoken loud and clear, And echoed in another hemisphere, Survives the sculptured walls and painted panes. St. Botolph's Town! Far over leagues of land And leagues of sea looks forth its noble tower, And far around the chiming bells are heard; So may that sacred name for ever stand A landmark, and a symbol of the power, That lies concentred in a single word.

ST. JOHN'S, CAMBRIDGE.

I STAND beneath the tree, whose branches shade
Thy western window, Chapel of St. John!
And hear its leaves repeat their benison
On him, whose hand thy stones memorial laid;
Then I remember one of whom was said
In the world's darkest hour, "Behold thy son!"
And see him living still, and wandering on
And waiting for the advent long delayed.
Not only tongues of the apostles teach
Lessons of love and light, but these expanding
And sheltering boughs with all their leaves implore,
And say in language clear as human speech,
"The peace of God, that passeth understanding,
Be and abide with you for evermore!"

MOODS.

Oh that a Song would sing itself to me
Out of the heart of Nature, or the
heart [of Art,
Of man, the child of Nature, not

Fresh as the morning, salt as the salt sea,

With just enough of bitterness to be A medicine to this sluggish mood, and start The life-blood in my veins, and so impart

Healing and help in this dull lethargy!

Alas! not always doth the breath of song

Breathe on us. It is like the wind that bloweth

At its own will, not ours, nor tarrieth long;

We hear the sound thereof, but no man knoweth

From whence it comes, so sudden and swift and strong,

Nor whither in its wayward course it goeth.

WOODSTOCK PARK.

HERE in a little rustic hermitage
Alfred the Saxon King, Alfred the Great,
Postponed the cares of kingcraft to translate
The Consolations of the Roman sage.

Here Geoffrey Chaucer in his ripe old age
Wrote the unrivalled Tales, which soon or late
The venturous hand that strives to imitate
Vanguished must fall on the unfinished page.

Two kings were they, who ruled by right divine, And both supreme; one in the realm of Truth, One in the realm of Fiction and of Song.

What prince hereditary of their line,
Uprising in the strength and flush of youth,
Their glory shall inherit and prolong?

THE FOUR PRINCESSES AT WILNA.

A PHOTOGRAPH.

Sweet faces, that from pictured casements lean [down As from a castle window, looking On some gay pageant passing through a town,

Yourselves the fairest figures in the scene:

With what a gentle grace, with what serene

Unconsciousness ye wear the triple crown

Of youth and beauty and the fair renown

Of a great name, that ne'er hath tarnished been!

From your soft eyes, so innocent and sweet, [as they, Four spirits, sweet and innocent Gaze on the world below, the sky above:

Hark! there is some one singing in the street;

"Faith, Hope, and Love! these three," he seems to say;

"These three; and greatest of the three is Love."

HOLIDAYS.

THE holiest of all holidays are those Kept by ourselves in silence and apart;

The secret anniversaries of the heart,

When the full river of feeling overflows;—

The happy days unclouded to their close;

The sudden joys that out of darkness start

As flames from ashes; swift desires that dart

Like swallows singing down each wind that blows!

White as the gleam of a receding sail,

White as a cloud that floats and fades in air,

White as the whitest lily on a stream,

These tender memories are ;—a fairy tale

Of some enchanted land we know not where,

But lovely as a landscape in a dream.

WAPENTAKE.

TO ALFRED TENNYSON.

POET! I come to touch thy lance with mine;
Not as a knight, who on the listed field
Of tourney touched his adversary's shield
In token of defiance, but in sign
Of homage to the mastery, which is thine,
In English song; nor will I keep concealed,
And voiceless as a rivulet frost-congealed,
My admiration for thy verse divine.
Not of the howling dervishes of song,
Who craze the brain with their delirious dance,
Art thou, O sweet historian of the heart!
Therefore to thee the laurel-leaves belong,
To thee our love and our allegiance,
For thy allegiance to the poet's art.

THE BROKEN OAR.

ONCE upon Iceland's solitary strand A poet wandered with his book and pen, Seeking some final word, some sweet Amen, Wherewith to close the volume in his hand. The billows rolled and plunged upon the sand,
The circling sea-gulls swept beyond his ken,
And from the parting cloud-rack now and then
Flashed the red sunset over sea and land.
Then by the billows at his feet was tossed
A broken oar; and carved thereon he read,
"Oft was I weary, when I toiled at thee;"
And like a man, who findeth what was lost,
He wrote the words, then lifted up his head,
And flung his useless pen into the sea.

THE CROSS OF SNOW.

IN the long, sleepless watches of the night,

A gentle face—the face of one long dead—

Looks at me from the wall, where round its head

The night-lamp casts a halo of pale light.

Here in this room she died; and soul more white

Never through martyrdom of fire was led [be read To its repose; nor can in books The legend of a life more benedight.

There is a mountain in the distant West

That, sun-defying, in its deep ravines

Displays a cross of snow upon its side.

Such is the cross I wear upon my breast

These eighteen years, through all the changing scenes

And seasons, changeless since the day she died.

KÉRAMOS.

Turn, turn, my wheel! Turn round and round Without a pause, without a sound:

So spins the flying world away!

This clay, well mixed with marl and sand,

Follows the motion of my hand;

For some must follow, and some command,

Though all are made of clay!

Thus sang the Potter at his tasl.

Beneath the blossoming hawthorn-tree
While o'er his features, like a mask.

The quilted sunshine and leaf-shade Moved, as the boughs above him swayed, And clothed him, till he seemed to be A figure woven in tapestry, So sumptuously was he arrayed In that magnificent attire Of sable tissue flaked with fire. Like a magician he appeared, A conjurer without book or beard; And while he plied his magic art— For it was magical to me— I stood in silence and apart, And wondered more and more to see That shapeless, lifeless mass of clay Rise up to meet the master's hand, And now contract and now expand, And even his slightest touch obey; While ever in a thoughtful mood He sang his ditty, and at times Whistled a tune between the rhymes, As a melodious interlude.

Turn, turn, my wheel! All things must change To something new, to something strange;
Nothing that is can pause or stay;
The moon will wax, the moon will wane,
The mist and cloud will turn to rain,
The rain to mist and cloud again,
To-morrow be to-day.

Thus still the Potter sang, and still By some unconscious act of will, The melody and even the words Were intermingled with my thought, As bits of coloured thread are caught And woven into nests of birds. And thus to regions far remote, Beyond the ocean's vast expanse,

This wizard in the motley coat Transported me on wings of song, And by the northern shores of France, Bore me with restless speed along.

What land is this that seems to be A mingling of the land and sea? This land of sluices, dikes, and dunes? This water-net, that tessellates
The landscape? this unending maze
Of gardens, through whose latticed gates
The imprisoned pinks and tulips gaze;
Where in long summer afternoons
The sunshine, softened by the haze,
Comes streaming down as through a screen;
Where over fields and pastures green
The painted ships float high in air,
And over all and everywhere
The sails of windmills sink and soar
Like wings of sea-gulls on the shore?

What land is this? You pretty town Is Delft, with all its wares displayed: The pride, the market-place, the crown And centre of the Potter's trade. See! every house and room is bright With glimmers of reflected light From plates that on the dresser shine; Flagons to foam with Flemish beer, Or sparkle with the Rhenish wine, And pilgrim flasks with fleurs-de-lis, And ships upon a rolling sea, And tankards pewter topped, and queer With comic mask and musketeer! Each hospitable chimney smiles A welcome from its painted tiles; The parlour walls, the chamber floors, The stairways and the corridors,

The borders of the garden walks, Are beautiful with fadeless flowers, That never droop in winds or showers, And never wither on their stalks.

Turn, turn, my wheel! All life is brief; What now is bud will soon be leaf, What now is leaf will soon decay; The wind blows east, the wind blows west; The blue eggs in the robin's nest Will soon have wings and beak and breast, And flutter and fly away.

Now southward through the air I glide, The song my only pursuivant, And see across the landscape wide The blue Charente, upon whose tide The belfries and the spires of Saintes Ripple and rock from side to side, As, when an earthquake rends its walls, A crumbling city reels and falls.

Who is it in the suburbs here, This Potter, working with such cheer, In this mean house, this mean attire, His manly features bronzed with fire, Whose figulines and rustic wares Scarce find him bread from day to day? This madman, as the people say, Who breaks his tables and his chairs To feed his furnace fires, nor cares Who goes unfed if they are fed, Nor who may live if they are dead? This alchemist with hollow cheeks And sunken, searching eyes, who seeks, By mingled earths and ores combined With potency of fire, to find Some new enamel, hard and bright, His dream, his passion, his delight?

O Palissy! within thy breast
Burned the hot fever of unrest;
Thine was the prophet's vision, thine
The exultation, the divine
Insanity of noble minds,
That never falters nor abates,
But labours and endures and waits,
Till all that it foresees it finds,
Or what it cannot find creates!

Turn, turn, my wheel! This earthen jar
A touch can make, a touch can mar;
And shall it to the Potter say,
What makest thou? Thou hast no hand?
As men who think to understand
A world by their Creator planned,
Who wiser is than they.

Still guided by the dreamy song, As in a trance I float along Above the Pyrenean chain, Above the fields and farms of Spain, Above the bright Majorcan isle, That lends its softened name to art,— A spot, a dot upon the chart, Whose little towns, red-roofed with tile, Are ruby-lustred with the light Of blazing furnaces by night, And crowned by day with wreaths of smoke. Then eastward, wafted in my flight On my enchanter's magic cloak, I sail across the Tyrrhene Sea Into the land of Italy, And o'er the windy Apennines, Mantled and musical with pines.

The palaces, the princely halls, The doors of houses and the walls Of churches and of belfry towers, Cloister and castle, street and mart,
Are garlanded and gay with flowers
That blossom in the fields of art.
Here Gubbio's workshops gleam and glow
With brilliant, iridescent dyes,
The dazzling whiteness of the snow,
The cobalt blue of summer skies;
And vase and scutcheon, cup and plate,
In perfect finish emulate
Faenza, Florence, Pesaro.

Forth from Urbino's gate there came
A youth with the angelic name
Of Raphael, in form and face
Himself angelic, and divine
In arts of colour and design.
From him Francesco Xanto caught
Something of his transcendent grace,
And into fictile fabrics wrought
Suggestions of the master's thought.
Nor less Maestro Giorgio shines
With madre-perl and golden lines
Of arabesques, and interweaves
His birds and fruits and flowers and leaves,
About some landscape, shaded brown,
With olive tints on rock and town.

Behold this cup within whose bowl,
Upon a ground of deepest blue,
With yellow-lustred stars o'erlaid,
Colours of every tint and hue
Mingle in one harmonious whole!
With large blue eyes and steadfast gaze,
Her yellow hair in net and braid,
Necklace and ear-rings all ablaze
With golden lustre o'er the glaze,
A woman's portrait; on the scroll,
Cana, the Beautiful! A name

Forgotten save for such brief fame As this memorial can bestow,— A gift some lover long ago Gave with his heart to this fair dame.

A nobler title to renown Is thine, O pleasant Tuscan town, Seated beside the Arno's stream: For Lucca della Robbia there Created forms so wondrous fair. They made thy sovereignty supreme. These choristers with lips of stone, Whose music is not heard, but seen, Still chant, as from their organ-screen, Their Maker's praise; nor these alone, But the more fragile forms of clay, Hardly less beautiful than they, These saints and angels that adorn The walls of hospitals, and tell The story of good deeds so well That poverty seems less forlorn, And life more like a holiday.

Here in this old neglected church,
That long eludes the traveller's search,
Lies the dead bishop on his tomb;
Earth upon earth he slumbering hes,
Life-like and death-like in the gloom;
Garlands of fruit and flowers in bloom
And foliage deck his resting-place;
A shadow in the sightless eyes,
A pallor on the patient face,
Made perfect by the furnace heat;
All earthly passions and desires
Burnt out by purgatorial fires;
Seeming to say, "Our years are fleet,
And to the weary death is sweet."

But the most wonderful of all The ornaments on tomb or wall That grace the fair Ausonian shores Are those the faithful earth restores, Near some Apulian town concealed. In vineyard or in harvest field,— Vases and urns and bas-reliefs. Memorials of forgotten griefs, Or records of heroic deeds Of demigods and mighty chiefs: Figures that almost move and speak, And, buried amid mould and weeds, Still in their attitudes attest The presence of the graceful Greek,— Achilles in his armour dressed, Alcides with the Cretan bull, And Aphrodite with her boy, Or lovely Helena of Troy, Still living and still beautiful.

Turn, turn, my wheel! 'T is nature's plan
The child should grow into the man,
The man grow wrinkled, old, and gray;
In youth the heart exults and sings,
The pulses leap, the feet have wings;
In age the cricket chirps, and brings
The harvest-home of day.

And now the winds that southward blow And cool the hot Sicilian isle, Bear me away. I see below The long line of the Libyan Nile, Flooding and feeding the parched lands With annual ebb and overflow, A fallen palm whose branches lie Beneath the Abyssinian sky, Whose roots are in Egyptian sands. On either bank huge water-wheels, Belted with jars and dripping weeds,

Send forth their melancholy moans, As it, in their gray mantles hid, Dead anchorites of the Thebaid Knelt on the shore and told their beads, Beating their breasts with loud appeals And penitential tears and groans.

This city, walled and thickly set
With glittering mosque and minaret,
Is Cairo, in whose gay bazaars
The dreaming traveller first inhales
The perfume of Arabian gales,
And sees the fabulous earthen jars,
Huge as were those wherein the maid
Morgiana found the Forty Thieves
Concealed in midnight ambuscade;
And seeing, more than half believes
The fascinating tales that run
Through all the Thousand Nights and One,
Told by the fair Scheherezade.

More strange and wonderful than these Are the Egyptian deities, Ammon, and Emeth, and the grand Osiris, holding in his hand The lotus; Isis, crowned and veiled; The sacred Ibis, and the Sphinx; Bracelets with blue enamelled links; The Scarabee in emerald mailed, Or spreading wide his funeral wings; Lamps that perchance their night-watch kept O'er Cleopatra while she slept,—All plundered from the tombs of kings.

Turn, turn, my wheel! The human race Of every tongue, of every place, Caucasian, Coptic, or Malay, All that inhabit this great earth, Whatever be their rank or worth, Are kindred and allied by birth. And made of the same clay.

O'er desert sands, o'er gulf and bay.
O'er Ganges and o'er Himalay,
Bird-like I fly, and flying sing,
To flowery kingdoms of Cathay,
And bird-like poise on balanced wing
Above the town of King-te-tching,
A burning town, or seeming so,—
Three thousand furnaces that glow
Incessantly, and fill the air
With smoke uprising, gyre on gyre,
And painted by the lurid glare,
Of jets and flashes of red fire.

As leaves that in the autumn fall, Spotted and veined with various hues, Are swept along the avenues, And lie in heaps by hedge and wall, So from this grove of chimneys whirled To all the markets of the world, These porcelain leaves are wafted on,—Light yellow leaves with spots and stains Of violet and of crimson dye, Or tender azure of a sky Just washed by gentle April rains, And beautiful with celadon.

Nor less the coarser household wares,—
The willow pattern, that we knew
In childhood, with its bridge of blue
Leading to unknown thoroughfares;
The solitary man who stares
At the white river flowing through
Its arches, the fantastic trees

And wild perspective of the view; And intermingled among these The tiles that in our nurseries Filled us with wonder and delight, Or haunted us in dreams at night.

And yonder by Nankin, behold!
The Tower of Porcelain, strange and old,
Uplifting to the astonished skies
Its ninefold painted balconies,
With balustrades of twining leaves,
And roofs of tile, beneath whose eaves
Hang porcelain bells that all the time
Ring with a soft, melodious chime;
While the whole fabric is ablaze
With varied tints, all fused in one
Great mass of colour, like a maze
Of flowers illumined by the sun.

Turn, turn, my wheel! What is begun
At daybreak must at dark be done,
To-morrow will be another day;
To-morrow the hot furnace flame
Will search the heart and try the frame,
And stamp with honour or with shame
These vessels made of clay.

Cradled and rocked in Eastern seas,
The islands of the Japanese
Beneath me lie; o'er lake and plain
The stork, the heron, and the crane
Through the clear realms of azure drift,
And on the hillside I can see
The villages of Imari,
Whose thronged and flaming workshops lift
Their twisted columns of smoke on high,
Cloud cloisters that in ruins lie,
With sunshine streaming through each rift,
And broken arches of blue sky.

All the bright flowers that fill the land, Ripple of waves on rock or sand, The snow on Fusiyama's cone, The midnight heaven so thickly sown With constellations of bright stars, The leaves that rustle, the reeds that make A whisper by each stream and lake, The saffron dawn, the sunset red, Are painted on these lovely jars; Again the skylark sings, again The stork, the heron, and the crane Float through the azure overhead, The counterfeit and counterpart Of Nature reproduced in Art.

Art is the child of Nature; yes, Her darling child, in whom we trace The features of the mother's face, Her aspect and her attitude; All her majestic loveliness Chastened and softened and subdued Into a more attractive grace. And with a human sense imbued He is the greatest artist, then, Whether of pencil or of pen, Who follows Nature. Never man. As artist or as artisan, Pursuing his own fantasies, Can touch the human heart, or please, Or satisfy our nobler needs, As he who sets his willing feet, In Nature's footprints, light and fleet, And follows fearless where she leads.

Thus mused I on that morn in May, Wrapped in my visions like the Seer, Whose eyes behold not what is near, But only what is far away, When, suddenly sounding peal on peal,
The church-bell from the neighbouring town
Proclaimed the welcome hour of noon.
The Potter heard, and stopped his wheel,
His apron on the grass threw down
Whistled his quiet little tune,
Not overloud nor overlong,
And ended thus his simple song:

Stop, stop, my wheel! Too soon, too soon
The noon will be the afternoon,
Too soon to-day be yesterday;
Behind us in our path we cast
The broken potsherds of the past,
And all are ground to dust at last,
And trodden into clay!

ULTIMA THULE.

DEDICATION.

TO G. W. G.

With favouring winds, o'er sunlit seas,

We sailed for the Hesperides, The land where golden apples grow; But that, ah! that was long ago.

How far since then the ocean streams [dreams, Have swept us from that land of That land of fiction and of truth, The lost Atlantis of our youth!

Whither, ah, whither? Are not these
The tempest-haunted Orcades,
Where sea-gulls scream, and breakers roar, [shore?

And wreck and sea-weed line the

Ultima Thule! Utmost Isle! Here in thy harbours for a while We lower our sails; a while we rest From the unending, endless quest.

POEMS.

BAYARD TAYLOR.

DEAD he lay among his books.!

The peace of God was in his looks.

As the statues in the gloom Watch o'er Maximilian's tomb,

So those volumes from their shelves Watched him, silent as themselves.

Ah! his hand will never more Turn their storied pages o'er.

Never more his lips repeat Songs of theirs, however sweet. Let the lifeless body rest! He is gone, who was its guest;

Gone, as travellers haste to leave An inn, nor tarry until eve.

Traveller! in what realms afar, In what planet, in what star,

In what vast, aerial space Shines the light upon thy face?

In what gardens of delight Rest thy weary feet to-night?

Poet! thou whose latest verse Was a garland on thy hearse;

Thou hast sung, with organ tone, In Deukalion's life, thine own;

On the ruins of the past Blooms the perfect flower at last.

Friend! but yesterday the bells Rang for thee their loud farewells;

And to-day they toll for thee, Lying dead beyond the sea;

Lying dead among thy books, The peace of God in all thy looks!

THE CHAMBER OVER THE GATE.

Is it so far from thee
Thou canst no longer see,
In the Chamber over the Gate,
That old man desolate,
Weeping and wailing sore
For his son, who is no more?
O Absalom, my son!

Is it so long ago
That cry of human woe
From the walled city came,
Calling on his dear name,

That it has died away
In the distance of to-day?
O Absalom, my son!

There is no far or near,
There is neither there nor here,
There is neither soon nor late,
In that Chamber over the Gate,
Nor any long ago
To that cry of human woe,
O Absalom, my son!

From the ages that are past
The voice sounds like a blast,
Over seas that wreck and drown,
Over tumult of traffic and town;
And from ages yet to be
Come the echoes back to me,
O Absalom, my son!

Somewhere at every hour The watchman on the tower Looks forth, and sees the fleet Approach of the hurrying feet Of messengers, that bear The tidings of despair.

O Absalom, my son!

He goes forth from the door, Who shall return no more. With him our joy departs; The light goes out in our hearts; In the Chamber over the Gate We sit disconsolate.

O Absalom, my son!

That 't is a common grief
Bringeth but slight relief;
Ours is the bitterest loss,
Ours is the heaviest cross;
And forever the cry will be
"Would God I had died for thee,
O Absalom, my son!"

FROM MY ARM-CHAIR.

TO THE CHILDREN OF CAMBRIDGE,

Who presented to me, on my Seventysecond Birthday, February 27, 1879, this Chair made from the Wood of the Village Blacksmith's Chestnut Tree.

AM I a king, that I should call my own

This splendid ebon throne?

Or by what reason, or what right divine.

Can I proclaim it mine?

Only, perhaps, by right divine of song It may to me belong;

Only because the spreading chestnut tree

Of old was sung by me.

Well I remember it in all its prime, When in the summer-time

The affluent foliage of its branches made

A cavern of cool shade.

There, by the blacksmith's forge, beside the street,

Its blossoms white and sweet

Enticed the bees, until it seemed alive,

And murmured like a hive.

And when the winds of autumn, with a shout,

Tossed its great arms about,

The shining chestnuts, bursting from the sheath,

Dropped to the ground beneath.

And now some fragments of its branches bare,
Shaped as a stately chair,

Have by my hearthstone found a home at last,

And whisper of the past.

The Danish king could not in all his pride

Repel the ocean tide,

But, seated in this chair, I can in rhyme

Roll back the tide of Time.

I see again, as one in vision sees, The blossoms and the bees,

And hear the children's voices shout and call,

And the brown chestnuts fall.

I see the smithy with its fires aglow,
I hear the bellows blow,

And the shrill hammers on the anvil beat

The iron white with heat!

And thus, dear children, have ye made for me

This day a jubilee,

And to my more than threescore years and ten

Brought back my youth again.

The heart hath its own memory, like the mind,

And in it are enshrined

The precious keepsakes, into which is wrought

The giver's loving thought.

Only your love and your remembrance could

Give life to this dead wood,

And make these branches, leafless now so long,

Blossom again in song.

JUGURTHA.

How cold are thy baths, Apollo! Cried the African monarch, the splendid,

As down to his death in the hollow Dark dungeons of Rome he descended,

Uncrowned, unthroned, unattended;

How cold are thy baths, Apollo!

How cold are thy baths, Apollo! Cried the Poet, unknown, unbefriended.

As the vision, that lured him to follow,

With the mist and the darkness blended,

And the dream of his life was ended;

How cold are thy baths, Apollo!

THE IRON PEN.

I THOUGHT this Pen would arise From the casket where it lies— Of itself would arise, and write My thanks and my surprise.

When you gave it me under the pines, I dreamed these gems from the mines Of Siberia, Ceylon, and Maine Would glimmer as thoughts in the lines;

That this iron link from the chain
Of Bonnivard might retain
Some verse of the Poet who sang
Of the prisoner and his pain;

That this wood from the frigate's mast Might write me a rhyme at last,
As it used to write on the sky
The song of the sea and the blast.

But motionless as I wait,
Like a Bishop lying in state
Lies the Pen, with its mitre of gold,
And its jewels inviolate.

Then must I speak, and say
That the light of that summer day
In the garden under the pines
Shall not fade and pass away.

I shall see you standing there, Caressed by the fragrant air, With the shadow on your face, And the sunshine on your hair.

I shall hear the sweet low tone
Of a voice before unknown,
Saying, "This is from me to you—
From me, and to you alone."

And in words not idle and vain
I shall answer, and thank you again
For the gift, and the grace of the gift,
O beautiful Helen of Maine!

And for ever this gift will be
As a blessing from you to me,
As a drop of the dew of your youth
On the leaves of an aged tree.

ROBERT BURNS.

I SEE amid the fields of Ayr
A ploughman, who, in foul and fair
Sings at his task
So clear, we know not if it is
The laverock's song we hear, or his,
Nor care to ask.

For him the ploughing of those fields
A more ethereal harvest yields
Than sheaves of grain;
Songs flush with purple bloom the rye,
The plover's call, the curlew's cry,
Sing in his brain.

Touched by his hand, the wayside weed Becomes a flower; the lowliest reed Beside the stream Is clothed with beauty; gorse and grass And heather, where his footsteps pass,

The brighter seem.

He sings of love, whose flame illumes
The darkness of lone cottage rooms;
He feels the force,
The treacherous undertow and stress
Of wayward passions, and no less
The keen remorse.

At moments, wrestling with his fate,
His voice is harsh, but not with hate:
The brush-wood, hung
Above the tavern door, lets fall
Its bitter leaf, its drop of gall
Upon his tongue.

But still the music of his song
Rises o'er all, elate and strong;
Its master-chords
Are Manhood, Freedom, Brotherhood;
Its discords but an interlude
Between the words.

And then to die so young, and leave
Unfinished what he might achieve!
Yet better sure
Is this, than wandering up and down
An old man in a country town
Infirm and poor.

For now he haunts his native land
As an immortal youth; his hand
Guides every plough;
He sits beside each ingle-nook;
His voice is in each rushing brook,
Each rustling bough.

HELEN OF TYRE.

His presence haunts this room to-night,
A form of mingled mist and light
From that far coast.
Welcome beneath this roof of mine!
Welcome! this vacant chair is thine,
Dear guest and ghost!

HELEN OF TYRE.

What phantom is this, that appears
Through the purple mists of the years
Itself but a mist like these?
A woman of cloud and of fire;
It is she; it is Helen of Tyre,
The town in the midst of the seas.

O Tyre! in thy crowded streets
The phantom appears and retreats,
And the Israelites, that sell
Thy lilies and lions of brass,
Look up as they see her pass,
And murmur "Jezebel!"

Then another phantom is seen
At her side, in a gray gabardine,
With beard that floats to his waist;
It is Simon Magus, the Seer;
He speaks, and she pauses to hear
The words he utters in haste.

He says: "From this evil fame,
From this life of sorrow and shame,
I will lift thee and make thee mine;
Thou hast been Queen Candace,
And Helen of Troy, and shalt be
The Intelligence Divine!"

Oh, sweet as the breath of morn,
To the fallen and forlorn
Are whispered words of praise;
For the famished heart believes
The falsehood that tempts and deceives,
And the promise that betrays.

So she follows from land to land
The wizard's beckoning hand,
As a leaf is blown by the gust,
Till she vanishes into night.
O reader, stoop down and write
With thy finger in the dust.

O town in the midst of the seas,
With thy rafts of cedar trees,
Thy merchandise and thy ships,
Thou, too, art become as naught,
A phantom, a shadow, a thought,
A name upon men's lips.

ELEGIAC.

DARK is the morning with mist; in the narrow mouth of the harbour Motionless lies the sea, under its curtain of cloud;

Dreamily glimmer the sails of ships on the distant horizon,

Like to the towers of a town, built on the verge of the sea.

Slowly and stately and still, they sail forth into the ocean;

With them sail my thoughts over the limitless deep,

Farther and farther away, borne on by unsatisfied longings,

Unto Hesperian isles, unto Ausonian shores.

Now they have vanished away, have disappeared in the ocean:

Sunk are the towers of the town into the depths of the sea!

All have vanished but those that, moored in the neighbouring roadstead.

Sailless at anchor ride, looming so large in the mist.

Vanished, too, are the thoughts, the dim, unsatisfied longings;

Sunk are the turrets of cloud into the ocean of dreams;

While in a haven of rest my heart is riding at anchor,

Held by the chains of love, held by the anchors of trust!

OLD ST. DAVID'S AT RADNOR.

What an image of peace and rest Is this little church among its graves! All is so quiet; the troubled breast, The wounded spirit, the heart oppressed, Here may find the repose it craves.

See how the ivy climbs and expands
Over this humble hermitage,
And seems to caress with its little hands
The rough, gray stones, as a child that stands
Caressing the wrinkled cheeks of age!

You cross the threshold; and dim and small Is the space that serves for the Shepherd's Fold; The narrow aisle, the bare, white wall, The pews, and the pulpit quaint and tall, Whisper and say, "Alas! we are old."

Herbert's chapel at Bemerton,
Hardly more spacious is than this;
But poet and pastor, blent in one,
Clothed with a splendour, as of the sun,
That lowly and holy edifice.

It is not the wall of stone without
That makes the building small or great,
But the soul's light shining round about,
And the faith that overcometh doubt,
And the love that stronger is than hate.

Were I a pilgrim in search of peace,
Were I a pastor of Holy Church,
More than a bishop's diocese
Should I prize this place of rest and release
From further longing and further search.

Here would I stay, and let the world
With its distant thunder roar and roll;
Storms do not rend the sail that is furled;
Nor like a dead leaf, tossed and whirled
In an eddy of wind, is the anchored soul.

FOLK-SONGS.

THE SIFTING OF PETER.

IN St. Luke's Gospel we are told How Peter in the days of old Was sifted;

And now, though ages intervene,
Sin is the same, while time and scene
Are shifted.

Satan desires us, great and small,
As wheat to sift us, and we allAre tempted;
Not one, however rich or great,
Is by his station or estate
Exempted.

No house so safely guarded is
But he, by some device of his,
Can enter;
No heart hath armour so complete
But he can pierce with arrows fleet

Its centre.

For all at last the cock will crow,
Who hear the warning voice, but go
Unheeding,
Till thrice and more they have denied
The Man of Sorrows, crucified
And bleeding.

One look of that pale, suffering face Will make us feel the deep disgrace Of weakness;

We shall be sifted till the strength Of self-conceit be changed at length To meekness.

Wounds of the soul, though healed, will ache; The reddening scars remain, and make Confession:

Lost innocence returns no more; We are not what we were before Transgression.

But noble souls, through dust and heat,
Rise from disaster and defeat
The stronger,
And conscious still of the divine
Within them, lie on earth supine
No longer.

MAIDEN AND WEATHERCOCK.

MAIDEN.

O WEATHERCOCK on the village spire, With your golden feathers all on fire, Tell me, what can you see from your perch Above there over the tower of the church?

WEATHERCOCK.

I can see the roofs and the streets below, And the people moving to and fro, And beyond, without either roof or street, The great salt sea and the fishermen's fleet.

I can see a ship come sailing in Beyond the headlands and harbour of Lynn, And a young man standing on the deck, With a silken kerchief round his neck. Now he is pressing it to his lips, And now he is kissing his finger-tips, And now he is lifting and waving his hand And blowing the kisses toward the land.

MAIDEN.

Ah, that is the ship from over the sea That is bringing my lover back to me, Bringing my lover so fond and true, Who does not change with the wind like you.

WEATHERCOCK.

If I change with all the winds that blow, It is only because they made me so; And people would think it wondrous strange If I, a Weathercock, should not change.

O pretty Maiden, so fine and fair, With your dreamy eyes and your golden hair, When you and your lover meet to-day, You will thank me for looking some other way.

THE WINDMILL.

BEHOLD! a giant am I!

Aloft here in my tower,
With my granite jaws I devour
The maize, and the wheat, and therye,
And grind them into flour.

I look down over the farms;
In the fields of grain I see
The harvest that is to be,
And I fling to the air my arms,
For I know it is all for me.

I hear the sound of flails

Far off, from the threshing
floors

In barns with their open doors.

In barns, with their open doors, And the wind, the wind in my sails, Louder and louder roars. I stand here in my place,

With my foot on the rock
below, [blow,
And whichever way it may
I meet it face to face
As a brave man meets his foe.

And while we wrestle and strive,

My master, the miller, stands
And feeds me with his hands;

For he knows who makes him
thrive,

Who makes him lord of lands.

On Sundays I take my rest;
Church-going bells begin
Their low, melodious din;
I cross my arms on my breast,
And all is peace within.

THE TIDE RISES, THE TIDE FALLS.

THE tide rises, the tide falls,
The twilight darkens, the curlew
calls:

Along the sea-sands damp and brown The traveller hastens toward the town, And the tide rises, the tide falls.

Darkness settles on roofs and walls, But the sea, the sea in the darkness calls; The little waves, with their soft, white hands,

Efface the footprints in the sands, And the tide rises, the tide falls.

The morning breaks; the steeds in their stalls

Stamp and neigh, as the hostler calls;

The day returns, but nevermore Keturns the traveller to the shore, And the tide rises, the tide falls.

SONNETS.

MY CATHEDRAL.

LIKE two cathedral towers these stately pines
Uplift their fretted summits tipped with cones;
The arch beneath them is not built with stones,
Not Art but Nature traced these lovely lines,
And carved this graceful arabesque of vines;
No organ but the wind here sighs and moans,
No sepulchre conceals a martyr's bones,
No marble bishop on his tomb reclines.
Enter! the pavement carpeted with leaves
Gives back a softened echo to thy tread!
Listen! the choir is singing; all the birds,
In leafy galleries beneath the eaves,
Are singing! Listen, ere the sound be fled,
And learn there may be worship without words.

THE BURIAL OF THE POET.

RICHARD HENRY DANA.

In the old churchyard of his native town, And in the ancestral tomb beside the wall, We laid him in the sleep that comes to all, And left him to his rest and his renown. The snow was falling, as if Heaven dropped down White flowers of Paradise to strew his pall;—•
The dead around him seemed to wake, and call His name, as worthy of so white a crown.
And now the moon is shining on the scene, And the broad sheet of snow is written o'er With shadows cruciform of leafless trees, As once the winding-sheet of Saladin With chapters of the Koran; but, ah! more Mysterious and triumphant signs are these.

NIGHT.

Into the darkness and the hush of night

Slowly the landscape sinks, and fades-away,

And with it fade the phantoms of the day,

The ghosts of men and things, that haunt the light.

The crowd, the clamour, the pursuit, the flight,

The unprofitable splendour and display,

The agitations, and the cares that prey

Upon our hearts, all vanish out of sight.

The better life begins; the world no more

Molests us; all its records we erase From the dull commonplace book of our lives,

That like a palimpsest is written o'er
With trivial incidents of time and
place, [revives.
And lo! the ideal, hidden beneath

L'ENVOI.

THE POET AND HIS SONGS.

As the birds come in the Spring, We know not from where; As the stars come at evening From depths of the air;

As the rain comes from the cloud, And the brook from the ground; As suddenly, low or loud, Out of silence a sound; As the grape comes to the vine, The fruit to the tree; As the wind comes to the pine, And the tide to the sea;

As come the white sails of ships O'er the ocean's verge; As comes the smile to the lips; The foam to the surge;

So come to the Poet his songs, All hitherward blown From the misty realm, that belongs To the vast Unknown.

His, and not his, are the lays
He sings;—and their fame
Is his, and not his;—and the praise
And the pride of a name.

For voices pursue him by day,
And haunt him by night,
And he listens, and needs must obey,
When the angel says: "Write!"

IN THE HARBOUR.

BECALMED.

BECALMED upon the sea of Thought, Still unattained the land it sought, My mind, with loosely-hanging sails, Lies waiting the auspicious gales.

On either side, behind, before, The ocean stretches like a floor, A level floor of amethyst, Crowned by a golden dome of mist. Blow, breath of inspiration, blow! Shake and uplift this golden glow! And fill the canvas of the mind With wafts of thy celestial wind.

Blow, breath of song! until I feel
The straining sail, the lifting keel,
The life of the awakening sea,
Its motion and its mystery!

THE POET'S CALENDAR.

JANUARY.

Janus am I; oldest of potentates; Forward I look, and backward, and below

I count, as god of avenues and gates, The years that through my portals come and go.

I block the roads, and drift the fields with snow;

I chase the wild-fowl from the frozen fen;

My frosts congeal the rivers in their flow,

My fires light up the hearths and hearts of men.

FEBRUARY.

I am lustration; and the sea is mine!

I wash the sands and headlands with my tide;

My brow is crowned with branches of the pine;

Before my chariot-wheels the fishes glide.

By me all things unclean are purified, By me the souls of men washed white again;

E'en the unlovely tombs of thos who died

Without a dirge, I cleanse from every stain.

MARCH.

I Martius am! Once first, and now the third!

To lead the Year was my appointed place;

A mortal dispossessed me by a word, And set there Janus with the double face. Hence I make war on all the human race;

I shake the cities with my hurricanes;

I flood the rivers and their banks efface.

And drown the farms and hamlets with my rains.

APRIL.

I open wide the portals of the Spring To welcome the procession of the flowers,

With their gay banners, and the birds that sing

Their song of songs from their aerial towers.

I soften with my sunshine and my showers

The heart of earth; with thoughts of love I glide

Into the hearts of men; and with the Hours

Upon the Bull with wreathed horns I ride.

MAY.

Hark! The sea-faring wild-fowl loud proclaim

My coming, and the swarming of the bees.

These are my heralds, and behold! my name

Is written in blossoms on the hawthorn-trees.

I tell the mariner when to sail the seas; [away

I wast o'er all the land from far
The breath and bloom of the
Hesperides, [May.
My birthplace. I am Maia. I am

JUNE.

Mine is the Month of Roses; yes, and mine

The Month of Marriages! All pleasant sights

And scents, the fragrance of the blossoming vine,

The foliage of the valleys and the heights.

Mine are the longest days, the loveliest nights;

The mower's scythe makes music to my ear;

I am the mother of all dear delights; I am the fairest daughter of the year.

JULY.

My emblem is the Lion, and 1 breathe

The breath of Libyan deserts o'er the land;

My sickle as a sabre I unsheathe, And bent before me the pale

harvests stand.

The lakes and rivers shrink at my command,

And there is thirst and fever in the air;

The sky is changed to brass, the earth to sand;

I am the Emperor whose name I bear.

AUGUST.

The Emperor Octavian, called the August,

I being his favourite, bestowed his name

Upon me, and I hold it still in trust, In memory of him and of his fame. I am the Virgin, and my vestal flame

Burns less intensely than the Lion's rage;

Sheaves are my only garlands, and I claim

The golden Harvests as my heritage.

SEPTEMBER.

I bear the Scales, where hang in equipoise

The night and day; and when unto my lips

I put my trumpet, with its stress and noise

Fly the white clouds like tattered sails of ships;

The tree-tops lash the air with sounding whips;

Southward the clamorous sea-fowl wing their flight;

The hedges are all red with haws and hips,

The Hunter's Moon reigns empress of the night.

OCTOBER.

My ornaments are fruits; my garments leaves,

Woven like cloth of gold, and crimson dyed;

I do not boast the harvesting of sheaves, [I preside.

O'er orchards and o'er vineyards Though on the frigid Scorpion I

The dreamy air is full, and over-With tender memories of the summertide. [and crows.]

And mingled voices of the doves

NOVEMBER.

The Centaur, Sagittarius, am I, Born of Ixion's and the cloud's embrace;

With sounding hoofs across the earth I fly,

A steed Thessalian with a human face.

Sharp winds the arrows are with which I chase

The leaves, half dead already with affright;

I shroud myself in gloom; and to the race [delight. Of mortals bring nor comfort nor

DECEMBER.

Riding upon the Goat, with snowwhite hair, [of mine I come, the last of all. This crown Is of the holly; in my hand I bear The thyrsus, tipped with fragrant cones of pine. I celebrate the birth of the Divine, And the return of the Saturnian reign;—

My songs are carols sung at every shrine,

Proclaiming "Peace on earth, good will to men."

AUTUMN WITHIN.

It is autumn; not without,
But within me is the cold.
Youth and spring are all about;
It is I that have grown old.

Birds are darting through the air, Singing, building without rest; Life is stirring everywhere, Save within my lonely breast.

There is silence: the dead leaves
Fall and rustle and are still;
Beats no flail upon the sheaves,
Comes no murmur from the mill.

THE FOUR LAKES OF MADISON.

FOUR limpid lakes—four Naiades
Or sylvan deitics are these,
In flowing robes of azure dressed;
Four lovely handmaids, that uphold
Their shining mirrors, rimmed with gold,
To the fair city in the West.

By day the coursers of the sun
Drink of these waters as they run
Their swift diurnal round on high;
By night the constellations glow
Far down the hollow deeps below,
And glimmer in another sky.

Fair lakes, serene and full of light,
Fair town, arrayed in robes of white,
How visionary ye appear!
All like a floating landscape seems
In cloudland or the land of dreams,
Bathed in a golden atmosphere!

VICTOR AND VANQUISHED.

As one who long hath fled with panting breath

Before his foe, bleeding and near to fall,

I turn and set my back against the wall,

And look thee in the face, triumphant Death.

I call for aid, and no one answereth;

I am alone with thee, who conquerest all;

Yet me thy threatening form doth not appall,

For thou art but a phantom and a wraith.

Wounded and weak, sword broken at the hilt.

With armour shattered, and without a shield,

I stand unmoved; do with me what thou wilt;

I can resist no more, but will not yield.

This is no tournament where cowards tilt;

The vanquished here is victor of the field.

MOONLIGHT.

As a pale phantom with a lamp Ascends some ruin's haunted stair, So glides the moon along the damp Mysterious chambers of the air. Now hidden in cloud, and now revealed,

As if this phantom, full of pain, Were by the crumbling walls con cealed.

And at the windows seen again.

Until at last, serene and proud In all the splendour of her light, She walks the terraces of cloud, Supreme as Empress of the Night.

I look, but recognize no more Objects familiar to my view; The very pathway to my door Is an enchanted avenue.

All things are changed. One mass of shade,

The elm-trees drop their curtains, down;

By palace, park, and colonnade I walk as in a foreign town.

The very ground beneath my feet
Is clothed with a diviner air;
While marble paves the silent street
And glimmers in the empty square.

Illusion! Underneath there lies
The common life of every day;
Only the spirit glorifies
With its own tints the sober gray.

In vain we look, in vain uplift
Our eyes to heaven, if we are blind;

We see but what we have the gift Of seeing; what we bring we find.

THE CHILDREN'S CRUSADE. [A FRAGMENT.]

I.

What is this I read in history, Full of marvel, full of mystery, Difficult to understand? Is it fiction, is it truth? Children in the flower of youth, Heart in heart, and hand in hand, Ignorant of what helps or harms, Without armour, without arms, Journeying to the Holy Land!

Who shall answer or divine?
Never since the world was made
Such a wonderful crusade
Started forth for Palestine.
Never while the world shall last
Will it reproduce the past;
Never will it see again
Such an army, such a band,
Over mountain, over main,
Journeying to the Holy Land.

Like a shower of blossoms blown From the parent trees were they; Like a flock of birds that fly Through the unfrequented sky, Holding nothing as their own, Passed they into lands unknown, Passed to suffer and to die.

O the simple, child-like trust! O the faith that could believe What the harnessed, iron-mailed Knights of Christendom had failed, By their prowess, to achieve, They, the children, could and must!

Little thought the Hermit, preaching
Holy Wars to knight and baron,
That the words dropped in his teaching,
His entreaty, his beseeching,
Would by children's hands be gleaned,
And the staff on which he leaned
Blossom like the rod of Aaron.

As a summer wind upheaves
The innumerable leaves
In the bosom of a wood,—
Not as separate leaves, but massed
All together by the blast,—
So for evil or for good
His resistless breath upheaved
All at once the many-leaved,
Many-thoughted multitude.

In the tumult of the air
Rock the boughs with all the nests
Cradled on their tossing crests;
By the fervour of his prayer
Troubled hearts were everywhere
Rocked and tossed in human breasts

For a century, at least,
His prophetic voice had ceased;
But the air was heated still
By his lurid words and will,
As from fires in far-off woods,
In the autumn of the year,
An unwonted fever broods
In the sultry atmosphere.

II.

In Cologne the bells were ringing, In Cologne the nuns were singing Hymns and canticles divine; Loud the monks sang in their stalls, And the thronging streets were loud With the voices of the crowd;— Underneath the city walls Silent flowed the river Rhine.

From the gates, that summer day, Clad in robes of hodden gray, With the red cross on the breast, Azure-eyed and golden-haired, Forth the young crusaders fared; While above the band devoted Consecrated banners floated, Fluttered many a flag and stream And the cross o'er all the rest! Singing lowly, meekly, slowly, "Give us, give us back the holy Sepulchre of the Redeemer!" On the vast procession pressed, Youths and maidens. . . .

III.

Ah! what master hand shall paint How they journeyed on their way, How the days grew long and dreary, How their little feet grew weary, How their little hearts grew faint!

Ever swifter day by day
Flowed the homeward river; ever
More and more its whitening current
Broke and scattered into spray,
Till the calmly-flowing river
Changed into a mountain torrent,
Rushing from its glacier green
Down through chasm and black
ravine.

Like a phœnix in its nest, Burned the red sun in the West, Sinking in an ashen cloud; In the East, above the crest Of the sea-like mountain chain, Like a phœnix from its shroud, Came the red sun back again.

Now around them, white with snow, Closed the mountain peaks. Below, Headlong from the precipice Down into the dark abyss, [foam; Plunged the cataract, white with And it said, or seemed to say: "Oh return, while yet you may, Foolish children, to your home, There the Holy City is!"

But the dauntless leader said:
"Faint not, though your bleeding feet
O'er these slippery paths of sleet
Move but painfully and slowly;
Other feet than yours have bled;
Other tears than yours been shed.
Courage! lose not heart or hope;
On the mountains' southern slope
Lies Jerusalem the Holy!"
As a white rose in its pride,
By the wind in summer-tide
Tossed and loosened from the
branch,

Showers its petals o'er the ground, From the distant mountain's side, Scattering all its snows around, With mysterious, muffled sound, Loosened, fell the avalanche. Voices, echoes far and near, Roar of winds and waters blending, Mists uprising, clouds impending, Filled them with a sense of fear, Formless, nameless, never ending.

SUNDOWN.

THE summer sun is sinking low;
Only the tree-tops redden and glow:
Only the weathercock on the spire
Of the neighbouring church is a
flame of fire;

All is in shadow below.

O beautiful, awful summer day, What hast thou given, what taken away?

Life and death, and love and hate, Homes made happy or desolate, Hearts made sad or gay!

On the road of life one mile-stone more! [o'er! In the book of life one leaf turned Like a red seal is the setting sun On the good and the evil men have done.—

Naught can to-day restore!

CHIMES.

Sweet chimes! that in the loneliness of night [the dark Salute the passing hour, and in And silent chambers of the household mark [orbs of light! The movements of the myriad]

Through my closed eyelids, by the inner sight,

I see the constellations in the arc Of their great circles moving on, and hark!

I almost hear them singing in their flight.

Better than sleep it is to lie awake, O'er-canopied by the vast starry dome

Of the immeasurable sky; to feel The slumbering world sink under us, and make

Hardly an eddy,—a mere rush of foam

On the great sea beneath a sinking keel.

FOUR BY THE CLOCK.

Four by the clock! and yet not day; But the great world rolls and wheels away,

With its cities on land, and its ships at sea,

Into the dawn that is to be!

Only the lamp in the anchored bark Sends its glimmer across the dark, And the heavy breathing of the sea Is the only sound that comes to me.

AUF WIEDERSEHEN.

IN MEMORY OF J. T. F.

UNTIL we meet again! That is the meaning
Of the familiar words, that men repeat
At parting in the street.
Ah yes, till then! but when death intervening

Rends us asunder, with what ceaseless pain

We wait for the Again!

The friends who leave us do not feel the sorrow Of parting, as we feel it, who must stay
Lamenting day by day,
And knowing, when we wake upon the morrow,
We shall not find in its accustomed place
The one beloved face.

It were a double grief, if the departed,
Being released from earth, should still retain
A sense of earthly pain;
It were a double grief, if the true-hearted
Who loved us here, should on the farther shore
Remember us no more.

Believing, in the midst of our afflictions,
That death is a beginning, not an end,
We cry to them, and send
Farewells, that better might be called predictions,
Being foreshadowings of the future thrown
Into the vast Unknown.

Faith overleaps the confines of our reason,
And if by faith, as in old times was said,
Women received their dead
Raised up to life, then only for a season
Our partings are, nor shall we wait in vain
Until we meet again!

ELEGIAC VERSE.

T.

PERADVENTURE of old, some bard in Ionian Islands,

Walking alone by the sea, hearing the wash of the waves,

Learned the secret from them of the beautiful verse elegiac,

Breathing into his song motion and sound of the sea.

For as the wave of the sea, upheaving in long undulations, Plunges loud on the sands, pauses, and turns, and retreats,

So the Hexameter, rising and singing, with cadence sonorous,

Falls; and in refluent rhythm back the Pentameter flows.

II.

Not in his youth alone, but in age, may the heart of the poet

Bloom into song, as the gorse blossoms in autumn and spring.

111.

Not in tenderness wanting, yet rough are the rhymes of our poet; Though it be Jacob's voice, Esau's, alas! are the hands.

IV.

Let us be grateful to writers for what is left in the inkstand; When to leave off is an art only attained by the few.

v.

How can the Three be One? you ask me; I answer by asking, Hail and snow and rain, are they not three, and yet one?

VI.

By the mirage uplifted, the land

floats vague in the ether,
Ships and the shadows of ships
hang in the motionless air;
So by the art of the poet our common
life is uplifted,
So, transfigured, the world floats
in a luminous haze.

VII.

Like a French poem is Life; being only perfect in structure When with the masculine rhymes mingled the feminine are

VIII.

Down from the mountain descends the brooklet, rejoicing in freedom;

Little it dreams of the mill hid in the valley below;

Glad with the joy of existence, the child goes singing and laughing, Little dreaming what toils lie in the future concealed.

IX.

As the ink from our pen, so flow our thoughts and our feelings When we begin to write, however sluggish before.

x.

Like the Kingdom of Heaven, the Fountain of Youth is within us; If we seek it elsewhere, old shall we grow in the search.

XI.

If you would hit the mark, you must aim a little above it;
Every arrow that flies feels the attraction of earth.

X11.

Wisely the Hebrews admit no Present tense in their language; While we are speaking the word, it is already the Past.

XIII.

In the twilight of age all things seem strange and phantasmal,

As between daylight and dark ghost-like the landscape appears.

XIV.

Great is the art of beginning, but greater the art is of ending; Many a poem is marred by a superfluous verse. THE CITY AND THE SEA.
THE panting City cried to the Sea,
"I am faint with heat,—Oh breathe

on me!"

And the Sea said, "Lo, I breathe! but my breath

To some will be life, to others death!"

As to Prometheus, bringing ease In pain, come the Oceanides,

So to the City, hot with the flame Of the pitiless sun, the east wind came.

It came from the heaving breast of the deep,

Silent as dreams are, and sudden as sleep.

Life-giving, death-giving, which will it be;

O breath of the merciful, merciless Sea?

MEMORIES.

Oft I remember those whom I have known

In other days, to whom my heart was led

As by a magnet, and who are not dead,

But absent, and their memories overgrown

With other thoughts and troubles of my own,

As graves with grasses are, and at their head

The stone with moss and lichens so o'erspread,

Nothing is legible but the name alone.

And is it so with them? After long years,

Do they remember me in the same way,

And is the memory pleasant as to me?

I fear to ask; yet wherefore are my fears?

Pleasures, like flowers, may wither and decay,

And yet the root perennial may be.

HERMES TRISMEGISTUS.

Still through Egypt's desert places Flows the lordly Nile;

From its banks the great stone faces

Gaze with patient smile.

Still the pyramids imperious Pierce the cloudless skies,

And the Sphinx stares with mysterious,

Solemn, stony eyes.

But where are the old Egyptian Demi-gods and kings?

Nothing left but an inscription Graven on stones and rings.

Where are Helios and Hephæstus, Gods of eldest eld?

Where is Hermes Trismegistus,
Who their secrets held?

Where are now the many hundred Thousand books he wrote?

By the Thaumaturgists plundered, Lost in lands remote;

In oblivion sunk for ever,

As when o'er the land

Blows a storm-wind, in the river Sinks the scattered sand, Something unsubstantial, ghostly,
Seems this Theurgist,
In deep meditation mostly
Wrapped, as in a mist.
Vague, phantasmal, and unreal
To our thought he seems,
Walking in a world ideal,
In a land of dreams.

Was he one, or many, merging
Name and fame in one,
Like a stream, to which, converging,
Many streamlets run?
Till, with gathered power proceeding,
Ampler sweep it takes,
Downward the sweet waters leading
From unnumbered lakes.

By the Nile I see him wandering,
Pausing now and then,
On the mystic union pondering
Between gods and men;
Half believing, wholly feeling,
With supreme delight, [ing,
How the gods, themselves concealLift men to their height.

Or in Thebes, the hundred-gated,
In the thoroughfare
Breathing, as if consecrated,
A diviner air;

And amid discordant noises, In the jostling throng, Hearing far, celestial voices Of Olympian song.

Who shall call his dreams fallacious?
Who has searched or sought
All the unexplored and spacious
Universe of thought?
Who, in his own skill confiding,
Shall with rule and line
Mark the border-land dividing
Human and divine?

Trismegistus! three times greatest!

How thy name sublime

Has descended to this latest

Progeny of time!

Happy they whose written pages

Perish with their lives,

If amid the crumbling ages

Still their name survives!

Thine, O priest of Egypt, lately
Found I in the vast,
Weed-encumbered, sombre, stately
Graveyard of the Past;
And a presence moved before me
On that gloomy shore,
As a waft of wind, that o'er me
Breathed, and was no more.

TO THE AVON.

FLOW on, sweet river! like his verse
Who lies beneath this sculptured hearse;
Nor wait beside the churchyard wall
For him who cannot hear thy call.

Thy playmate once; I see him now A boy with sunshine on his brow, And hear in Stratford's quiet street The patter of his little feet.

I see him by thy shallow edge, Wading knee-deep amid the sedge; And lost in thought, as if thy stream Were the swift river of a dream.

He wonders whitherward it flows; And fain would follow where it goes, To the wide world, that shall ere long Be filled with his melodious song.

Flow on, fair stream! That dream is o'er; He stands upon another shore; A vaster river near him flows, And still he follows where it goes.

PRESIDENT GARFIELD.

ning.

E venni dal martirio a questa pace."—Paradiso, XV. 148.

THESE words the poet heard in Paradise,
Uttered by one who, bravely dying here,
In the true faith, was living in that sphere
Where the celestial cross of sacrifice
Spread its protecting arms athwart the skies:
And set thereon, like jewels crystal clear,
The souls magnanimous, that knew not fear,
Flashed their effulgence on his dazzled eyes.
Ah me! how dark the discipline of pain,
Were not the suffering followed by the sense
Of infinite rest and infinite release!
This is our consolation: and again
A great soul cries to us in our suspense,
"I came from martyrdom unto this peace."

MY BOOKS.

SADLY as some old mediæval knight Gazed at the arms he could no longer wield,

The sword two-handed and the shining shield

Suspended in the hall, and full in sight,

While secret longings for the lost delight

Of tourney or adventure in the field

Came over him, and tears but half concealed

Trembled and fell upon his beard of white,

So I behold these books upon their shelf.

My ornaments and arms of other days;

Not wholly useless, though no longer used,

For they remind me of my other self.

Younger and stronger, and the pleasant ways

In which I walked, now clouded and confused.

MAD RIVER.

In the White Mountains.

TRAVELLER.

Why dost thou wildly rush and roar,

Mad River, O Mad River?
Wilt thou not pause and cease to pour

Thy hurrying headlong waters o'er

This rocky shelf for ever?

What secret trouble stirs thy breast?
Why all this fret and flurry?
Dost thou not know that what is best
In this too restless world is rest
From over-work and worry?

THE RIVER.

What wouldst thou in these mountains seek,

O stranger from the city?
Is it perhaps some foolish freak
Of thine, to put the words I speak
Into a plaintive ditty?

TRAVELLER.

Yes; I would learn of thee thy song,

With all its flowing numbers, And in a voice as fresh and strong As thine is, sing it all day long, And hear it in my slumbers.

THE RIVER.

A brooklet nameless and unknown
Was I at first, resembling
A little child, that all alone
Comes venturing down the stairs of
stone,

Irresolute and trembling.

Later, by wayward fancies led,
For the wide world I panted;
Out of the forest, dark and dread,
Across the open fields I fled,
Like one pursued and haunted.

I tossed my arms, I sang aloud,
My voice exultant blending
With thunder from the passing
cloud, [bowed,
The wind, the forest bent and
The rush of rain descending.

I heard the distant ocean call,
Imploring and entreating;
Drawn onward, o'er this rocky wall
I plunged, and the loud waterfall
Made answer to the greeting.

And now, beset with many ills,
A toilsome life I follow;
Compelled to carry from the hills
These logs to the impatient mills
Below there in the hollow.

Yet something ever cheers and charms

The rudeness of my labours;
Daily I water with these arms
The cattle of a hundred farms,
And have the birds for neighbours.

Men call me Mad, and well they may,
When, full of rage and trouble,
I burst my banks of sand and clay.
And sweep their wooden bridge
away,

Like withered reeds or stubble.

Now go and write thy little rhyme,
As of thine own creating.
Thou seest the day is past its prime,
I can no longer waste my time,
The mills are tired of waiting.

POSSIBILITIES.

WHERE are the Poets, unto whom belong
The Olympian heights; whose singing shafts were sent
Straight to the mark, and not from bows half bent,
But with the utmost tension of the thong?

Where are the stately argosies of song,

Whose rushing keels made music as they went

Sailing in search of some new continent,

With all sail set, and steady winds and strong?

Perhaps there lives some dreamy boy, untaught

In schools, some graduate of the field or street,

Who shall become a master of the art,

An admiral sailing the high seas of thought,

Fearless and first, and steering with his fleet

For lands not yet laid down in any chart.

DECORATION DAY.

SLEEP, comrades, sleep and rest
On this Field of the Grounded
Arms,

Where foes no more molest, Nor sentry's shot alarms!

Ye have slept on the ground before, And started to your feet At the cannon's sudden roar, Or the drum's redoubling beat.

But in this camp of Death

No sound your slumber breaks;

Here is no fevered breath,

No wound that bleeds and aches.

All is repose and peace,
Untrampled lies the sod;
The shouts of battle cease,
It is the Truce of God!

Rest, comrades, rest and sleep!
The thoughts of men shall be
As sentinels to keep
Your rest from danger free.

Your silent tents of green
We deck with fragrant flowers;
Yours has the suffering been,
The memory shall be ours.

A FRAGMENT.

AWAKE! arise! the hour is late!
Angels are knocking at thy door!
They are in haste and cannot wait,

And once departed come no more

Awake! arise! the athlete's arm
Loses its strength by too much
rest;

The fallow land, the untilled farm Produces only weeds at best.

LOSS AND GAIN.

When I compare

What I have lost with what I have gained,

What I have missed with what attained,

Little room do I find for pride.

I am aware

How many days have been idly spent;

How like an arrow the good intent

Has fallen short or been turned aside.

But who shall dare
To measure loss and gain in this
wise?

Defeat may be victory in disguise;
The lowest ebb is the turn of the tide.

INSCRIPTION ON THE SHANKLIN FOUNTAIN.

O TRAVELLER, stay thy weary feet; Drink of this fountain, pure and sweet; It flows for rich and poor the same. Then go thy way, remembering still The wayside well beneath the hill, The cup of water in his name.

THE BELLS OF SAN BLAS.

What say the Bells of San Blas
To the ships that southward pass
From the harbour of Mazatlan?
To them it is nothing more
Than the sound of surf on the shore—
Nothing more to master or man

But to me, a dreamer of dreams,

To whom what is and what
seems

Are often one and the same,—
The Bells of San Blas to me
Have a strange, wild melody,
And are something more than a
name.

For bells are the voice of the Church; [search They have tones that touch and The hearts of young and old; One sound to all, yet each Lends a meaning to their speech, And the meaning is manifold.

They are a voice of the Past,
Of an age that is fading fast,
Of a power austere and grand,
When the flag of Spain unfurled
Its folds o'er this Western world,
And the Priest was lord of the
land.

The chapel that once looked down
On the little seaport town
Has crumbled into the dust;
And on oaken beams below
The bells swing to and fro,
And are green with mould and
rust.

"Is, then, the old faith dead,"
They say, "and in its stead
Is some new faith proclaimed,
That we are forced to remain
Naked to sun and rain,
Unsheltered and ashamed?

"Once in our tower aloof
We rang over wall and roof
Our warnings and our complaints;
And round about us there,
The white doves filled the air
Like the white souls of the saints.

"The saints! Ah, have they grown Forgetful of their own?
Are they asleep, or dead,

That open to the sky
Their ruined Missions lie,
No longer tenanted?

"Oh, bring us back once more
The vanished days of yore,
When the world with faith was
filled;
Bring back the fervid zeal,
The hearts of fire and steel,
The hands that believe and
build.

"Then from our tower again
We will send over land and main
Our voices of command,
Like exiled kings who return
To their thrones, and the people
learn
That the Priest is lord of the
land."

O Bells of San Blas, in vain
Ye call back the Past again;
The Past is deaf to your prayer!
Out of the shadows of night
The world rolls into light;
It is daybreak everywhere.

FRAGMENTS.

October 22, 1838.

NEGLECTED record of a mind neglected,

Unto what "lets and stops" art thou subjected!

The day with all its toils and occupations,

The night with its reflections and sensations,

The future, and the present, and the past,—

All I remember, feel, and hope at last,

All shapes of joy and sorrow, as they pass,—

Find but a dusty image in this glass.

August 18, 1847.

O faithful, indefatigable tides,
That evermore upon God's errands
go,— [land,—
Now seaward bearing tidings of the
Now landward bearing tidings of the

And filling every frith and estuary, Each arm of the great sea, each little creek,

Each thread and filament of watercourses,

Full with your ministration of delight!

Under the rafters of this wooden bridge

I see you come and go; sometimes in haste

To reach your journey's end, which being done

With feet unrested ye return again

And re-commence the never-ending task;

Patient, whatever burdens ye may bear, [rocks. And fretted only by the impeding

December 18, 1847.

Soft through the silent air descend the feathery snow-flakes;

White are the distant hills, white are the neighbouring fields;

Only the marshes are brown, and the river rolling among them

Weareth the leaden hue seen in the eyes of the blind.

August 4, 1856.

A lovely morning, without the glare of the sun, the sea in great commotion, chafing and foaming.

So from the bosom of darkness our days come roaring and gleaming, Chafe and break into foam, sink into darkness again.

But on the shores of Time each leaves some trace of its passage, Though the succeeding wave washes it out from the sand.

TRANSLATIONS.

PRELUDE.

As treasures that men seek,
Deep buried in sea-sands,
Vanish if they but speak,
And elude their eager hands,

So ye escape and slip,
O songs, and fade away,
When the word is on my lip
To interpret what ye say.

Were it not better, then,
To let the treasures rest
Hid from the eyes of men
Locked in their iron chest?

I have but marked the place, But half the secret told, That, following this slight trace, Others may find the gold.

FROM THE SPANISH.

COPLAS DE MANRIQUE.

On, let the soul her slumbers break, Let thought be quickened, and awake;

Awake to see

How soon this life is past and gone, And death comes softly stealing on, How silently!

Swiftly our pleasures glide away, Our hearts recall the distant day With many sighs;

The moments that are speeding fast
We heed not, but the past,—the
past—

More highly prize.

Onward its course the present keeps,

Onward the constant current sweeps, Till life is done;

And, did we judge of time aright, The past and future in their flight Would be as one.

Let no one fondly dream again,
That Hope and all her shadowy
train

Will not decay; Fleeting as were the dreams of old, Remembered like a tale that's told, They pass away.

Our lives are rivers, gliding free To that unfathomed, boundless sea, The silent grave!
Thither all earthly pomp and boast Roll, to be swallowed up and lost In one dark wave.

Thither the mighty torrents stray, Thither the brook pursues its way, And tinkling rill.

There all are equal. Side by side The poor man and the son of pride Lie calm and still.

I will not here invoke the throng
Of orators and sons of song,
The deathless few;
Fiction entices and deceives,
And, sprinkled o'er her fragrant
leaves,

Lies poisonous dew.

To One alone my thoughts arise, The Eternal Truth—the Good and Wise -

To Him 1 cry, [lot, Who shared on earth our common But the world comprehended not His deity.

This world is but the rugged road Which leads us to the bright abode Of peace above; So let us choose that narrow way,

Which leads no traveller's foot astray

From realms of love.

Our cradle is the starting-place, Life is the running of the race, We reach the goal When, in the mansions of the blest, Death leaves to its eternal rest The weary soul.

Did we but use it as we ought,
This world would school each
wandering thought
To its high state.

Faith wings the soul beyond the sky, Up to that better world on high, For which we wait.

Yes—the glad messenger of love, To guide us to our home above, The Saviour came; Born amid mortal cares and fears, He suffered in this vale of tears A death of shame.

Behold of what delusive worth The bubbles we pursue on earth, The shapes we chase Amid a world of treachery! They vanish ere death shuts the eye, And leave no trace.

Time steals them from us—chances strange,
Disastrous accident, and change,
That come to all;
Even in the most exalted state,
Relentless sweeps the stroke of fate;
The strongest fall.

Tell me—the charms that lovers seek
In the clear eye and blushing cheek,
The hues that play
O'er rosy lip and brow of snow,

When hoary age approaches slow, Ah, where are they?

The cunning skill, the curious arts,
The glorious strength that youth
imparts

In life's first stage;

These shall become a heavy weight, When Time swings wide his outward gate

To weary age.

The noble blood of Gothic name, Heroes emblazoned high to fame, In long array; How, in the onward course of time, The landmarks of that race sublime Were swept away!

Some, the degraded slaves of lust, Prostrate and trampled in the dust, Shall rise no more; Others, by guilt and crime, maintain The scutcheon, that, without a stain, Their fathers bore.

Wealth and the high estate of pride, With what untimely speed they glide,

How soon depart!
Bid not the shadowy phantoms stay,
The vassals of a mistress they,
Of fickle heart.

These gifts in Fortune's hands are found;

Her swift revolving wheel turns round,

And they are gone! [knows, No rest the inconstant goddess But changing, and without repose Still hurries on.

Even could the hand of avarice save Its gilded baubles, till the grave Reclaimed its prey, Let none on such poor hopes rely;

Let none on such poor hopes rely; Life, like an empty dream, flits by, And where are they?

Earthly desires and sensual lust Are passions springing from the dust—

They fade and die;

But, in the life beyond the tomb, They seal the immortal spirit's doom Eternally!

The pleasures and delights, which mask

In treacherous smiles life's serious task.

What are they all But the fleet coursers of the chase, And death an ambush in the race, Wherein we fall?

No foe, no dangerous pass, we heed, Brook no delay-but onward speed With loosened rein; And, when the fatal snare is near,

We strive to check our mad career. But strive in vain.

Could we new charms to age impart, And fashion with a cunning art The human face.

As we can clothe the soul with light, And make the glorious spirit bright With heavenly grace—

How busily each passing hour Should we exert that magic power! What ardour show.

To deck the sensual slave of sin, Yet leave the freeborn soul within, In weeds of woe!

Monarchs, the powerful and the strong,

Famous in history and in song Of olden time, Saw, by the stern decrees of fate,

Their kingdoms lost, and desolate

Their race sublime

Who is the champion? who the strong?

Pontiff and priest, and sceptred throng?

On these shall fall

As heavily the hand of Death,

As when it stays the shepherd's breath

Beside his stall.

I speak not of the Trojan name, Neither its glory nor its shame Has met our eyes;

Nor of Rome's great and glorious

Though we have heard so oft, and read.

Their histories.

Little avails it now to know Of ages passed so long ago, Nor how they rolled; Our theme shall be of yesterday, Which to oblivion sweeps away, Like days of old.

Where is the King, Don Juan? Where

Each royal prince and noble heir Of Aragon?

Where are the courtly gallantries? The deeds of love and high emprise, In battle done?

Tourney and joust, that charmed the eye,

And scarf, and gorgeous panoply, And nodding plume ---

What were they but a pageant green, scene?

. What but the garlands, gay and That deck the tomb?

Where are the high-born dames, and where

Their gay attire, and jewelled hair, And odours sweet?

Where are the gentle knights that came [flame, To kneel, and breathe love's ardent Low at their feet?

Where is the song of Troubadour? Where are the lute and gay tambour They loved of yore?

Where is the mazy dance of old, The flowing robes, inwrought with gold,

The dancers wore?

And he who next the sceptre swayed,

Henry, whose royal court displayed Such power and pride;

Oh, in what winning smiles arrayed, The world its various pleasures laid His throne beside!

But oh, how false and full of guile That world, which wore so soft a smile

But to betray!

She, that had been his friend before,

Now from the fated monarch tore Her charms away.

The countless gifts—the stately walls, The royal palaces, and halls All filled with gold;

Plate with armorial bearings wrought,

Chambers with ample treasures fraught

Of wealth untold;

The noble steeds and harness bright,

And gallant lord, and stalwart knight,

In rich array-

Where shall we seek them now?
Alas!

Like the bright dewdrops on the grass,

They passed away.

His brother, too, whose factious zeal Usurped the sceptre of Castile, . Unskilled to reign;

What a gay, brilliant court had he, When all the flower of chivalry Was in his train!

But he was mortal; and the breath, That flamed from the hot forge of Death,

Blasted his years;

Judgment of God! that flame by thee,

When raging fierce and fearfully, Was quenched in tears!

Spain's haughty Constable—the true And gallant Master, whom we knew Most loved of all.

Breathe not a whisper of his pride,

He on the gloomy scaffold died, Ignoble fall!

The countless treasures of his care, His villages and villas fair, His mighty power—

What were they all but grief and shame, [came

Tears and a broken heart, when The parting hour?

His other brothers, proud and high, Masters, who, in prosperity, Might rival kings; Who made the bravest and the best The bondsmen of their high behest, Their underlings;

What was their prosperous estate, When high exalted and elate With power and pride? What, but a transient gleam of light,

A flame, which, glaring at its height, Grew dim and died?

So many a duke of royal name, Marquis and count of spotless fame,

And baron brave,

That might the sword of empire wield,

All these, O Death, hast thou concealed

In the dark grave!

Their deeds of mercy and of arms, In peaceful days, or war's alarms, When thou dost show,
O Death, thy stern and angry face,
One stroke of thy all-powerful mace
Can overthrow.

Unnumbered hosts, that threaten nigh,

Pennon and standard flaunting high,

And flag displayed;

High battlements intrenched around,

Bastion, and moated wall, and mound,

And palisade,

And covered trench, secure and deep—

All these cannot one victim keep, O Death, from thee,

When thou dost battle in thy wrath, And thy strong shafts pursue their Unerringly. [path]

O World! so few the years we live, Would that the life which thou dost Were life indeed! [give Alas! thy sorrows fall so fast, Our happiest hour is when at last The soul is freed.

Our days are covered o'er with grief, And sorrows neither few nor brief

Veil all in gloom; Left desolate of real good, Within this cheerless solitude

Within this cheerless solitude No pleasures bloom.

Thy pilgrimage begins in tears, And ends in bitter doubts and fears, Or dark despair; Midway so many toils appear, That he who lingers longest here Knows most of care.

Thy goods are bought with many a groan,

By the hot sweat of toil alone, And weary hearts; Fleet-footed is the approach of woe, But with a lingering step and slow Its form departs.

And he, the good man's shield and shade, [paid, To whom all hearts their homage As Virtue's son—

Roderic Manrique—he whose name Is written on the scroll of Fame, Spain's champion;

His signal deeds and prowess high Demand no pompous eulogy— Ye saw his deeds!

Why should their praise in verse be sung?

The name, that dwells on every tongue,

No minstrel needs.

To friends a friend;—how kind to

The vassals of this ancient hall
And feudal fief!
To foes how stern a foe was he!
And to the valiant and the free
How brave a chief!

What prudence with the old and wise!

What grace in youthful gaieties! In all how sage!
Benignant to the serf and slave,
He showed the base and falsely
A lion's rage.

[brave]

His was Octavian's prosperous star, The rush of Cæsar's conquering car At battle's call; His, Scipio's virtue; his, the skill And the indomitable will Of Hannibal.

His was a Trajan's goodness—his A Titus' noble charities
And righteous laws;
The arm of Hector, and the might
Of Tully, to maintain the right
In truth's just cause:

The clemency of Antonine,
Aurelius' countenance divine,
Firm, gentle, still;
The eloquence of Adrian,
And Theodosius' love to man,
And generous will;

In tented field and bloody fray, An Alexander's vigorous sway And stern command; The faith of Constantine; ay, more, The fervent love Camillus bore His native land.

He left no well-filled treasury,
He heaped no pile of riches high,
Nor massive plate;
He fought the Moors—and, in their
fall,
City and tower and castled wall
Were his estate.

Upon the hard-fought battle-ground, Brave steeds and gallant riders found

A common grave;

His hand sustained.

And there the warrior's hand did gain

The rents, and the long vassal train, That conquest gave.

And if of old his halls displayed
The honoured and exalted grade
His worth had gained,
So, in the dark, disastrous hour,
Brothers and bondsmen of his
power

After high deeds, not left untold, In the stern warfare which of old "T was his to share, Such noble leagues he made, that more

And fairer regions than before

His guerdon were.

These are the records, half effaced, Which, with the hand of youth, he traced On history's page; But with fresh victories he drew Each fading character anew

By his unrivalled skill, by great And veteran service to the state, By worth adored, He stood, in his high dignity, The proudest knight of chivalry, Knight of the Sword.

In his old age.

He found his cities and domains Beneath a tyrant's galling chains And cruel power; But, by fierce battle and blockade, Soon his own banner was displayed From every tower.

By the tried valour of his hand, His monarch and his native land Were nobly served; Let Portugal repeat the story, And proud Castile, who shared the glory His arms deserved.

And when so oft, for weal or woe,
His life upon the fatal throw
Had been cast down;
When he had served with patriot
zeal
Beneath the banner of Castile,
His sovereign's crown;

And done such deeds of valour strong,

That neither history nor song
Can count them all;
Then, on Ocaña's castled rock,
Death at his portal came to knock,
With sudden call—

Saying, "Good Cavalier, prepare
To leave this world of toil and
care
With joyful mien;
Let thy strong heart of steel this
day
Put on its armour for the fray—
The closing scene.

"Since thou hast been, in battlestrife,
So prodigal of health and life,
For earthly fame,
Let virtue nerve thy heart again;
Loud on the last stern battle-plain
They call thy name.

"Think not the struggle that draws near
Too terrible for man—nor fear
To meet the foe;
Nor let thy noble spirit grieve,
Its life of glorious fame to leave
On earth below.

"A life of honour and of worth
Has no eternity on earth—
"T is but a name;
And yet its glory far exceeds
That base and sensual life, which
leads
To want and shame.

"The eternal life, beyond the sky, Wealth cannot purchase, nor the high

And proud estate;

The soul in dalliance laid—the spirit Corrupt with sin—shall not inherit A joy so great.

"But the good monk, in cloistered cell,

Shall gain it by his book and bell, His prayers and tears;

And the brave knight, whose arm endures

Fierce battle, and against the Moors His standard rears.

"And thou, brave knight, whose hand has poured

The life-blood of the Pagan horde O'er all the land,

In heaven shalt thou receive, at length,

The guerdon of thine earthly strength

And dauntless hand.

"Cheered onward by this promise sure,
Strong in the faith entire and pure
Thou dost profess,
Depart—thy hope is certainty—
The third, the better life on high
Shalt thou possess."

"O Death, no more, no more delay;
My spirit longs to flee away,
And be at rest;
The will of Heaven my will shall
be—
I bow to the divine decree,
To God's behest.

"My soul is ready to depart,
No thought rebels, the obedient
heart
Breathes forth no sigh;
The wish on earth to linger still
Were vain, when 't is God's sovereign

That we shall die.

"O Thou, that for our sins didst take

A human form, and humbly make Thy home on earth; Thou, that to thy divinity A human nature didst ally By mortal birth,

"And in that form didst suffer here

Torment, and agony, and fear, So patiently;

By thy redeeming grace alone, And not for merits of my own, Oh, pardon me!"

As thus the dying warrior prayed,
Without one gathering mist or
shade
Upon his mind;
Encircled by his family,
Watched by affection's gentle eye
So soft and kind;

His soul to Him who gave it rose;

God lead it to its long repose, Its glorious rest!

And though the warrior's sun has set,

Its light shall linger round us yet,

Bright, radiant, blest.

SONNETS.

I.

THE GOOD SHEPHERD.

BY LOPE DE VEGA.

SHEPHERD! who with Thine amorous, sylvan song
Hast broken the slumber that encompassed me—
Who mad'st Thy crook from the accursed tree,
On which Thy powerful arms were stretched so long
Lead me to mercy's ever-flowing fountains;
For Thou my Shepherd, Guard, and Guide shalt be;
I will obey thy voice, and wait to see
Thy feet all beautiful upon the mountains.
Hear, Shepherd! Thou who for Thy flock art dying,
Oh, wash away these scarlet sins, for Thou
Rejoicest at the contrite sinner's vow.
Oh, wait! to Thee my weary soul is crying,
Wait for me! Yet why ask it, when I see,
With feet nailed to the cross, Thou 'rt waiting still for me!

II.

TO-MORROW.

BY LOPE DE VEGA.

LORD, what am I, that, with unceasing care,
Thou didst seek after me—that Thou didst wait,
Wet with unhealthy dews, before my gate,
And pass the gloomy nights of winter there?
Oh, strange delusion, that I did not greet
Thy blest approach! and oh, to Heaven how lost,
If my ingratitude's unkindly frost
Has chilled the bleeding wounds upon Thy feet!
How oft my guardian angel gently cried,
"Soul, from thy casement look, and thou shalt see
How He persists to knock and wait for thee!"
And, oh! how often to that voice of sorrow
"To-morrow we will open," I replied,
And when the morrow came I answered still, "To-morrow."

III.

THE NATIVE LAND.

BY FRANCISCO DE ALDANA.

CLEAR fount of light! my native land on high,
Bright with a glory that shall never fade!
Mansion of truth! without a veil or shade,
Thy holy quiet meets the spirit's eye.
There dwells the soul in its ethereal essence,
Gasping no longer for life's feeble breath;
But, sentinelled in heaven, its glorious presence
With pitying eye beholds, yet fears not, death.
Beloved country! banished from thy shore,
A stranger in this prison-house of clay,
The exiled spirit weeps and sighs for thee!
Heavenward the bright perfections I adore
Direct, and the sure promise cheers the way,
That, whither love aspires, there shall my dwelling be

IV.

THE IMAGE OF GOD.

BY FRANCISCO DE ALDANA.

O LORD! Who seest, from yon starry height,
Centred in one the future and the past,
Fashioned in Thine own image, see how fast
The world obscures in me what once was bright!
Eternal Sun! the warmth which thou hast given,
To cheer life's flowery April, fast decays;
Yet, in the hoary winter of my days,
For ever green shall be my trust in Heaven.
Celestial King! oh let Thy presence pass
Before my spirit, and an image fair
Shall meet that look of mercy from on high,
As the reflected image in a glass
Doth meet the look of him who seeks it there,
And owes its being to the gazer's eye.

v.-

THE BROOK.

ANONYMOUS.

Laugh of the mountain!—lyre of bird and tree!

Pomp of the meadow! mirror of the morn!

The soul of April, unto whom are born

The rose and jessamine, leaps wild in thee!

Although, where'er thy devious current strays,

The lap of earth with gold and silver teems,

To me thy clear preceding brighter seems

Than golden sands that charm each shepherd's gaze.

How without guile thy bosom, all transparent

As the pure crystal, lets the curious eye

Thy secrets scan, thy smooth, round pebbles count!

How, without malice murmuring, glides thy current!

O sweet simplicity of days gone by!

Thou shun'st the haunts of man, to dwell in limpid fount!

ANCIENT SPANISH BALLADS.

T.

RIO VERDE, Rio Verde!

Many a corpse is bathed in thee,
Both of Moors and eke of Christians,
Slain with swords most cruelly.

And thy pure and crystal waters
Dappled are with crimson gore;
For between the Moors and Christians,
Long has been the fight and sore.

Dukes and counts fell bleeding near thee, Lords of high renown were slain, Perished many a brave hidalgo Of the noblemen of Spain.

II.

DON NUNO, Count of Lara, In anger and in pride, Forgot all reverence for the king, And thus in wrath replied: "Our noble ancestors," quoth he,
"Ne'er such a tribute paid;
Nor shall the king receive of us
What they have once gainsaid.

"The base-born soul who deems it just May here with thee remain; But follow me, ye cavaliers, Ye noblemen of Spain."

Forth followed they the noble Count, They marched to Glera's plain; Out of three thousand gallant knights Did only three remain.

They tied the tribute to their spears,
They raised it in the air,
And they sent to tell their lord the king
That his tax was ready there.

"He may send and take by force," said they,
"This paltry sum of gold;
But the goodly gift of liberty
Cannot be bought and sold."

III.

The peasant leaves his plough afield,
The reaper leaves his hook,
And from his hand the shepherd-boy
Lets fall the pastoral crook.

The young set up a shout of joy,
The old forget their years,
The feeble man grows stout of heart
No more the craven fears.

All rush to Bernard's standard,
And on liberty they call;
They cannot brook to wear the yoke,
When threatened by the Gaul.

- "Free were we born!" 't is thus they cry,
 "And willingly pay we
 The duty that we owe our king,
 By the divine decree.
- "But God forbid that we obey
 The laws of foreign knaves;
 Tarnish the glory of our sires,
 And make our children slaves.
- "Our hearts have not so craven grown, So bloodless all our veins, So vigourless our brawny arms
 As to submit to chains.
- "Has the audacious Frank, forsooth.
 Subdued these seas and lands?
 Shall he a bloodless victory have?
 No, not while we have hands.
- "He shall learn that the gallant Leonese Can bravely fight and fall, But that they know not how to yield; They are Castilians all.
- "Was it for this the Roman power Of old was made to yield Unto Numantia's valiant hosts On many a bloody field?
- "Shall the bold lions that have bathed Their paws in Libyan gore, Crouch basely to a feebler foe, And dare the strife no more?
- "Let the false king sell town and tower, But not his vassals free; For to subdue the free-born soul No royal power hath he!"

VIDA DE SAN MILLAN.

BY GONZALO DE BERCEO.

And when the kings were in the field,—their squadrons in array,—

With lance in rest they onward pressed to mingle in the fray;

But soon upon the Christians fell a terror of their foes.—

These were a numerous army,—a little handful those.

And while the Christian people stood in this uncertainty,

Upward to heaven they turned their eyes, and fixed their thoughts on high;

And there two figures they beheld, all beautiful and bright,

Even than the pure new-fallen snow their garments were more white.

They rode upon two horses more white than crystal sheen,

And arms they bore such as before no mortal man had seen;

The one, he held a crosier,—a pontiff's mitre wore;

The other held a crucifix, -such man ne'er saw before.

Their faces were angelical, celestial forms had they,—

And downward through the fields of air they urged their rapid way;

They looked upon the Moorish host with fierce and angry look,

And in their hands, with dire portent, their naked sabres shook.

The Christian host, beholding this, straightway take heart again;

They fall upon their bended knees all resting on the plain,

And each one with his clenchèd fist to smite his breast begins,

And promises to God on high he will forsake his sins.

And when the heavenly knights drew near unto the battleground,

They dashed among the Moors and dealt unerring blows around;

Such deadly havoc there they made the foremost ranks along,

A panic terror spread unto the hindmost of the throng.

Together with these two good knights, the champions of the sky,

The Christians rallied and began to smite full sore and high;

The Moors raised up their voices and by the Koran swore

That in their lives such deadly fray they ne'er had seen before.

Down went the misbelievers,—fast sped the bloody fight,—

Some ghastly and dismembered lay, and some half dead with fright:

Full sorely they repented that to the field they came,

For they saw that from the battle they should retreat with shame.

Another thing befell them,—they dreamed not of such woes,—

The very arrows that the Moors shot from their twanging bows

Turned back against them in their flight and wounded them full sore,

And every blow they dealt the foe was paid in drops of gore.

.

Now he that bore the crosier, and the papal crown had on, Was the glorified Apostle, the brother of Saint John;

And he that held the crucifix, and wore the monkish hood,
Was the holy San Millan of Cogolla's neighbourhood.

SAN MIGUEL, THE CONVENT.

BY GONZALO DE BERCEO.

SAN MIGUEL DE LA TUMBA is a convent vast and wide; The sea encircles it around, and groans on every side: It is a wild and dangerous place, and many woes betide The monks who in that burial-place in penitence abide.

Within those dark monastic walls, amid the ocean flood, Of pious, fasting monks there dwelt a holy brotherhood; To the Madonna's glory there an altar high was placed, And a rich and costly image the sacred altar graced.

Exalted high upon a throne, the Virgin Mother smiled, And, as the custom is, she held within her arms the Child; The kings and wise men of the East were kneeling by her side; Attended was she like a queen whom God had sanctified.

Descending low before her face a screen of feathers hung—A moscader, or fan for flies, 'tis called in vulgar tongue; From the feathers of the peacock's wing 'twas fashioned bright and fair,

And glistened like the heaven above when all its stars are there.

It chanced that, for the people's sins, fell the lightning's blasting stroke:

Forth from all four the sacred walls the flames consuming broke;
The sacred robes were all consumed, missal and holy book;
And hardly with their lives the monks their crumbling walls forsook.

But though the desolating flame raged fearfully and wild, It did not reach the Virgin Queen, it did not reach the Child; It did not reach the feathery screen before her face that shone, Nor injure in a farthing's worth the image or the throne.

The image it did not consume, it did not burn the screen; Even in the value of a hair they were not hurt, I ween; Not even the smoke did reach them, nor injure more the shrine Than the bishop hight Don Tello has been hurt by hand of mine

SONG.

SHE is a maid of artless grace, Gentle in form, and fair of face.

Tell me, thou ancient mariner, That sailest on the sea, If ship, or sail, or evening star Be half so fair as she?

Tell me, thou gallant cavalier, Whose shining arms I see, If steel, or sword, or battlefield Be half so fair as she?

Tell me, thou swain that guard'st thy flock
Beneath the shadowy tree,
If flock, or vale, or mountain ridge
Be half so fair as she?

SANTA TERESA'S BOOK-MARK.

BY SANTA TERESA DE AVILA LET nothing disturb thee, Nothing affright thee; All things are passing; God never changeth; Patient endurance Attaineth to all things; Who God possesseth In nothing is wanting; Alone God sufficeth.

FROM THE CANCIONEROS.

I.

EYES SO TRISTFUL, EYES SO TRISTFUL.

BY DIEGO DE SALDAÑA.

EVES so tristful, eyes so tristful, Heart so full of care and cumber, I was lapped in rest and slumber, Ye have made me wakeful, wistful! In this life of labour endless Who shall comfort my distresses? Querulous my soul and friendless In its sorrow shuns caresses. Ye have made me, ye have made me Querulous of you, that care not, Eyes so tristful, yet I dare not Say to what ye have betrayed me.

II.

SOME DAY, SOME DAY. BY CRISTÓBAL DE GASTILLEJO.

Some day, some day, O troubled breast, Shalt thou find rest. If Love in thee To grief give birth, Six feet of earth Can more than he; There calm and free And unoppressed Shalt thou find rest.

The unattained
In life at last,
When life is passed,
Shall all be gained;
And no more pained,
No more distressed,
Shalt thou find rest.

III.

COME, O DEATH, SO SILENT FLYING.

BY EL COMMENDADOR ESCRIVA.

Come, O Death, so silent flying That unheard thy coming be, Lest the sweet delight of dying Bring life back again to me. For thy sure approach perceiving, In my constancy and pain I new life should win again, Thinking that I am not living. So to me, unconscious lying, All unknown thy coming be, Lest the sweet delight of dying Bring life back again to me. Unto him who finds thee hateful, Death, thou art inhuman pain; But to me, who dying gain, Life is but a task ungrateful. Come, then, with my wish complying,

All unheard thy coming be, Lest the sweet delight of dying Bring life back again to me.

IV.

GLOVE OF BLACK IN WHITE HAND BARE.

GLOVE of black in white hand bare, And about her forehead pale Wound a thin, transparent veil, That doth not conceal her hair; Sovereign attitude and air, Cheek and neck alike displayed, With coquettish charms arrayed, Laughing eyes and fugitive;— This is killing men that live, 'T is not mourning for the dead.

FROM THE SWEDISH AND DANISH

PASSAGES FROM FRITHIOF'S SAGA.

BY ESAIAS TEGNÉR.

I.

FRITHIOF'S HOMESTEAD.

THREE miles extended around the fields of the homestead, on three sides

Valleys and mountains and hills, but on the fourth side was the ocean.

Birch-woods crowned the summits, but down the slope of the hillsides

Flourished the golden corn, and man-high was waving the rye-field. Lakes, full many in number, their mirror held up for the mountains, Held for the forests up, in whose depths the high-horned reindeers Had their kingly walk, and drank of a hundred brooklets.

But in the valleys widely around, there fed on the greensward Herds with shining hides, and udders that longed for the milk-pail. 'Mid these scattered, now here and now there, were numberless flocks of

Sheep with fleeces white, as thou seest the white-looking stray clouds,

Flock-wise spread o'er the heavenly vault, when it bloweth in spring-time.

Coursers two times twelve, all mettlesome, fast fettered storm-winds,

Stamping stood in the line of stalls, and tugged at their fodder. Knotted with red were their manes, and their hoofs all white with steel shoes.

The banquet-hall, a house by itself, was timbered of hard fir. Not five hundred men (at ten times twelve to the hundred)
Filled up the roomy hall, when assembled for drinking, at Yule-tide.
Thorough the hall, as long as it was, went a table of holm-oak,
Polished and white, as of steel; the columns twain of the high-seat
Stood at the end thereof, two gods carved out of an elm-tree;
Odin with lordly look, and Frey with the sun on his frontlet.

Lately between the two, on a bear-skin (the skin it was coal-black, Scarlet-red was the throat, but the paws were shodden with silver), Thorsten sat with his friends, Hospitality sitting with Gladness. Oft, when the moon through the cloud-rack flew, related the old man

Wonders from distant lands he had seen, and cruises of Vikings Far away on the Baltic, and Sea of the West, and the White Sea. Hushed sat the listening bench, and their glances hung on the gray-beard's

Lips, as a bee on the rose; but the Skald was thinking of Brage, Where, with his silver beard, and runes on his tongue, he is seated Under the leafy beech, and tells a tradition by Mimer's Ever-murmuring wave, himself a living tradition.

Mid-way the floor (with thatch was it strewn) burned ever the fire-flame

Glad on its stone-built hearth; and thorough the wide-mouthed smoke-flue

Looked the stars, those heavenly friends, down into the great hall. Round the walls, upon nails of steel, were hanging in order Breastplate and helmet together, and here and there among them Downward lightened a sword, as in winter evening a star shoots. More than helmets and swords the shields in the hall were resplendent,

White as the orb of the sun, or white as the moon's disc of silver. Ever and anon went a maid round the board, and filled up the drink-horns, [reflection Ever she cast down her eyes and blushed; in the shield her Blushed, too, even as she; this gladdened the drinking champions.

II.

A SLEDGE-RIDE ON THE ICE.

KING RING with his queen to the banquet did fare, On the lake stood the ice so mirror-clear.

- "Fare not o'er the ice," the stranger cries;
- "It will burst, and full deep the cold bath lies."
- "The king drowns not easily," Ring outspake;
- "He who's afraid may go round the lake."

"It avails not," Frithiof answered; "in the North are other swords: Sharp, O monarch! is the sword's tongue, and it speaks not peaceful words;

Murky spirits dwell in steel blades, spirits from the Niffelhem; Slumber is not safe before them, silver locks but anger them."

IV.

FRITH10F'S FAREWELL.

No more shall I see
In its upward motion
The smoke of the Northland. Man is a slave.
The fates decree.
On the waste of the ocean
There is my fatherland, there is my grave.

Go not to the strand,
Ring, with thy bride,
After the stars spread their light through the sky.
Perhaps in the sand,
Washed up by the tide,
The bones of the outlawed Viking may lie.

Then, quoth the king,
"'T is mournful to hear
A man like a whimpering maiden cry.
The death-song they sing
Even now in mine ear.
What avails it? He who is born must die."

THE CHILDREN OF THE LORD'S SUPPER.

BY ESAIAS TEGNÉR.

PENTECOST, day of rejoicing, had come. The church of the village Gleaming stood in the morning's sheen. On the spire of the belfry, Decked with a brazen cock, the friendly flames of the Spring-sun Glanced like the tongues of fire, beheld by Apostles aforetime. Clear was the heaven and blue, and May, with her cap crowned with roses,

Stood in her holiday dress in the fields, and the wind and the brooklet

Murmured gladness and peace, God's-peace! with lips rosy-tinted Whispered the race of the flowers, and merry on balancing branches Birds were singing their carol, a jubilant hymn to the Highest.

Swept and clean was the churchyard. Adorned like a leaf-woven

Swept and clean was the churchyard. Adorned like a leaf-woven arbour

Stood its old-fashioned gate; and within upon each cross of iron Hung was a fragrant garland, new twined by the hands of affection. Even the dial, that stood on a mound among the departed (There full a hundred years had it stood), was embellished with blossoms.

Like to the patriarch hoary, the sage of his kith and the hamlet, Who on his birthday is crowned by children and children's children, So stood the ancient prophet, and mute with his pencil of iron Marked on the tablet of stone, and measured the time and its changes,

While all around at his feet an eternity slumbered in quiet. Also the church within was adorned, for this was the season When the young, their parents' hope, and the loved ones of heaven, Should at the foot of the altar renew the vows of their baptism. Therefore each nook and corner was swept and cleaned, and the dust was

Blown from the walls and ceiling, and from the oil-painted benches. There stood the church like a garden; the Feast of the Leafy Pavilions [wall

Saw we in living presentment. From noble arms on the church Grew forth a cluster of leaves, and the preacher's pulpit of oak-wood Budded once more anew, as aforetime the rod before Aaron.

Wreathed thereon was the Bible with leaves, and the dove, washed with silver,

Under its canopy fastened, had on it a necklace of wind-flowers. But in front of the choir, round the altar-piece painted by Hörberg, Crept a garland gigantic; and bright-curling tresses of angels Peeped, like the sun from a cloud, from out of the shadowy leafwork.

Likewise the lustre of brass, new-polished, blinked from the ceiling, And for lights there were lilies of Pentecost set in the sockets.

Loud rang the bells already; the thronging crowd was assembled Far from valleys and hills, to list to the holy preaching. Hark! then roll forth at once the mighty tones of the organ, Hover like voices from God, aloft like invisible spirits. Like as Elias in heaven, when he cast from off him his mantle, So cast off the soul its garments of earth; and with one voice Chimed in the congregation, and sang an anthem immortal Of the sublime Wallín, of David's harp in the North-land Tuned to the choral of Luther; the song on its mighty pinions Took every living soul, and lifted it gently to heaven, And each face did shine like the Holy One's face upon Tabor. Lo! there entered then into the church the Reverend Teacher. Father he hight and he was in the parish; a Christianly plainness Clothed from his head to his feet the old man of seventy winters. Friendly was he to behold, and glad as the heralding angel Walked he among the crowds, but still a contemplative grandeur Lay on his forehead as clear as on moss-covered grave-stone a sunbeam.

As in his inspiration (an evening twilight that faintly Gleams in the human soul, even now, from the day of creation) Th' Artist, the friend of heaven, imagines Saint John when in Patmos,

Gray, with his eyes uplifted to heaven, so seemed then the old man; Such was the glance of his eye, and such were his tresses of silver. All the congregation arose in the pews that were numbered. But with a cordial look to the right and the left hand, the old man Nodding all hail and peace, disappeared in the innermost chancel.

Simply and solemnly now proceeded the Christian service, Singing and prayer, and at last an ardent discourse from the old man.

Many a moving word and warning, that out of the heart came, Fell like the dew of the morning, like manna on those in the desert. Then, when all was finished, the Teacher re-entered the chancel, Followed therein by the young. The boys on the right had their places,

Delicate figures, with close-curling hair and cheeks rosy-blooming. But on the left of these there stood the tremulous lilies, Tinged with the blushing light of the dawn, the diffident maidens,—Folding their hands in prayer, and their eyes cast down on the pavement.

Now came, with question and answer, the Catechism. In the beginning

Answered the children with troubled and faltering voice, but the old man's

Glances of kindness encouraged them soon, and the doctrines eternal

Flowed, like the waters of fountains, so clear from lips unpolluted. Each time the answer was closed, and as oft as they named the Redeemer,

Lowly louted the boys, and lowly the maidens all courtesied. Friendly the Teacher stood, like an angel of light there among them.

And to the children explained the holy, the highest, in few words Thorough, yet simple and clear, for sublimity always is simple, Both in sermon and song, a child can seize on its meaning.

E'en as the green-growing bud unfolds when Springtide approaches, Leaf by leaf puts forth, and, warmed by the radiant sunshine,

Blushes with purple and gold, till at last the perfected blossom Opens its odorous chalice, and rocks with its crown in the breezes, So was unfolded here the Christian lore of salvation,

Line by line from the soul of childhood. The fathers and mothers Stood behind them in tears, and were glad at the well-worded answer.

Now went the old man up to the altar;—and straightway transfigured

(So did it seem unto me) was then the affectionate Teacher.

Like the Lord's Prophet sublime, and awful as Death and as Judgment

Stood he, the God-commissioned, the soul-searcher, earthward descending.

Glances, sharp as a sword, into hearts that to him were transparent Shot he; his voice was deep, was low like the thunder afar off.

So on a sudden transfigured he stood there, he spake and he questioned.

"This is the faith of the Fathers, the faith the Apostles delivered, This is moreover the faith whereunto I baptized you, while still ye Lay on your mothers' breasts, and nearer the portals of heaven. Slumbering received you then the Holy Church in its bosom; Wakened from sleep are ve now, and the light in its radiant

splendour

Downward rains from the heaven; to-day on the threshold of childhood

Kindly she frees you again, to examine and make your election, For she knows naught of compulsion, and only conviction desireth. This is the hour of your trial, the turning point of existence, Seed for the coming days; without revocation departeth

Now from your lips the confession. Bethink ye, before ye make answer! [Teacher.

Think not, oh think not with guile to deceive the questioning Sharp is his eye to-day, and a curse ever rests upon falsehood. Enter not with a lie on Life's journey; the multitude hears you, Brothers and sisters and parents, what dear upon earth is and holy Standeth before your sight as a witness; the Judge everlasting Looks from the sun down upon you, and angels in waiting beside him

Grave your confession in letters of fire upon tablets eternal.

Thus, then,—Believe ye in God, in the Father who this world created? funited?

Him who redeemed it, the Son, and the Spirit where both are Will ye promise me here, (a holy promise!) to cherish

God more than all things earthly, and every man as a brother?

Will ye promise me here, to confirm your faith by your living,

Th' heavenly faith of affection! to hope, to forgive, and to suffer, Be what it may your condition, and walk before God in uprightness?

Will ye promise me this before God and man?"—With a clear voice Answered the young men Yes! and Yes! with lips softly breathing Answered the maidens eke. Then dissolved from the brow of the Teacher

Clouds with the lightnings therein, and he spake in accents more gentle.

Soft as the evening's breath, as harps by Babylon's rivers.

"Hail, then, hail to you all! To the heirdom of heaven be ye welcome!

Children no more from this day, but by covenant brothers and sisters!

Yet,—for what reason not children? Of such is the kingdom of heaven. •

Here upon earth an assemblage of children, in heaven one Father, Ruling them all as his household,—forgiving in turn and chastising, That is of human life a picture, as Scripture has taught us. Blest are the pure before God! Upon purity and upon virtue Resteth the Christian Faith; she herself from on high is descended. Strong as a man and pure as a child, is the sum of the doctrine, Which the Divine One taught, and suffered and died on the cross for

Oh, as ye wander this day from childhood's sacred asylum
Downward, and ever downward, and deeper in Age's chill valley,
Oh, how soon will ye come,—too soon!—and long to turn backward
Up to its hill-tops again, to the sun-illumined, where Judgment
Stood like a father before you, and Pardon, clad like a mother,
Gave you her hand to kiss, and the loving heart was forgiven,
Life was a play, and your hands grasped after the roses of heaven!
Seventy years have I lived already; the Father eternal
Gave me gladness and care; but the loveliest hours of existence,
When I have steadfastly gazed in their eyes, I have instantly
known them,

Known them all again;—they were my childhood's acquaintance. Therefore take from henceforth, as guides in the paths of existence, Prayer, with her eyes raised to heaven, and Innocence, bride of man's childhood.

Innocence, child beloved, is a guest from the world of the blessed, Beautiful, and in her hand a lily; on life's roaring billows

Swings she in safety, she heedeth them not, in the ship she is sleeping.

Calmly she gazes around in the turmoil of men; in the desert Angels descend and minister unto her; she herself knoweth Naught of her glorious attendance; but follows faithful and humble, Follows so long as she may her friend; oh do not reject her, For she cometh from God and she holdeth the keys of the heavens. Prayer is Innocence' friend; and willingly flieth incessant 'Twixt the earth and the sky, the carrier-pigeon of heaven. Son of Eternity, fettered in Time, and an exile, the Spirit Tugs at his chains evermore, and struggles like flame ever upward. Still he recalls with emotion his Father's manifold mansions, Thinks of the land of his fathers, where blossomed more freshly the flowerets.

Shone a more beautiful sun, and he played with the wingèd angels. Then grows the earth too narrow, too close; and homesick for heaven

Longs the wanderer again; and the Spirit's longings are worship; Worship is called his most beautiful hour, and its tongue is entreaty. Ah! when the infinite burden of life descendeth upon us, Crushes to earth our hope, and, under the earth, in the graveyard, Then it is good to pray unto God; for His sorrowing children Turns He ne'er from His door, but He heals and helps and consoles them.

Yet is it better to pray when all things are prosperous with us, Pray in fortunate days, for life's most beautiful Fortune Kneels before the Eternal's throne; and, with hands interfolded, Praises thankful and moved the only Giver of blessings.

Or do ye know, ye children, one blessing that comes not from Heaven?

What has mankind forsooth, the poor! that it has not received? Therefore, fall in the dust and pray! The seraphs adoring Cover with pinions six their face in the glory of Him who Hung His masonry pendent on naught, when the world He created. Earth declareth His might, and the firmament utters His glory. Races blossom and die, and stars fall downward from heaven, Downward like withered leaves; at the last stroke of midnight, millenniums

Lay themselves down at His feet, and He sees them, but counts them as nothing.

Who shall stand in His presence? The wrath of the Judge is terrific,

Casting the insolent down at a glance. When He speaks in His anger

Hillocks skip like the kid, and mountains leap like the roebuck.

Yet,—why are ye afraid, ye children? This awful avenger, Ah! is a merciful God! God's voice was not in the earthquake, Not in the fire, nor the storm, but it was in the whispering breezes.

Love is the root of creation; God's essence; worlds without number Lie in His bosom like children; He made them for this purpose only.

Only to love and to be loved again, He breathed forth His spirit Into the slumbering dust, and upright standing, it laid its Hand on its heart, and felt it was warm with a flame out of heaven. Quench, oh quench not that flame! It is the breath of your being. Love is life, but hatred is death. Not father nor mother Loved you, as God has loved you; for 'twas that you may be happy Gave He His only Son. When He bowed down His head in the death-hour

Solemnized Love its triumph; the sacrifice then was completed. Lo! then was rent on a sudden the veil of the temple, dividing Earth and heaven apart, and the dead from their sepulchres rising Whispered with pallid lips and low in the ears of each other Th' answer, but dreamed of before, to creation's enigma,—Atonement!

Depths of Love are Atonement's depths, for Love is Atonement. Therefore, child of mortality, love thou the merciful Father; Wish what the Holy One wishes, and not from fear, but affection; Fear is the virtue of slaves; but the heart that loveth is willing; Perfect was before God, and perfect is Love, and Love only. Lovest thou God as thou oughtest, then lovest thou likewise thy brethren;

One is the sun in heaven, and one, only one, is Love also.

Bears not each human figure the godlike stamp on his forehead?

Readest thou not in his face thine origin? Is he not sailing

Lost like thyself on an ocean unknown, and is he not guided

By the same stars that guide thee? Why shouldst thou hate then

thy brother?

Hateth he thee, forgive! For 'tis sweet to stammer one letter Of the Eternal's language.;—on earth it is called Forgiveness! Knowest thou Him, who forgave, with the crown of thorns on His temples?

Earnestly prayed for His foes, for His murderers? Say, dost thou know Him?

Ah! thou confessest His name, so follow likewise His example, Think of thy brother no ill, but throw a veil over his failings, Guide the erring aright; for the good, the heavenly Shepherd Took the lost lamb in His arms, and bore it back to its mother. This is the fruit of Love, and it is by its fruits that we know it. Love is the creature's welfare, with God; but Love among mortals Is but an endless sigh! He longs, and endures, and stands waiting, Suffers, and yet rejoices, and smiles with tears on his eyelids. Hope,—so is called upon earth his recompense,—Hope, the befriending,

Does what she can, for she points evermore up to heaven, and faithful

Plunges her anchor's peak in the depths of the grave, and beneath it Paints a more beautiful world, a dim, but a sweet play of shadows! Races, better than we, have leaned on her wavering promise,

Having naught else but Hope. Then praise we our Father in heaven,

Him, who has given us more; for to us has Hope been transfigured, Groping no longer in night; she is Faith, she is living assurance. Faith is enlightened Hope; she is light, is the eye of affection, Dreams of the longing interprets, and curves their visions in marble. Faith is the sun of life; and her countenance shines like the Hebrew's,

For she has looked upon God; the heaven on its stable foundation Draws she with chains down to earth, and the New Jerusalem sinketh

Splendid with portals twelve in golden vapours descending. There enraptured she wanders, and looks at the figures majestic, Fears not the wingèd crowd, in the midst of them all is her homestead.

Therefore love and believe; for works will follow spontaneous, Even as day does the sun; the Right from the Good is an offspring, Love in a bodily shape; and Christian works are no more than Animate Love and Faith, as flowers are the animate Springtide. Works do follow us all unto God; there stand and bear witness Not what they seemed,—but what they were only. Blessed is he who

Hears their confession secure; they are mute upon earth until Death's hand

Opens the mouth of the silent. Ye children, does Death e'er alarm you?

Death is the brother of Love, twin-brother is he, and is only More austere to behold. With a kiss upon lips that are fading Takes he the soul and departs, and, rocked in the arms of affection, Places the ransomed child, new born, 'fore the face of its Father. Sounds of his coming already I hear,—see dimly his pinions, Swart as the night, but with stars strewn upon them! I fear not before him.

Death is only release, and in mercy is mute. On his bosom Freer breathes, in its coolness, my breast; and face to face standing,

Look I on God as He is, a sun unpolluted by vapours;
Look on the light of the ages I loved, the spirits majestic,
Nobler, better than I; they stand by the throne all transfigured,
Vested in white, and with harps of gold, and are singing an anthem,
Writ in the climate of heaven, in the language spoken by angels.
You, in like manner, ye children beloved, He one day shall gather,
Never forgets He the weary;—then welcome, ye loved ones, hereafter!

Meanwhile forget not the keeping of vows, forget not the promise, Wander from holiness onward to holiness; earth shall ye heed not; Earth is but dust, and heaven is light; I have pledged you to heaven.

God of the universe, hear me! thou fountain of Love everlasting, Hark to the voice of thy servant! I send up my prayer to thy heaven!

Let me hereafter not miss at thy throne one spirit of all these, Whom thou hast given me here! I have loved them all like a father. [salvation,

May they bear witness for me, that I taught them the way of Faithful, so far as I knew, of thy word; again may they know me, Fall on their Teacher's breast, and before thy face may I place them,

[gladness,

Pure as they now are, but only more tried, and exclaiming with Father, lo! I am here, and the children, whom thou hast given me!"

Weeping he spake in these words; and now at the beck of the old man

Knee against knee they knitted a wreath round the altar's enclosure. Kneeling he read then the prayers of the consecration, and softly With him the children read; at the close, with tremulous accents, Asked he the peace of Heaven, a benediction upon them.

Now should have ended his task for the day; the following Sunday Was for the young appointed to eat of the Lord's holy Supper.

Sudden, as struck from the clouds, stood the Teacher silent and laid his [high and holy

Hand on his forehead, and cast his looks upward; while thoughts Flew through the midst of his soul, and his eyes glanced with wonderful brightness. [grave-yard!

"On the next Sunday, who knows! perhaps I shall rest in the Some one perhaps of yourselves, a lily broken untimely,

Bow down his head to the earth; why delay I' the hour is accomplished.

Warm is the heart :— I will! for to-day grows the harvest of heaven. What I began accomplish I now; what failing therein is

I, the old man, will answer to God and the reverend father.

Say to me only, ye children, ye denizens new-come in heaven,

Are ye ready this day to eat of the bread of Atonement?

What it denoteth, that know ye full well, I have told it you often.

Of the new covenant symbol it is, of Atonement a token,

Stablished between earth and heaven. Man by his sins and transgressions [beginning

Far has wandered from God, from his essence. 'Twas in the Fast by the Tree of Knowledge he fell, and it hangs its crown o'er the [Atonement.

Fall to this day; in the Thought is the Fall; in the Heart the Infinite is the Fall.—the Atonement infinite likewise.

See! behind me, as far as the old man remembers, and forward, Far as Hope in her flight can reach with her wearied pinions. Sin and Atonement incessant go through the lifetime of mortals. Sin is brought forth full-grown; but Atonement sleeps in our bosoms Still as the cradled babe; and dreams of heaven and of angels,

Cannot awake to sensation; is like the tones in the harp's strings, Spirits imprisoned, that wait evermore the deliverer's finger.

Therefore, ye children beloved, descended the Prince of Atonement, Woke the slumberer from sleep, and she stands now with eyes all resplendent,

Bright as the vault of the sky, and battles with Sin and o'ercomes her. Downward to earth He came and, transfigured, thence reascended, Not from the heart in like wise, for there He still lives in the Spirit, Loves and atones evermore. So long as Time is, is Atonement. Therefore with reverence take this day her visible token. Tokens are dead if the things live not. The light everlasting Unto the blind is not, but is born of the eye that has vision. Neither in bread nor in wine, but in the heart that is hallowed Lieth forgiveness enshrined; the intention alone of amendment Fruits of the earth ennobles to heavenly things, and removes all Sin and the guerdon of sin. Only Love with his arms wide extended, Penitence weeping and praying; the Will that is tried, and whose gold flows

Purified forth from the flames; in a word, mankind by Atonement Breaketh Atonement's bread, and drinketh Atonement's wine-cup. But he who cometh up hither, unworthy, with hate in his bosom, Scoffing at men and at God, is guilty of Christ's blessed body, And the Redeemer's blood! To himself he eateth and drinketh Death and doom! And from this, preserve us, thou heavenly Father! Are ye ready, ye children, to eat of the bread of Atonement?" Thus with emotion he asked, and together answered the children, "Yes!" with deep sobs interrupted. Then read he the due supplications,

[anthem:

Read the Form of Communion, and in chimed the organ and "O Holy Lamb of God, who takest away our transgressions Hear us! give us thy peace! have mercy, have mercy upon us!" Th' old man, with trembling hand, and heavenly pearls on his evelids.

[symbols.]

Filled now the chalice and paten, and dealt round the mystical Oh, then seemed it to me as if God, with the broad eye of midday, Clearer looked in at the windows, and all the trees in the churchyard Bowed down their summits of green, and the grass on the graves 'gan to shiver.

But in the children (I noted it well; I knew it) there ran a Tremor of holy rapture along through their ice-cold members.

Decked like an altar before them, there stood the green earth, and above it

Heaven opened itself, as of old before Stephen; they saw there Radiant in glory the Father, and on his right hand the Redeemer. Under them hear they the clang of harp-strings, and angels from gold clouds

Beckon to them like brothers, and fan with their pinions of purple

Closed was the Teacher's task, and with heaven in their heart and their faces,

Up rose the children all, and each bowed him, weeping full sorely, Downward to kiss that reverend hand, but all of them pressed he Moved to his bosom, and laid, with a prayer, his hands full of blessings,

Now on the holy breast, and now on the innocent tresses.

KING CHRISTIAN.

A NATIONAL SONG OF DENMARK.

KING CHRISTIAN stood by the lofty mast
In mist and smoke;
His sword was hammering so fast,
Through Gothic helm and brain it passed;
Then sank each hostile hulk and mast,
In mist and smoke.
"Fly!" shouted they, "fly, he who can!
Who braves of Denmark's Christian
The stroke?"

Nils Juel gave heed to the tempest's roar,
Now is the hour!

He hoisted his blood-red flag once more,
And smote upon the foe full sore,
And shouted loud, through the tempest's roar,
"Now is the hour!"
"Fly!" shouted they, "for shelter fly!
Of Denmark's Juel who can defy
The power?"

North Sea! a glimpse of Wessel rent

Thy murky sky!

Then champions to thine arms were sent; Terror and Death glared where he went;

From the waves was heard a wail, that rent

Thy murky sky!

From Denmark thunders Tordenskiol', Let each to Heaven commend his soul,

And fly!

Path of the Dane to fame and might!
Dark-rolling wave!

Receive thy friend, who, scorning flight,

Goes to meet danger with despite, Proudly as thou the tempest's might,

Dark-rolling wave!

And amid pleasures and alarms,

And war and victory, be thine arms My grave!

THE ELECTED KNIGHT.

SIR OLUF he rideth over the plain,
Full seven miles broad and seven miles wide,
But never, ah never, can meet with the man
A tilt with him dare ride.

He saw under the hillside

A Knight full well equipped;

His steed was black, his helm was barred;

He was riding at full speed.

He wore upon his spurs

Twelve little golden birds;

Anon he spurred his steed with a clang.

And there sat all the birds and sang.

He wore upon his mail

Twelve little golden wheels;

Anon in eddies the wild wind blew,

And round and round the wheels they flew.

He wore before his breast
A lance that was poised in rest;
And it was sharper than diamond-stone,
It made Sir Oluf's heart to groan.

He wore upon his helm
A wreath of ruddy gold;
And that gave him the Maidens Three,
The youngest was fair to behold.

Sir Oluf questioned the Knight eftsoon If he were come from heaven down; "Art thou Christ of Heaven," quoth he, "So will I yield me unto thee."

"I am not Christ the Great,
Thou shalt not yield thee yet;
I am an Unknown Knight,
Three modest Maidens have me bedight."

"Art thou a Knight elected,
And have three Maidens thee bedight;
So shalt thou ride a tilt this day,
For all the Maidens' honour!"

The first tilt they together rode
They put their steeds to the test;
The second tilt they together rode
They proved their manhood best.

The third tilt they together rode Neither of them would yield; The fourth tilt they together rode They both fell on the field.

Now lie the lords upon the plain, And their blood runs unto death; Now sit the Maidens in the high tower, The youngest sorrows till death.

CHILDHOOD.

BY JENS IMMANUEL BAGGESEN.

THERE was a time when I was very small,
When my whole frame was but an ell in height;
Sweetly, as I recall it, tears do fall,
And therefore I recall it with delight.

I sported in my tender mother's arms,
And rode a-horseback on best father's knee;
Alike were sorrows, passions, and alarms,
And gold, and Greek, and love, unknown to me.

Then seemed to me this world far less in size,
Likewise it seemed to me less wicked far;
Like points in heaven, I saw the stars arise,
And longed for wings that I might catch a star.

I saw the moon behind the island fade,
And thought, "Oh, were I on that island there,
I could find out of what the moon is made,
Find out how large it is, how round, how fair!"

Wondering, I saw God's sun, through western skies, Sink in the ocean's golden lap at night, And yet upon the morrow early rise, And paint the eastern heaven with crimson light;

And thought of God, the gracious Heavenly Father, Who made me, and that lovely sun on high, And all those pearls of heaven thick-strung together, Dropped, clustering, from his hand o'er all the sky.

With childish reverence, my young lips did say
The prayer my pious mother taught to me:
"O Gentle God! oh, let me strive alway
Still to be wise, and good, and follow thee!"

So prayed I for my father and my mother, And for my sister, and for all the town; The king I knew not, and the beggar-brother, Who, bent with age, went, sighing, up and down.

They perished, the blithe days of boyhood perished, And all the gladness, all the peace I knew!

Now have I but their memory, fondly cherished;—

God! may I never lose that too!

FROM THE GERMAN THE HAPPIEST LAND.

THERE sat one day in quiet,
By an alehouse on the Rhine,
Four hale and hearty fellows,
And drank the precious wine.

The landlord's daughter filled their cups,

Around the rustic board;
Then sat they all so calm and still,
And spake not one rude word.

But, when the maid departed,
A Swabian raised his hand,
And cried, all hot and flushed with
wine,
"Long live the Swabian land!

"The greatest kingdom upon earth Cannot with that compare; With all the stout and hardy men And the nut-brown maidens there."

"Ha!" cried a Saxon, laughing— And dashed his beard with wine; "I had rather live in Lapland, Than that Swabian land of thine! "The goodliest land on all this earth,

It is the Saxon land! There have I as many maidens As fingers on this hand!"

"Hold your tongues! both Swabian and Saxon!"

A bold Bohemian cries; "If there's a heaven upon this earth, In Bohemia it lies.

"There the tailor blows the flute, And the cobbler blows the horn, And the miner blows the bugle, Over mountain gorge and bourn."

And then the landlord's daughter Up to heaven raised her hand, And said, "Ye may no more contend,—

There lies the happiest land!"

THE WAVE.

"WHITHER, thou turbid wave? Whither, with so much haste, As if a thief wert thou?"

"I am the Wave of Life, Stained with my margin's dust; From the struggle and the strife Of the narrow stream I fly To the Sea's immensity, To wash from me the slime Of the muddy banks of Time."

THE DEAD.

BY ERNST STOCKMANN. How they so softly rest, All they the holy ones, Unto whose dwelling-place Now doth my soul draw near! How they so softly rest, All in their silent graves, Deep to corruption Slowly down-sinking,

And they no longer weep, Here, where complaint is still! And they no longer feel, Here, where all gladness flies! And by the cypresses Softly o'ershadowed, Until the Angel Calls them, they slumber!

THE BIRD AND THE SHIP.

BY WILHELM MÜLLER.

"THE rivers rush into the sea, By castle and town they go; The winds behind them merrily Their noisy trumpets blow.

"The clouds are passing far and high, We little birds in them play; And everything, that can sing and fly, Goes with us, and far away.

- "I greet thee, bonny boat! Whither, or whence With thy fluttering golden band?"—
 "I greet thee, little bird! To the wide sea I haste from the narrow land.
- "Full and swollen is every sail;
 I see no longer a hill,
 I have trusted all to the sounding gale,
 And it will not let me stand still.
- "And wilt thou, little bird, go with us?
 Thou mayest stand on the mainmast tall,
 For full to sinking is my house
 With merry companions all."—

"I need not and seek not company.

Bonny boat, I can sing all alone;

For the mainmast tall too heavy am I,

Bonny boat, I have wings of my own.

"High over the sails, high over the mast, Who shall gainsay these joys? When thy merry companions are still, at last, Thou shalt hear the sound of my voice.

"Who neither may rest, nor listen may, God bless them every one! I dart away, in the bright blue day, And the golden fields of the sun.

"Thus do I sing my weary song,
Wherever the four winds blow;
And this same song, my whole life long,
Neither Poet nor Printer may know."

WHITHER?

BY WILHELM MÜLLER.

I HEARD a brooklet gushing
From its rocky fountain near,
Down into the valley rushing,
So fresh and wondrous clear.

I know not what came o'er me, Nor who the counsel gave; But I must hasten downward, All with my pilgrim-stave;

Downward, and ever farther, And ever the brook beside; And ever fresher murmured, And ever clearer, the tide.

Is this the way I was going?
Whither, O brooklet, say!
Thou hast, with thy soft murmur,
Murmured my senses away.

What do I say of a murmur?

That can no murmur be;

"Tis the water-nymphs that are singing

Their roundelays under me.

Let them sing, my friend, let them murmur,
And wander merrily near;
The wheels of a mill are going
In every brooklet clear.

BEWARE!

I know a maiden fair to see,

Take care!

She can both false and friendly be,

Beware! Beware!

Trust her not,

She is fooling thee!

She has two eyes, so soft and brown, Take care!

She gives a side-glance and looks down,

Beware! Beware! Trust her not, She is fooling thee!

And she has hair of a golden hue, Take care!

And what she says, it is not true,
Beware! Beware!
Trust her not,

She is fooling thee!

She has a bosom as white as snow, Take care!

She knows how much it is best to show,

Beware! Beware! Trust her not, She is fooling thee!

She gives thee a garland woven fair,

Take care!

It is a fool's-cap for thee to wear,

Beware! Beware!

Trust her not, She is fooling thee!

SONG OF THE BELL.

Bell! thou soundest merrily
When the bridal party
To the church doth hie!
Bell! thou soundest solemnly,
When, on Sabbath morning,
Fields deserted lie!

Bell! thou soundest merrily;
Tellest thou at evening,
Bed-time draweth nigh!
Bell! thou soundest mournfully;
Tellest thou the bitter
Parting hath gone by!

Say! how canst thou mourn? How canst thou rejoice?

Thou art but metal dull!
And yet all our sorrowings,
And all our rejoicings,
Thou dost feel them all!

God hath wonders many, Which we cannot fathom, Placed within thy form! When the heart is sinking, Thou alone canst raise it, Trembling in the storm!

THE CASTLE BY THE SEA. BY JOHANN LUDWIG UHLAND.

"Hast thou seen that lordly castle, That Castle by the Sea? Golden and red above it The clouds float gorgeously.

"And fain it would stoop downward

To the mirrored wave below; And fain it would soar upward In the evening's crimson glow."

"Well have I seen that castle, That Castle by the Sea, And the moon above it standing, And the mist rise solemnly."

"The winds and the waves of ocean,
Had they a merry chime?

Didst thou hear, from those lofty
chambers,
The harp and the minstrel's

The harp and the minstrel's rhyme?"

"The winds and the waves or ocean,
They rested quietly; [wail,
But I heard on the gale a sound of
And tears came to mine eye."

"And sawest thou on the turrets
The King and his royal bride?
And the wave of their crimson
mantles?

And the golden crown of pride?

"Led they not forth, in rapture, A beauteous maiden there? Resplendent as the morning sun, Beaming with golden hair?"

"Well saw I the ancient parents,
Without the crown of pride;
They were moving slow, in weeds of
woe,

No maiden was by their side!"

THE BLACK KNIGHT.

BY JOHANN LUDWIG UHLAND.

'T was Pentecost, the Feast of Gladness.

When woods and fields put off all sadness,

Thus began the King and spake: "So from the halls
Of ancient Hofburg's walls,
A luxuriant Spring shall break."

Drums and trumpets echo loudly, Wave the crimson banners proudly, From balcony the King looked on;

In the play of spears, Fell all the cavaliers,

Before the monarch's stalwart son.

To the barrier of the fight
Rode at last a sable Knight.

"Sir Knight! your name and scutcheon, say!"

"Should I speak it here, Ye would stand aghast with fear; I am a Prince of mighty sway!"

When he rode into the lists,

The arch of heaven grew black with
mists,

And the castle 'gan to rock;
At the first blow,
Fell the youth from saddle-bow
Hardly rises from the shock.

Pipe and viol call the dances, Torch-light through the high hall glances;

Waves a mighty shadow in; With manner bland Doth ask the maiden's hand, Doth with her the dance begin.

Danced in sable iron sark,
Danced a measure weird and dark,
Coldly clasped her limbs around;
From breast and hair
Down fall from her the fair
Flowerets, faded, to the ground.

To the sumptuous banquet came
Every Knight and every Dame;
"Twixt son and daughter all distraught,
With mournful mind
The ancient King reclined,
Gazed at them in silent thought.

Pale the children both did look,
But the guest a beaker took:

"Golden wine will make you
whole!"

The children drank,
Gave many a courteous thank:

"Oh, that draught was very cool!"

Each the father's breast embraces,
Son and daughter; and their faces
Colourless grow utterly;
Whichever way
Looks the fear-struck father gray,
He beholds his children die.

"Woe! the blessed children both
Takest thou in the joy of youth;
Take me, too, the joyless father!"
Spake the grim Guest,
From his hollow, cavernous breast:
"Roses in the spring I gather!"

SONG OF THE SILENT LAND.

BY JOHANN GAUDENZ VON SALIS-SEEWIS.

INTO the Silent Land!
Ah! who shall lead us thither?
Clouds in the evening sky more darkly gather,
And shattered wrecks lie thicker on the strand.
Who leads us with a gentle hand
Thither, oh, thither,
Into the Silent Land?

Into the Silent Land!
To you, ye boundless regions
Of all perfection! Tender morning-visions
Of beauteous souls! The Future's pledge and band!
Who in Life's battle firm doth stand,
Shall bear Hope's tender blossoms
Into the Silent Land!

O Land! O Land!
For all the broken-hearted
The mildest herald by our faith allotted,
Beckons, and with inverted torch doth stand
To lead us with a gentle hand
To the land of the great Departed,
Into the Silent Land!

THE LUCK OF EDÉNHALL.

BY JOHANN LUDWIG UHLAND.

OF Edenhall, the youthful lord

Bids sound the festal trumpet's call;

He rises at the banquet board,

And cries, 'mid the drunken revellers all,

" Now bring me the Luck of Edenhall!"

The butler hears the words with pain, The house's oldest seneschal Takes slow from its silken cloth again The drinking-glass of crystal tall; They call it the Luck of Edenhall.

Then said the lord: "This glass to praise, Fill with red wine from Portugal!"
The graybeard with trembling hand obeys; A purple light shines over all, It beams from the Luck of Edenhall.

Then speaks the lord, and waves it light, "This glass of flashing crystal tall Gave to my sires the Fountain-Sprite; She wrote in it; If this glass doth fall, Farewell then, O Luck of Edenhall!

"'Twas right a goblet the Fate should be Of the joyous race of Edenhall! Deep draughts drink we right willingly; And willingly ring, with merry call, Kling! klang! to the Luck of Edenhall!"

First rings it deep, and full, and mild, Like to the song of a nightingale; Then like the roar of a torrent wild; Then mutters at last like the thunder's fall, The glorious Luck of Edenhall.

"For its keeper takes a race of might, The fragile goblet of crystal tall; It has lasted longer than is right; Kling! klang! with a harder blow than all Will I try the Luck of Edenhall!"

As the goblet ringing flies apart, Suddenly cracks the vaulted hall; And through the rift, the wild flames start; The guests in dust are scattered all, With the breaking Luck of Edenhall!

In storms the foe, with fire and sword; He in the night had scaled the wall, Slain by the sword lies the youthful lord, But holds in his hand the crystal tall, The shattered Luck of Edenhall.

On the morrow the butler gropes alone, The graybeard in the desert hall, He seeks his lord's burnt skeleton, He seeks in the dismal ruin's fall The shards of the Luck of Edenhall.

"The stone wall," saith he, "doth fall aside, Down must the stately columns fall; Glass is this earth's Luck and Pride; In atoms shall fall this earthly ball One day like the Luck of Edenhall!"

THE TWO LOCKS OF HAIR.

BY GUSTAV PFIZER.

A vouтн, light-hearted and content, I wander through the world: Here, Arab-like, is pitched my tent, And straight again is furled

Yet oft I dream, that once a wife Close in my heart was locked, And in the sweet repose of life A blessed child I rocked.

I wake! Away that dream,—away!
Too long did it remain!
So long, that both by night and day
It ever comes again.

The end lies ever in my thought; To a grave so cold and deep The mother beautiful was brought; Then dropt the child asleep.

But now the dream is wholly o'er
I bathe mine eyes and see;
And wander through the world once
more,
A youth so light and free.

Two locks—and they are wondrous fair—

Left me that vision mild;
The brown is from the mother's hair,
The blond is from the child.

And when I see that lock of gold,
Pale grows the evening-red;
And when the dark lock I behold
I wish that I were dead.

THE HEMLOCK-TREE.

O HEMLOCK-TREE! O hemlock-tree! how faithful are thy branches! Green not alone in summer time,

But in the winter's frost and rime!

O hemlock-tree! O hemlock-tree! how faithful are thy branches!

O maiden fair! O maiden fair! how faithless is thy bosom!
To love me in prosperity,
And leave me in adversity!

O maiden fair! O maiden fair! how faithless is thy bosom!

The nightingale, the nightingale, thou tak'st for thine example!
So long as summer laughs she sings,
But in the autumn spreads her wings!
The nightingale, the nightingale, thou tak'st for thine example!

The meadow brook, the meadow brook, is mirror of thy falsehood! It flows so long as falls the rain,

In drought its springs soon dry again.

The meadow brook, the meadow brook, is mirror of thy falsehood!

ANNIE OF THARAW.

BY SIMON DACII.

Annie of Tharaw, my true love of old, She is my life, and my goods, and my gold.

Annie of Tharaw her heart once again To me has surrendered in joy and in pain.

Annie of Tharaw, my riches, my good, Thou, O my soul, my flesh, and my blood!

Then come the wild weather, come sleet or come snow, We will stand by each other, however it blow.

Oppression, and sickness, and sorrow, and pain, Shall be to our true love as links to the chain.

As the palm-tree standeth so straight and so tall, The more the hail beats, and the more the rains fall,—

So love in our hearts shall grow mighty and strong, Through crosses, through sorrows, through manifold wrong.

Shouldst thou be torn from me to wander alone In a desolate land where the sun is scarce known,—

Through forests I'll follow, and where the sea flows, Through ice and through iron, through armies of foes.

Annie of Tharaw, my light and my sun, The threads of our two lives are woven in one.

Whate'er I have bidden thee thou hast obeyed, Whatever forbidden thou hast not gainsaid.

How in the turmoil of life can love stand, Where there is not one heart, and one mouth, and one hand?

Some seek for dissension, and trouble, and strife; Like a dog and a cat live such man and wife.

Annie of Tharaw, such is not our love; Thou art my lambkin, my chick, and my dove.

Whate'er my desire is, in thine may be seen; I am king of the household, and thou art its queen.

It is this, O my Annie, my heart's sweetest rest, That makes of us twain but one soul in one breast.

This turns to a heaven the hut where we dwell; While wrangling soon changes a home to a hell.

THE STATUE OVER THE CATHEDRAL DOOR.

BY JULIUS MOSEN.

FORMS of saints and kings are standing The cathedral door above; Yet I saw but one among them Who hath soothed my soul with love.

In his mantle,—wound about him,
As their robes the sowers wind,—
Bore he swallows and their fledglings,
Flowers and weeds of every kind.

And so stands he calm and childlike, High in wind and tempest wild; Oh, were I like him exalted, I would be like him, a child!

And my songs,—green leaves and blossoms,— To the doors of heaven would bear, Calling, even in storm and tempest, Round me still these birds of air.

THE LEGEND OF THE CROSSBILL.

BY JULIUS MOSEN.

On the cross the dying Saviour
Heavenward lifts His eyelids calm,
Feels, but scarcely feels, a trembling
In His pierced and bleeding palm.

And by all the world forsaken,
Sees He how with zealous care
At the ruthless nail of iron
A little bird is striving there.

Stained with blood and never tiring, With its beak it doth not cease, From the cross 't would free the Saviour Its Creator's Son release.

And the Saviour speaks in mildness:
"Blest be thou of all the good!
Bear, as token of this moment,
Marks of blood and holy rood!"

And that bird is called the crossbill; Covered all with blood so clear, In the groves of pine it singeth Songs, like legends, strange to hear.

THE SEA HATH ITS PEARLS BY HEINRICH HEINE.

The sea hath its pearls,
The heaven hath its stars;
But my heart, my heart,
My heart hath its love.

Great are the sea and the heaven, Yet greater is my heart: And fairer than pearls and stars Flashes and beams my love.

Thou little, youthful maiden,
Come unto my great heart;
My heart, and the sea, and the heaven,
Are melting away with love!

POETIC APHORISMS.

FROM THE SINNGEDICHTE OF FRIEDRICH VON LOGAU.

MONEY.

WHEREUNTO is money good? Who has it not wants hardihood, Who has it has much trouble and Who once has had it has despair.

THE BEST MEDICINES.

Joy and Temperance and Repose Slam the door on the doctor's nose.

SIN.

Man-like is it to fall into sin, Fiend-like is it to dwell therein, Christ-like is it for sin to grieve, God-like is it all sin to leave.

POVERTY AND BLINDNESS.

A blind man is a poor man, and blind a poor man is; For the former seeth no man, and the latter no man sees.

LAW OF LIFE.

Live I, so live I, To my Lord heartily, To my Prince faithfully, To my Neighbour honestly. Die I, so die I.

CREEDS.

Lutheran, Popish, Calvinistic, all these creeds and doctrines three Extant are; but still the doubt is, where Christianity may be.

THE RESTLESS HEART.

A millstone and the human heart are driven ever round; If they have nothing else to grind, they must themselves be ground.

CHRISTIAN LOVE.

Whilom Love was like a fire, and warmth and comfort it bespoke; But, alas! it now is quenched, and only bites us, like the smoke.

ART AND TACT.

Intelligence and courtesy not always are combined; Often in a wooden house a golden room we find.

RETRIBUTION.

Though the mills of God grind slowly, yet they grind exceeding small;

Though with patience he stands waiting, with exactness grinds he all.

TRUTH.

When by night the frogs are croaking, kindle but a torch's fire, Ha! how soon they all are silent! Thus Truth silences the liar.

RHYMES.

If perhaps these rhymes of mine should sound not well in strangers' ears,

They have only to bethink them that it happens so with theirs; For so long as words, like mortals, call a fatherland their own, They will be most highly valued where they are best and longest known.

SILENT LOVE.

Who love would seek,
Let him love evermore
And seldom speak;
For in love's domain
Silence must reign;
Or it brings the heart
Smart
And pain.

BLESSED ARE THE DEAD.

BY SIMON DACH.

OH, how blest are ye whose toils are ended! Who, through death, have unto God ascended! Ye have arisen From the cares which keep us still in prison.

We are still as in a dungeon living, Still oppressed with sorrow and misgiving; Our undertakings Are but toils, and troubles, and heart-breakings. Ye, meanwhile, are in your chambers sleeping, Quiet, and set free from all our weeping; No cross nor trial Hinders your enjoyments with denial.

Christ has wiped away your tears for ever; Ye have that for which we still endeavour. To you are chanted Songs which yet no mortal ear have haunted.

Ah! who would not, then, depart with gladness, To inherit heaven for earthly sadness? Who here would languish Longer in bewailing and in anguish?

Come, O Christ, and loose the chains that bind us! Lead us forth, and cast this world behind us! With thee, the Anointed, Finds the soul its joy and rest appointed.

WANDERER'S NIGHT-SONGS. BY JOHANN WOLFGANG VON GOETHE.

T.

THOU that from the heavens art, Every pain and sorrow stillest, And the doubly wretched heart Doubly with refreshment fillest; I am weary with contending! Why this rapture and unrest? Peace descending Come, ah, come into my breast?

II.

O'er all the hill-tops Is quiet now, In all the tree-tops Hearest thou Hardly a breath; The birds are asleep in the trees: Wait; soon like these
Thou too shalt rest.

REMORSE.

BY AUGUST VON PLATEN.

How I started up in the night, in the night,
Drawn on without rest or reprieval!
The streets, with their watchmen, were lost to my sight,
As I wandered so light
In the night, in the night,
Through the gate with the arch mediæval.

The mill-brook rushed from the rocky height,
I leaned o'er the bridge in my yearning;
Deep under me watched I the waves in their flight,
As they glided so light
In the night, in the night,
Yet backward not one was returning.

O'erhead were revolving, so countless and bright,
The stars in melodious existence;
And with them the moon, more serenely bedight;
They sparkled so light
In the night, in the night,
Through the magical, measureless distance

And upward I gazed in the night, in the night,
And again on the waves in their fleeting;
Ah woe! thou hast wasted thy days in delight,
Now silence thou light,
In the night, in the night,
The remorse in thy heart that is beating.

FORSAKEN.

Something the heart must have to cherish.

Must love and joy and sorrow learn, [perish, Something with passion clasp, or And in itself to ashes burn.

So to this child my heart is clinging, And its frank eyes, with look intense,

Me from a world of sin are bringing Back to a world of innocence.

Disdain must thou endure forever; Strong may thy heart in danger be! Thou shalt not fail! but ah, be never False as thy father was to me.

Never will I forsake thee, faithless, And thou thy mother ne'er forsake, Until her lips are white and breathless,

Until in death her eyes shall break.

ALLAH.

BY SIEGFRIED AUGUST MAHLMANN.
ALLAH gives light in darkness,
Allah gives rest in pain,
Cheeks that are white with weeping
Allah paints red again.

The flowers and the blossoms wither.
Years vanish with flying feet;
But my heart will live on forever,
That here in sadness beat.

Gladly to Allah's dwelling Yonder would I take flight; There will the darkness vanish, There will my eyes have sight.

FROM THE ANGLO-SAXON.

THE GRAVE.

For thee was a house built Ere thou wast born,
For thee was a mould meant Ere thou of mother camest.
But it is not made ready,
Nor its depth measured,
Nor is it seen
How long it shall be.
Now I bring thee
Where thou shalt be;
Now I shall measure thee,
And the mould afterwards.

Thy house is not Highly timbered, It is unhigh and low; When thou art therein, The heel-ways are low, The side-ways unhigh. The roof is built Thy breast full nigh, So thou shalt in mould Dwell full cold, Dimly and dark.

Doorless is that house, And dark it is within; There thou art fast detained, And Death hath the key. Loathsome is that earth-house; And grim within to dwell, There thou shalt dwell, And worms shall divide thee.

Thus thou art laid, And leavest thy friends; Thou hast no friend Who will come to thee, Who will ever see
How that house pleaseth thee,
Who will ever open
The door for thee,
And descend after thee,
For soon thou art loathsome
And hateful to see.

BEOWULF'S EXPEDITION TO HEORT.

Thus then, much care-worn, The son of Healfden Sorrowed evermore, Nor might the prudent hero His woes avert. The war was too hard, Too loath and longsome, That on the people came, Dire wrath and grim, Of night-woes the worst. This from home heard Higelac's Thane, Good among the Goths, Grendel's deeds. He was of mankind In might the strongest, At that day Of this life, Noble and stalwart. He bade him a sea-ship, A goodly one, prepare. Quoth he, the war-king, Over the swan's road, Seek he would The mighty monarch, Since he wanted men. For him that journey His prudent fellows Straight made ready, Those that loved him. They excited their souls, The omen they beheld.

Had the good-man Of the Gothic people Champions chosen, Of those that keenest He might find, Some fifteen men. The sea-wood sought he. The warrior showed, Sea-crafty man! The landmarks. And first went forth. The ship was on the waves, Boat under the cliffs. The barons ready To the prow mounted. The streams they whirled The sea against the sands. The chieftains bore On the naked breast Bright ornaments, War-gear, Goth-like. The men shoved off, Men on their willing way, The bounden wood.

Then went over the sea-waves, Hurried by the wind,
The ship with foamy neck,
Most like a sea-fowl,
Till about one hour
Of the second day
The curved prow
Had passed onward
So that the sailors
The land saw,
The shore-cliffs shining,
Mountains steep,
And broad sea-noses.
Then was the sea-sailing
Of the earl at an end.

Then up speedily
The Weather people
On the land went,

The sea-bark moored,
Their mail-sarks shook,
Their war-weeds.
God thanked they,
That to them the sea-journey
Easy had been.

Then from the wall beheld The warden of the Scyldings, He who the sea-cliffs Had in his keeping, Bear o'er the balks The bright shields, The war-weapons speedily. Him the doubt disturbed In his mind's thought, What these men might be.

Went then to the shore, On his steed riding, The Thane of Hrothgar. Before the host he shook His warden's staff in hand, In measured words demanded:

"What men are ye War-gear wearing, Host in harness, Who thus the brown keel Over the water-street Leading come Hither over the sea? I these boundaries As shore-warden hold, That in the Land of the Danes Nothing loathsome With a ship-crew Scathe us might. Ne'er saw I mightier Earl upon earth Than is your own, Hero in harness. Not seldom this warrior Is in weapons distinguished; Never his beauty belies him,

His peerless countenance!
Now would I fain
Your origin know,
Ere ye forth
As false spies
Into the Land of the Danes
Farther fare.
Now, ye dwellers afar off!
Ye sailors of the sea!
Listen to my
One-fold thought.
Quickest is best
To make known
Whence your coming may be."

THE SOUL'S COMPLAIN' AGAINST THE BODY.

Much it behoveth
Each one of mortals,
That he his soul's journey
In himself ponder,
How deep it may be.
When Death cometh,
The bonds he breaketh
By which were united
The soul and the body.

Long it is thenceforth Ere the soul taketh From God himself Its woe or its weal; As in the world erst, Even in its earth-vessel, It wrought before.

The soul shall come
Wailing with loud voice,
After a sennight,
The soul, to find
The body
That it erst dwelt in;
Three hundred winters,

Unless ere that worketh The Eternal Lord, The Almighty God, The end of the world.

Crieth then, so care-worn,
With cold utterance,
And speaketh grimly,
The ghost to the dust:
"Dry dust! thou dreary one!
How little didst thou labour for me!
In the foulness of earth
Thou all wearest away
Like to the loam!
Little didst thou think
How thy soul's journey
Would be thereafter,
When from the body
It should be led forth."

FROM THE FRENCH. SONG.

FROM THE PARADISE OF LOVE.

HARK! hark!
Pretty lark!
Little heedest thou my pain!
But if to these longing arms
Pitying Love would yield the charms
Of the fair
With smiling air,
Blithe would beat my heart again.

Hark! hark!
Pretty lark!
Little heedest thou my pain!
Love may force me still to bear,
While he lists, consuming care;
But in anguish
Though I languish,
Faithful shall my heart remain.

Hark! hark!
Pretty lark!
Little heedest thou my pain!
Then cease, Love, to torment me so;
But rather than all thoughts forego
Of the fair
With flaxen hair,
Give me back her frowns again.

Hark! hark!
Pretty lark!
Little heedest thou my pain!

SONG.

And whither goest thou, gentle sigh, Breathed so softly in my ear? Say, dost thou bear his fate severe To Love's poor martyr doomed to

Come, tell me quickly, -do not lie; What secret message bring'st thou here?

And whither goest thou, gentle sigh,
Breathed so softly in my ear?
May Heaven conduct thee to thy

will,

And safely speed thee on thy way; This only I would humbly pray,— Pierce deep,—but oh! forbear to kill.

And whither goest thou, gentle sigh, Breathed so softly in my ear?

THE RETURN OF SPRING.

BY CHARLES D'ORLEANS.

Now Time throws off his cloak again

Of ermined frost, and wind, and rain.

And clothes him in the embroidery Of glittering sun and clear blue sky. With beast and bird the forest rings,
Each in his jargon cries or sings;
And Time throws off his cloak again [rain]
Of ernuned frost, and wind, and

River, and fount, and tinkling brook Wear in their dainty livery Drops of silver jewelry; In new-made suit they merry look; And Time throws off his cloak again Of ermined frost, and wind, and rain.

SPRING.

BY CHARLES D'ORLEANS.

GENTLE Spring!—in sunshine clad,
Well dost thou thy power display!
For Winter maketh the light heart sad,
And thou,—thou makest the sad heart gay.
He sees thee, and calls to his gloomy train,
The sleet, and the snow, and the wind, and the rain,
And they shrink away, and they flee in fear,
When thy merry step draws near.

Winter giveth the fields and the trees, so old,
Their beards of icicles and snow;
And the rain, it raineth so fast and cold,
We must cower over the embers low;
And, snugly housed from the wind and weather,
Mope like birds that are changing feather.
But the storm retires, and the sky grows clear,
When thy merry step draws near.

Winter maketh the sun in the gloomy sky
Wrap him round with a mantle of cloud;
But, Heaven be praised, thy step is nigh;
Thou tearest away the mournful shroud,
And the earth looks bright, and Winter surly,
Who has toiled for naught both late and early,
Is banished afar by the new-born year,
When thy merry step draws near.

THE CHILD ASLEEP.

BY CLOTILDE DE SURVILLE.

Sweet babe! true portrait of thy father's face, Sleep on the bosom that thy lips have pressed! Sleep, little one; and closely, gently place Thy drowsy eyelid on thy mother's breast.

Upon that tender eye, my little friend, Soft sleep shall come, that cometh not to me! I watch to see thee, nourish thee, defend; 'Tis sweet to watch for thee, alone for thee!

His arms fall down; sleep sits upon his brow;
His eye is closed; he sleeps, nor dreams of harm.
Wore not his cheek the apple's ruddy glow,
Would you not say he slept on Death's cold arm?

Awake, my boy! I tremble with affright!

Awake, and chase this fatal thought! Unclose
Thine eye but for one moment on the light!

Even at the price of thine, give me repose!

Sweet error! he but slept, I breathe again; Come, gentle dreams, the hour of sleep beguile! Oh, when shall he, for whom I sigh in vain, Beside me watch to see thy waking smile?

DEATH OF ARCHBISHOP TURPIN.

FROM THE CHANSON DE ROLAND.

THE Archbishop, whom God loved in high degree, Beheld his wounds all bleeding fresh and free; And then his check more ghastly grew and wan, And a faint shudder through his members ran. Upon the battle-field his knee was bent; Brave Roland saw, and to his succour went, Straightway his helmet from his brow unlaced, And tore the shining hauberk from his breast.

Then raising in his arms the man of God,
Gently he laid him on the verdant sod.

"Rest, Sire," he cried,—"for rest thy suffering needs."
The priest replied, "Think but of warlike deeds!
The field is ours; well may we boast this strife!
But death steals on,—there is no hope of life;
In paradise, where almoners live again,
There are our couches spread—there shall we rest from pain."

Sore Roland grieved; nor marvel I, alas! That thrice he swooned upon the thick green grass. When he revived, with a loud voice cried he. "O Heavenly Father! Holy Saint Marie! Why lingers death to lay me in my grave? Beloved France! how have the good and brave Been torn from thee, and left thee weak and poor!" Then thoughts of Aude, his lady-love, came o'er His spirit, and he whispered soft and slow, "My gentle friend!—what parting full of woe! Never so true a liegeman shalt thou see;— Whate'er my fate. Christ's benison on thee! Christ, who did save from realms of woe beneath. The Hebrew Prophets from the second death." Then to the Paladins, whom well he knew, He went, and one by one unaided drew To Turpin's side, well skilled in ghostly lore; -No heart had he to smile—but, weeping sore, He blessed them in God's name, with faith that he Would soon vouchsafe to them a glad eternity.

The Archbishop, then — on whom God's benison rest!—

Exhausted, bowed his head upon his breast;—
His mouth was full of dust and clotted gore,
And many a wound his swollen visage bore.
Slow beats his heart—his panting bosom heaves—
Death comes apace—no hope of cure relieves.

Towards heaven he raised his dying hands and prayed That God, who for our sins was mortal made—Born of the Virgin—scorned and crucified—In paradise would place him by his side

Then Turpin died in service of Charlon, In battle great and eke great orison; 'Gainst Pagan host alway strong champion; God grant to him his holy benison.

THE BLIND GIRL OF CASTEL CUILLE.

BY JACQUES JASMIN.

T.

At the foot of the mountain height
Where is perched Castèl Cuillè,
When the apple, the plum, and the almond tree
In the plain below were growing white,
This is the song one might perceive
On a Wednesday morn of Saint Joseph's Eve:

The roads should blossom, the roads should bloom So fair a bride shall leave her home! Should blossom and bloom with garlands gay, So fair a bride shall pass to-day!

This old Te Deum, rustic rites attending,
Seemed from the clouds descending;
When lo! a merry company
Of rosy village girls, clean as the eye,
Each one with her attendant swain,
Came to the cliff, all singing the same strain:
Resembling there, so near unto the sky,
Rejoicing angels, that kind heaven had sent
For their delight and our encouragement.

Together blending, And soon descending The narrow sweep Of the hillside steep, They wind aslant Towards Saint Amant, Through leafy alleys Of verdurous valleys With merry sallies, Singing their chant:

The roads should blossom, the roads should bloom, So fair a bride shall leave her home!

Should blossom and bloom with garlands gay,

So fair a bride shall pass to-day!

It is Baptiste, and his affianced maiden, With garlands for the bridal laden!

The sky was blue; without one cloud of gloom,

The sun of March was shining brightly,

And to the air the freshening wind gave lightly
Its breathings of perfume.

When one beholds the dusky hedges blossom,
A rustic bridal, ah! how sweet it is!
To sounds of joyous melodies,

That touch with tenderness the trembling bosom.

A band of youngsters Gaily frolicking, A band of maidens Wildly rollicking! Kissing,

With fingers pressing,

Caressing.

Till in the veriest

Madness of mirth, as they dance,

They retreat and advance,

Trying whose laugh shall be loudest and merriest;

While the bride, with roguish eyes, Sporting with them, now escapes and cries:

"Those who catch me

Married verily

This year shall be!"

And all pursue with eager haste, And all attain what they pursue, And touch her pretty apron fresh and new, And the linen kirtle round her waist.

Meanwhile, whence comes it that among
These youthful maidens fresh and fair,
So joyous, with such laughing air,
Baptiste stands sighing, with silent tongue?
And yet the bride is fair and young!
Is it Saint Joseph would say to us all,
That love, o'er-hasty, precedeth a fall?
Oh, no! for a maiden frail, I trow,
Never bore so lofty a brow!
What lovers! they give not a single caress!
To see them so careless and cold to-day,
These are grand people, one would say.
What ails Baptiste? what grief doth him oppress?

It is, that, half way up the hill,
In you cottage, by whose walls
Stand the cart-house and the stalls,
Dwelleth the blind orphan still,
Daughter of a veteran old;
And you must know, one, year ago,
That Margaret, the young and tender,
Was the village pride and splendour,
And Baptiste her lover bold.
Love, the deceiver, them ensuared;
For them the altar was prepared;
But alas! the summer's blight,
The dread disease that none can stay,
The pestilence that walks by night,
Took the young bride's sight away.

All at the father's stern command was changed; Their peace was gone, but not their love estranged Wearied at home, ere long the lover fled; Returned but three short days ago,
The golden chain they round him throw,
He is enticed, and onward led
To marry Angela, and yet
Is thinking ever of Margaret.

Then suddenly a maiden cried,
"Anna, Theresa, Mary, Kate!
Here comes the cripple Jane!" And by a fountain's side
A woman, bent and gray with years,
Under the mulberry-trees appears,
And all towards her run, as fleet
As had they wings upon their feet.

It is that Jane, the cripple Jane,
Is a soothsayer, wary and kind.
She telleth fortunes, and none complain.
She promises one a village swain,
Another a happy wedding-day,
And the bride a lovely boy straightway.
All comes to pass as she avers;
She never deceives, she never errs.

But for this once the village seer
Wears a countenance severe,

And from beneath her eyebrows thin and white
Her two eyes flash like cannons bright
Aimed at the bridegroom in waistcoat blue,
Who, like a statue, stands in view;
Changing colour, as well he might,
When the beldame, wrinkled and gray,
Takes the young bride by the hand,
And, with the tip of her reedy wand,
Making the sign of the cross, doth say:—
"Thoughtless Angela, beware!
Lest, when thou weddest this false bridegroom,
Thou diggest for thyself a tomb!"

And she was silent; and the maidens fair Saw from each eye escape a swollen tear; But on a little streamlet silver-clear,

What are two drops of turbid rain?
Saddened a moment, the bridal train
Resumed the dance and song again;
The bridegroom only was pale with fear;

And down green alleys
Of verdurous valleys,
With merry sallies.
They sang the refrain:—

The roads should blossom, the roads should bloom, So fair a bride shall leave her home! Should blossom and bloom with garlands gay, So fair a bride shall pass to-day!

II.

And by suffering worn and weary, But beautiful as some fair angel yet, Thus lamented Margaret, In her cottage lone and dreary:—

"He has arrived! arrived at last!
Yet Jane has named him not these three days past;

Arrived! yet keeps aloof so far!
And knows that of my night he is the star!
Knows that long months I wait alone, benighted,
And count the moments since he went away!
Come! keep the promise of that happier day,
That I may keep the faith to thee I plighted!
What joy have I without thee? what delight?
Grief wastes my life, and makes it misery;
Day for the others ever, but for me

For ever night! for ever night!
When he is gone 'tis dark! my soul is sad!
I suffer! O my God! come, make me glad.
When he is near, no thoughts of day intrude;
Day has blue heavens, but Baptiste has blue eyes!

Within them shines for me a heaven of love, A heaven all happiness, like that above,

No more of grief! no more of lassitude! Earth I forget,—and heaven, and all distresses. When seated by my side my hand he presses;

But when alone, remember all!

Where is Baptiste? he hears not when I call! A branch of ivy, dying on the ground,

I need some bough to twine around!
In pity come! be to my suffering kind!
True love, they say, in grief doth more abound!
What then, when one is blind?

"Who knows? perhaps I am forsaken!

Ah! woe is me! then bear me to my grave!

O God! what thoughts within me waken!

Away! he will return! I do but rave!

He will return! I need not fear!
He swore it by our Saviour dear;
He could not come at his own will;
Is weary, or perhaps is ill!
Perhaps his heart, in this disguise,
Prepares for me some sweet surprise.

But some one comes! Though blind, my heart can see' And that deceives me not! 'tis he!' tis he!"

And the door ajar is set,

And poor, confiding Margaret

Rises, with outstretched arms, but sightless eyes;

'Tis only Paul, her brother, who thus cries:-

"Angela the bride has passed! I saw the wedding guests go by; Tell me, my sister, why were we not asked? For all are there but you and I!"

"Angela married! and not sent
To tell her secret unto me!
Oh, speak! who may the bridegroom be?"
"My sister, 'tis Paptiste, thy friend!"

A cry the blind girl gave, but nothing said; A milky whiteness spreads upon her cheeks;

An icy hand, as heavy as lead, Descending, as her brother speaks, Upon her heart, that has ceased to beat, Suspends awhile its life and heat.

She stands beside the boy, now sore distressed,

A wax Madonna as a peasant dressed.

At length the bridal song again Brings her back to her sorrow and pain.

"Hark! the joyous airs are ringing!
Sister, dost thou hear them singing?
How merrily they laugh and jest!
Would we were bidden with the rest!
I would don my hose of homespun gray,
And my doublet of linen striped and gay;
Perhaps they will come; for they do not wed
Till to-morrow at seven o'clock, it is said!"
"I know it!" answered Margaret,

Whom the vision, with aspect black as jet, Mastered again; and its hand of ice

Held her heart crushed, as in a vice!

"Paul, be not sad! 'Is a holiday; To-morrow put on thy doublet gay! But leave me now for a while alone."

Away, with a hop and a jump, went Paul, And, as he whistled along the hall, Entered Jane, the crippled crone.

"Holy Virgin! what dreadful heat!
I am faint, and weary, and out of breath!
But thou art cold,—art chill as death!
My little friend! what ails thee, sweet?"
"Nothing! I heard them singing home the bride;
And, as I listened to the song,
I thought my turn would come ere long,

Thou knowest it is at Whitsuntide.

Thy cards forsooth can never lie,

To me such joy they prophesy,

Thy skill shall be vaunted far and wide

When they behold him at my side.

And poor Baptiste, what sayest thou?

It must seem long to him; —methinks I see him now!

Jane, shuddering, her hand doth press:

"Thy love I cannot all approve;

We must not trust too much to happiness;— Go, pray to God, that thou mayst love him less!"

"The more I pray, the more I love! It is no sin, for God is on my side!" It was enough; and Jane no more replied.

Now to all hope her heart is barred and cold;

But to deceive the beldame old

She takes a sweet, contented air;

Speak of foul weather or of fair,

At every word the maiden smiles!

Thus the beguiler she beguiles;

So that, departing at the evening's close,

She says, "She may be saved! she nothing knows?"

Poor Jane, the cunning sorceress!

Now that thou wouldst, thou art no prophetess!

This morning, in the fulness of thy heart,

Thou wast so, far beyond thine art!

III.

Now rings the bell, nine times reverberating, And the white daybreak, stealing up the sky, Sees in two cottages two maidens waiting, How differently!

Queen of a day, by flatterers caressed.

The one puts on her cross and crown,
Decks with a huge bouquet her breast,
And flaunting, fluttering up and down,
Looks at herself, and cannot rest.

The other, blind, within her little room,
Has neither crown nor flower's perfume;
But in their stead for something gropes apart
That in a drawer's recess doth lie,
And, 'neath her bodice of bright scarlet dye,
Convulsive clasps it to her heart.

The one, fantastic, light as air,
'Mid kisses ringing,
And joyous singing,
Forgets to say her morning prayer!

The other, with cold drops upon her brow,
Joins her two hands, and kneels upon the floor,
And whispers, as her brother opes the door,
"O God! forgive me now!"

And then the orphan, young and blind,
Conducted by her brother's hand,
Towards the church, through paths unscanned,
With tranquil air, her way doth wind.
Odours of laurel, making her faint and pale,
Round her at times exhale,
And in the sky as yet no sunny ray,

But brumal vapours gray.

Near that castle, fair to see,

Crowded with sculptures old, in every part,
Marvels of nature and of art,
And proud of its name of high degree,
A little chapel, almost bare,
At the base of the rock is builded there;
All glorious that it lifts aloof,
Above each jealous cottage roof,
Its sacred summit, swept by autumn gales,

And its blackened steeple high in air, Round which the osprey screams and sails.

"Paul, lay thy noisy rattle by!"
Thus Margaret said. "Where are we? we assend!"

"Yes; seest thou not our journey's end? Hearest not the osprey from the belfry cry? The hideous bird, that brings ill luck, we know! Dost thou remember when our father said. The night we watched beside his bed, 'O daughter, I am weak and low; Take care of Paul; I feel that I am dying! And thou, and he, and I, all fell to crying? Then on the roof the osprey screamed aloud; And here they brought our father in his shroud. There is his grave; there stands the cross we set; Why dost thou clasp me so, dear Margaret? Come in! The bride will be here soon: Thou tremblest! O my God! thou art going to swoon!"

She could no more,—the blind girl, weak and weary! A voice seemed crying from that grave so dreary, "What wouldst thou do, my daughter?"—and she started;

And quick recoiled, aghast, faint-hearted;

But Paul, impatient, urges ever more

Her steps towards the open door; And when, beneath her feet, the unhappy maid

Crushes the laurel near the house immortal.

And with her head, as Paul talks on again,

Touches the crown of filigrane Suspended from the low-arched portal. No more restrained, no more afraid. She walks, as for a feast arrayed,

And in the ancient chapel's sombre night They both are lost to sight.

At length the bell, With booming sound, Sends forth, resounding round, Its hymeneal peal o'er rock and down the dell. It is broad day, with sunshine and with rain; And yet the guests delay not long, For soon arrives the bridal train. And with it brings the village throng.

In sooth, deceit maketh no mortal gay,
For lo! Baptiste on this triumphant day,
Mute as an idiot, sad as yester-morning,
Thinks only of the beldame's words of warning.

And Angela thinks of her cross, I wis;
To be a bride is all! the pretty lisper
Feels her heart swell to hear all round her whisper,
"How beautiful! how beautiful she is!"

But she must calm that giddy head,
For already the Mass is said;
At the holy table stands the priest;
The wedding ring is blessed; Baptiste receives it;
Ere on the finger of the bride he leaves it,
He must pronounce one word at least!
'Tis spoken; and sudden at the groomsman's side
"'Tis he!" a well-known voice has cried
And while the wedding-guests all hold their breath,
Opes the confessional, and the blind girl, see!
"Baptiste," she said, "since thou hast wished my death,
As holy water be my blood for thee!"
And calmly in the air a knife suspended!

For anguish did its work so well, That, ere the fatal stroke descended, Lifeless she fell!

Doubtless her guardian angel near attended,

At eve, instead of bridal verse,
The De Profundis filled the air;
Decked with flowers a simple hearse
To the churchyard forth they bear;
Village girls in robes of snow
Follow, weeping as they go;
Nowhere was a smile that day,
No, ah no! for each one seemed to say:—

The road should mourn and be veiled in gloom, So fair a corpse shall leave its home! Should mourn and should weep, ah, well-away! So fair a corpse shall pass to-day!

A CHRISTMAS CAROL.

FROM THE NOEL BOURGUIGNON DE GUI BARÔZAL.

I HEAR along our street
Pass the minstrel throngs;
Hark! they play so sweet,
On their hautboys, Christmas songs!
Let us by the fire
Ever higher
Sing them till the night expire!

In December ring
Every day the chimes;
Loud the gleemen sing
In the streets their merry rhymes.
Let us by the fire
Ever higher
Sing them till the night expire!

Shepherds at the grange,
Where the Babe was born,
Sang, with many a change,
Christmas carols until morn.
Let us by the fire
Ever higher
Sing them till the night expire!

These good people sang Songs devout and sweet;

While the rafters rang,
There they stood with freezing feet.
Let us by the fire
Ever higher
Sing them till the night expire!

Nuns in frigid cells
At this holy tide,
For want of something else,
Christmas songs at times have
tried.
Let us by the fire
Ever higher
Sing them till the night expire!

Washerwomen old,
To the sound they beat,
Sing by rivers cold,
With uncovered heads and feet.
Let us by the fire
Ever higher
Sing them till the night expire!

Who by the fireside stands
Stamps his feet and sings;
But he who blows his hands
Not so gay a carol brings.
Let us by the fire
Ever higher
Sing them till the night expire!

CONSOLATION.

TO M. DUPERRIER, GENTLEMAN OF AIX IN PROVENCE, ON THE DEATH OF HIS DAUGHTER.

BY FRANÇOIS DE MALHERBE.

WILL then, Duperrier, thy sorrow be eternal?

And shall the sad discourse

Whispered within thy heart, by tenderness paternal,

Only augment its force?

Thy daughter's mournful fate, into the tomb descending By death's frequented ways,

Has it become to thee a labyrinth never ending, Where thy lost reason strays?

I know the charms that made her youth a benediction:

Nor should I be content,

As a censorious friend, to solace thine affliction, By her disparagement.

But she was of the world, which fairest things exposes

To fates the most forlorn;

A rose, she too hath lived as long as live the roses, The space of one brief morn.

Death has his rigorous laws, unparalleled, unfeeling All prayers to him are vain;

Cruel, he stops his ears, and, deaf to our appealing, He leaves us to complain.

The poor man in his hut, with only thatch for cover, Unto these laws must bend;

The sentinel that guards the barriers of the Louvre Cannot our kings defend.

To murmur against death, in petulant defiance, Is never for the best;

To will what God doth will, that is the only science That gives us any rest.

TO CARDINAL RICHELIEU.

BY FRANÇOISE DE MALHERBE.

Thou mighty Prince of Church and State, Richelieu! until the hour of death,
Whatever road man chooses, Fate
Still holds him subject to her breath.

Spun of all silks, our days and nights Have sorrows woven with delights; And of this interningled shade Our various destiny appears, Even as one sees the course of years Of summers and of winters made.

Sometimes the soft, descriful hours Let us enjoy the halcyon wave; Sometimes impending peril lowers Beyond the seaman's skill to save. The Wisdom, infinitely wise, That gives to human destinies Their foreordained necessity, Has made no law more fixed below, Than the alternate ebb and flow Of Fortune and Adversity.

THE ANGEL AND THE CHILD.

BY JEAN REBOUL, THE BAKER OF NISMES.

An angel with a radiant face
Above a cradle bent to look,
Seemed his own image there to trace
As in the waters of a brook.

"Dear child! who me resemblest so,"
It whispered, "come, oh come with me:
Happy together let us go,
The earth unworthy is of thee!

"Here none to perfect bliss attain;
The soul in pleasure suffering lies;
Joy hath an undertone of pain,
And even the happiest hours their sighs.

"Fear doth at every portal knock;
Never a day serene and pure
From the o'ershadowing tempest's shock
Hath made the morrow's dawn secure.

"What, then, shall sorrows and shall fears Come to disturb so pure a brow? And with the bitterness of tears These eyes of azure troubled grow?

"Ah no! into the fields of space, Away shalt thou escape with me; And Providence will grant thee grace Of all the days that were to be.

"Let no one in thy dwelling cower In sombre vestments draped and veiled; But let them welcome thy last hour, As thy first moments once they hailed.

"Without a cloud be there each brow; There let the grave no shadow cast; When one is pure as thou art now, The fairest day is still the last."

And waving wide his wings of white,
The angel, at these words, had sped
Towards the eternal realms of light!—
Poor mother! see, thy son is dead!

ON THE TERRACE OF THE AIGALADES.

BY JOSEPH MÉRY.

From this high portal, where up springs

The rose to touch our hands in play, We at a glance behold three things, —

The Sea, the Town, and the Highway.

And the Sea says: My shipwrecks fear; [deep; I drown my best friends in the

And those who braved my tempests, here

Among my sea-weeds lie asleep!

The Town says: I am filled and fraught

With tumult and with smoke and care;

My days with toil are overwrought, And in my nights I gasp for air.

The Highway says: My wheeltracks guide

To the pale climates of the North; Where my last milestone stands, abide

The people to their death gone forth.

Here, in the shade, this life of ours, Full of delicious air, glides by Amid a multitude of flowers As countless as the stars on high;

These red-tiled roofs, this fruitful soil,

Bathed with an azure all divine, Where springs the tree that gives us oil,

The grape that giveth us the wine;

Beneath these mountains stripped of trees,

Whose tops with flowers are covered o'er,

Where spring-time of the Hesperides

Begins, but endeth nevermore;

Under these leafy vaults and walls, That unto gentle sleep persuade; This rainbow of the waterfalls, Of mingled mist and sunshine made;

Upon these shores, where all invites, We live our languid life apart; This air is that of life's delights, The festival of sense and heart;

This limpid space of time prolong, Forget to-morrow in to-day, And leave unto the passing throng The Sea, the Town, and the Highway.

TO MY BROOKLET

BY JEAN FRANÇOIS DUCIS.

THOU brooklet, all unknown to song, Hid in the covert of the wood! Ah, yes, like thee I fear the throng, Like thee I love the solitude.

O brooklet, let my sorrows past
Lie all forgotten in their graves,
Till in my thoughts remain at last
Only thy peace, thy flowers, thy waves.

This lily by thy margin waits;
The nightingale, the marguerite;
In shadow here he meditates
His nest, his love, his music sweet.

Near thee the self-collected soul
Knows naught of error or of crime;
Thy waters, murmuring as they roll,
Transform-his musings into rhyme.

Ah, when, on bright autumnal eves,
Pursuing still thy course, shall I
List the soft shudder of the leaves,
And hear the lapwing's plaintive cry?

BARRÉGES.

BY LEFRANC DE POMPIGNAN.

I LEAVE you, ye cold mountain chains,

Dwelling of warriors stark and frore! You, may these eyes behold no more, Save on the horizon of our plains.

Vanish, ye frightful, gloomy views! Ye rocks that mount up to the clouds!

Of skies, enwrapped in misty shrouds,

Impracticable avenues!

Ye torrents, that with might and

Break pathways through the rocky walls,

With your terrific waterfalls l'atigue no more my weary brain!

Arise, ye landscapes full of charms. Arise, ye pictures of delight! Ye brooks, that water in your flight The flowers and harvests of our farms!

You I perceive, ye meadows green, Where the Garonne the lowland fills, Not far from that long chain of hills,

With intermingled vales between.

Yon wreath of smoke, that mounts so high,

Methinks from my own hearth must come;

With speed, to that beloved home, Fly, ye too lazy coursers, fly!

And bear me thither, where the soul In quiet may itself possess,

Where all things soothe the mind's distress,

Where all things teach me and console.

WILL EVER THE DEAR DAYS COME BACK AGAIN?

WILL ever the dear days come back again,

Those days of June, when lilacs were in bloom,

And bluebirds sang their sonnets in the gloom

Of leaves that roofed them in from sun or rain? [remain

I know not; but a presence will Forever and forever in this room, Formless, diffused in air; like a perfume,—

A phantom of the heart, and not the brain.

Delicious days! when every spoken word

Was like a footfall nearer and more near,

And a mysterious knocking at the gate*

Of the heart's secret places, and we heard [fear

cannot wait!"

In the sweet tumult of delight and A voice that whispered, "Open, I

AT LA CHAUDEAU.

BY XAVIER MARMIER.

AT La Chaudeau, 'tis long since then, I was young,—my years twice ten; All things smiled on the happy boy, Dreams of love and songs of joy, Azure of heaven and wave below,

At La Chaudeau,

To La Chaudeau I come back old:
My head is gray, my blood is cold;
Seeking along the meadow ooze,
Seeking beside the river Seymouse,
The days of my spring-time of long ago
At La Chaudeau.

At La Chaudeau nor heart nor brain
Ever grows old with grief and pain;
A sweet remembrance keeps off age;
A tender friendship doth still assuage
The burden of sorrow that one may know
At La Chaudeau.

At La Chaudeau, had fate decreed
To limit the wandering life I lead,
Peradventure I still, forsooth,
Should have preserved my fresh, green youth.
Under the shadows the hill-tops throw
At La Chaudeau.

At La Chaudeau, live on, my friends, Happy to be where God intends; And sometimes, by the evening fire. Think of him whose sole desire Is again to sit in the old château

At La Chaudeau.

A QUIET LIFE.

LET him who will, by force or fraud innate,

Of courtly grandeurs gain the slippery height;

I, leaving not the home of my delight,

Far from the world and noise will meditate.

Then, without pomps or perils of the great,

I shall behold the day succeed the night; [their flight, Behold the alternate seasons take And in serene repose old age await.

And so, whenever Death shall come to close

The happy moments that my days compose,

I, full of years, shall die, obscure, alone!

How wretched is the man, with honours crowned,

Who, having not the one thing needful found,

Dies, known to all, but to himself unknown.

THE WINE OF JURANÇON.

BY CHARLES CORAN.

LITTLE sweet wine of Jurançon,
You are dear to my memory still!
With mine host and his merry song,
Under the rose-tree I drank my fill.

Twenty years after, passing that way, Under the trellis I found again Mine host, still sitting there au frais, And singing still the same refrain.

The Jurançon, so fresh and bold,
Treats me as one it used to know;
Souvenirs of the days of old
Already from the bottle flow.

With glass in hand our glances met; We pledge, we drink. How sour it is! Never Argenteuil piquette Was to my palate sour as this!

And yet the vintage was good, in sooth;
The self-same juice, the self-same cask!
It was you, O gaiety of my youth,
That failed in the autumnal flask.

FRIAR LUBIN.

BY CLEMENT MAROT.

To gallop off to town post-haste,
So oft, the times I cannot tell;
To do vile deed, nor feel disgraced,Friar Lubin will do it well.
But a sober life to lead,
To honour virtue, and pursue it,
That's a pious, Christian deed,Friar Lubin cannot do it.

To mingle, with a knowing smile,
The goods of others with his own,
And leave you without cross or pile,
Friar Lubin stands alone.
To say 'tis yours is all in vain,
If once he lays his finger to it;
For as to giving back again,
Friar Lubin cannot do it.

With flattering words and gentle tone,
To woo and win some guileless maid.
Cunning pander need you none,—
Friar Lubin knows the trade.
Loud preacheth he sobriety,
But as for water, doth eschew it;
Your dog may drink it,—but not he;
Friar Lubin cannot do it.

ENVOI.

When an evil deed's to do,
Friar Lubin is stout and true;
Glimmers a ray of goodness through it,
Friar Lubin cannot do it.

TO ITALY.

RONDEL.

BY JEAN FROISSART.

Love, love, what wilt thou with this heart of mine?
Naught see I fixed or sure in thee!
I do not know thee,—nor what deeds are thine:
Love, love, what wilt thou with this heart of mine?
Naught see I fixed or sure in thee!

Shall I be mute, or vows with prayers combine?
Ye who are blessed in loving, tell it me:
Love, love, what wilt thou with this heart of mine?
Naught see I permanent or sure in thee!

MY SECRET.

BY FÉLIX ARVERS.

My soul its secret has, my life too has its mystery, A love eternal in a moment's space conceived; Hopeless the evil is, I have not told its history, And she who was the cause nor knew it nor believed. Alas! I shall have passed close by her unperceived, For ever at her side, and yet for ever lonely, I shall unto the end have made life's journey, only Daring to ask for naught, and having naught received. For her, though God has made her gentle and endearing. She will go on her way distraught and without hearing These murmurings of love that round her steps ascend, Piously faithful still unto her austere duty, Will say, when she shall read these lines full of her beauty, "Who can this yoman be?" and will not comprehend.

FROM THE ITALIAN TO ITALY.

BY VINCENZO DA FILICAJA.

ITALY! Italy! thou who'rt doomed to wear The fatal gift of beauty, and possess The dower funest of infinite wretchedness Written upon thy forehead by despair; Ah! would that thou wert stronger, or less fair,
I hat they might fear thee more, or love thee less
Who in the splendour of thy loveliness
Seem wasting, yet to mortal combat dare!

Then from the Alps I should not see descending Such torrents of armed men, nor Gallic horde Drinking the wave of Po, distained with gore,

Nor should I see thee girded with a sword Not thine, and with the stranger's arm contending, Victor or vanquished, slave for evermore.

SEVEN SONNETS AND A CANZONE.

I.

THE ARTIST.

Nothing the greatest artist can conceive

That every marble block doth not confine

Within itself; and only its design The hand that follows intellect can achieve.

The ill I flee, the good that I believe, In thee, fair lady, lofty and divine, Thus hidden lie; and so that death be mine,

Art, of desired success, doth me bereave.

Love is not guilty, then, nor thy fair face,

Nor fortune, cruelty, nor great disdain,

Of my disgrace, nor chance nor destiny,

If in thy heart both death and love find place

At the same time, and if my humble brain,

Burning, can nothing draw but death from thee.

11.

FIRE.

Nor without fire can any workman mould

The iron to his preconceived design,

Nor can the artist without fire refine

And purify from all its dross the gold:

Nor can revive the phœnix, we are told,

Except by fire. Hence, if such death be mine,

I hope to rise again with the divine,

Whom death augments, and time cannot make old.

O sweet, sweet death! O fortunate fire that burns

Within me still to renovate my days,

Though I am almost numbered with the dead!

If by its nature unto heaven returns This element, me, kindled in its blaze,

Will it bear upward when my life is fled.

111

YOUTH AND AGE.

Oн give me back the days when loose and free

To my blind passion were the curb and rein,

Oh give me back the angelic face again,

With which all virtue buried seems to be!

Oh give my panting footsteps back to me,

That are in age so slow and fraught with pain,

And fire and moisture in the heart and brain,

If thou wouldst have me burn and weep for thee!

If it be true thou livest alone, Amor, On the sweet-bitter tears of human hearts,

In an old man thou canst not wake desire;

Souls that have almost reached the other shore

Of a diviner love should feel the darts.

And be as tinder to a holier fire.

IV.

OLD AGE.

THE course of my long life hath reached at last,

In fragile bark o'er a tempestuous sea.

The common harbour, where must rendered be

Account of all the actions of the past.

The impassioned phantasy, that, vague and vast.

Made art an idol and a king to me, Was an illusion, and but vanity

Were the desires that lured me and harassed.

The dreams of love, that were so sweet of yore,

What are they now, when two deaths may be mine,

One sure, and one forecasting its alarms?

Painting and sculpture satisfy no The soul now tuning to the Love Divine,

That oped, to embrace us, on the cross its arms.

٧.

TO VITTORIA COLONNA.

LADY, how can it chance—yet this
we see [longer last
In long experience—that will
A living image carved from
quarries vast

Than its own maker, who dies presently?

Cause yieldeth to effect if this so be, And even Nature is by Art surpassed;

This know I, who to Art have given the past,

But see that Time is breaking faith with me.

Perhaps on both of us long life can I
Either in colour or in stone bestow,
By now portraying each in look
and mien;

So that a thousand years after we die, How fair thou wast, and I how full of woe.

· And wherefore I so loved thee, may be seen.

VI.

TO VITTORIA COLONNA.

When the prime mover of my many sighs

Heaven took through death from out her earthly place,

Nature, that never made so fair a face,

Remained ashamed, and tears were in all eyes.

O fate, unheeding my impassioned cries!

O hopes fallacious! O thou spirit of grace,

Where art thou now? Earth holds in its embrace

Thy lovely limbs, thy holy thoughts the skies.

Vainly did cruel death attempt to stay

The rumour of thy virtuous renown,

That Lethe's waters could not wash away!

A thousand leaves, since he hath stricken thee down,

Speak of thee, nor to thee could Heaven convey,

Except through death, a refuge and a crown.

VII.

DANTE.

What should be said of him cannot be said;

By too great splendour is his name attended;

To blame is easier those who him offended,

Than reach the faintest glory round him shed.

This man descended to the doomed and dead

For our instruction; then to God ascended;

Heaven opened wide to him its portals splendid,

Who from his country's, closed against him, fled.

Ungrateful land! To its own prejudice

Nurse of his fortunes; and this showeth well

That the most perfect most of grief shall see.

Among a thousand proofs let one suffice,

That as his exile hath no parallel, Ne'er walked the earth a greater man than he.

VIII.

CANZONE.

AH me! ah me! when thinking of the years, [find The vanished years, alas, I do not Among them all one day that was my own!

Fallacious hopes, desires of the unknown,

Lamenting, loving, burning, and in tears.

(For human passions all have stirred my mind,)

Have held me, now I feel and know, confined [away.

Both from the true and good still far I perish day by day;

The sunshine fails, the shadows grow more dreary,

And I am near to fall, infirm and weary

SONG. 687

THE NATURE OF LOVE.

BY GUIDO GUINIZELLI.

To noble heart Love doth for shelter fly. As seeks the bird the forest's leafy shade; Love was not felt till noble heart beat high. Nor before love the noble heart was made. Soon as the sun's broad flame Was formed, so soon the clear light filled the air; Yet was not till he came: So love springs up in noble breasts, and there Has its appointed space, As heat in the bright flames finds its allotted place. Kindles in noble heart the fire of love. As hidden virtue in the precious stone: This virtue comes not from the stars above, Till round it the ennobling sun has shone; But when his powerful blaze Has drawn forth what was vile, the stars impart Strange virtue in their rays; And thus when Nature doth create the heart Noble and pure and high, Like virtue from the star, love comes from woman's eye.

FROM THE PORTUGUESE.

SONG.

BY GIL VICENTE.

IF thou art sleeping, maiden,
Awake, and open thy door:
'T is the break of day, and we must away,
O'er meadow, and mount, and moor.

Wait not to find thy slippers,
But come with thy naked feet:
We shall have to pass through the dewy grass,
And waters wide and fleet.

FROM EASTERN SOURCES. THE FUGITIVE.

A TARTAR SONG.

I.

"HE is gone to the desert land! I can see the shining mane Of his horse on the distant plain, As he rides with his Kossak band!

"Come back, rebellious one! Let thy proud heart relent; Come back to my tall, white tent, Come back, my only son!

"Thy hand in freedom shall Cast thy hawks, when morning breaks,

On the swans of the Seven Lakes, On the lakes of Karajal.

"I will give thee leave to stray And pasture thy hunting steeds In the long grass and the reeds Of the meadows of Karaday.

"I will give thee my coat of mail Of softest leather made, With choicest steel inlaid; Will not all this prevail?"

H.

"This hand no longer shall
Cast my hawks, when morning
breaks,
On the swans of the Seven Lakes,
On the lakes of Karajal.

"I will no longer stray
And pasture my hunting steeds
In the long grass and the reeds
Of the meadows of Karaday.

"Though thou give me thy coat of mail,
Of softest leather made,
With choicest steel inlaid,
All this cannot prevail.

"What right hast thou, O Khan, To me, who am mine own, Who am slave to God alone, And not to any man?

"God will appoint the day
When I again shall be
By the blue, shallow sea,
Where the steel-bright sturgeons
play.

"God, who doth care for me, In the barren wilderness, On unknown hills, no less Will my companion be.

"When I wander lonely and lost In the wind; when I watch at night

Like a hungry wolf, and am white And covered with hoar-frost;

"Yea, wheresoever I be, In the yellow desert sands, In mountains or unknown lands, Allah will care for me!"

III.

Then Sobra, the old, old man,— Three hundred and sixty years Had he lived in this land of tears, Bowed down and said, "O Khan!

"If you bid me, I will speak.
There's no sap in dry grass,
No marrow in dry bones! Alas,
The mind of old men is weak!

"I am old, I am very old:

I have seen the primeval man,

I have seen the great Genghis
Khan,

Arrayed in his robes of gold.

"What I say to you is the truth; And I say to you, O Khan, Pursue not the star-white man,

Pursue not the beautiful youth.

"Him the Almighty made, And brought him forth of the light

At the verge and end of the night, When men on the mountain prayed.

"He was born at the break of day, When abroad the angels walk;

He hath listened to their talk, And he knoweth what they say.

"Gifted with Allah's grace,
Like the moon of Ramazan
When it shines in the skies, O
Khan,
Is the light of his beautiful face.

"When first on earth he trod,
The first words that he said
Were these, as he stood and
prayed,
'There is no God but God!'

"And he shall be king of men, For Allah hath heard his prayer, And the Archangel in the air, Gabriel, hath said, Amen!"

THE SIEGE OF KAZAN.

BLACK are the moors before Kazan,
And their stagnant waters smell of blood:
I said in my heart, with horse and man,
I will swim across this shallow flood.

Under the feet of Argamack,
Like new moons were the shoes he bare,
Silken trappings hung on his back,
In a talisman on his neck, a prayer.

My warriors, thought I, are following me; But when I looked behind, alas! Not one of all the band could I see, All had sunk in the black morass!

Where are our shallow fords? and where
The power of Kazan with its fourfold gates?
From the prison windows our maidens fair
Talk of us still through the iron grates.

TRANSLATIONS.

We cannot hear them; for horse and man Lie buried deep in the dark abyss! Ah! the black day hath come down on Kazan! Ah! was ever a grief like this?

THE BOY AND THE BROOK.

Down from you distant mountain height

The brooklet flows through the village street;
A boy comes forth to wash his hands,
Washing, yes, washing, there he stands,
In the water cool and sweet.

"Brook, from what mountain dost thou come?

O my brooklet cool and sweet!"

"I come from you mountain high and cold

Where lieth the new snow on the old,

And melts in the summer heat."

"Brook, to what river dost thou go?
O my brooklet cool and sweet!"
"I go to the river there below
Where in bunches the violets grow,
And sun and shadow meet."

"Brook, to what garden dost thou go?

O my brooklet cool and sweet!"

"I go to the garden in the vale

Where all night long the nightingale

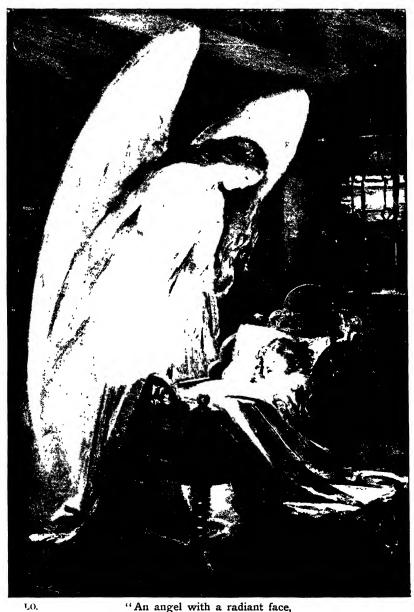
Her love-song doth repeat."

"Brook, to what fountain dost thou go?

O my brooklet cool and sweet!"

"I go to the fountain at whose brink
The maid that loves thee comes to drink,
And, whenever she looks therein,
I rise to meet her, and kiss her chin,
And my joy is then complete."





"An angel with a radiant face, Above a cradle bent to look."

TO THE STORK.

Welcome, O Stork! that dost

Thy flight from the far-away! Thou hast brought us the signs of Spring,

Thou hast made our sad hearts gay.

Descend, O Stork! descend Upon our roof to rest; In our ash-tree, O my friend, My darling, make thy nest.

To thee, O Stork, I complain, O Stork, to thee I impart The thousand sorrows, the pain And aching of my heart.

When thou away didst go, Away from this tree of ours, The withering winds did blow, And dried up all the flowers.

Dark grew the brilliant sky, Cloudy and dark and drear; They were breaking the snow on high. And winter was drawing near.

From Varaca's rocky wall, From the rock of Varaca unrolled.

The snow came and covered all, And the green meadow was cold.

O Stork, our garden with snow Was hidden away and lost, And the rose-trees that in it grow Were withered by snow and Oak trees stricken by heaven prefrost. Lo.

FROM THE LATIN.* VIRGIL'S FIRST ECLOGUE.

MELIBŒUS.

TITYRUS, thou in the shade of a spreading beech tree reclining Meditatest, with slender pipe, the Muse of the woodlands.

We our country's bounds and pleasant pastures relinquish,

We our country fly; thou, Tityrus, stretched in the shadow,

Teachest the woods to resound with the name of the fair Amaryllis.

TITYRUS.

O Meliboeus, a god for us this leisure created,

For he will be unto me a god forever; his altar

Oftentimes shall imbue a tender lamb from our sheepfolds.

He, my heifers to wander at large, and myself, as thou seest,

On my rustic reed to play what I will, hath permitted.

MELIBŒUS.

Truly I envy not, I marvel rather; on all sides

In all the fields is such trouble. Behold, my goats I am driving, Heartsick, further away; this one

scarce, Tityrus, lead I;

For having here yeaned twins just now among the dense hazels,

Hope of the flock, ah me! on the naked flint she hath left them.

Often this evil to me, if my mind had not been insensate,

dicted, as now I remember;

Often the sinister crow from the hollow ilex predicted.

Nevertheless, who this god may be, O Tityrus, toll me.

TITYRUS.

O Melibœus, the city that they call Rome, I imagined,

Foolish I! to be like this of ours, where often we shepherds

Wonted are to drive down of our ewes the delicate offspring.

Thus whelps like unto dogs had I known, and kids to their mothers,

Thus to compare great things with small had I been accustomed.

But this among other cities its head as far hath exalted

As the cypresses do among the lissome viburnums.

MELIBREUS.

And what so great occasion of seeing Rome hath possessed thee?

TITYRUS.

Liberty, which, though late, looked upon me in my inertness,

After the time when my beard fell whiter from me in shaving,

Yet she looked upon me, and came to me after a long while,

Since Amaryllis possesses and Galatea hath left me.

For I will even confess that while Galatea possessed me

Neither care of my flock nor hope of liberty was there.

Though from my wattled folds there went forth many a victim,

And the unctuous cheese was pressed for the city ungrateful,

Never did my right hand return home heavy with money.

MELIBŒUS.

I have wondered why sad thou invokedst the gods, Amaryllis,

And for whom thou didst suffer the apples to hang on the branches!

Tityrus hence was absent! Thee Tityrus, even the pine trees,

Thee the very fountains, the very copses were calling.

TITYRUS.

What could I do? No power had I to escape from my bondage,

Nor had I power elsewhere to recognize gods so propitious.

Here I beheld that youth, to whom each year, Melibœus,

During twice six days ascends the smoke of our altars.

Here first gave he response to me soliciting favour:

"Feed as before your heifers, ye boys, and yoke up your bullocks."

MELIBŒUS.

Fortunate old man! So then thy fields will be left thee,

And large enough for thee, though naked stone and the marish

All thy pasture-lands with the dreggy rush may encompass.

No unaccustomed food thy gravid ewes shall endanger,

Nor of the neighbouring flock the dire contagion infect them.

Fortunate old man! Here among familiar rivers,

And these sacred founts, shalt thou take the shadowy coolness.

On this side, a hedge along the neighbouring cross-road,

Where Hyblæan bees ever feed on the flower of the willow,

Often with gentle susurrus to fall asleep shall persuade thee.

Yonder, beneath the high rock, the pruner shall sing to the breezes,

Nor meanwhile shall thy heart's delight, the hoarse woodpigeons,

Nor the turtle-dove cease to mourn from aerial elm trees.

TITYRUS.

Therefore the agile stags shall sooner feed in the ether,

And the billows leave the fishes bare on the sea-shore,

Sooner, the border-lands of both overpassed, shall the exiled

Parthian drink of the Soane, or the German drink of the Tigris,

Than the face of him shall glide away from my bosom!

MELIBŒUS.

But we hence shall go, a part to the thirsty Africs,

Part to Scythia come, and the rapid Cretan Oaxes.

And to the Britons from all the universe utterly sundered.

Ah, shall I ever, a long time hence, the bounds of my country

And the roof of my lowly cottage covered with greensward

Seeing, with wonder behold,—my kingdoms, a handful of wheatears!

Shall an impious soldier possess these lands newly cultured,

And these fields of corn a barbarian?

Lo, whither discord

Us wretched people hath brought! for whom our fields we have planted!

Graft, Melibœus, thy pear trees now, put in order thy vineyards.

Go, my goats, go hence, my flocks so happy aforetime.

Never again henceforth outstretched in my verdurous cavern

Shall I behold you afar from the bushy precipice hanging.

Songs no more shall I sing; not with me, ye goats, as your shepherd,

Shall ye browse on the bitter willow or blooming laburnum.

TITYRUS.

Nevertheless, this night together with me canst thou rest thee

Here on the verdant leaves; for us there are mellowing apples,

Chestnuts soft to the touch, and clouted cream in abundance;

And the high roofs now of the villages smoke in the distance.

And from the lofty mountains are falling larger the shadows.

OVID IN EXILE.

AT TOMIS, IN BESSARABIA, NEAR THE MOUTHS OF THE DANUBE.

TRISTIA, BOOK III., ELEGY X.

SHOULD any one there in Rome remember Ovid the exile, And, without me, my name still in the city survive;

Tell him that under stars which never set in the ocean I am existing still, here in a barbarous land.

Fierce Sarmatians encompass me round, and the Bessi and Getæ; Names how unworthy to be sung by a genius like mine!

Yet when the air is warm, intervening Ister defends us: He, as he flows, repels inroads of war with his waves.

But when the dismal winter reveals its hideous aspect, When all the earth becomes white with a marble-like frost;

And when Boreas is loosed, and the snow hurled under Arcturus, Then these nations, in sooth, shudder and shiver with cold.

Deep lies the snow, and neither the sun nor the rain can dissolve it; Boreas hardens it still, makes it for ever remain.

Hence, ere the first has melted away, another succeeds it, And two years it is wont, in many places, to lie.

And so great is the power of the North Wind awakened, it levels Lofty towers with the ground, roofs uplifted bears off.

Wrapped in skins, and with trousers sewed, they contend with the weather,

And their faces alone of the whole body are seen.

Often their tresses, when shaken, with pendent icicles tinkle, And their whitened beards shine with the gathering frost.

Wines consolidate stand, preserving the form of the vessels; No more draughts of wine,—pieces presented they drink.

Why should I tell you how all the rivers are frozen and solid, And from out of the lake frangible water is dug?

Ister,—no narrower stream than the river that bears the papyrus,—Which through its many mouths mingles its waves with the deep;

Ister, with hardening winds, congeals its cerulean waters, Under a roof of ice, winding its way to the sea.

There where ships have sailed, men go on foot; and the billows, Solid made by the frost, hoof-beats of horses indent.

Over unwonted bridges, with water gliding beneath them, The Sarmatian steers drag their barbarian carts.

Scarcely shall I be believed; yet when naught is gained by a false-hood,

Absolute credence then should to a witness be given.

I have beheld the vast Black Sea of ice all compacted, And a slippery crust pressing its motionless tides.

'Tis not enough to have seen, I have trodden this indurate ocean; Dry-shod passed my foot over its uppermost wave.

If thou hadst had of old such a sea as this is, Leander! Then thy death had not been charged as a crime to the Strait.

Nor can the curvèd dolphins uplift themselves from the water; All their struggles to rise merciless winter prevents;

And though Boreas sound with roar of wings in commotion, In the blockaded gulf never a wave will there be;

And the ships will stand hemmed in by the frost, as in marble, Nor will the oar have power through the stiff waters to cleave.

Fast bound in the ice have I seen the fishes adhering, Yet, notwithstanding this, some of them still were alive.

Hence, if the savage strength of omnipotent Boreas freezes Whether the salt sea wave, whether the refluent stream,—

Straightway,—the Ister made level by arid blasts of the North Wind,—

Comes the barbaric foe borne on his swift-footed steed:

Foe, that powerful made by his steed and his far-flying arrows, All the neighbouring land void of inhabitants makes.

Some take flight, and none being left to defend their possessions Unprotected, their goods pillage and plunder become;

Cattle and creaking carts, the little wealth of the country, And what riches beside indigent peasants possess.

Some as captives are driven along, their hands bound behind them, Looking backward in vain toward their Lares and lands.

Others, transfixed with barbèd arrows, in agony perish, For the swift arrow-heads all have in poison been dipped.

What they cannot carry or lead away they demolish, And the hostile flames burn up the innocent cots.

Even when there is peace, the fear of war is impending; None, with the ploughshare pressed, furrows the soil any more.

Either this region sees, or fears a foe that it sees not, And the sluggish land slumbers in utter neglect.

No sweet grape lies hidden here in the shade of its vine-leaves, No fermenting must fills and o'erflows the deep vats.

Apples the region denies; nor would Acontius have found here Aught upon which to write words for his mistress to read.

Naked and barren plains without leaves or trees we behold here,—Places, alas! unto which no happy man would repair.

Since then this mighty orb lies open so wide upon all sides, Has this region been found only my prison to be?

Tristia, Book III., ELEGY XII.

Now the zephyrs diminish the cold, and the year being ended, Winter Mæotian seems longer than ever before;

And the Ram that bore unsafely the burden of Helle, Now makes the hours of the day equal with those of the night. Now the boys and the laughing girls the violet gather, Which the fields bring forth, nobody sowing the seed.

Now the meadows are blooming with flowers of various colours, And with untaught throats carol the garrulous birds.

Now the swallow, to shun the crime of her merciless mother, Under the rafters builds cradles and dear little homes;

And the blade that lay hid, covered up in the furrows of Ceres, Now from the tepid ground raises its delicate head.

Where there is ever a vine, the bud shoots forth from the tendrils, But from the Getic shore distant afar is the vine!

Where there is ever a tree, on the tree the branches are swelling, But from the Getic land distant afar is the tree!

Now it is holiday there in Rome, and to games in due order Give place the windy wars of the vociferous bar.

Now they are riding the horses; with light arms now they are playing,

Now with the ball, and now round rolls the swift-flying hoop:

Now, when the young athlete with flowing oil is anointed, He in the Virgin's Fount bathes, overwearied, his limbs.

Thrives the stage; and applause, with voices at variance, thunders, And the Theatres three for the three Forums resound.

Four times happy is he, and times without number is happy, Who the city of Rome, uninterdicted, enjoys.

But all I see is the snow in the vernal sunshine dissolving, And the waters no more delved from the indurate lake.

Nor is the sea now frozen, nor as before o'er the Ister Comes the Sarmatian boor driving his stridulous cart.

Hitherward, nevertheless, some keels already are steering. And on this Pontic shore alien vessels will be.

Eagerly shall I run to the sailor, and, having saluted, Who he may be, I shall ask; wherefore and whence he hath come.

Strange, indeed, will it be, if he come not from regions adjacent, And incautious unless ploughing the neighbouring sea.

Rarely a mariner over the deep from Italy passes, Rarely he comes to these shores, wholly of harbours devoid.

Whether he knoweth Greek, or whether in Latin he speaketh,' Surely on this account he the more welcome will be.

Also perchance from the mouth of the Strait and the waters Propontic,

Unto the steady South Wind, some one is spreading his sails.

Whosoever he is, the news he can faithfully tell me, Which may become a part and an approach to the truth.

He, I pray, may be able to tell me the triumphs of Cæsar, Which he has heard of, and vows paid to the Latian Jove;

And that thy sorrowful head, Germania, thou, the rebellious, Under the feet, at last, of the Great Captain hast laid.

Whoso shall tell me these things, that not to have seen will afflict me,

Forthwith unto my house welcomed as guest shall he be.

Woe is me! Is the house of Ovid in Scythian lands now? And doth punishment now give me its place for a home?

Grant, ye gods, that Cæsar make this not my house and my homestead,

But decree it to be only the inn of my pain.



"I dance with learned doctors of the schools."

THE SPANISH STUDENT.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

VICTORIAN) . Students of Alcala. Hypolito (THE COUNT OF LARA) Gentlemen of Don Carlos Madrid. THE ARCHBISHOP OF TOLEDO.

A CARDINAL.

BELTRAN CRUZADO. Count of the Gypsies. BARTOLOME ROMÁN . A young Gypsy. THE PADRE CURA OF GUADARRAMA.

. Ahalde. Pedro Crespo . . . Alguacil. Pancho

FRANCISCO . . . Lara's Servani. Victorian's Servant. CHISPA . .

Innkeeper. BALTASAR . Preciosa A Gypsy Girl. ANGELICA . A poor Girl.

The Padre Cura's MARTINA . Niece.

Preciosa's Maid. DOLORES . . . Gypsies, Musicians, etc.

ACT I.

Scene I.—The Count of Lara's chambers. Night. The COUNT in his dressing-gown, smoking and conversing with DON CARLOS.

Lara. You were not at the play tonight, Don Carlos;

How happened it?

Don C. I had engagements elsewhere.

Pray, who was there?

Lara. Why, all the town and

court. The house was crowded; and the busy

Among the gayly dressed and perfumed ladies

Fluttered like butterflies among the flowers.

There was the Countess of Medina Celi;

The Goblin Lady with her Phantom Lover.

Her Lindo Don Diego; Doña Sol,

And Doña Serafina, and her cousins. Don C. What was the play?

It was a dull affair; One of those comedies in which you

As Lope says, the history of the world

Brought down from Genesis to the day of Judgment.

There were three duels fought in the first act.

Three gentlemen receiving deadly wounds,

Laying their hands upon their hearts. and saying,

"Oh, I am dead!" a lover in a closet, An old hidalgo, and a gay Don Juan, A Doña Inez with a black mantilla, Followed at twilight by an unknown

lover, Who looks intently where he knows she is not!

Don C. Of course, the Preciosa danced to-night?

Lara. And never better. Every footstep fell

As lightly as a sunbeam on the water. I think the girl extremely beautiful.

Don C. Almost beyond the privilege of woman!

I saw her in the Prado yesterday.

Her step was royal,—queen-like,—and her face

As beautiful as a saint's in Paradise. Lara. May not a saint fall from her Paradise,

And be no more a saint?

Don C. Why do you ask? Lara. Because I have heard it said this angel fell,

And though she is a virgin outwardly, Within she is a sinner; like those panels

Of doors and altar-pieces the old monks

Painted in convents, with the Virgin

On the outside, and on the inside Venus!

Don C. You do her wrong; indeed, you do her wrong!

She is as virtuous as she is fair.

Lara. How credulous you are! Why, look you, friend,

There 's not a virtuous woman in Madrid,

In this whole city! And would yor persuade me

That a mere dancing-girl, who shows herself,

Nightly, half naked, on the stage, for money,

And with voluntuous motions fires the blood

Of inconsiderate youth, is to be held A model for her virtue?

You forget Don C.

She is a Gypsy girl.

And therefore won Lara,

The casier.

Don C. Nay, not to be won at all! The only virtue that a Gypsy prizes Is chastity. That is her only virtue. Dearer than life she holds it. I re-

member

A Gypsy woman, a vile, shameless

Whose craft was to betray the young and fair;

And yet this woman was above all bribes.

And when a noble lord, touched by her beauty,

The wild and wizard beauty of her race, Offered her gold to be what she made others,

She turned upon him, with a look of scorn,

And smote him in the face!

And does that prove That Preciosa is above suspicion?

Don C. It proves a nobleman may be repulsed :

When he thinks conquest easy. believe

That woman, in her deepest degrada-

Holds something sacred, something undefiled,

Some pledge and keepsake of her higher nature,

And, like the diamond in the dark, retains

Some quenchless gleam of the celestial light!

Lara. Yet Preciosa would have taken the gold.

Don C. (rising). I do not think so. I am sure of it. But why this haste? Stay yet a little

longer,

And fight the battles of your Dulcinea. Don C. 'T is late. I must begone, for if I stay

You will not be persuaded.

Yes; persuade me. Don C. No one so deaf as he who will not hear!

Lara. No one so blind as he who will not see!

Don C. And so good night. I wish you pleasant dreams,

And greater faith in woman. Exit. Lara. Greater faith! I have the greatest faith; for I believe Victorian is her lover. I believe

That I shall be to morrow; and thereafter

Another, and another, and another, Chasing each other through her zodiac, As Taurus chases Aries.

(Enter Francisco with a casket.) Well, Francisco,

What speed with Preciosa?

Fran. None, my lord. She sends your jewels back, and bids me tell you

She is not to be purchased by your gold.

Lara Then I will try some other way to win her.

Pray, dost thou know Victorian?

Fran. Yes, my lord; I saw him at the jeweller's to-day.

Lara. What was he doing there? Fran. I saw him buy

A golden ring, that had a ruby in it. Lara. Was there another like it? One so like it

I could not choose between them. Lara.

It is well. To-morrow morning bring that ring to me.

Do not forget. Now light me to my bed. Exeunt.

Scene II.—A street in Madrid. Enter CHISPA, followed by musicians, with a hagpipe, guitars, and other instruments.

Chispa. Abernuncio Satanas! and a plague on all lovers who ramble about at night drinking the elements, instead of sleeping quietly in their beds

Every dead man to his cemetery, say I; and every friar to his monastery. Now, here 's my master, Victorian, yesterday a cowkeeper, and to-day a gentleman; yesterday a student, and to-day a lover; and I must be up later than the nightingale, for as the abbot sings so must the sacristan respond. God grant he may soon be married, for then shall all this screnading cease. Ay, marry! marry! marry! Mother, what does marry mean? It means to spin, to bear children, and to weep, my daughter! And, of a truth, there is something more in matrimony than the wedding-ring. (To the musicians.) And now, gentlemen, Pax vobiscum! as the ass said to the cabbages. Pray, walk this way; and don't hang down your heads. It is no disgrace to have an old father and a ragged shirt. Now, look you, you are gentlemen who lead the life of crickets; you enjoy hunger by day and noise by night. Yet, I beseech you, for this once be not loud, but pathetic; for it is a serenade to a damsel in bed, and Your not to the Man in the Moon. object is not to arouse and terrify, but to soothe and bring lulling dreams. Therefore, each shall not play upon his instrument as if it were the only one in the universe, but gently, and with a certain modesty, according with the others. Pray, how may I call thy name, friend?

First Mus. Geronimo Gil, at your

service.

Chispa. Every tub smells of the wine that is in it. Pray, Geronimo, is not Saturday an unpleasant day with you?

First Mus. Why so?

Chispa. Because I have heard it said that Saturday is an unpleasant day with those who have but one shirt. Moreover, I have seen thee at the tavern, and if thou canst run as fast as thou canst drink, I should like to hunt hares with thee. What instrument is that?

First Mus. An Aragonese bagpipe. Chispa. Pray, art thou related to the bagpiper of Bujalance, who asked a

maravedi for playing, and ten for leaving off?

First Mus. No, your honour.

Chispa. I am glad of it. What other instruments have we?

Second and Third Musicians. We play the bandurna.

Chispa. A pleasing instrument. And

Fourth Mus. The fife.

Chispa. I like it; it has a cheerful, soul-stirring sound, that soars up to my lady's window like the song of a swallow. And you others?

Other Mus. We are the singers,

please your honour.

Chispa. You are too many. Do you think we are going to sing mass in the cathedral of Cordova? Four men can make but little use of one shoe, and I see not how you can all sing in one song. But follow me along the garden wall. That is the way my master climbs to the lady's window. It is by the Vicar's skirts that the Devil climbs into the belfry. Come, follow me, and make no noise. [Exeunt.

Scene III.--Preciosa's chamber. She stands at the open window.

Prec. How slowly through the lilacscented air

Descends the tranquil moon! Like thistle-down

The vapoury clouds float in the peaceful sky;

And sweetly from yon hollow vaults of shade

The nightingales breathe out their souls in song.

And hark! what songs of love, what soul-like sounds,

Answer them from below!

SERENADE.

Stars of the summer night!
Far in yon azure deeps,
Hide, hide your golden light!
She sleeps!
My lady sleeps!
Sleeps!

Moon of the summer night!

Far down you western steeps,

Sink, sink in silver light! She sleeps! My lady sleeps!

Sleeps!

Wind of the summer night! Where yonder woodbine creeps,

Fold, fold thy pinions light! She sleeps!

My lady sleeps! Sleeps!

Dreams of the summer night! Tell her, her lover keeps Watch! while in slumbers light She sleeps!

My lady sleeps! Sleeps!

(Enter VICTORIAN by the balcony.)

Thou Poor little dove! tremblest like a leaf!

Prec. I am so frightened! 'T is for thee I tremble!

I hate to have thee climb that wall by night!

Did no one see thee?

None, my love, but thou. Prec. 'T is very dangerous; and when thou art gone

I chide myself for letting thee come here

Thus stealthily by night. Where hast thou been?

Since yesterday I have no news from thee.

Vict. Since yesterday I have been in Alcala.

Erelong the time will come, sweet Preciosa,

When that dull distance shall no more divide us;

And I no more shall scale thy wall by night

To steal a kiss from thee, as I do now. *Prec.* An honest thief, to steal but what thou givest.

Vict. And we shall sit together unmolested.

And words of true love pass from tongue to tongue,

As singing birds from one bough to another.

Prec. That were a life to make time envious!

I knew that thou wouldst come to me to-night.

I saw thee at the play.

Vict. Sweet child of air! Never did I behold thee so attired

And garmented in beauty as to-night! What hast thou done to make thee look so fair?

Prec. Am I not always fair? '

Ay, and so fair

That I am jealous of all eyes that see

And wish that they were blind.

I heed them not; When thou art present, I see none but

Vict. There's nothing fair nor beautiful, but takes

Something from thee, that makes it beautiful.

Prec. And yet thou leavest me for those dusty books.

Vict. Thou comest between me and those books too often!

I see thy face in everything I see!

The paintings in the chapel wear thy looks,

The canticles are changed to sarabands,

And with the learned doctors of the schools

I see thee dance cachuchas.

In good sooth, I dance with learned doctors of the schools

To-morrow morning.

Vict. And with whom, I pray? Prec. A grave and reverend Car-

dinal, and his Grace The Archbishop of Toledo.

Vict. What mad jest is this? Prec. It is no jest; indeed it is not. Vict. Prithee, explain thyself.

Prec. Why, simply thus. Thou knowest the Pope has sent here

into Spain To put a stop to dances on the stage.

Vict. I have heard it whispered. Prec. Now the Cardinal,

Who for this purpose comes, would fain behold

With his own eyes these dances: and the Archbishop

Has sent for me-

Vict. That thou mayest dance before them!

Now viva la cachucha! It will breathe
The fire of youth into these gray old
men!

'T will be thy proudest conquest!

Prec. Saving one.
And yet I fear these dances will be stopped,

And Preciosa be once more a beggar. Vict. The sweetest beggar that e'er asked for alms;

With such beseeching eyes, that when . I saw thee

I gave my heart away!

Prec. Dost thou remember When first we met?

Vict. It was at Cordova, In the cathedral garden. Thou wast sitting

Under the orange trees, beside a fountain.

Prec. 'T was Easter Sunday. The full-blossomed trees

Filled all the air with fragrance and with joy.

The priests were singing, and the organ sounded,

And then anon the great cathedral bell. It was the elevation of the Host.

We both of us fell down upon our knees,

Under the orange boughs, and prayed together.

I never had been happy till that moment.

Vict. Thou blessed angel!

Prec. And when thou wast gone I felt an aching here. I did not speak To any one that day. But from that day

Bartolomé grew hateful unto me.

Vict. Remember him no more. Let not his shadow

Come between thee and me. Sweet Preciosa!

I loved thee even then, though I was silent!

Prec: I thought I ne'er should see thy face again.

Thy farewell had a sound of sorrow in it.

Vict. That was the first sound in the song of love!

Scarce more than silence is, and yet a

Hands of invisible spirits touch the strings

Of that mysterious instrument, the soul, And play the prelude of our fate. We

The voice prophetic, and are not alone. *Prec.* That is my faith. Dost thou believe these warnings?

Vict. So far as this. Our feelings and our thoughts

Tend ever on, and rest not in the Present.

As drops of rain fall into some dark well,

And from below comes a scarce audible sound,

So fall our thoughts into the dark Hereafter,

And their mysterious echo reaches us.

Prec. I have felt it so, but found no words to say it!

I cannot reason; I can only feel!

But thou hast language for all thoughts and feelings.

Thou art a scholar; and sometimes I think

We cannot walk together in this world! The distance that divides us is too great!

Henceforth thy pathway lies among the stars;

I must not hold thee back.

Vict. Thou little sceptic!

Dost thou still doubt? What I most prize in woman

Is her affections, not her intellect!

The intellect is finite; but the affec-

Are infinite, and cannot be exhausted.

Compare me with the great men of the earth;

What am I? Why, a pygmy among giants!

But if thou lovest,—mark me! 1.say lovest,—

The greatest of thy sex excels thee not!

The world of the affections is thy world,

Not that of man's ambition. In that stillness

Which most becomes a woman, calm and holy,

Thou sittest by the fireside of the heart,

Feeding its flame. The element of fire

Is pure. It cannot change nor hide its nature,

But burns as brightly in a Gypsy camp

As in a palace hall. Art thou convinced?

Prec. Yes, that I love thee, as the good love heaven;

But not that I am worthy of that heaven.

How shall I more deserve it?

Vict. Loving more.

Prec. I cannot love thee more; my
heart is full.

Vict. Then let it overflow, and I will drink it,

As in the summer-time the thirsty sands

Drink the swift waters of the Manzanares,

And still do thirst for more.

A Watchman (in the street). Ave Maria

Purissima! 'T is midnight and serene! Vict. Hear'st thou that cry?

Prec. It is a hateful sound,

To scare thee from me!

Vict. As the hunter's horn
Doth scare the timid stag, or bark of
hounds

The moor-fowl from his mate.

Prec. Pray, do not go!
Vict. I must away to Alcalá to-night.
Think of me when I am away.

Prec. Fear not!

I have no thoughts that do not think

of thee.

Vict. (giving her a ring). And to remind thee of my love, take this:

A serpent, emblem of Eternity;

A ruby,—say, a drop of my heart's blood.

Prec. It is an ancient saying, that the ruby

Brings gladness to the wearer, and preserves

The heart pure, and, if laid beneath the pillow,

Drives away evil dreams. But then, alas!

It was a serpent tempted Eve to sin.

Vict. What convent of barefooted

Carmelites

Taught thee so much theology?

Prec. (laying her hand upon his mouth). Hush! hush!

Good night! and may all holy angels guard thee!

Vict. Good night! good night! Thou art my guardian angel!

I have no other saint than thou to pray to!

(He descends by the balcony.)

Prec. Take care, and do not hurt thee. Art thou safe?

Vict. (from the garden). Safe as my love for thee! But art thou safe?

Others can climb a balcony by moonlight

As well as I. Pray shut thy window close;

I am jealous of the perfumed air of night

That from this garden climbs to kiss thy lips.

Prec. (throwing down her handkerchief). Thou silly child! Take this to blind thine eyes.

It is my benison!

Vict. And brings to me
Sweet fragrance from thy lips, as the
soft wind

Wafts to the out-bound mariner the breath

Of the beloved land he leaves behind. *Prec.* Make not thy voyage long.

Vict. To-morrow night Shall see me safe returned. Thou art the star

To guide me to an anchorage. Good night!

My beauteous star! My star of love, good night!

Prec. Good night!

Watchman (at a distance). Ave Maria Purissima! Scene IV.—An inn on the road to Alcalá. BALTASAR asleep on a bench. Enter CHISPA.

Chispa. And here we are, half-way to Alcalá, between cocks and midnight. Body o' me! what an inn this is! The lights out, and the landlord asleep. Holá! ancient Baltasar!

Bal. (waking). Here I am.

Chispa. Yes, there you are, like a one-eyed Alcalde in a town without inhabitants. Bring a light, and let me have supper.

Bal. Where is your master?

Chispa. Do not trouble yourself about him. We have stopped a moment to breathe our horses; and if he chooses to walk up and down in the open air, looking into the sky as one who hears it rain, that does not satisfy my hunger, you know. But be quick, for I am in a hurry, and every man stretches his legs according to the length of his coverlet. What have we here?

Bal. (setting a light on the table).

Stewed rabbit.

Chispa (cating). Conscience of Portalegre! Stewed kitten, you mean!

Bal. And a pitcher of Pedro Ximenes, with a roasted pear in it.

Chispa (drinking). Ancient Baltasar, amgo! You know how to cry wine and sell vinegar. I tell you this is nothing but Vinto Tinto of La Mancha, with a tang of the swineskin.

Bal. I swear to you by Saint Simon

and Judas, it is all as I say.

Chispa. And I swear to you by Saint Peter and Saint Paul, that it is no such thing. Moreover, your supper is like the hidalgo's dinner, very little meat and a great deal of tablecloth.

Bal. Ha! ha! ha!

Chispa. And more noise than nuts. Bal. Ha! ha! ha! You must have your joke, Master Chispa. But shall I not ask Don Victorian in, to take a draught of the Pedro Ximenes?

Chispa. No; you might as well say, "Don't-you-want-some?" to a dead.

man.

Bal. Why does he go so often to Madrid?

Chispa. For the same reason that he eats no supper. He is in love. Were you ever in love, Baltasar?

Bal. I was never out of it, good Chispa. It has been the torment of

my life.

Chispa. What! are you on fire, too, old haystack? Why, we shall never be able to put you out.

Vict. (without). Chispa!

Chispa. Go to bed, Pero Grullo, for the cocks are crowing.

Vict. Ea! Chispa! Chispa!

Chispa. Ea! Señor. Come with me, ancient Baltasar, and bring water for the horses. I will pay for the supper to-morrow. [Exeunt.

Scene V Victorian's chambers at Alcald. Hypolito asleep in an arm-chair. He awakes slowly.

Hyp. I must have been asleep! ay, sound asleep!

And it was all a dream. O sleep, sweet sleep!

Whatever form thou takest, thou art fair,

Holding unto our lips thy goblet filled Out of Oblivion's well, a healing draught!

The candles have burned low; it must be late.

Where can Victorian be? Like Fray Carrillo,

The only place in which one cannot find him

Is his own cell. Here 's his guitar, that seldom

Feels the caresses of its master's hand. Open thy silent lips, sweet instrument! And make dull midnight merry with a song.

(He plays and sings.)

Padre Francisco!
Padre Francisco!

I will shrive her of every sin.

What do you want of Padre Francisco?
Here is a pretty young maiden
Who wants to confess her sins!
Open the door and let her come in,

(Enter VICTORIAN.)

Vict. Padre Hypolito! Padre Hypolito!

Hyp. What do you want of Padre Hypolito?

Vict. Come, shrive me straight; for, if love be a sin,

I am the greatest sinner that doth live.

I will confess the sweetest of all crimes,

A maiden wooed and won.

Hyp. The same old tale
Of the old woman in the chimneycorner,

Who, while the pot boils, says, "Come here, my child;

I 'll tell thee a story of my weddingday."

Vict. Nay, listen, for my heart is full; so full

That I must speak.

Hyp. Alas! that heart of thine Is like a scene in the old play; the curtain

Rises to solemn music, and lo! enter
'The eleven thousand virgins of
Cologne!

Vict. Nay, like the Sibyl's volumes, thou shouldst say;

Those that remained, after the six were burned,

Being held more precious than the nine together.

But listen to my tale. Dost thou remember

The Gypsy girl we saw at Córdova

Dance the Romalis in the marketplace?

Hyp. Thou meanest Preciosa.

Vict. Ay, the same.

Thou knowest how her image haunted me

Long after we returned to Alcalá. She 's in Madrid.

Hyp; I know it.

Vict. And I'm in love.

Hyp. And therefore in Madrid when thou shouldst be

In Alcala.

Vict. Oh pardon me, my friend, If I so long have kept this secret from thee;

But silence is the charm that guards such treasures,

And, if a word be spoken ere the time,

They sink again, they were not meant for us.

Hyp. Alas! alas! I see thou art in love.

. Love keeps the cold out better than a cloak.

It serves for food and raiment. Give a Spaniard

His mass, his olla, and his Doffa Luisa—

Thou knowest the proverb. But pray tell me, lover,

How speeds thy wooing? Is the maiden coy?

Write her a song, beginning with an Ave;

Sing as the monk sang to the Virgin Mary,

Ave! cujus calcem clare Nec centenni commendare Sciret Seraph studio!

Vict. Pray, do not jest! This is no time for it!

I am in earnest!

What, ho! The Primus of great Alcala Enamoured of a Gypsy? Tell me frankly,

How meanest thou?

Vict. I mean it honestly.

Hyp. Surely thou wilt not marry her!

Vict. Why not?

Hyp. She was betrothed to one Bartolome,

If I remember rightly, a young Gypsy Who danced with her at Cordova.

Vict. They quarrelled, And so the matter ended.

Hyp. But in truth

Thou wilt not marry her.

Vict.

In truth I will.

The angels sang in heaven when she was born!

She is a precious jewel I have found Among the filth and rubbish of the world.

I'll stoop for it; but when I wear it here,

Set on my forehead like the morning star,

The world may wonder, but it will not laugh.

Hyp. If thou wear'st nothing else upon thy forehead,

'T will be indeed a wonder.

Vict. Out upon thee
With thy unseasonable jests! Pray
tell me,

Is there no virtue in the world?

Hyp. Not much. What, think'st thou, is she doing at this moment;

Now, while we speak of her?

Vict. She lies asleep,

And from her parted lips her gentle breath

Comes like the fragrance from the lips of flowers.

Her tender limbs are still, and on her breast

The cross she prayed to, ere she fell asleep,

Rises and falls with the soft tide of dreams,

Like a light barge safe moored.

Hyp. Which means, in prose, She's sleeping with her mouth a little open!

Vict. Oh, would I had the old magician's glass

To see her as she lies in child-like sleep!

Hyp. And wouldst thou venture?

Vict. Ay, indeed I would!

Hyp. Thou art courageous. Hast thou e'er reflected

How much lies hidden in that one word, now?

Vict. Yes; all the awful mystery of Life!

I oft have thought, my dear Hypolito, That could we, by some spell of magic, change

The world and its inhabitants to stone, In the same attitudes they now are in, What fearful glances downward might

we cast
Into the hollow chasms of human life!
What groups should we behold about
the death-bed,

Putting to shame the group of Niobe!

What joyful welcomes, and what sad farewells!

What stony tears in those congealed eyes!

What visible joy or anguish in those cheeks!

What bridal pomps, and what funereal shows!

What foes, like gladiators, fierce and struggling!

What lovers with their marble lips together!

Hyp. Ay, there it is! and, if I were in love,

That is the very point I most should dread.

This magic glass, these magic spells of thine,

Might tell a tale were better left untold.

For instance, they might show us thy fair cousin,

The Lady Violante, bathed in tears
Of love and anger, like the maid of
Colchis,

Whom thou, another faithless Argonaut,

Having won that golden fleece, a woman's love,

Desertest for this Glaucé.

Vict. Hold thy peace!
She cares not for me. She may wed another,

Or go into a convent, and, thus dying, Marry Achilles in the Elysian Fields.

Hyp. (rising). And so, good night!

Good morning, I should say. (Clock strikes three.)

Hark! how the loud and ponderous mace of Time

Knocks at the golden portals of the

And so, once more, good night! We'll speak more largely

Of Preciosa when we meet again.

Get thee to bed, and the magician, Sleep,

Shall show her to thee, in his magic glass,

In all her loveliness. Good night!

Vict. Good night!
But not to bed; for I must read awhile

(Throws himself into the arm-chair which HYPOLITO has left, and lays a large book open upon his knees.)

Must read, or sit in revery and watch The changing colour of the waves that break

Upon the idle sea-shore of the mind! Visions of Fame! that once did visit me.

Making night glorious with your smile, where are ye?

Oh, who shall give me, now that ye are gone,

Juices of those immortal plants that

Upon Olympus, making us immortal? Or teach me where that wondrous mandrake grows

Whose magic root, torn from the earth with groans,

At midnight hour, can scare the fiends away,

And make the mind prolific in its fancies?

I have the wish, but want the will, to act! Souls of great mendeparted! Ye whose words

Have come to light from the swift river of Time,

Like Roman swords found in the Tagus' bed,

Where is the strength to wield the arms ye bore?

From the barred visor of Antiquity Reflected shines the eternal light of Truth,

As from a mirror! All the means of action—

The shapeless masses, the materials— Lie everywhere about us. What we need

Is the celestial fire to change the flint Into transparent crystal, bright and clear.

That fire is genius! The rude peasant sits

At evening in his smoky cot, and draws With charcoal uncouth figures on the wall.

The son of genius comes, foot-sore with travel,

And begs a shelter from the inclement night.

He takes the charcoal from the peasant's hand,

And, by the magic of his touch at once Transfigured, all its hidden virtues shine,

And, in the eyes of the astonished clown,

It gleams a diamond! Even thus transformed,

Rude popular traditions and old tales Shine as immortal poems, at the touch Of some poor, houseless, homeless, wandering bard,

Who had but a night's lodging for his pains.

But there are brighter dreams than those of Fame,

Which are the dreams of Love! Out of the heart

Rises the bright ideal of these dreams, As from some woodland fount a spirit

And sinks again into its silent deeps, Ere the enamoured knight can touch her robe!

T is this ideal that the soul of man, Like the enamoured knight beside the

fountain,
Waits for upon the margin of Life's
stream:

Waits to behold her rise from the dark

Clad in a mortal shape! Alas! how

Must wait in vain! The stream flows evermore.

But from its silent deeps no spirit rises!
Yet I, born under a propitious star,

Have found the bright ideal of my dreams.

Yes! she is ever with me. I can feel, Here, as I sit at midnight and alone, Her gentle breathing! on my breast can feel

The pressure of her head! God's benison

Rest ever on it! Close those beauteous

Sweet Sleep! and all the flowers that bloom at night

With balmy lips breathe in her ears my name!

(Gradually sinks asleep.)

ACT II.

Scene I.—Preciosa's chamber. Morning. Preciosa and Angelica.

Prec. Why will you go so soon? Stay yet awhile.

The poor too often turn away unheard From hearts that shut against them with a sound

That will be heard in heaven. Pray, tell me more

Of your adversities. Keep nothing from me.

What is your landlord's name?

Ang. The Count of Lara.

Prec. The Count of Lara? Oh, beware that man!

Mistrust his pity,—hold no parley with him!

And rather die an outcast in the streets Than touch his gold.

Ang. You know him, then!
Prec. As much
As any woman may, and yet be pure.

As you would keep your name without a blemish,

Beware of him!

Ang. Alas! what can I do? I cannot choose my friends. Each word of kindness.

Come whence it may, is welcome to the poor.

Prec. Make me your friend. A girl so young and fair

Should have no friends but those of her own sex.

What is your name?

Ang. Angelica.

Prec. That name Was given you, that you might be an angel

To her who bore you! When your infant smile

Made her home Paradise, you were her angel.

Oh, be an angel still! She needs that smile.

So long as you are innocent, fear nothing.

No one can harm you! I am a poor girl,

Whom chance has taken from the public streets.

I have no other shield than mine own virtue. [me'
That is the charm which has protected Amid a thousand perils, I have worn it

Amid a thousand perils, I have worn it Here on my heart! It is my guardian angel.

Ang. (rising). I thank you for this counsel, dearest lady.

Prec. Thank me by following it.

Ang. Indeed I will.

Prec. Pray, do not go. I have much more to say.

Ang. My mother is alone. I dare not leave her.

Prec. Some other time, then, when we meet again.

You must not go away with words alone.

(Gives her a purse.)

Take this. Would it were more.

Ang. I thank you, lady. Prec. No thanks. To-morrow come to me again.

I dance to-night,—perhaps for the last time.

But what I gain, I promise shall be yours,

If that can save you from the Count of Lara.

Ang. Oh, my dear lady! how shall I be grateful

For so much kindness?

Prec. I deserve no thanks. Thank Heaven, not me.

Ang. Both Heaven and you. Farewell.

Remember that you come again tomorrow.

Ang. I will. And may the blessed Virgin guard you,

And all good angels. [Exit. Prec. May they guard thee too, And all the poor. for they have need

And all the poor; for they have need of angels.

Now bring me, dear Dolores, my basquina,

My richest maja dress,—my dancing dress,

And my most precious jewels! Make me look

Fairer than night e'er saw me! I've a prize

To win this day, worthy of Preciosa!

(Enter BELTRAN CRUZADO.)

Cruz. Ave Maria!

Prec. O God! my evil genius! What seekest thou here to-day?

Cruz. Thyself,—my child. Prec. What is thy will with me?

Cruz. Gold! gold! Prec. I gave thee yesterday; I have

no more.

Cruz. The gold of the Busné,—give

me his gold!

Prec. I gave the last in charity

to-day.

Cruz. That is a foolish lie.

Prec. It is the truth.

Crus. Curses upon thee! Thou art not my child!

Hast thou given gold away, and not to me?

Not to thy father? To whom, then? Prec. To one

Who needs it more.

Cruz. No one can need it more. Prec. Thou art not poor.

Cruz. What, I, who lurk about In dismal suburbs and unwholesome lanes;

I, who am housed worse than the galley slave;

I, who am fed worse than the kennelled hound;

I, who am clothed in rags,—Beltran Cruzado,—

Not poor!

Prec. Thou hast a stout heart and strong hands.

Thou canst supply thy wants; what wouldst thou more?

Crus. The gold of the Busne! give me his gold!

Prec. Beltran Cruzado! hear me once for all.

I speak the truth. So long as I had gold,

I gave it to thee freely, at all times, Never denied thee; never had a wish But to fulfil thine own. Now go in peace!

Be merciful, be patient, and erelong Thou shalt have more.

Cruz. And if I have it not, Thou shalt no longer dwell here in rich chambers, Wear silken dresses, feed on dainty food,

And live in idleness; but go with me, Dance the Romalis in the public streets,

And wander wild again o'er field and fell;

For here we stay not long.

Prec. What! march again? Crus. Ay, with all speed. I hate the crowded town!

I cannot breathe shut up within its gates!

Air,—I want air, and sunshine, and blue sky,

The feeling of the breeze upon my face, The feeling of the turf beneath my feet, And no walls but the far-off mountain tops.

Then I am free and strong,—once more myself,

Beltran Cruzado, Count of the Calés!

Prec. God speed thee on thy march!

—I cannot go.

Cruz. Remember who I am, and who thou art!

Be silent and obey! Yet one thing more.

Bartolomé Román—

Prec. (with emotion). Oh, I beseech thee!

If my obedience and blameless life, If my humility and meek submission In all things hitherto, can move in thee One feeling of compassion; if thou art Indeed my father, and canst trace in

One look of her who bore me, or one tone

That doth remind thee of her, let it plead

In my behalf, who am a feeble girl, Too feeble to resist, and do not force

me
To wed that man! I am afraid of him!

I do not love him! On my knees I beg thee

To use no violence, nor do in haste

What cannot be undone!

Cruz. O child, child, child!
Thou hast betrayed thy secret, as a bird
Betrays her nest, by striving to conceal
it.

I will not leave thee here in the great city

To be a grandee's mistress. Make thee ready

To go with us; and until then remember

A watchful eye is on thee. [Exit. Prec. Woe is me! I have a strange misgiving in my heart!

But that one deed of charity I'll do, Befall what may; they cannot take that from me.

SCENE II.—A room in the Arch-BISHOP'S Palace. The Archbishop and a Cardinal seated

and a CARDINAL seated.

Arch. Knowing how near it touched

the public morals,

And that our age is grown corrupt
and rotten

By such excesses, we have sent to Rome,

Besecching that his Holiness would aid In curing the gross surfeit of the time, By seasonable stop put here in Spain To bull-fights and lewd dances on the stage.

All this you know.

Card. Know and approve.

Arch. And further,
That, by a mandate from his Holiness,
The first have been suppressed.

Card. I trust forever.

It was a cruel sport.

Arch. A barbarous pastime, Disgraceful to the land that calls itself Most Catholic and Christian.

Card. Yet the people Murmur at this; and, if the public dances

Should be condemned upon too slight occasion,

Worse ills might follow than the ills we cure.

As Panem et Circenses was the cry Among the Roman populace of old, So Pan y Toros is the cry in Spain. Hence I would act advisedly herein;

And therefore have induced your Grace

to see

These national dances, ere we interdict them.

(Enter a Servant.)

Serv. The dancing-girl, and with her the musicians

Your Grace was pleased to order, wait without.

Arch. Bid them come in. Now shall your eyes behold

In what angelic, yet voluptuous shape
The Devil came to tempt Saint
Anthony.

(Enter Preciosa, with a mattle thrown over her head. She advances slowly, in modest, half-timid attitude.)

Card. (aside). Oh, what a fair and ministering angel

Was lost to heaven when this sweet woman fell!

Prec. (kneeling before the ARCH-BISHOP). I have obeyed the order of your Grace.

If I intrude upon your better hours, I proffer this excuse, and here beseech Your holy benediction.

Arch. May God bless thee, And lead thee to a better life. Arise. Card. (aside). Her acts are modest, and her words discreet!

I did not look for this! Come hither, child.

Is thy name Preciosa?

Prec. Thus I am called. Card. That is a Gypsy name. Who is thy father?

Prec. Beltran Cruzado, Count of the Cales.

Arch. I have a dim remembrance of that man;

He was a bold and reckless character, A sun-burnt Ishmael!

Card. Dost thou remember

Thy earlier days?

Prec. Yes; by the Darro's side My childhood passed. I can remember

The river, and the mountains capped with snow;

The villages, where, yet a little child, I told the traveller's fortune in the street:

The smuggler's horse, the brigand and the shepherd;

The march across the moor; the halt at noon;

The red fire of the evening camp, that lighted

The forest where we slept; and, further back,

As in a dream or in some former life, Gardens and palace walls.

'T is the Alhambra, Under whose towers the Gypsy camp was pitched.

But the time wears; and we would see thee dance.

Prec. Your Grace shall be obeyed.

(She lays aside her mantilla. The music of the cachucha is played, and the dance begins. The ARCHBISHOP and the CARDINAL look on with gravity and an occasional frown; then make signs to each other; and, as the dance continues, become more and more pleased and excited; and at length rise from their seats, throw their caps in the air, and applaud vehcmently as the scene closes.)

SCENE III.—The Prado. A long avenue of trees leading to the gate of Atocha. On the right the dome and spires of a convent. A fountain. Evening. DON CARLOS and HY-POLITO meeting.

Don C. Hold! good evening, Don Hypolito.

Hyp. And a good evening to my friend, Don Carlos.

Some lucky star has led my steps this way.

I was in search of you.

Don C. Command me always. Hyp. Do you remember, in Quevedo's Dreams,

The miser, who, upon the Day of Judgment,

Asks if his money-bags would rise? Don C. I do:

But what of that?

Hyp. I am that wretched man. Don C. You mean to tell me yours have risen empty?

Hyp. And amen! said my Cid Campeador.

Don C. Pray, how much need you?

Some half-dozen ounces, Hyþ. Which, with due interest---

Don C. (giving his purse). What, am I a Jew

To put my moneys out at usury?

Here is my purse.

Hyp. Thank you. A pretty purse. Made by the hand of some fair Madrileña;

Perhaps a keepsake.

Don C. No, 't is at your service. Hyp. Thank you again. Lie there, good Chrysostom,

And with thy golden mouth remind me

often,

I am the debtor of my friend.

But tell me, Don C. Come you to-day from Alcalá?

This moment. IIyp. Don C. And pray, how fares the brave Victorian?

Hyp. Indifferent well; that is to say, not well.

A damsel has ensnared him with the glances

Of her dark, roving eyes, as herdsmen

A steer of Andalusia with a lazo.

He is in love.

Don C. And is it faring ill

To be in love?

Hyp. In his case very ill. Why so? Don C. Hyp. For many reasons. First and foremost,

Because he is in love with an ideal; A creature of his own imagination; A child of air; an echo of his heart; And, like a lily on a river floating, She floats upon the river of his thoughts!

Don C. A common thing with poets. But who is

This floating lily? For, in fine, some woman,

Some living woman,—not a mere ideal,—

Must wear the outward semblance of his thought.

Who is it? Tell me.

Well, it is a woman! But, look you, from the coffer of his heart

He brings forth precious jewels to Feel that the place has taken a charm adorn her, from thee, As pious priests adorn some favourite And is forever hallowed. Mark him well! saint See how he strides away with lordly With gems and gold, until at length she gleams air, One blaze of glory. Without these, Like that odd guest of stone, that you know, grim Commander Who comes to sup with Juan in the And the priest's benediction, 't is a doll. play. Don C. What ho! Victorian! *Don C.* Well, well! who is this doll? Why, who do you think? Wilt thou sup with us? *Don C.* His cousin Violante. Vict. Hola! amigos! Faith, I did Guess again. Hvb. not see you. To ease his labouring heart, in the How fares Don Carlos? last storm Don C. At your service ever. He threw her overboard, with all her Vict. How is that young and greeningots. eyed Gaditana Don C. I cannot guess; so tell me That you both wot of? who it is. Don C. Ay, soft, emerald eyes! Hyp. Not I. She has gone back to Cadiz. Hyp. Why not? Ay de mí! Don C. Hyp. (mysteriously). Why? Bel'ict. You are much to blame for cause Mari Franca letting her go back. Was married four leagues out of Sala-A pretty girl; and in her tender eyes Just that soft shade of green we somemanca! *Don C.* Jesting aside, who is it? times see Preciosa. In evening skies. Hyp. Don C. Impossible! The Count of But, speaking of green eyes, Hyp. Lara tells me Are thine green? She is not virtuous. Vict. Not a whit. Why so? Did I say she was? Нур. Hyp. I think The Roman Emperor Claudius had a The slightest shade of green would be becoming, Whose name was Messalina, as I think; For thou art jealous. Valeria Messalina was her name. No, I am not jealous. Vict. But hist! I see him yonder through Hyp. Thou shouldst be. Why? the trees, Vict. Walking as in a dream. Hyp. Because thou art in love. Don C. He comes this way. And they who are in love are always Hyp. It has been truly said by some iealous. wise man, Therefore thou shouldst be. That money, grief, and love cannot Marry, is that all? be hidden. Farewell! I am in haste. Farewell, (Enter VICTORIAN in front.) Don Carlos. Vict. Where'er thy step has passed Thou sayest I should be jealous? is holy ground! Hyp. Ay, in truth These groves are sacred! I behold I fear there is reason. Be upon thy thee walking guard. Under these shadowy trees, where we I hear it whispered that the Count of

Lara

Vict.

Lays siege to the same citadel.

Indeed!

have walked

now;

At evening, and I feel thy presence

Then he will have his labour for his pains.

Hyp. He does not think so, and Don Carlos tells me

He boasts of his success.

Vict. How's this, Don Carlos?

Don C. Some hints of it I heard from his own lips.

He spoke but lightly of the lady's virtue,

As a gay man might speak.

Vict. Death and damnation!

I'll cut his lying tongue out of his mouth,

And throw it to my dog! But no, no, no!

This cannot be. You jest, indeed you jest.

Trifle with me no more. For otherwise We are no longer friends. And so, farewell!

Hyp. Now what a coil is here! The Avenging Child

Hunting the traitor Quadros to his death,

And the great Moor Calaynos, when he rode

To Paris for the ears of Oliver,

Were nothing to him! O hot-headed youth!

But come; we will not follow. Let us join

The crowd that pours into the Prado.
There

We shall find merrier company; I see The Marialonzos and the Almavivas, And fifty fans, that beckon me already.

[Exeunt.

Scene IV.—Preciosa's chamber. She is sitting, with a book in her hand, near a table, on which are flowers. A bird singing in its cage. The Count of Lara enters behind unperceived.

Prec. (reads).

All are sleeping, weary heart! Thou, thou only sleepless art!

Heigho! I wish Victorian were here. I know not what it is makes me so restless!

(The bird sings.)

Thou little prisoner with thy motley coat,

That from thy vaulted, wiry dungeon singest,

Like thee I am a captive, and, like thee,

I have a gentle jailer. Lack-a-day!

All are sleeping, weary heart! Thou, thou only sleepless art! All this throbbing, all this aching, Evermore shall keep thee waking, For a heart in sorrow breaking Thinketh ever of its smart!

Thou speakest truly, poet! and methinks

More hearts are breaking in this world of ours

Than one would say. In distant villages

And solitudes remote, where winds have wafted

The barbèd seeds of love, or birds of passage

Scattered them in their flight, do they take root,

And grow in silence, and in silence perish.

Who hears the falling of the forest leaf? Or who takes note of every flower that dies?

Heigho! I wish Victorian would come. Dolores!

(Turns to lay down her book, and perceives the COUNT.)

Ha!

Lara. Señora, pardon me!

Prec. How's this? Dolores!

Lara. Pardon me—
Prec. Dolores!
Lara Be not alarmed: I found no

Lara. Be not alarmed; I found no one in waiting.

If I have been too bold-

Prec. (turning her back upon him).
You are too bold!

Retire! retire, and leave me!

Lara. My dear lady,

First hear me! I beseech you, let me speak!

'T is for your good I come.

Prec. (turning toward him with indignation). Begone! begone! You are the Count of Lara, but you

deeds

Would make the statues of your ances-

Blush on their tombs! Is it Castilian honour.

Is it Castilian pride, to steal in here Upon a friendless girl, to do her wrong?

Oh shame! shame! shame! that you, a nobleman,

Should be so little noble in your thoughts

As to send jewels here to win my love, And think to buy my honour with your gold!

I have no words to tell you how I scorn you!

Begone! The sight of you is hateful to me!

Begone, I say!

Lara. Be calm; I will not harm you. Prec. Because you dare not.

I dare anything! Therefore beware! You are deceived

In this false world, we do not always know

Who are our friends and who our enemies.

We all have enemies, and all need friends.

Even you, fair Preciosa, here at court Have foes, who seek to wrong you.

If to this I owe the honour of the present visit, You might have spared the coming.

Having spoken, Once more I beg you, leave me to myself.

Lara. I thought it but a friendly part to tell you

What strange reports are current here in town.

For my own self, I do not credit them; But there are many who, not knowing you.

Will lend a readier ear.

There was no need That you should take upon yourself the duty

Of telling me these tales.

Malicious tongues Are ever busy with your name. Prec. Alas!

I 've no protectors. I am a poor girl, Exposed to insults and unfeeling jest. They wound me, yet I cannot shield myself.

I give no cause for these reports. I live

Retired; am visited by none.

Lara. By none? Oh, then, indeed, you are much wronged!

Prec. How mean you? Lara. Nay, nay; I will not wound your gentle soul

By the report of idle tales.

Speak out! What are these idle tales? You need not spare me.

Lara. I will deal frankly with you. Pardon me;

This window, as I think, looks towards the street,

And this into the Prado, does it not? In you high house, beyond the garden wall,-

You see the roof there just above the trees,-

There lives a friend, who told me yesterday,

That on a certain night,—be not offended

If I too plainly speak,—he saw a man Climb to your chamber window. You are silent!

I would not blame you, being young and fair-

(He tries to embrace her. She starts back, and draws a dagger from her bosom.)

Prec. Beware! beware! I am a Gypsy girl!

Lay not your hand upon me. One step nearer

And I will strike!

Lara. Pray you, put up that dagger. Fear not.

Prec. I do not fear. I have a heart In whose strength I can trust.

Lara. Listen to me, I come here as your friend,—I am

your friend,-And by a single word can put a stop To all those idle tales, and make your

name

Spotless as lilies are. Here on my knees,

Fair Preciosa! on my knees I swear, I love you even to madness, and that love

Has driven me to break the rules of custom,

And force myself unasked into your presence.

(VICTORIAN enters behind.)

Prec. Rise, Count of Lara! That is not the place

For such as you are. It becomes you

To kneel before me. I am strangely moved

To see one of your rank thus low and humbled;

For your sake I will put aside all anger,

All unkind feeling, all dislike, and speak

In gentleness, as most becomes a woman,

And as my heart now prompts me. I no more

Will hate you, for all hate is painful to me.

But if, without offending modesty And that reserve which is a woman's

glory,
I may speak freely, I will teach my
heart

To love you.

Lara. O sweet angel!

Prec. Ay, in truth, Far better than you love yourself or me. Lara. Give me some sign of this,—

the slightest token.

Let me but kiss your hand!

Prec. Nay, come no nearer.

The words I utter are its sign and token.

Misunderstand me not! Be not deceived!

The love wherewith I love you is not such

As you would offer me. For you come here

To take from me the only thing I have, My honour. You are wealthy, you have friends And kindred, and a thousand pleasant hopes

That fill your heart with happiness; but I

Am poor, and friendless, having but one treasure,

And you would take that from me, and for what?

To flatter your own vanity, and make me What you would most despise. Oh, sir, such love,

That seeks to harm me, cannot be true love.

Indeed it cannot. But my love for you Is of a different kind. It seeks your good.

It is a holier feeling. It rebukes

Your earthly passion, your unchaste desires,

And bids you look into your heart, and see

How you do wrong that better nature in you,

And grieve your soul with sin.

Lara. I swear to you, I would not harm you; I would only love you.

I would not take your honour, but restore it,

And in return I ask but some slight mark

Of your affection. If indeed you love me,

As you confess you do, oh, let me thus With this embrace—

Vict. (rushing forward). Hold! hold! This is too much.

What means this outrage?

Lara. First, what right have you To question thus a nobleman of Spain? Vict. I too am noble, and you are no more!

Out of my sight!

Lara. Are you the master here! Vict. Ay, here and elsewhere, when the wrong of others

Gives me the right!

Prec. (to LARA). Go! I beseech you, go!

Vict. I shall have business with you.
Count, anon!

Lura. You cannot come too soon! [Exit

Prec. Victorian! Say what a poor, fond fool Victorian Oh, we have been betrayed! Vict. Ha! ha! betrayed! (He casts her from him and rushes out.) 'T is I have been betrayed, not we!-*Prec.* And this from thee! not we! (Scene closes.) *Prec.* Dost thou imagine — SCENE V .- The COUNT OF LARA'S I imagine nothing; rooms. Enter the COUNT. I see how't is thou whilest the time Lara. There's nothing in this world away so sweet as love, When I am gone! And next to love the sweetest thing is Oh, speak not in that tone! hate! It wounds me deeply. I 've learned to hate, and therefore Vict. 'T was not meant to flatter. am revenged. Prec. Too well thou knowest the A silly girl to play the prude with me! presence of that man The fire that I have kindled-Is hateful to me! Vict. Yet I saw thee stand (Enter Francisco.) And listen to him, when he told his Well, Francisco, What tidings from Don Juan? Prec. I did not heed his words. Fran. Good, my lord; Indeed thou didst, He will be present. And answeredst them with love. And the Duke of Lermos! Lara. Prcc. Hadst thou heard all -Fran. Was not at home Vict. I heard enough. Lara. How with the rest? Be not so angry with me. Fran. I've found Vict. I am not angry; I am very The men you wanted. They will all calm. be there. *Prec.* If thou wilt-let me speak And at the given signal raise a whirl-Nay, say no more. wind I know too much already. Thou art Of such discordant noises, that the false! dance I do not like these Gypsy marriages! Must cease for lack of music. Where is the ring I gave thee? Lara. Bravely done. Prec. In my casket. Ah! little dost thou dream, sweet Vict. There let it rest! I would not Preciosa, have thee wear it: What lies in wait for thee. I thought thee spotless, and thou art shall not close polluted! Thine eyes this night! Give me my Prec. I call the Heavens to witness -Exeunt. cloak and sword. Nay, nay, nay! Scene VI.—A retired spot beyond the Take not the name of Heaven upon city gates. Enter VICTORIAN and thy lips! HYPOLITO. They are forsworn! Prec. Vict. Oh shame! Why Victorian! dear Victorian! Vict. I gave up all for thee; myself, do I walk abroad By daylight, when the very sunshine my fame, My hopes of fortune, ay, my very mocks me, And voices, and familiar sights and soul! And thou hast been my ruin! Now, sounds Cry, "Hide thyself!" Oh, what a thin go on! Laugh at my folly with thy paramour partition And, sitting on the Count of Lara's Doth shut out from the curious world

the knowledge

knee,

Of evil deeds that have been done in darkness!

Disgrace has many tongues. My fears are windows,

Through which all eyes seem gazing. Every face

Expresses some suspicion of my shame,

And in derision seems to smile at me!

Hyp. Did I not caution thee? Did
I not tell thee

I was but half persuaded of her virtue? Vict. And yet, Hypolito, we may be wrong,

We may be over-hasty in condemning! The Count of Lara is a cursed villain.

Hyp. And therefore is she cursed,

loving him.

Vict. She does not love him! 'T is

for gold! for gold!

Hyp. Ay, but remember, in the public

streets He shows a golden ring the Gypsy

He shows a golden ring the Gypsy gave him,

A serpent with a ruby in its mouth.

Vict. She had that ring from me!

God! she is false;

But I will be revenged! The hour is passed.

Where stays the coward?

Hyp. Nay, he is no coward; A villain, if thou wilt, but not a coward. I've seen him play with swords; it is his pastime.

And therefore be not over-confident, He 'll task thy skill anon. Look, here he comes.

(Enter LARA followed by FRANCISCO.)
Lara. Good evening, gentlemen.

Hyp. Good evening, Count. Lara. I trust I have not kept you long in waiting.

Vict. Not long, and yet too long.

Are you prepared?

Lara. I am.

Hyp. It grieves me much to see this quarrel

Between you, gentlemen. Is there no way

Left open to accord this difference, But you must make one with your swords?

Vict. No! none!

I do entreat thee, dear Hypolito, Stand not between me and my foe Too long

Our tongues have spoken. Let these tongues of steel

End our debate. Upon your guard, Sir Count.

(They fight. VICTORIAN disarms the COUNT.)

Your life is mine; and what shall now withhold me

From sending your vile soul to its account?

Lara. Strike! strike!

Vict. You are disarmed. I will not kill you.

I will not murder you. Take up your sword.

(FRANCISCO hands the COUNT his sword, and HYPOLITO interposes.)

Hyp. Enough! Let it end here!

The Count of Lara

Has shown himself a brave man, and Victorian

A generous one, as ever. Now be friends.

Put up your swords; for, to speak frankly to you,

Your cause of quarrel is too slight a thing

To move you to extremes.

Lara. I am content. I sought no quarrel. A few hasty words.

Spoken in the heat of blood, have led to this.

Vict. Nay, something more than that.

Lara. I understand you Therein I did not mean to cross your

To me the door stood open, as to others.

But, had I known the girl belonged to

Never would I have sought to win her from you.

The truth stands now revealed; she has been false

To both of us.

Vict. Ay, false as hell itself!
Lara. In truth, I did not seek her
she sought me;

And told me how to win her, telling me

The hours when she was oftenest left alone.

Vict. Say, can you prove this to me? Oh, pluck out

These awful doubts, that goad me into madness!

Let me know all! all! all!

Lara. You shall know all.

Here is my page, who was the
messenger

Between us. Question him. Was it not so, Francisco?

Fran. Ay, my lord.

Lara. If further proof
Is needful, I have here a ring she
gave me.

Vict. Pray let me see that ring! It is the same!

(Throws it upon the ground, and tramples upon it.)

Thus may she perish who once wore that ring!

Thus do I spurn her from me; do thus trample

Her memory in the dust! O Count of Lara.

We both have been abused, been much abused!

I thank you for your courtesy and frankness.

Though, like the surgeon's hand, yours gave me pain,

Yet it has cured my blindness, and I thank you.

I now can see the folly I have done,

Though 't is, alas! too late. So fare you well!

To-night I leave this hateful town forever.

Regard me as your friend. Once more farewell!

Hyp. Farewell, Sir Count.

[Exeunt VICTORIAN and HYPOLITO.

Lara. Farewell! farewell! farewell!

Thus have I cleared the field of my
worst foe!

I have none else to fear; the fight is done,

The citadel is stormed, the victory won!

[Exit with FRANCISCO.

Scene VII.—A lane in the suburvs. Night. Enter CRUZADO and BAR-TOLOMÉ.

Cruz. And so, Bartolomé, the expedition failed. But where wast thou for the most part?

Bart. In the Guadarrama moun-

tains, near San Ildefonso.

Cruz. And thou bringest nothing back with thee? Didst thou rob no one?

Bart. There was no one to rob, save a party of students from Segovia, who looked as if they would rob us; and a jolly little friar, who had nothing in his pockets but a missal and a loaf of bread.

Cruz. Pray, then, what brings thee

back to Madrid?

Bart. First tell me what keeps thee here?

Cruz. Preciosa.

Bart. And she brings me back. Hast thou forgotten thy promise?

Cruz. The two years are not passed yet. Wait patiently. The girl shall be thine.

Bart. I hear she has a Busné lover.

Cruz. That is nothing.

Bart. I do not like it. I hate him, the son of a Busne harlot. He goes in and out, and speaks with her alone, and I must stand aside, and wait his pleasure.

Cruz. Be patient, I say. Thou shalt have thy revenge. When the time

comes, thou shalt waylay him.

Bart. Meanwhile, show me her house. Cruz. Come this way. But thou wilt not find her. She dances at the play to-night.

Bart. No matter. Show me the house. [Exeunt.

Scene VIII.—The Theatre. The orchestra plays the cachucha. Sound of castanets behind the scenes. The curtain rises, and discovers Preciosa in the attitude of commencing the dance. The cachucha. Tumult; hisses; cries of "Brava!" and "Afuera!" She falters and pauses. The music stops. General confusion. Preciosa faints.

Scene IX.—The Count of Lara's chambers. Lara and his friends at supper.

Lara. So, Caballeros, once more many thanks!

You have stood by me bravely in this matter.

Pray fill your glasses.

Don J. Did you mark, Don Luis, How pale she looked, when first the noise began,

And then stood still, with her large eyes dilated!

Her nostrils spread! her lips apart! her bosom

Tumultuous as the sea!

Don L. I pitied her.

Lara. Her pride is humbled; and
this very night

I mean to visit her.

Don J. Will you serenade her?

Lara. No music! no more music!

Don L. Why not music?

It softens many hearts.

Lara. Not in the humour She now is in. Music would madden her.

Don J. Try golden cymbals.

Don L. Yes, try Don Dinero;

A mighty wooer is your Don Dinero.

Lara. To tell the truth, then, I have bribed her maid.

But, Caballeros, you dislike this wine. A bumper and away; for the night wears.

A health to Preciosa.

(They rise and drink.)
All. Preciosa.

Lara (holding up his glass). Thou bright and flaming minister of Love!

'Thou wonderful magician! who hast stolen

My secret from me, and 'mid sighs of passion

Caught from my lips, with red and fiery tongue,

Her precious name! Oh nevermore henceforth

Shall mortal lips press thine; and nevermore

A mortal name be whispered in thine ear.

Go! keep my secret!
(Drinks and dashes the goblet down.)
Don J. Ite! missa est!
(Scene closes.)

SCENE X.—Street and garden wall, Night. Enter CRUZADO and BAR-TOLOMÉ.

Cruz. This is the garden wall, and above it, yonder, is her house. The window in which thou seest the light is her window. But we will not go in now.

Bart. Why not?

Cruz. Because she is not at home.

Bart. No matter; we can wait. But
ow is this? The gate is holted

how is this? The gate is bolted. (Sound of guitars and voices in a neighbouring street.) Hark! There comes her lover with his infernal serenade! Hark!

SONG.

Good night! Good night, beloved! I come to watch o'er thee!
To be near thee,—to be near thee,
Alone is peace for me.

Thine eyes are stars of morning,
Thy lips are crimson flowers!
Good night! Good night, beloved,
While I count the weary hours.

Crus. They are not coming this way. Bart. Wait, they begin again.

SONG (coming nearer).

Ah! thou moon that shinest Argent-clear above! All night long enlighten My sweet lady-love; Moon that shinest, All night long enlighten!

Bart. Woe be to him, if he comes this way!

Cruz. Be quiet, they are passing down the street.

song (dying away).

The nuns in the cloister
Sang to each other;
For so many sisters
Is there not one brother!
Ay, for the partridge, mother!
The cat has run away with the partridge!

Puss! puss! puss!

Bart. Follow that! follow that! Come with me. Puss! puss!

(Exeunt. On the opposite side enter the COUNT OF LARA and gentlemen with Francisco.)

Lara. The gate is fast. Over the wall, Francisco,

And draw the bolt. so, and over.

Now, gentlemen, come in, and help me scale

You balcony. How now? Her light still burns.

Make fast the gate, Move warily. Francisco

(Exeunt. Re-enter CRUZADO and BARTOLOMÉ.)

They went in at the gate. Bart.Hark! I hear them in the garden. (Tries the gate.) Bolted again! Vive Cristo! Follow me over the wall. (They climb the wall.)

Scene XI. -Preciosa's bedchamber. Midnight. She is sleeping in an arm-chair, in an undress. DOLORES watching her.

Pol. She sleeps at last!

(Opens the window, and listens.)

All silent in the street,

And in the garden. Hark!

Prec. (in her sleep). I must go hence! Give me my cloak!

Dol. He comes! I hear his footsteps. Prec. Go tell them that I cannot dance to-night;

I am too ill! Look at me! See the

That burns upon my cheek! I must go hence!

I am too weak to dance.

(Signal from the garden.)

Dol. (from the window). Who's there?

Voice (from below). A friend. Dol. I will undo the door. Wait till I come.

Prec. I must go hence. I pray you do not harm me!

'Shame! shame! to treat a feeble woman thus!

Be you but kind, I will do all things for you.

I'm ready now, -give me my castanets. Where is Victorian? Oh, those hateful lamps!

They glare upon me like an evil

I cannot stay. Hark! how they mock at me!

They hiss at me like serpents! Save me! save me!

(She wakes.)

How late is it, Dolores?

Dol.It is midnight. *Prec.* We must be patient. Smooth this pillow for me.

(She sleeps again. Noise from the garden, and voices.)

Voice. Muera!

Another voice. O villains! villains! Lara. So! have at you!

Voice. Take that! Oh, I am wounded! Dol. (shutting the window). Jesu Maria!

ACT III.

Scene I.—A cross-road through a wood. In the background a distant village spire. VICTORIAN and HY-POLITO, as travelling students, with guitars, sitting under the trees. Hy-POLITO plays and sings.

SONG.

Ah, Love! Perjured, false, treacherous Love! Enemy

Of all that mankind may not rue! Most untrue

To him who keeps most faith with thee. Woe is me!

The falcon has the eyes of the dove.

Ah, Love! Perjured, salse, treacherous Love!

Vict. Yes, Love is ever busy with his shuttle,

Is ever weaving into life's dull warp Bright, gorgeous flowers and scenes

Arcadian; Hanging our gloomy prison-house about

. With tapestries, that make its walls dilate

In never-ending vistas of delight.

Hyp. Thinking to walk in those Arcadian pastures,

Thou hast run thy noble head against the wall.

SONG (continued).
Thy deceits

Give us clearly to comprehend, Whither tend

All thy pleasures, all thy sweets!

They are cheats,

Thorns below and flowers above.

Ah, Love!

Perjured, false, treacherous Love!

Vict. A very pretty song. I thank thee for it.

Hyp. It suits thy case.

Vict. Indeed, I think it does.
What wise man wrote it?

Hyp. Lopez Maldonado. Vict. In truth, a pretty song.

Hyp. With much truth in it.

I hope thou wilt profit by it; and in earnest

Try to forget this lady of thy love.

Vict. I will forget her! All dear

recollections

Pressed in my heart, like flowers within a book,

Shall be torn out, and scattered to the winds!

I will forget her! But perhaps hereafter,

When she shall learn how heartless is the world,

A voice within her will repeat my name,

And she will say, "He was indeed my friend!"

Oh, would I were a soldier, not a scholar,

That the loud march, the deafening beat of drums,

The shattering blast of the brassthroated trumpet,

The din of arms, the onslaught and the storm,

And a swift death, might make me deaf forever

To the upbraidings of this foolish heart!

Hyp. Then let that foolish heart
upbraid no more!

To conquer love, one need but will to conquer.

Vict. Yet, good Hypolito, it is in vain

I throw into Oblivion's sea the sword That pierces me; for, like Excalibar, With gemmed and flashing hilt, it will not sink.

There rises from below a hand that grasps it,

And waves it in the air; and wailing voices

Are heard along the shore.

Hyp. And yet at last Down-sank Excalibar to rise no more. This is not well. In truth, it vexes me. Instead of whistling to the steeds of Time,

To make them jog on merrily with life's burden,

Like a dead weight thou hangest on the wheels.

Thou art too young, too full of lusty health

To talk of dying.

Vict. Yet I fain would die!
To go through life, unloving and unloved;

To feel that thirst and hunger of the soul

We cannot still; that longing, that wild impulse,

And struggle after something we have not

And cannot have; the effort to be strong;

And, like the Spartan boy, to smile, and smile,

While secret wounds do bleed beneath our cloaks;

All this the dead feel not,—the dead alone!

Would I were with them!

Hyp. We shall all be soon Vict. It cannot be too soon, for I am

Of the bewildering masquerade of Life, Where strangers walk as friends, and friends as strangers;

Where whispers overheard betray false hearts;

And through the mazes of the crowd we chase

Some form of loveliness, that smiles and beckons,

And cheats us with fair words, only to leave us

A mockery and a jest; maddened, confused,—

Not knowing friend from foe.

Hyp. Why seek to know? Enjoy the merry shrove-tide of thy youth!

Take each fair mask for what it gives itself.

Nor strive to look beneath it.

Vict. I confess,
That were the wiser part. But Hope

no longer

Comforts my soul. I am a wretched man,

Much like a poor and shipwrecked mariner,

Who, struggling to climb up into the boat,

Has both his bruised and bleeding hands cut off,

And sinks again into the weltering sea,

Helpless and hopeless!

Hyp. Yet thou shalt not perish. The strength of thine own arm is thy salvation.

Above thy head, through rifted clouds, there shines

A glorious star. Be patient. Trust thy star!

(Sound of a village bell in the distance.)

Vict. Ave Maria! I hear the sacristan Ringing the chimes from youder village belfry!

A solemn sound, that echoes far and wide

Over the red roofs of the cottages,

And bids the labouring hind afield, the shepherd,

Guarding his flock, the lonely muleteer, And all the crowd in village streets, stand still,

And breathe a prayer unto the blessed Virgin!

Hyp. Amen! amen! Not half a league from hence

The village lies.

LO.

Vict. This path will lead us to it,
Over the wheat-fields, where the
shadows sail

Across the running sea, now green, now blue,

And, like an idle mariner on the main, Whistles the quail. Come, let us hasten on. [Exeunt.

Scene II.—Public square in the village of Guadarrama. The Ave Maria still tolling. A crowd of villagers, with their hats in their hands, as if in prayer. In front, a group of Gypsics. The bell rings a merrier peal. A Gypsy dance. Enter PANCHO, followed by PEDRO CRESPO.

Pancho. Make room, ye vagabonds and Gypsy thieves!

Make room for the Alcalde and for me!

Pedro C. Keep silence all! I have an edict here

From our most gracious lord, the King of Spain,

Jerusalem, and the Canary Islands, Which I shall publish in the marketplace.

Open your ears and listen!

(Enter the PADRE CURA at the door of his cottage.)

Padre Cura, Good day! and, pray you, hear this edict read.

Padre C. Good day, and God be with you!

Pray, what is it?

Pedro C. An act of banishment against the Gypsies!

(Agitation and murmurs in the crowd.)
Pancho. Silence!

Pedro C. (reads). "I hereby order and command,

That the Egyptian and Chaldean strangers,

Known by the name of Gypsies, shall henceforth

Be banished from the realm, as vagabonds

And beggars; and if, after seventy days,

Any be found within our kingdom's bounds.

They shall receive a hundred lashes each;

The second time, shall have their ears cut off;

The third, be slaves for life to him who takes them,

Or burnt as heretics. Signed, I, the King."

Vile miscreants and creatures unbaptized!

You hear the law! Obey and disappear!

Pancho. And if in seventy days you are not gone,

Dead or alive I make you all my slaves.

(The Gypsies go out in confusion, showing signs of fear and discontent. PANCHO follows.)

Padre C. A righteous law! A very righteous law!

Pray you, sit down.

Pedro C. I thank you heartily.

(They seat themselves on a bench at the PADRE CURA'S door. Sound of guitars heard at a distance, approaching during the dialogue which follows.)

Avery righteous judgment, as you say. Now tell me, Padre Cura,—you know all things,—

How came these Gypsies into Spain?

Padre C. Why, look you;

They came with Hercules from Palestine,

And hence are thieves and vagrants, Sir Alcalde,

As the Simoniacs from Simon Magus. And, look you, as Fray Jayme Bleda says,

There are a hundred marks to prove a Moor

Is not a Christian, so 't is with the Gypsies.

They never marry, never go to mass, Never baptize their children, nor keep Lent.

Nor see the inside of a church,—nor—

Pedro C. Good reasons, good, substantial reasons all!

No matter for the other ninety-five.

They should be burnt, I see it plain enough,

They should be burnt.

(Enter VICTORIAN and HYPOLITO playing.)

Padre C. And pray, whom have we here?

Pedro C. More vagrants! By Saint Lazarus, more vagrants!

Hyp. Good evening, gentlemen! Is this Guadarrama?

Padre C. Yes, Guadarrama, and good evening to you.

Hyp. We seek the Padre Cura of the village;

And, judging from your dress and reverend mien,

You must be he.

Padre C. I am. Pray, what 's your pleasure?

Hyp. We are poor students travelling in vacation.

You know this mark?

(Touching the wooden spoon in his hat-band.)

Padre C. (joyfully). Ay, know it, and have worn it.

Pedro C. (aside). Soup-eaters! by the mass! The worst of vagrants!

And there 's no law against them. Sir, your servant. [Exit Padre C. Your servant, Pedro Crespo.

Hyp. Padre Cura, From the first moment I belield your

face,
I said within myself, "This is the man!"

There is a certain something in your looks.

A certain scholar-like and studious something,—

You understand,—which cannot be mistaken;

Which marks you as a very learned man,

In fine, as one of us.

Vict. (aside). What impudence!

Hyp. As we approached, I said to my companion,

"That is the Padre Cura; mark my words!"

Meaning your Grace. "The other man," said I,

"Who sits so awkwardly upon the bench,

Must be the sacristan."

Padre C. Ah! said you so? Why, that was Pedro Crespo, the alcalde!

Hyp. Indeed! you much astonish me! His air

Was not so full of dignity and grace As an alcalde's should be.

Padre C. That is true,
He 's out of humour with some vagrant
Gypsies,

Who have their camp here in the neighbourhood.

There 's nothing so undignified as anger.

Hyp. The Padre Cura will excuse our boldness,

If, from his well-known hospitality, We crave a lodging for the night.

Padre C. I pray you!
You do me honour! I am but too
happy

To have such guests beneath my humble roof.

It is not often that I have occasion To speak with scholars; and *Emollit* mores,

Nec sinit esse feros, Cicero says.

Hyp. 'T is Ovid, is it not?

Padre C. No, Cicero.

Hyp. Your Grace is right. You are the better scholar.

Now what a dunce was I to think it Ovid!
But hang me if it is not! (Aside.)

Padre C. Pass this way.
He was a very great man, was Cicero!
Pray you, go in, go in! no ceremony.

[Exeunt.

Scene III.—A room in the Padre Cura's house. Enter the Padre and Hypolito.

Padre C. So then, Señor, you come from Alcalá.

I am glad to hear it. It was there I studied.

Hyp. And left behind an honoured name, no doubt.

How may I call your Grace?

Padre C. Gerónimo
De Santillana, at your Honour's service.
Hyp. Descended from the Marquis
Santillana?

From the distinguished poet?

Padre C. From the Marquis,

Not from the poet.

Hyp. Why, they were the same. Let me embrace you! Oh, some lucky star

Has brought me hither! Yet once more!—once more!

Your name is ever geen in Alcalá,

And our professor, when we are unruly,

Will shake his hoary head, and say, "Alas!

It was not so in Santillana's time!"

Padre C. 1 did not think my name
remembered there.

Hyp. More than remembered; it is idolized.

Padre C. Of what professor speak you?

Hyp. Timoneda.

Padre C. I don't remember any
Timoneda.

Hyp. A grave and sombre man, whose beetling brow

O'erhangs the rushing current of his speech

As rocks o'er rivers hang. Have you forgotten?

Padre C. Indeed, I have. Oh, those were pleasant days,

Those college days! I ne'er shall see

I had not buried then so many hopes!
I had not buried then so many friends!
I 've turned my back on what was then before me;

And the bright faces of my young companions

Are wrinkled like my own, or are no more.

Do you remember Cueva?

Hyp. Cueva? Cueva? Cueva? Padre C. Fool that I am! He was before your time.

You 're a mere boy, and I am an old man.

Hyp. I should not like to try my strength with you.

Padre C. Well, well. But I forget;

you must be hungry.

Martina! ho! Martina! 'T is my
niece.

niece as that. I wish I had a niece. Emollit mores. (Aside.) He was a very great man, was Cicero! Your servant, fair Martina. Mart. Servant, sir. Padre C. This gentleman is hungry. See thou to it. Let us have supper. Mart. 'T will be ready soon. Padre C. And bring a bottle of my Val-de-Peñas Out of the cellar. Stay; I'll go myself. Pray you, Seffor, excuse me. Hist! Martina! Hyp. One word with you. Bless me! what handsome eyes! To-day there have been Gypsies in the village. Is it not so? Mart. There have been Gypsies here. Hyp. Yes, and have told your fortune. (embarrassed). Mart. Told fortune? *Hyp*. Yes, yes; I know they did. Give me your hand. I'll tell you what they said. They said,—they said, The shepherd boy that loved you was a clown, And him you should not marry. Was it not? Mart. (surprised). How know you Hyp. Oh, I know more than that. What a soft, little hand! And then they said, A cavalier from court, handsome, and tall And rich, should come one day to marry you, And you should be a lady. Was it not? He has arrived, the handsome cavalier. (Tries to kiss her. She runs off. Enter VICTORIAN, with a letter.) Vict. The muleteer has come. So soon? Hyp. Vict. I found him Sitting at supper by the tavern

door.

(Enter MARTINA.)

Hyp. You may be proud of such a

And, from a pitcher that he held aloft His whole arm's length, drinking the blood-red wine. *Hyp*. What news from Court? Vict. He brought this letter only. (Reads.) Oh, cursèd perfidy! Why did I let That lying tongue deceive me! Pre-Sweet Preciosa! how art thou avenged! Hyp. What news is this, that makes thy cheek turn pale, And thy hand tremble? Vict. Oh, most infamous! The Count of Lara is a worthless villain! Hyp. That is no news, forsooth. He strove in vain To steal from me the jewel of my soul, The love of Preciosa. Not succeeding, He swore to be revenged; and set on A plot to ruin her, which has succeeded. She has been hissed and hooted from the stage, Her reputation stained by slanderous lies Too foul to speak of; and, once more a beggar, She roams a wanderer over God's green earth, Housing with Gypsies! To renew again The Age of Gold, and make the shepherd swains Desperate with love, like Gasper Gil's Diana. Redit et Virgo! Dear Hypolito, How have I wronged that meek, confiding heart! I will go seek for her; and with my tears Wash out the wrong I 've done her! Oh, beware! Act not that folly o'er again. Ay, folly, Delusion, madness, call it what thou wilt, I will confess my weakness,—I still love her! Still fondly love her!

(Enter the PADRE CURA.)

Hyp. Tell us, Padre Cura, Who are these Gypsies in the neighbourhood?

Padre C. Beltran Cruzado and his crew.

Vict. Kind Heaven, I thank thee! She is found! is found

again!

Hyp. And have they with them a pale, beautiful girl,

Called Preciosa?

Padre C. Ay, a pretty girl. The gentleman seems moved.

Hyp. Yes, moved with hunger, He is half famished with this long day's journey.

Padre C. Then, pray you, come this way. The supper waits.

Exeunt.

Scene IV.—A post-house on the road to Segovia, not far from the village of Guadarrama. Enter CHISPA, cracking a whip, and singing the cachucha.

Chispa. Halloo! Don Fulano! Let us have horses, and quickly. Alas, poor Chispa! what a dog's life dost thou lead! I thought, when I left my old master Victorian, the student, to serve my new master, Don Carlos, the gentleman, that I, too, should lead the life of a gentleman; should go to bed early, and get up late. For when the abbot plays cards, what can you expect of the friars? But, in running away from the thunder, I have run into the lightning. Here I am in hot chase after my master and his Gypsy girl. And a good beginning of the week it is, as he said who was hanged on Monday morning.

(Enter Don Carlos.)

Don C. Are not the horses ready yet? Chispa. I should think not, for the hostler seems to be asleep. Ho! within there! Horses! horses! horses! (He knocks at the gate with his whip, and enter Mosquito, putting on his jacket.)

Mosq. Pray, have a little patience.

I'm not a musket.

Chispa. Health and pistaree'ns! I 'm glad to see you come on dancing, padre! Pray, what 's the news?

Mosq. You cannot have fresh horses;

because there are none.

Chispa. Cachiporta! Throw that bone to another dog. Do I look like your aunt?

Mosq. No; she has a beard.

Chispa. Go to! go to!

Mosq. Are you from Madrid?

Chispa. Yes; and going to Estramadura. Get us horses.

Mosq. What 's the news at Court? Chispa. Why, the latest news is,

that I am going to set up a coach, and I have already bought the whip.

(Strikes him round the legs.) Mosq. Oh! oh! you hurt me!

Don C. Enough of this folly. Let us have horses. (Gives money to Mos QUITO.) It is almost dark; and we are in haste. But tell me, has a band of Gypsies passed this way of late?

Mosq. Yes; and they are still in the neighbourhood.

Don C. And where?

Mosq. Across the fields yonder, in the woods near Guadarrama. [Exit.

Don C. Now this is lucky. We will

visit the Gypsy camp.

Chispa. Are you not afraid of the evil eye? Have you a stag's horn with you?

Don C. Fear not. We will pass the

night at the village.

Chispa. And sleep like the Squires of Hernan Daza, nine under one blanket.

Don C. I hope we may find the Preciosa among them.

Chispa. Among the Squires?

Don C. No; among the Gypsies, blockhead!

Chispa. I hope we may; for we are giving ourselves trouble enough on her account. Don't you think so? However, there is no catching trout without wetting one's trousers. You der come the horses.

Scenf. V.—The Gypsy camp in the forest. Night. Gypsies working at a forge. Others playing cards by the firelight.

Gypsies (at the forge sing).

On the top of a mountain I stand, With a crown of red gold in my hand, Wild Moors come trooping over the lea, Oh how from their fury shall I flee, flee, flee?

Oh how from their fury shall I flee?

First Gypsy (playing). Down with your John-Dorados, my pigeon. Down with your John-Dorados, and let us make an end.

Gypsies (at the forge sing).

Loud sang the Spanish cavalier, And thus his ditty ran;

God send the Gypsy lassie here, And not the Gypsy man.

First Gypsy (playing). There you are in your morocco!

Second Gypsy. One more game. The Alcalde's doves against the Padre Cura's new moon.

First Gypsy. Have at you, Chirelin. Gypsies (at the forge sing).

At midnight, when the moon began To show her silver flame,

There came to him no Gypsy man, The Gypsy lassie came.

(Enter Beltran Cruzado).

Cruz. Come hither, Murcigalleros and Rastilleros; leave work, leave play; listen to your orders for the night. (Speaking to the right.) You will get you to the village, mark you, by the stone cross.

Gypsies. Ay!

Cruz. (to the left). And you, by the pole with the hermit's head upon it.

Gypsies. Ay!

Cruz. As soon as you see the planets are out, in with you, and be busy with the ten commandments, under the sly, and Saint Martin asleep. D' ye hear?

Gypsies. Ay!
Crus. Keep your lanterns open, and, if you see a goblin or a papagayo, take to your trampers. Vineyards and Dancing John is the word. Am I comprehended?

Gypsies. Ay! ay!

Crus. Away, then!

(Exeunt severally. CRUZADO walks up the stage, and disappears among the trees. Enter PRECIOSA.)

Prec. How strangely gleams through the gigantic trees,

The red light of the forge! Wild, beckoning shadows

Stalk through the forest, ever and anon

Rising and bending with the flickering flame,

Then flitting into darkness! So within me

Strange hopes and fears do beckon to each other,

My brightest hopes giving dark fears a being

As the light does the shadow. Woe is me!

How still it is about me, and how lonely!

(BARTOLOMÉ rushes in.)
Bart. Ho! Preciosa!

Prec. O Bartolomé!

Thou here?

Bart. Lo! I am here.

Prec. Whence comest thou?

Bart. From the rough ridges of the wild Sierra,

From caverns in the rocks, from hunger, thirst,

And fever! Like a wild wolf to the sheepfold

Come I for thee, my lamb.

Prec. Oh, touch me not! The Count of Lara's blood is on thy hands!

The Count of Lara's curse is on thy soul!

Do not come near me! Pray, begone from here!

Thou art in danger! They have set a price

Upon thy head!

Bart. Ay, and I 've wandered long Among the mountains; and for many days

Have seen no human face, save the rough swineherd's.

The wind and rain have been my sole companions.

I shouted to them from the rocks thy name.

And the loud echo sent it back to me,
Till I grew mad. I could not stay
from thee,

And I am here! Betray me, if thou wilt.

Prec. Betray thee? I betray thee?

Bart. Preciosa!

I come for thee! for thee I thus brave death!

Fly with me o'er the borders of this realm!

Fly with me!

Prec. Speak of that no more. I cannot.

I'm thine no longer.

Bart. Oh, recall the time
When we were children! how we
played together,

How we grew up together; how we plighted

Our hearts unto each other, even in childhood!

Fulfil thy promise, for the hour has come.

I'm hunted from the kingdom, like a wolf!

Fulfil thy promise.

Prec. 'T was my father's promise, Not mine. I never gave my heart to thee,

Nor promised thee my hand!

Bart. False tongue of woman! And heart more false!

Prec. Nay, listen unto me.

I will speak frankly. I have never loved thee;

I cannot love thee. This is not my fault,

It is my destiny. Thou art a man Restless and violent. What wouldst thou with me,

A feeble girl, who have not long to live, Whose heart is broken? Seek another wife,

Better than I, and fairer; and let not Thy rash and headlong moods estrange her from thee.

Thou art unhappy in this hopeless passion.

I never sought thy love; never did aught

To make thee love me. Yet I pity thee, And most of all I pity thy wild heart, That hurries thee to crimes and deeds of blood.

Beware, beware of that.

Bart. For thy dear sake I will be gentle. Thou shalt teach me patience.

Prec. Then take this farewell, and depart in peace.

Thou must not linger here.

Bart. Come, come with me. Prec. Hark! I hear footsteps.

Bart. I entreat thee, come!

Prec. Away! It is in vain.

Bart. Wilt thou not come?

Prec. Never!

Bart. Then woe, eternal woe, upon thee!

Thou shalt not be another's. Thou shalt die. [Exit.

Prec. All holy angels keep me in this hour!

Spirit of her who bore me, look upon me!

Mother of God, the glorified, protect

Christ and the saints, be merciful unto

Yet why should I fear death? What is it to die?

To leave all disappointment, care, and sorrow,

To leave all falsehood, treachery, and unkindness,

All ignominy, suffering, and despair,

And be at rest forever! O dull heart, Be of good cheer! When thou shalt cease to beat,

Then shalt thou cease to suffer and complain!

(Enter VICTORIAN and HYPOLITO behind.)

Vict. 'T is she! Behold, how beautiful she stands

Under the tent-like trees!

Hyp. A woodland nymph! Vict. I pray thee, stand aside. Leave me.

Hyp. Be wary.

Do not betray thyself too soon.

Vict. (disguising his voice). Hist!

Gypsy!

Prec. (aside, with emotion). That voice! that voice from heaven! Oh, speak again!

Who is it calls?

Vict. A friend.

Prec. (aside). 'T is he! 'T is he! I thank thee, Heaven, that thou hast heard my prayer,

And sent me this protector! Now be strong,

Be strong, my heart! I must dissemble here.

False friend or true?

Vict. A true friend to the true; Fear not; come hither. So; can you tell fortunes?

Prec. Not in the dark. Come nearer to the fire.

Give me your hand. It is not crossed, I see.

Vict. (putting a piece of gold into her hand). There is the cross.

Prec. Is 't silver?
Vict. No, 't is gold.
Prec. There 's a fair lady at the
Court, who loves you,

And for yourself alone.

Vict. Fie! the old story!

Fell me a better fortune for my money;

Not this old woman's tale!

Prec. You are passionate; And this same passionate humour in your blood

Has marred your fortune. Yes; I see it now;

The line of life is crossed by many marks.

Shame! shame! Oh, you have wronged the maid who loved you!

How could you do it?

Vict. I never loved a maid; For she I loved was then a maid no

Prec. How know you that?

Vict. A little bird in the air Whispered the secret.

Prec. There, take back your gold!

Your hand is cold, like a deceiver's hand!

There is no blessing in its charity!

Make her your wife, for you have been abused;

And you shall mend your fortunes, mending hers.

Vict. (aside). How like an angel's speaks the tongue of woman,

When pleading in another's cause her own!

That is a pretty ring upon your finger. Pray give it me. (Tries to take the

Prec. No; never from my hand

Shall that be taken!

Vict. Why, 't is but a ring.
I'll give it back to you; or, if I keep it,
Will give you gold to buy you twenty
such.

Prec. Why would you have this ring?
Vict. A traveller's fancy,
A whim, and nothing more. I would
fain keep it

As a memento of the Gypsy camp In Guadarrama, and the fortune-teller

Who sent me back to wed a widowed maid.

Pray, let me have the ring.

Prec. No, never! never! I will not part with it, even when I die; But bid my nurse fold my pale fingers thus,

That it may not fall from them. 'T is a token

Of a beloved friend, who is no more.

Vict. How? dead?

Prec. Yes; dead to me; and worse

than dead.

He is estranged! And yet I keep this

I will rise with it from my grave hereafter,

To prove to him that I was never false. Vict. (aside). Be still, my swelling heart! one moment, still!

Why, 't is the folly of a love-sick girl. Come, give it me, or I will say 't is mine.

And that you stole it.

Prec. Oh, you will not dare To utter such a falsehood!

Vict. I not dare?
Look in my face, and say if there is
aught

I have not dared, I would not dare for thee!

(She rushes into his arms.)

Prec. 'T is thou! 't is thou! Yes; yes; my heart's elected!

My dearest-dear Victorian, my soul's heaven!

Where hast thou been so long? Why didst thou leave me?

Vict. Ask me not now, my dearest Preciosa.

Let me forget we ever have been parted!

Prec. Hadst thou not come-

Vict. 1 pray thee, do not chide me! Prec. I should have perished here among these Gypsics.

Vict. Forgive me, sweet! for what I made thee suffer.

Think'st thou this heart could feel a moment's joy,

Thou being absent? Oh, believe it not!

Indeed, since that sad hour I have not slept,

For thinking of the wrong I did to thee!

Dost thou forgive me? Say, wilt thou forgive me?

Prec. I have forgiven thee. Ere those words of anger

Were in the book of Heaven writ down against thee,

I had forgiven thee.

Vict. I'm the veriest fool That walks the earth, to have believed

thee false.
It was the Count of Lara—

Prec. That bad man Has worked me harm enough. Hast thou not heard—

Vict. I have heard all. And yet speak on, speak on!

Let me but hear thy voice, and I am happy;

For every tone, like some sweet incantation,

Calls up the buried past to plead for me. Speak, my beloved, speak into my heart,

Whatever fills and agitates thine own. (They walk aside.)

Hyp. All gentle quarrels in the pastoral poets,

All passionate love-scenes in the best romances,

All chaste embraces on the public stage,

All soft adventures, which the liberal

Have winked at, as the natural course of things,

Have been surpassed here by my friend, the student,

And this sweet Gypsy lass, fair Preciosa!

Prec. Señor Hypolito! I kiss your hand.

Pray, shall I tell your fortune?

Hyp. Not to-night; For, should you treat me as you did Victorian,

And send me back to marry maids forlorn,

My wedding day would last from now till Christmas.

Chispa (within). What ho! the Gypsies, ho! Beltran Cruzado! Halloo! halloo! halloo!

(Enters booted, with a whip and lantern.)

Vict. What now? Why such a fearful din? Hast thou been robbed?

Chispa. Ay, robbed and murdered; and good evening to you,

My worthy masters.

Vict. Speak; what brings thee here? Chispa (to PRECIOSA). Good news from Court; good news! Beltran Cruzado,

The Count of the Calés, is not your father.

But your true father has returned to Spain

Laden with wealth. You are no more a Gypsy.

Vict. Strange as a Moorish tale!
Chispa. And we have all

Been drinking at the tavern to your health,

As wells drink in November, when it rains.

Vict. Where is the gentleman?
Chispa. As the old song says,
His body is in Segovia,

His soul is in Madrid.

Prec. Is this a dream? Oh, if it be a dream,

Let me sleep on, and do not wake me yet!

Repeat thy story! Say I 'm not deceived!

Say that I do not dream! I am awake! This is the Gypsy camp; this is Victorian,

And this his friend, Hypolito! Speak!

Let me not wake and find it all a dream!

Vict. It is a dream, sweet child! a waking dream,

A blissful certainty, a vision bright Of that rare happiness, which even on earth

Heaven gives to those it loves. Now art thou rich,

As thou wast ever beautiful and good; And I am now the beggar.

Prec. (giving him her hand). I have still

A hand to give.

Chispa (aside). And I have two to take.

I 've heard my grandmother say, that Heaven gives almonds

To those who have no teeth. That 's

nuts to crack.

I 've teeth to spare, but where shall I find almonds?

Vict. What more of this strange story?

Chispa. Nothing more. Your friend, Don Carlos, is now at the

Showing to Pedro Crespo, the Alcalde, The proofs of what I tell you. The old hag,

Who stole you in your childhood, has confessed;

And probably they'll hang her for the crime,

To make the celebration more complete.

Vict. No; let it be a day of general joy;

Fortune comes well to all, that comes not late.

Now let us join Don Carlos;

Hyp. So farewell, The student's wandering life! Sweet serenades, Sung under ladies' windows in the night,

And all that makes vacation beauti-

To you, ye cloistered shades of Alcalá,

To you, ye radiant visions of romance, Written in books, but here surpassed by truth,

The Bachelor Hypolito returns,
And leaves the Gypsy with the Spanish
Student.

SCENE VI.—A pass in the Guadarrama mountains. Early morning. A muleteer crosses the stage, sitting sideways on his mule, and lighting a paper cigar with flint and steel.

SONG.

If thou art sleeping, maiden, Awake and open thy door,

'T is the break of day, and we must away O'er meadow, and mount, and moor.

Wait not to find thy slippers,
But come with thy naked feet;
We shall have to pass through the dewy
grass,
And waters wide and fleet.

(Disappears down the fass. Enter a Monk. A Shepherd appears on the rocks above.)

Monk. Ave Maria, gratia plena. Olá! good man!

Shep. Ola I

Monk. Is this the road to Segovia? Shep. It is, your reverence.

Monk. How far is it?

Shep. I do not know.

Monk. What is that yonder in the valley?

Shep. San Ildefonso.

Monk. A long way to breakfast.

Shep. Ay, marry.

Monk. Are there robbers in these mountains?

Shep. Yes, and worse than that.

Monk. What?

Shep. Wolves.

Monk. Santa Maria! Come with me to San Ildefonso, and thou shalt be well rewarded.

Shep. What wilt thou give me?

Monk. An Agnus Dei and my benediction.

(They disappear. A mounted Contrabandista passes, wrapped in his cloak, and a gun at his saddle-bow. He goes down the pass singing.)

Worn with speed is my good steed, And I march me hurried, worried; Onward, caballito mio, With the white star in thy forehead! Onward, for here comes the Ronda, And I hear their rifles crack! Ay, jaléo! Ay, ay, jaléo!

Ay, jaleo! They cross our track. (Song dies away. Enter PRECIOSA,

on horseback, attended by VIC-TORIAN, HYPOLITO, DON CARLOS, and CHISPA, on foot and armed.) Vict. This is the highest point.

Here let us rest.

See, Preciosa, see how all about us Kneeling, like hooded friars, the misty mountains

Receive the benediction of the sun! O glorious sight!

Prec. Most beautiful indeed! *Hyp.* Most wonderful!

Vict. And in the vale below, Where yonder steeples flash like lifted halberds,

San Ildefonso, from its noisy belfries, Sends up a salutation to the morn,

As if an army smote their brazen shields,

And shouted victory!

And which way lies Prec. Segovia?

Vict. At a great distance yonder.

Dost thou not see it?

Prec. No. I do not see it. Vict. The merest flaw that dents the horizon's edge,

There, yonder!

'T is a notable old town, Boasting an ancient Roman aqueduct, And an Alcázar, builded by the Moors, Wherein, you may remember, poor Gil Blas

Was fed on Pan del Rey. Oh, many a

Out of its grated windows have I looked

Hundreds of feet plumb down to the Eresma,

That, like a serpent through the valley creeping,

Glides at its foot.

Oh yes! I see it now, Yet rather with my heart than with mine eyes,

So faint it is. And all my thoughts sail thither,

Freighted with prayers and hopes, and forward urged

Against all stress of accident, as in

The Eastern Tale, against the wind and tide

Great ships were drawn to the Magnetic Mountains,

And there were wrecked, and perished in the sea! (She weeps.)

Vict. O gentle spirit! Thou didst bear unmoved

Blasts of adversity and frosts of fate!

But the first ray of sunshine that falls on thee

Melts thee to tears! Oh, let thy weary

Lean upon mine! and it shall faint no more,

Nor thirst, nor hunger; but be comforted

And filled with my affection.

Stay no longer! My father waits. Methinks I see him there,

Now looking from the window, and now watching

Each sound of wheels or footfall in the

street, And saying, "Hark! she comes!" O father! father!

(They descend the pass. CHISPA remains behind.)

Chispa. I have a father, too, but he is a dead one. Alas and alack-a-day! Poor was I born, and poor do I remain. I neither win nor lose. Thus I wag through the world, half the time on foot, and the other half walking; and always as merry as a thunder-storm in the night. And so we plough along, as the fly said to the ox. Who knows what may happen? Patience, and shuffle the cards! I am not yet so bald that you can see my brains; and perhaps, after all, I shall some day go to Rome, and come back Saint Peter. Benedicite! [Exit. (A pause. Then enter BARTOLOME

wildly, as if in pursuit, with a car-

bine in his hand.)

Bart. They passed this way. I hear their horses' hoofs!

Yonder I see them! Come, sweet caramillo,

This serenade shall be the Gypsy's last! (Fires down the pass.)

Ha! ha! Well whistled, my sweet caramillo!

Well whistled!—I have missed her!— O my God!

(The shot is returned. BARTOLOME falls.)

THE MASQUE OF PANDORA.

I.—THE WORKSHOP OF HEPHÆSTUS.

Hephæstus (standing before the statue of Pandora). Not fashioned out of gold, like Hera's throne,

Nor forged of iron like the thunderbolts

Of Zeus omnipotent, or other works Wrought by my hands at Lemnos or Olympus,

But moulded in soft clay, that unresisting

Yields itself to the touch, this lovely form

Before me stands, perfect in every part. Not Aphrodite's self appeared more

When first upwafted by caressing winds She came to high Olympus, and the gods

Paid homage to her beauty. Thus her hair

Was cinctured; thus her floating drapery

Was like a cloud about her, and her face

Was radiant with the sunshine and the sea.

The Voice of Zeus. Is thy work done, Hephæstus?

Hephæstus. It is finished!

The Voice. Not finished till I breathe the breath of life

Into her nostrils, and she moves and speaks.

Hephæstus. Will she become im-

mortal like ourselves?

The Voice. The form that thou hast fashioned out of clay

Is of the earth and mortal; but the spirit,

The life, the exhalation of my breath, Is of diviner essence and immortal.

The gods shall shower on her their benefactions,

She shall possess all gifts: the gift of song,

The gift of eloquence, the gift of beauty,

The fascination and the nameless charm

That shall lead all men captive.

Hephæstus. Wherefore? wherefore?

(A wind shakes the house.)

I hear the rushing of a mighty wind

Through all the halls and chambers of
my house!

Her parted lips inhale it, and her

Heaves with the inspiration. As a reed Beside a river in the rippling current Bends to and fro, she bows or lifts her head.

She gazes round about as if amazed; She is alive; she breathes, but yet she speaks not!

(PANDORA descends from the pedestal.)

CHORUS OF THE GRACES.

Aglaia.

In the workshop of Hephæstus
What is this I see?
Have the Gods to four increased us
Who were only three?

Beautiful in form and feature, Lovely as the day, Can there be so fair a creature Formed of common clay?

Thalia.

O sweet, pale face! O lovely eyes of azure, Clear as the waters of a brook that run Limpid and laughing in the summer sun! O golden hair, that like a miser's treasure

In its abundance overflows the measure!

O graceful form, that cloudlike floatest on
With the soft, undulating gait of one
Who moveth as if motion were a pleasure!

By what name shall I call thee? Nymph or Muse,

Callirrhoe or Urania? Some sweet name Whose every syllable is a caress

Would best befit thee; but I cannot choose, Nor do I care to choose; for still the same,

Nameless or named, will be thy loveliness.

Euphrosyne.

Dowered with all celestial gifts,
Skilled in every art
That ennobles and uplifts
And delights the heart,
Fair on earth shall be thy fame
As thy face is fair,
And Pandora be the name
Thou henceforth shalt bear.

II.-OLYMPUS.

Hermes (putting on his sandals).

Much must he toil who serves the Immortal Gods,

And I, who am their herald, most of all.

No rest have I, nor respite. I no sooner

Unclasp the wingéd sandals from my feet.

Then I again must clasp them, and depart

Upon some foolish errand. But to-day The errand is not foolish. Never yet With greater joy did I obey the summons

That sends me earthward. I will fly so swiftly

That my caduceus in the whistling air Shall make a sound like the Pandæan pipes, Cheating the shepherds; for to-day I go,
Commissioned by high-thundering

Zeus, to lead

A maiden to Prometheus, in his tower, And by my cunning arguments persuade him

To marry her. What mischief lies concealed

In this design I know not; but I know Who thinks of marrying hath already taken

One step upon the road to penitence. Such embassies delight me. Forth I launch

On the sustaining air, nor fear to fall Like Icarus, nor swerve aside like him Who drove amiss Hyperion's fiery steeds.

I sink, I fly! The yielding element Folds itself round about me like an

And holds me as a mother holds her child.

III.—TOWER OF PROMETHEUS ON MOUNT CAUCASUS.

Prometheus. I hear the trumpet of Alectryon

Proclaim the dawn. The stars begin to fade,

And all the heavens are full of prophecies

And evil auguries. Blood-red last night

I saw great Kronos rise; the crescent

Sank through the mist, as if it were the scythe

His parricidal hand had flung far down The western steeps. O ye Immortal Gods,

What evil are ye plotting and contriving?

(HERMES and PANDORA at the threshold.)

Pandora. I cannot cross the threshold. An unseen

And icy hand repels me. These blank walls

Oppress me with their weight!

Prometheus. Powerful ye are, But not omnipotent. Ye cannot fight

Against Necessity. The Fates control you,

As they do us, and so far we are equals!

Pandora. Motionless, passionless, companionless,

He sits there muttering in his beard. His voice

Is like a river flowing underground!

Hermes. Prometheus, hail!

Prometheus. Who calls me?

Hermes. Who can's me!

Dost thou not know me?

Prometheus. By thy wingéd cap And wingéd heels I know thee. Thou art Hermes,

Captain of thieves! Hast thou again been stealing

The heifers of Admetus in the sweet Meadows of asphodel? or Hera's girdle?

Or the earth-shaking trident of Poseidon?

Hermes. And thou, Prometheus; say, hast thou again

Been stealing fire from Helios' chariotwheels

To light thy furnaces?

Prometheus. Why comest thou hither So early in the dawn?

Hermes. The Immortal Gods Know naught of late or early. Zeus

himself,
The omnipotent hath sent me.

Prometheus. For what purpose?

Hermes. To bring this maiden to thee.

Prometheus. I mistrust
The Gods and all their gifts. If they
have sent her

It is for no good purpose.

Hermes. What disaster Could she bring on thy house, who is a woman?

Prometheus. The Gods are not my friends, nor am I theirs.

Whatever comes from them, though in a shape

As beautiful as this, is evil only.

Who art thou?

Pandora. One who, though to thee unknown,

Yet knoweth thee.

Prometheus. How shouldst thou know me, woman?

Pandora. Who knoweth not Prometheus the humane?

Prometheus. Prometheus the unfortunate; to whom

Both Gods and men have shown themselves ungrateful.

When every spark was quenched on every hearth

Throughout the earth, I brought to man the fire

And all its ministrations. My reward

Hath been the rock and vulture.

Hermes. But the Gods

At last relent and pardon.

Prometheus. They relent not; They pardon not; they are implacable, Revengeful, unforgiving!

Hermes. As a pledge
Of reconciliation they have sent to thee
This divine being, to be thy companion,
And bring into thy melancholy house
The sunshine and the fragrance of her
youth.

Prometheus. I need them not. I have within myself

All that my heart desires; the ideal beauty

Which the creative faculty of mind Fashions and follows in a thousand shapes

More lovely than the real. My own thoughts

Are my companions; my designs and labours

And aspirations are my only friends.

Hermes. Decide not rashly. The
decision made

Can never be recalled. The Gods implore not,

Plead not, solicit not; they only offer Choice and occasion, which once being passed

Return no more. Dost thou accept the gift?

Prometheus. No gift of theirs, in whatsoever shape

It comes to me, with whatsoever charm To fascinate my sense, will I receive. Leave me.

Pandora. Let us go hence. I will not stay.

Hermes. We leave thee to thy vacant dreams, and all
The silence and the solitude of thought,
The endless bitterness of unbelief,
The loneliness of existence without love.

CHORUS OF THE FATES.

Clotho.

How the Titan, the defiant, The self-centred, self-reliant, Wrapped in visions and illusions Robs himself of life's best gifts! Till by all the storm-winds shaken, By the blast of fate o'ertaken, Hopeless, helpless, and forsaken, In the mists of his confusions To the reefs of doom he drifts!

Lachesis.

Sorely tried and sorely tempted, From no agonies exempted, In the penance of his trial, And the discipline of pain; Often by illusions cheated, Often baffled and defeated In the tasks to be completed, Ile, by toil and self-denial, To the highest shall attain.

Atropos.

Tempt no more the noble schemer; Bear unto some idle dreamer
This new toy and fascination,
This new dalliance and delight!
To the garden where reposes
Epimetheus crowned with roses,
To the door that never closes
Upon pleasure and temptation,
Bring this vision of the night!

IV .- THE AIR.

Hermes (returning to Olympus). As lonely as the tower that he inhabits,

As firm and cold as are the crags about him,

Prometheus stands. The thunderbolts of Zeus

Alone can move him; but the tender heart

Of Epimetheus, burning at white heat, Hammers and flames like all his brother's forges!

Now as an arrow from Hyperion's bow,

My errand done, I fly, I float, I soar Into the air, returning to Olympus. O joy of motion! O delight to cleave The infinite realms of space, the liquid ether,

Through the warm sunshine and the cooling cloud,

Myself as light as sunbeam or as cloud!

With one touch of my swift and wingéd feet.

I spurn the solid earth, and leave it rocking

As rocks the bough from which a bird takes wing.

V .-- THE HOUSE OF EPIMETHEUS.

Epimetheus. Beautiful apparition! go not hence!

Surely thou art a Goddess, for thy voice

Is a celestial melody, and thy form Self-poised as if it floated on the air!

Pandora. No Goddess am I, nor of

heavenly birth,
But a mere woman fashioned out of
clay

And mortal as the rest.

Epimetheus. Thy face is fair;
There is a wonder in thme azure eyes
That fascinates me. Thy whole presence seems

A soft desire, a breathing thought of love.

Say, would thy star like Merope's grow

If thou shouldst wed beneath thee?

Pandora.

I cannot answer thee.

I only know

The Gods have sent me hither.

Epimetheus. I believe, And thus believing am most fortunate. It was not Hermes led thee here, but

And swifter than his arrows were thine eyes

In wounding me. There was no moment's space

Between my seeing thee and loving thee.

Oh, what a telltale face thou hast!

I see the wonder in thy tender eyes.

Pandora. They do but answer to the love in thine,

Yet secretly I wonder thou shouldst love me.

Thou knowest me not.

Epimetheus. Perhaps I know thee

Than had I known thee longer. Yet it seems

That I have always known thee, and but now

Have found thee. Ah, I have been waiting long.

Pandora. How beautiful is this house! The atmosphere

Breathes rest and comfort, and the many chambers

Seem full of welcomes.

Epimetheus.
But truly are.
master
They not only seem,
This dwelling and its

Belong to thee.

Pandora. Here let me stay forever! There is a spell upon me.

Epimetheus. Thou thyself Art the enchantress, and I feel thy

Envelop me, and wrap my soul and sense

In an Elysian dream.

Pandora. Oh, let me stay. How beautiful are all things round

about me,
Multiplied by the mirrors on the walls!
What treasures hast thou here! Yon
oaken chest,

Carven with figures and embossed with gold,

Is wonderful to look upon! What

And precious things dost thou keep hidden in it?

Epimetheus. I know not. 'T is a mystery.

Pandora. Hast thou never Lifted the lid?

Epimetheus. The oracle forbids.
Safely concealed there from all mortal
eves

Forever sleeps the secret of the Gods. Seek not to know what they have hidden from thee,

Till they themselves reveal it.

Pandora. As thou wilt. Epimetheus. Let us go forth from

this mysterious place.
The garden walks are pleasant at this

nour;
The nightingales among the sheltering boughs

Of populous and many-nested trees Shall teach me how to woo thee, and shall tell me

By what resistless charms or incantations

They won their mates.

Pandora. Thou dost not need a teacher.

(They go out.)

CHORUS OF THE EUMENIDES.

What the Immortals Confide to thy keeping, Tell unto no man; Waking or sleeping, Closed be thy portals To friend as to forman.

Silence conceals it;
The word that is spoken
Betrays and reveals it;
By breath or by token
The chaim may be broken.

With shafts of their splendours The Gods unforgiving Pursue the offenders, The dead and the living! Fortune forsakes them, Nor earth shall abide them, Nor Tartarus hide them; Swift wrath overtakes them.

With useless endeavour, Forever, forever, forever, Is Sisyphus rolling His stone up the mountain! Immersed in the fountain, Tantalus tastes not! The water that wastes not! Through ages increasing The pangs that afflict him, With motion unceasing The wheel of Ixion Shall torture its victim!

VI.—IN THE GARDEN.

Epimetheus. You snow-white cloud that sails sublime in ether

Is but the sovereign Zeus, who like a Flies to fair-ankled Leda! Or perchance Pandora. Ixion's cloud, the shadowy shape of Hera, That bore the Centaurs. Epimetheus. The divine and numan. CHORUS OF BIRDS. Gently swaying to and fro, Rocked by all the winds that blow, Bright with sunshine from above, Dark with shadow from below, Beak to beak and breast to breast In the cradle of their nest, Lie the fledglings of our love. Echo. Love! love! Epimetheus. Hark! listen! Hear how sweetly overhead The feathered flute-players pipe their songs of love, And Echo answers, love and only love. CHORUS OF BIRDS. Every flutter of the wing,

Every flutter of the wing, Every note of song we sing, Every murmur, every tone, Is of love and love alone.

Echo. Love alone! Epimetheus. Who would not love, if loving she might be

Changed like Callisto to a star in heaven?

Pandora. Ah, who would love, if loving she might be
Like Semele consumed and burnt to

ashes?

Epimetheus. Whence knowest thou these stories?

Pandora. Hermes taught me; He told me all the history of the Gods. CHORUS OF REEDS.

Evermore a sound shall be In the reeds of Arcady, Evermore a low lament Of unrest and discontent, As the story is retold Of the nymph so coy and cold, Who with frightened feet outran The pursuing steps of Pan.

Epimetheus. The pipe of Pan out of these reeds is made,

And when he plays upon it to the shepherds

They pity him, so mournful is the sound.

Be thou not coy and cold as Syrinx

Pandora. Nor thou as Pan be rude and mannerless.

Prometheus (without). Ho! Epimetheus!

Epimetheus. 'Γ is my brother's voice;

A sound unwelcome and inopportune As was the braying of Silenus' ass, Once heard in Cybele's garden.

Pandora. Let me go

Pandora. Let me go.

I would not be found here. I would
not see him.

(She escapes among the trees.)

CHORUS OF DRYADES.
Haste and hide thee,
Ere too late,
In these thickets intricate;
Lest Prometheus
See and chide thee,
Lest some hurt
Or harm betide thee,
Ilaste and hide thee!

Prometheus (entering). Who was it fled from here? I saw a shape

Flitting among the trees.

Epimetheus. It was Pandora.

Prometheus. O Epimetheus! Is it
then in vain

That I have warned thee? Let me now implore.

Thou harbourest in thy house a dangerous guest.

Epimetheus. Whom the Gods love they honour with such guests.

Prometheus. Whom the Gods would destroy they first make mad.

Epimetheus. Shall I refuse the gifts they send to me?

Prometheus. Reject all gifts that come from higher powers.

Epimetheus. Such gifts as this are not to be rejected.

Prometheus. Make not thyself the slave of any woman.

Epimetheus. Make not thyself the judge of any man.

Prometheus. I judge thee not; for thou art more than man;
Thou art descended from Titanic race,

And hast a Titan's strength and faculties

That make thee godlike; and thou sittest here

Like Heracles spinning Omphale's flax,

And beaten with her sandals.

Epimetheus. O my brother! Thou drivest me to madness with thy taunts.

Prometheus. And me thou drivest to madness with thy follies.

Come with me to my tower on Caucasus:

See there my forges in the roaring caverns.

Beneficent to man, and taste the joy

That springs from labour. Read with me the stars,

And learn the virtues that lie hidden in plants,

And all things that are useful.

Epimetheus. O my brother! I am not as thou art. Thou dost inherit

Our father's strength, and I our mother's weakness:

The softness of the Oceanides,

The yielding nature that cannot resist.

Prometheus. Because thou wilt not.

Epimetheus. Nay; because I cannot.

Prometheus. Assert thyself; rise up
to thy full height;

Shake from thy soul these dreams effeminate,

These passions born of indolence and ease.

Resolve, and thou art free. But breathe the air

Of mountains, and their unapproachable summits

Will lift thee to the level of themselves. Epimetheus. The roar of forests and of waterfalls,

The rushing of a mighty wind, with loud

And undistinguishable voices calling, Are in my ear!

Prometheus. Oh, listen and obey. Epimetheus. Thou leadest me as a child. I follow the.

(They go out.)

CHORUS OF OREADES.

Centuries old are the mountains: Their foreheads wrinkled and rifted Helios crowns by day, Pallid Selene by night; From their bosoms uptossed The snows are driven and drifted. Like Tithonus' beard Streaming dishevelled and white. Thunder and tempest of wind Their trumpets blow in the vastness; Phantoms of mist and rain, Cloud and the shadow of cloud, Pass and repass by the gates Of their inaccessible fastness; Ever unmoved they stand, Solemn, eternal, and proud.

VOICES OF THE WATERS.

Flooded by rain and snow In their inexhaustible sources, Swollen by affluent streams Hurrying onward and hurled Headlong over the crags, The impetuous water-courses Rush and roar and plunge Down to the nethermost world. Say, have the solid rocks Into streams of silver been melted, Flowing over the plains, Spreading to lakes in the fields? Or have the mountains, the giants, The ice-helmed, the forest-belted, Scattered their arms abroad; 'lung in the meadows their shields?

VOICES OF THE WINDS.

High on their turreted cliffs That bolts of thunder have shattered, Storm-winds muster and blow Trumpets of terrible breath; Then from the gateways rush, And before them routed and scattered Sullen the cloud-rack flies, Pale with the pallor of death. Onward the hurricane rides, And flee for shelter the shepherds; White are the frightened leaves, Harvests with terror are white! Panic seizes the herds, And even the lions and leopards, Prowling no longer for prey, Crouch in their caverns with fright.

VOICES OF THE FORESTS.

Guarding the mountains around

Majestic the forests are standing.

Bright are their crested helms, Dark is their armour of leaves; Filled with the breath of freedom Each bosom subsiding, expanding, Now like the ocean sinks, Now like the ocean upheaves.

Planted firm on the rock, With foreheads stern and defiant, Loud they shout to the winds, Loud to the tempest they call; Naught but Olympian thunders, That blasted Titan and Giant, Them can uproot and o'erthrow, Shaking the earth with their fall.

CHORUS OF OREADES.

These are the Voices Three
Of winds and forests and fountains,
Voices of earth and of air,
Murmur and rushing of streams,
Making together one sound,
The mysterious voice of the mountains,
Waking the sluggard that sleeps,
Waking the dreamer of dreams.

These are the Voices Three, That speak of endless endeavour, Speak of endurance and strength, Triumph and fulness of fame, Sounding about the world, An inspiration forever, Stirring the hearts of men, Shaping their end and their aim.

VII.—THE HOUSE OF EPIMETHEUS.

Pandora. Left to myself I wander as I will,

And as my fancy leads me, through this house,

Nor could I ask a dwelling more complete

Were I indeed the Goddess that he deems me.

No mansion of Olympus, framed to be The habitation of the Immortal Gods, Can be more beautiful. And this is mine,

And more than this, the love wherewith he crowns me.

As if impelled by powers invisible
And irresistible, my steps return
Unto this spacious hall. All corridors
And passages lead hither, and all
doors
But one in the trowns me.

But open into it. You mysterious chest

Attracts and fascinates me. Would I

What there lies hidden! But the oracle

Forbids. Ah me! The secret then is safe.

So would it be if it were in my keeping. A crowd of shadowy faces from the

That line these walls are watching me.

I dare not

Lift up the lid. A hundred times the

Would be repeated, and the secret

By twice a hundred incorporeal eyes. (She walks to the other side of the hall.) My feet are weary, wandering to and fro,

My eyes with seeing and my heart with waiting.

I will lie here and rest till he returns, Who is my dawn, my day, my Helios. (Throws herself upon a couch, and falls asleep.)

Zephyrus.

Come from thy caverns dark and deep, O son of Erebus and Night; All sense of hearing and of sight Enfold in the serene delight And quietude of sleep!

Set all thy silent sentinels To bar and guard the Ivory Gate, And keep the evil dreams of fate And falsehood and infernal hate Imprisoned in their cells.

But open wide the Gate of Horn, Whence, beautiful as planets, rise The dreams of truth, with starry eyes, And all the wondrous prophecies And visions of the morn.

CHORUS OF DREAMS FROM THE IVORY

Ye sentinels of sleep,
It is in vain ye keep
Your drowsy watch before the Ivory Gate;
Though closed the portal seems,
The airy feet of dreams
Ye cannot thus in walls incarcerate.

We phantoms are and dreams Born by Tartarean streams, As ministers of the infernal powers; O son of Erebus

And Night, behold! we thus Elude your watchful wanders on the towers.

From gloomy Tartarus
The Fates have summoned us
To whisper in her ear, who lies asleep,
A tale to fan the fire
Of her insane desire

To know a secret that the Gods would keep.

This passion, in their ire,
The Gods themselves inspire,
To vex mankind with evils manifold,
So that disease and pain
O'er the whole earth may reign,
And nevermore return the Age of Gold.

Pandora (waking). A voice said in my sleep: "Do not delay:

Do not delay; the golden moments fly! The oracle hath forbidden; yet not thee

Doth it forbid, but Epimetheus only!"

I am alone. These faces in the
mirrors

Are but the shadows and phantoms of myself;

They cannot help nor hinder. No one sees me,

Save the all-seeing Gods, who, knowing good

And knowing evil, have created me Such as I am, and filled me with desire

Of knowing good and evil like themselves.

(She approaches the chest.)
I hesitate no longer. Weal or woe,
Or life or death, the moment shall
decide.

(She lifts the lid. A dense mist rises from the chest, and fills the room. PANDORA falls senseless on the floor. Storm without.)

CHORUS OF DREAMS FROM THE GATE OF HORN.

Yes, the moment shall decide; It already hath decided; And the secret once confided To the keeping of the Titan Now is flying far and wide, Whispered, told on every side, To disquiet and to frighten.

Fever of the heart and brain, Sorrow, pestilence, and pain, Moans of anguish, maniac laughter, All the evils that hereafter Shall afflict and vex mankind, All into the air have risen From the chambers of their prison; Only Hope remains behind.

VIII .-- IN THE GARDEN.

Epimetheus. The storm is past, but it hath left behind it Ruin and desolation. All the walks Are strewn with shattered boughs;

the birds are silent;

The flowers, downtrodden by the wind,

lie dead;
The swollen rivulet sobs with secret

pain;

The melancholy reeds whisper together As if some dreadful deed had been committed

They dare not name, and all the air is heavy

With an unspoken sorrow! Premonitions,

Foreshadowings of some terrible disaster

Oppress my heart. Ye Gods, avert the omen!

Pandora (coming from the house). O

Epimetheus, I no longer dare
To lift mine eyes to thine, nor hear
thy voice,

Being no longer worthy of thy love.

Epimetheus. What hast thou done?

Pandora. Forgive me not, but kill

Epimetheus. What hast thou done? Pandora. I pray for death, not pardon.

Epimetheus. What hast thou done? Pandora. I dare not speak of it. Epimetheus. Thy pallor and thy

silence terrify me!
Pandora. I have brought wrath and

Pandora. I have brought wrath and ruin on thy house!

My heart hath braved the oracle that guarded

The fatal secret from us, and my hand Lifted the lid of the mysterious chest!

Epimetheus. Then all is lost! I am indeed undone.

Pandora. I pray for punishment, and not for pardon.

Epimetheus. Mine is the fault, not thine. On me shall fall

The vengeance of the Gods, for I betrayed

Their secret when, in evil hour, I said It was a secret; when, in evil hour, I left thee here alone to this temptation.

Why did I leave thee?

Pandora. Why didst thou return? Eternal absence would have been to me The greatest punishment. To be left alone

And face to face with my own crime, had been

Just retribution. Upon me, ye Gods, Let all your vengeance fall!

Epimetheus. On thee and me. I do not love thee less for what is done.

And cannot be undone. Thy very weakness

Hath brought thee nearer to me, and henceforth

My love will have a sense of pity in it, Making it less a worship than before. *Pandora*. Pity me not; pity is degradation.

Love me and kill me.

Epimetheus. Beautiful Pandora!

Thou art a Goddess still!

Pandora. I am a woman; And the insurgent demon in my nature, That made me brave the oracle, revolts At pity and compassion. Let me die; What else remains for me?

Epimetheus. Youth, hope, and love: To build a new life on a ruined life, To make the future fairer than the past,

And make the past appear a troubled dream.

Even now in passing through the garden walks

Upon the ground I saw a fallen nest Ruined and full of rain; and over me Beheld the uncomplaining birds already Busy in building a new habitation.

Pandora. Auspicious omen!

Epimetheus. May the Eumenides Put out their torches and behold us not,

And fling away their whips of scorpions

And touch us not.

Pandora. Me let them punish.

Only through punishment of our evil deeds,

Only through suffering, are we reconciled

To the immortal Gods and to ourselves.

CHORUS OF THE EUMENIDES.

Never shall souls like these Escape the Eumenides,

The daughters dark of Acheron and Night! Unquenched our torches glare, Our scourges in the air

Send forth prophetic sounds before they smite.

Never by lapse of time
The soul defaced by crime
Into its former self returns again;
For every guilty deed
Holds in itself the seed
Of retribution and undying pain.

Never shall be the loss Restored, till Helios

Hath purified them with his heavenly fires;
Then what was lost is won,
And the new life begun,

Kindled with nobler passions and desires.

CHRISTUS: A MYSTERY.

INTROITUS.

(The Angel bearing the Prophet Habakkuk through the air.)

Prophet. Why dost thou bear me aloft,
O Angel of God, on thy pinions

O'er realms and dominions?

Softly I float as a cloud
In air, for thy right hand upholds
me,

Thy garment enfolds me!

Angel. Lo! as I passed on my

In the harvest-field I beheld thee, When no man compelled thee,

Bearing with thine own hands This food to the famishing reapers, A flock without keepers! The fragrant sheaves of the wheat Made the air above them sweet; Sweeter and more divine Was the scent of the scattered grain, That the reaper's hand let fall To be gathered again By the hand of the gleaner! Sweetest, divinest of all, Was the humble deed of thine, And the meekness of thy demeanour! Prophet. Angel of Light, I cannot gainsay thee, I can but obey thee! Angel. Beautiful was it in the Lord's sight, To behold his Prophet Feeding those that toil, The tillers of the soil. But why should the reapers eat of it And not the Prophet of Zion In the den of the lion? The Prophet should feed the Prophet! Therefore I thee have uplifted, And bear thee aloft by the hair Of thy head, like a cloud that is drifted Through the vast unknown of the Five days hath the Prophet been lying In Babylon, in the den Of the lions, death-defying, Defying hunger and thirst; But the worst Is the mockery of men! Alas! how full of fear Is the fate of Prophet and Seer! Forevermore, forevermore, It shall be as it hath been heretofore; The age in which they live Will not forgive The splendour of the everlasting light, That makes their foreheads bright, Nor the sublime Fore-running of their time! Oh tell me, for thou Prophet.

knowest, Wherefore and by what grace,

Have I, who am least and lowest,

Been chosen to this place, To this exalted part? Angel. Because thou art The Struggler; and from thy youth Thy humble and patient life Hath been a strife And battle for the Truth; Nor hast thou paused nor halted, Nor ever in thy pride Turned from the poor aside, But with deed and word and pen Hast served thy fellow-men; Therefore art thou exalted! *Prophet.* By thine arrow's light Thou goest onward through the night, And by the clear Sheen of thy glittering spear! When will our journey end? Angel. Lo, it is ended! Yon silver gleam Is the Euphrates' stream. Let us descend Into the city splendid, Into the City of Gold! *Prophet*. Behold! As if the stars had fallen from their places Into the firmament below, The streets, the gardens, and the vacant spaces With light are all aglow; And hark! As we draw near, What sound is it I hear Ascending through the dark? Angel. The tumultuous noise of the nations, Their rejoicings and lamentations, The pleadings of their prayer, The groans of their despair, The cry of their imprecations, Their wrath, their love, their hate! *Prophet*. Surely the world doth wait The coming of its Redeemer! Angel. Awake from thy sleep, O dreamer! The hour is near, though late; Awake! write the vision sublime, The vision, that is for a time, Though it tarry, wait; it is nigh;

In the end it will speak and not lie.

PART ONE.

THE DIVINE TRAGEDY.

THE FIRST PASSOVER.

I.--VOX CLAMANTIS.

John the Baptist. Repent! repent!

For the kingdom of God is at hand,

And all the land Full of the knowledge of the Lord

shall be As the waters cover the sca, And encircle the continent! Repent! repent! repent! For lo, the hour appointed, The hour so long foretold By the Prophets of old, Of the coming of the Anointed, The Messiah, the Paraclete, The Desire of the Nations, is nigh! He shall not strive nor cry, Nor his voice be heard in the street; Nor the bruised reed shall He break, Nor quench the smoking flax; And many of them that sleep In the dust of earth shall awake, On that great and terrible day, And the wicked shall wail and weep, And be blown like a smoke away, And be melted away like wax. Repent! repent! repent! O Priest, and Pharisce, Who hath warned you to flee From the wrath that is to be? From the coming anguish and ire? The axe is laid at the root Of the trees, and every tree That bringeth not forth good fruit Is hewn down and cast into the fire! Ye Scribes, why come ye hither? In the hour that is uncertain, In the day of anguish and trouble, He that stretcheth the heavens as a

curtain
And spreadeth them out as a tent,
Shall blow upon you, and ye shall
wither,

And the whirlwind shall take you away as stubble!

Repent! repent! repent!

Priest. Who art thou, O man of prayer!

In raiment of camel's hair,

Begirt with leathern thong, That here in the wilderness, With a cry as of one in distress, Preachest unto this throng? Art thou the Christ?

John. Priest of Jerusalem, In meekness and humbleness, I deny not, I confess I am not the Christ!

Priest. What shall we say unto them That sent us here? Reveal Thy name, and naught conceal! Art thou Elias?

John. No!
Priest. Art thou that Prophet, then,
Of lamentation and woe,
Who, as a symbol and sign
Of impending wrath divine
Upon unbelieving men,
Shattered the vessel of clay
In the Valley of Slaughter?
John. Nay.

I am not he thou namest!

Priest. Who art thou, and what is the word

That here thou proclaimest?

John. I am the voice of one
Crying in the wilderness alone:
Prepare ye the way of the Lord;
Make his paths straight
In the land that is desolate!

Priest. If thou be not the Christ,
Nor yet Elias, nor he
That, m sign of the things to be,
Shattered the vessel of clay
In the Valley of Slaughter,
Then declare unto us, and say
By what authority now

Baptizest thou?

John. I indeed baptize you with water
Unto repentance; but He,
That cometh after me,
Is mightier than I and higher;
The latchet of whose shoes
I am not worthy to unloose;
He shall baptize you with fire,
And with the Holy Ghost!
Whose fan is in his hand;
He will purge to the uttermost
His floor, and garner his wheat,
But will burn the chaff in the brand
And fire of unquenchable heat!

Repent! repent! repent!

II.—MOUNT QUARANTANIA.

I.

Lucifer. Not in the lightning's flash, nor in the thunder,

Not in the tempest, nor the cloudy storm,

Will I array my form;

But part invisible these boughs asunder,

And move and murmur, as the wind upheaves

And whispers in the leaves.

Not as a terror and a desolation,

Not in my natural shape, inspiring fear And dread, will I appear;

But in soft tones of sweetness and persuasion,

A sound as of the fall of mountain streams,

Or voices heard in dreams.

He sitteth there in silence, worn and wasted

With famine, and uplifts his hollow eyes
To the unpitying skies;

For forty days and nights he hath not tasted

Of food or drink, his parted lips are pale,

Surely his strength must fail.

Wherefore dost thou in penitential

fasting

Waste and consume the beauty of thy youth?

Ah, if thou be in truth

The Son of the Unnamed, the Everlasting,

Command these stones beneath thy

feet to be

Changed into bread for thee! Christus. 'T is written: Man shall

not live by bread alone,
But by each word that from God's
mouth proceedeth!

11

Lucifer. Too weak, alas! too weak is the temptation

For one whose soul to nobler things aspires

Than sensual desires!
Ah, could I, by some sudden aberration,
Lead and delude to suicidal death
This Christ of Nazareth!

Unto the holy Temple on Moriah, With its resplendent domes, and manifold

Bright pinnacles of gold,

Where they await thy coming, O Messiah!

Lo, I have brought thee! Let thy glory here

Be manifest and clear.

Reveal thyself by royal act and gesture

Descending with the bright triumphant host

Of all the highermost

Archangels, and about thee as a vesture

The shining clouds, and all thy splendours show

Unto the world below!

Cast thyself down, it is the hour appointed;

And God hath given his angels charge and care

To keep thee and upbear

Upon their hands his only Son, the Anointed,

Lest he should dash his foot against a stone

And die, and be unknown.

Christus. 'T is written: Thou shalt not tempt the Lord thy God!

III.

Lucifer. I cannot thus delude him to perdition!

But one temptation still remains untried,

The trial of his pride,

The thirst of power, the fever of ambition!

Surely by these a humble peasant's son

At last may be undone!

Above the yawning chasms and deep abysses,

Across the headlong torrents, I have brought

Thy footsteps, swift as thought; And from the highest of these preci-

pices,
The Kingdoms of the world thine eyes

behold, Like a great map unrolled. From far-off Lebanon, with cedars crested,

To where the waters of the Asphalt Lake

On its white pebbles break,

And the vast desert, silent, sandinvested,

These kingdoms all are mine, and thine shall be,

If thou wilt worship me!

Christus. Get thee behind me, Satan! thou shalt worship

The Lord thy God; Him only shalt thou serve!

Angels Ministrant. The sun goes down; the evening shadows lengthen,

The fever and the struggle of the day Abate and pass away;

Thine Angels Ministrant, we come to strengthen

And comfort thee, and crown thee with the palm,

The silence and the calm.

III.—THE MARRIAGE IN CANA. THE MUSICIANS.

Rise up, my love, my fair one,
Rise up, and come away,
For lo! the winter is past,
The rain is over and gone,
The flowers appear on the earth,
The time of the singing of birds is come,
And the voice of the turtle is heard in
our land.

The Bridegroom. Sweetly the minstrels sing the Song of Songs! My heart runs forward with it, and I say:

Oh set me as a seal upon thine heart, And set me as a seal upon thine arm; For love is strong as life, and strong as death,

And cruel as the grave is jealousy!

THE MUSICIANS.

I sleep, but my heart awaketh;
'T is the voice of my beloved
Who knocketh, saying: Open to me,
My sister, my love, my dove,
For my head is filled with dew,
My locks with the drops of the night!

The Bride. Ah yes, I sleep, and yet my heart awaketh.

It is the voice of my beloved who knocks.

The Bridegroom. O beautiful as Rebecca at the fountain,

O beautiful as Ruth among the sheaves!

O fairest among women! O undefiled! Thou art all fair, my love, there 's no spot in thee!

THE MUSICIANS.

My beloved is white and ruddy, The chiefest among ten thousand; His locks are black as a raven, His eyes are the eyes of doves, Of doves by the rivers of water, His lips are like unto lilies, Dropping sweet-smelling myrrh.

Architriclinus. Who is that youth with the dark azure eyes,

And hair, in colour like unto the wine, Parted upon his forehead, and behind Falling in flowing locks?

Paranymphus. The Nazarene
Who preacheth to the poor in field
and village

The coming of God's Kingdom.

Architriclinus. How screne

His aspect is! manly yet womanly.

Paranymphus. Most beautiful among
the sons of men!

Oft known to weep, but never known to laugh.

Architriclinus. And tell me, she with eyes of olive tint,

And skin as fair as wheat, and pale brown hair,

The woman at his side?

Paranymphus. His mother, Mary. Architriclinus. And the tall figure standing close behind them,

Clad all in white, with face and beard like ashes,

As if he were Elias, the White Witness, Come from his cave on Carmel to foretell

The end of all things?

Paranymphus. That is Manahem The Essenian, he who dwells among the palms

Near the Dead Sea.

Architriclinus. He who foretold to Herod

He should one day be King?

Paranymphus. The same.
Architriclinus. Then why
Doth he come here to sadden with his

presence Our marriage feast, belonging to a sect

Haters of women, and that taste not wine?

THE MUSICIANS.

My undefiled is but one,
The only one of her mother,
The choice of her that bare her;
The daughters saw her and blessed her;
The queens and the concubines praised

Saying, Lo! who is this

That looketh forth as the morning?

Manahem (aside). The Ruler of the Feast is gazing at me,

As if he asked, why is that old man here

Among the revellers? And thou, the Anointed!

Why art thou here? I see as in a vision

A figure clothed in purple, crowned with thorns;

I see a cross uplifted in the darkness, And hear a cry of agony, that shall echo

Forever and forever through the world!

Architriclinus. Give us more wine.

These goblets are all empty.

Mary (to Christus). They have no wine!

Christus. O woman, what have I To do with thee? Mine hour is not yet come.

Mary (to the servants). Whatever he shall say to you, that do.
Christus. Fill up these pots with

water.

THE MUSICIANS.

Come, my beloved,
Let us go forth into the field,
Let us lodge in the villages;
Let us get up early to the vineyards,
Let us see if the vine flourish,
Whether the tender grape appear,
And the pomegranates bud forth.

Christus. Draw out now And bear unto the Ruler of the Feast.

Manahem (aside). O thou, brought up among the Essenians,

Nurtured in abstinence, taste not the wine!

It is the poison of dragons from the vineyards

Of Sodom, and the taste of death is in it!

Architriclinus (to the Bridegroom).
All men set forth good wine at the beginning,

And when men have well drunk, that which is worse;

But thou hast kept the good wine until now.

Manahem (aside). The things that have been and shall be no more, The things that are, and that here-

after shall be,

The things that might have been, and yet were not,

The fading twilight of great joys departed,

The daybreak of great truths as yet unrisen,

The intuition and the expectation

Of something, which, when come, is not the same,

But only like its forecast in men's dreams,

The longing, the delay, and the delight,

Sweeter for the delay; youth, hope, love, death,

And disappointment which is also

death,

All these make up the sum of human

All these make up the sum of human life;

A dream within a dream, a wind at night

Howling across the desert in despair, Seeking for something lost it cannot find.

Fate or foreseeing, or whatever name Men call it, matters not; what is to be Hath been fore-written in the thought divine

From the beginning. None can hide from it,

But it will find him out; nor run from it, But it o'ertaketh him! The Lord hath said it.

The Bridegroom (to the Bride, on the balcony). When Abraham went with Sarah into Egypt, The land was all illumined with her beauty;

But thou dost make the very night itself

Brighter than day! Behold, in glad procession,

Crowding the threshold of the sky above us,

The stars come forth to meet thee with their lamps;

And the soft winds, the ambassadors of flowers,

From neighbouring gardens and from fields unseen,

Come laden with odours unto thee, my Oueen!

THE MUSICIANS.

Awake, O north-wind, And come, thou wind of the South. Blow, blow upon my garden, That the spices thereof may flow out.

IV .-- IN THE CORNFIELDS.

Philip. Onward through leagues of sun-illumined corn,

As if through parted seas, the pathway runs.

And crowned with sunshine as the Prince of Peace

Walks the beloved Master, leading us, As Moses led our fathers in old times Out of the land of bondage! We have found

Him of whom Moses and the Prophets wrote,

Jesus of Nazareth, the Son of Joseph.

Nathanael. Can any good come out
of Nazareth?

Can this be the Messiah?

Philip. Come and see.

Nathanael. The summer sun grows
hot: I am anhungered.

How cheerily the Sabbath-breaking quail

Pipes in the corn, and bids us to his Feast

Of Wheat Sheaves! How the bearded, ripening ears

Toss in the roofless temple of the air; As if the unseen hand of some High-Priest

Waved them before Mount Tabor as an altar!

It were no harm, if we should pluck and eat.

Philip. How wonderful it is to walk abroad

With the Good Master! Since the miracle

He wrought at Cana, at the marriage feast,

His fame hath gone abroad through all the land,

And when we come to Nazareth, thou shalt see

How his own people will receive their Prophet,

And hail him as Messiah! See, he turns

And looks at thee.

Christus. Behold an Israelite In whom there is no guile.

Nathanael. Whence knowest thou

Christus. Before that Philip called thee, when thou wast

Under the fig-tree, I beheld thee.

Nathanael. Rabbi!

Thou art the Son of God, thou art the King

Of Israel!

Christus. Because I said I saw thee Under the fig-tree, before Philip called thee,

Believest thou? Thou shalt see greater things.

Hereafter thou shalt see the heavens unclosed,

The angels of God ascending and descending

Upon the Son of Man!

Pharisees (passing). Hail, Rabbi! Christus. Hail!

Pharisees. Behold how thy disciples do a thing

Which is not lawful on the Sabbath-day, And thou forbiddest them not!

Christus. Have ye not read What David did when he anhungered

And all they that were with him?
How he entered

Into the house of God, and ate the shewbread,

Which was not lawful, saving for the priests?

Have ye not read, how on the Sabbathdays

The priests profane the Sabbath in the Temple,

And yet are blameless? But I say to

One in this place is greater than the Temple!

And had ye known the meaning of the words.

I will have mercy and not sacrifice,

The guiltless ye would not condemn.
The Sabbath

Was made for man, and not man for the Sabbath.

(Passes on with the disciples.)

Pharisees. This is, alas! some poor demoniac

Wandering about the fields, and uttering

His unintelligible blasphemies

Among the common people, who receive

As prophecies the words they comprehend not!

Deluded folk! The incomprehensible Alone excites their wonder. There is none

So visionally, or so void of sense, But he will find a crowd to follow him!

V.-NAZARETH.

Christus (reading in the Synagogue).

The Spirit of the Lord God is upon me.

He hath anointed me to preach good tidings

Unto the poor; to heal the brokenhearted:

To comfort those that mourn, and to throw open

The prison doors of captives, and proclaim

The Year Acceptable of the Lord, our God!

(He closes the book and sits down.)

A Pharisee. Who is this youth?

He hath taken the Teacher's seat!

Will he instruct the Elders?

A Priest. Fifty years
Have I been Priest here in the
Synagogue,

And never have I seen so young a man Sit in the Teacher's seat!

Christus. Behold, to-day
This scripture is fulfilled. One is appointed

And hath been sent to them that mourn in Zion,

To give them beauty for ashes, and the oil

Of joy for mourning! They shall build again

The old waste-places; and again raise up The former desolations, and repair

The cities that are wasted! As a

bridegroom Decketh himself with ornaments; as a

bride

Adorneth herself with jewels, so the Lord

Hath clothed me with the robe of righteousness!

A Priest. He speaks the prophet's words; but with an air

As if himself had been foreshadowed in them!

Christus. For Zion's sake I will not hold my peace,

And for Jerusalem's sake 1 will not rest Until its righteousness be as a brightness,

And its salvation as a lamp that burneth!

Thou shalt be called no longer the Forsaken,

Nor any more thy land the Desolate. The Lord hath sworn, by his right hand hath sworn,

And by his arm of strength: I will no more

Give to thine enemies thy corn as meat;

The sons of strangers shall not drink thy wine.

Go through, go through the gates! Prepare a way

Unto the people! Gather out the stones!

Lift up a standard for the people!

A Priest.

Ah!

These are seditious words!

Christus. And they shall call them The holy people; the redeemed of God! And thou, Jerusalem, shalt be called Sought out,

A city not forsaken!

Is not this A Pharisee. The carpenter Joseph's son? Is not his mother

Called Mary? and his brethren and his sisters

Are they not with us? Doth he make himself

To be a Prophet?

No man is a Prophet Christus. In his own country, and among his

In his own house no Prophet is accepted.

I say to you, in the land of Israel Were many widows in Elijah's day, When for three years and more the heavens were shut,

And a great famine was throughout the land;

But unto no one was Elijah sent Save to Sarepta, to a city of Sidon, And to a woman there that was a

widow.

And many lepers were there in the land

Of Israel, in the time of Eliseus The Prophet, and yet none of them was cleansed.

Save Naaman the Syrian!

Say no more! Thou comest here into our Synagogue And speakest to the Elders and the Priests,

As if the very mantle of Elijah

Had fallen upon thee! Art thou not ashamed?

A Pharisee. We want no Prophets here! Let him be driven

From Synagogue and city! Let him go

And prophesy to the Samaritans!

An Elder. The world is changed. We Elders are as nothing!

We are but yesterdays, that have no part

Or portion in to-day! Dry leaves that rustle,

That make a little sound, and then are dust!

A Pharisee. A carpenter's apprentice! a mechanic.

Whom we have seen at work here in the town

Day after day; a stripling without learning,

Shall he pretend to unfold the Word of God

To men grown old in study of the Law?

(Christus is thrust out.)

VI .-- THE SEA OF GALILEE.

(PETER and ANDREW mending their nets.)

Peter. Never was such a marvellous draught of fishes

Heard of in Galilee! The marketplaces

Both of Bethsaida and Capernaum Are full of them! Yet we had toiled

all night And taken nothing, when the Master

Launch out into the deep, and cast your nets;

And doing this, we caught such multi-

tudes, Our nets like spiders' webs were snapped asunder,

And with the draught we filled two ships so full

That they began to sink. knelt down

Amazed, and said: O Lord, depart from me,

I am a sinful man. And he made answer:

Simon, fear not; henceforth thou shalt catch men!

What was the meaning of those words?

Andrew. I know not. But here is Philip, come from Nazareth. He hath been with the Master. Tell us, Philip,

What tidings dost thou bring?

Most wonderful! Philip. As we drew near to Nain, out of the

Upon a bier was carried the dead body Of a young man, his mother's only son, And she a widow, who with lamentation Bewailed her loss, and the much people with her:

And when the Master saw her he was filled

With pity; and he said to her: Weep not!

And came and touched the bier, and they that bare it

Stood still; and then he said: Young man, arise!

And he that had been dead sat up, and soon

Began to speak; and he delivered him Unto his mother. And there came a fear

On all the people, and they glorified The Lord, and said, rejoicing: A great Prophet

Is risen up among us! and the Lord

Hath visited his people!

Peter. A great Prophet?
Ay, greater than a Prophet; greater
even

Than John the Baptist!

Philip. Yet the Nazarenes

Rejected him.

Peter. The Nazarenes are dogs! As natural brute beasts, they growl at things

They do not understand; and they shall perish,

Utterly perish in their own corruption. The Nazarenes are dogs!

Philip. They drave him forth
Out of their Synagogue, out of their
city,

And would have cast him down a precipice,

But, passing through the midst of them, he vanished

Out of their hands.

Peter. Wells are they without water, Clouds carried with a tempest, unto whom

The mist of darkness is reserved forever!

Philip. Behold he cometh. There is one man with him

I am amazed to see!

Andrew. What man is that? Philip. Judas Iscariot; he that cometh last,

Girt with a leathern apron. No one knoweth

His history; but the rumour of him is

He had an unclean spirit in his youth. It hath not left him yet.

Christus (passing). Come unto me, All ye that labour and are heavy laden, And I will give you rest! Come unto me, And take my yoke upon you and learn of me.

For I am meek, and I am lowly in heart.

And ye shall all find rest unto your souls!

Philip. Oh, there is something in that voice that reaches

The innermost recesses of my spirit!

I feel that it might say unto the blind:
Receive your sight! and straightway
they would see!

I feel that it might say unto the dead, Arise! and they would hear it and

obey!

Behold, he beckons to us!

Christus (to Peter and Andrew). Follow me!

Peter. Master, I will leave all and follow thee.

VII.-THE DEMONIAC OF GADARA.

A Gadarene. He hath escaped, hath plucked his chains asunder,

And broken his fetters; always night

Is in the mountains here, and in the tombs,

Crying aloud, and cutting himself with stones,

Exceeding fierce, so that no man can tame him!

The Demoniac (from above, unseen)
O Aschmedai! O Aschmedai,
have pity!

A Gadarene. Listen! It is his voice!
Go warn the people

Just landing from the lake!

The Demoniac. O Aschmedai!
Thou angel of the bottomless pit, have pity!

It was enough to hurl King Solomon, On whom be peace! two hundred leagues away

Into the country, and to make him scullion

In the kitchen of the King of Maschkemen! Why dost thou hurl me here among these rocks,

And cut me with these stones?

A Gadarene. He raves and mutters He knows not what.

The Demoniac (appearing from a tomb among the rocks). The wild cock Tarnegal

Singeth to me, and bids me to the banquet,

Where all the Jews shall come; for they have slain

Behemoth the great ox, who daily cropped

Λ thousand hills for food, and at a draught

Drank up the river Jordan, and have slain

The huge Leviathan, and stretched his skin

. Upon the high walls of Jerusalem,

And made them shine from one end of the world

Unto the other; and the fowl Barjuchne,

Whose outspread wings eclipse the sun, and make

Midnight at noon o'er all the continents!

And we shall drink the wine of Paradise

From Adam's cellars.

A Gadarene. O thou unclean spirit!

The Demoniac (hurling down a stone). This is the wonderful Barjuchne's egg.

That fell out of her nest, and broke to pieces

And swept away three hundred cedartrees,

And threescore villages! — Rabbi Eliezer,

How thou didst sin there in that seaport town

When thou hadst carried safe thy chest of silver

Over the seven rivers for her sake!

I too have sinned beyond the reach of pardon.

Ye hills and mountains, pray for mercy on me!

Ye stars and planets, pray for mercy on me!

Ye sun and moon, oh pray for mercy on me!

(CHRISTUS and his disciples pass.)

A Gadarene. There is a man here
of Decapolis,

Who hath an unclean spirit; so that

Can pass this way. He lives among the tombs

Up there upon the cliffs, and hurls down stones

On those who pass beneath.

Christus. Come out of him,

Thou unclean spirit!

The Demonia. What have I to do With thee, thou Son of God? Do not torment us.

Christus. What is thy name?

The Demoniac. Legion; for we are many.

Cain, the first murderer; and the King Belshazzar,

And Evil Merodach of Babylon,

And Admatha, the death-cloud, prince of Persia;

And Aschmedai, the angel of the pit, And many other devils. We are Legion.

Send us not forth beyond Decapolis; Command us not to go into the deep! There is a herd of swine here in the pastures,

Let us go into them.

Christus. Come out of him, Thou unclean spirit!

A Gadarene. See, how stupefied, How motionless he stands! He cries no more;

He seems bewildered and in silence stares

As one who, walking in his sleep, awakes

And knows not where he is, and looks about him.

And at his nakedness, and is ashamed.

The Demoniac. Why am I here alone among the tombs?

What have they done to me, that I am naked?

Ah, woe is me!

Christus. Go home unto thy friends
And tell them how great things the
Lord hath done

For thee, and how He had compassion on thee!

A Swineherd (running). The herds! the herds! O most unlucky day! They were all feeding quiet in the sun, When suddenly they started, and grew savage

As the wild boars of Tabor, and to-

gether

Rushed down a precipice into the sea!

They are all drowned!

Peter. Thus righteously are punished The apostate Jews, that eat the flesh of swine.

And broth of such abominable things! Greeks of Gadara. We sacrifice a sow unto Demeter

At the beginning of harvest, and another

To Dionysus at the vintage-time.

Therefore we prize our herds of swine, and count them

Notas unclean, but as things consecrate To the immortal gods. O great magician,

Depart out of our coasts; let us alone,

We are afraid of thee.

Peter. Let us depart: For they that sanctify and purify

Themselves in gardens, eating flesh of swine,

And the abomination, and the mouse, Shall be consumed together, saith the Lord!

VIII.—TALITHA CUMI.

Jairus (at the feet of Christus). O Master! I entreat thee! I implore thee!

My daughter lieth at the point of death;

I pray thee come and lay thy hands upon her,

And she shall live!

Christus. Who was it touched my garments?

Simon Peter. Thou seest the multitude that throng and press thee, And sayest thou: Who touched me? 'T was not I.

Christus. Some one hath touched my garments; I perceive

That virtue is gone out of me.

A Woman. O Master! Forgive me! For I said within myself. If I so much as touch his garment's

shall be whole.

Christus. Be of good comfort, daughter!

Thy faith hath made thee whole. Depart in peace.

A Messenger (from the house). Why troublest thou the Master? Hearest thou not

The flute-players, and the voices of the women

Singing their lamentation? She is dead!

THE MINSTRELS AND MOURNERS.

We have girded ourselves with sack-

We have covered our heads with ashes!

For our young men die, and our maidens

Swoon in the streets of the city; And into their mother's bosom They pour out their souls like water!

Christus (going in). Give place. Why make ye this ado, and weep?

She is not dead, but sleepeth.

The Mother (from within). Cruel Death!

To take away from me this tender blossom!

To take away my dove, my lamb, my darling!

THE MINSTRELS AND MOURNERS.

He hath led me and brought into darkness.

Like the dead of old in dark places! He hath bent his bow, and hath set me Apart as a mark for his arrow! He hath covered himself with a cloud, That our prayer should not pass through and reach him!

The Crowd. He stands beside her bed! He takes her hand!

Listen, he speaks to her! Christus (within). Maiden, arise

The Crowd. See, she obeys his voice! She stirs! She lives! Her mother holds her folded in her

arms! O miracle of miracles! O marvel! EX.--THE TOWER OF MAGDALA.

Mary Magdalene. Companionless, unsatisfied, forlorn,

I sit here in this lonely tower, and look Upon the lake below me, and the hills That swoon with heat, and see as in a vision

All my past life unroll itself before me.
The princes and the merchants come
to me,

Merchants of Tyre and Princes of Damascus,

And pass, and disappear, and are no more;

But leave behind their merchandise and jewels,

Their perfumes, and their gold, and their disgust.

I loathe them, and the very memory of them

Is unto me as thought of food to one Cloyed with the luscious figs of Dalmanutha!

What if hereafter, in the long hereafter Of endless joy or pain, or joy in pain, It were my punishment to be with

them
Grown hideous and decrepit in their sins.

And hear them say: Thou that hast brought us here,

Be unto us as thou hast been of old! I look upon this raiment that I wear,

These silks, and these embroideries, and they seem

Only as cerements wrapped about my limbs!

I look upon these rings thick set with pearls,

And emerald and amethyst and

And emerald and amethyst and jasper,

And they are burning coals upon my flesh!

This serpent on my wrist becomes alive!

Away, thou viper! and away, ye garlands,

Whose odours bring the swift remembrance back

Of the unhallowed revels in these chambers!

But yesterday,—and yet it seems to me

Something remote, like a pathetic song Sung long ago by minstrels in the street,-

But yesterday, as from this tower I gazed,

Over the olive and the walnut trees Upon the lake and the white ships,

and wondered Whither and whence they steered, and who was in them,

A fisher's boat drew near the landing-

Under the oleanders, and the people Came up from it, and passed beneat

Close under me. In front of them, as

Close under me. In front of them, as leader,

Walked one of royal aspect, clothed in white,

Who lifted up his eyes, and looked at me,

And all at once the air seemed filled and living

With a mysterious power, that streamed from him,

And overflowed me with an atmosphere Of light and love. As one entranced I stood.

And when I woke again, lo! he was gone;

So that I said: Perhaps it is a dream. But from that very hour the seven demons

That had their habitation in this body

Which men call beautiful, departed from me!

This morning, when the first gleam of the dawn

Made Lebanon a glory in the air,

And all below was darkness, I beheld An angel, or a spirit glorified,

With wind-tossed garments walking on the lake.

The face I could not see, but I distinguished

The attitude and gesture, and I knew 'T was he that healed me. And the gusty wind

Brought to mine ears a voice, which seemed to say:

Be of good cheer! 'T is I! Be not afraid!

And from the darkness, scarcely heard, the answer:

If it be thou, bid me come unto thee Upon the water! And the voice said: Come!

And then I heard a cry of fear: Lord, save me!

As of a drowning man. And then the voice:

Why didst thou doubt, O thou of little faith!

At this all vanished, and the wind was hushed,

And the great sun came up above the hills,

And the swift-flying vapours hid themselves

In caverns among the rocks! Oh, I must find him

And follow him, and be with him forever!

Thou box of alabaster, in whose walls The souls of flowers lie pent, the precious balm

And spikenard of Arabian farms, the spirits

Of aromatic herbs, ethereal natures Nursed by the sun and dew, not all

unworthy
To bathe his consecrated feet, whose

Makes every threshold holy that he crosses:

Let us go forth upon our pilgrimage, Thou and I only! Let us search for

Until we find him, and pour out our souls

Before his feet, till all that 's left of us Shall be the broken caskets that once held us!

X.—THE HOUSE OF SIMON THE PHARISEE.

A Guest (at table). Are ye deceived?
Have any of the Rulers

Believed on him? or do they know indeed

This man to be the very Christ?
Howbeit

We know whence this man is, but when the Christ

Shall come, none knoweth whence he is.

Christus. Whereunto shall I liken, then, the men

Of this generation? and what are they like?

They are like children sitting in the markets.

And calling unto one another, saying: We have piped unto you, and ye have not danced;

We have mourned unto you, and ye have not wept!

This say I unto you, for John the Baptist

Came neither eating bread nor drinking wine;

Ye say he hath a devil. The Son of Man

Eating and drinking cometh, and ye say:

Behold a gluttonous man, and a winebibber;

Behold a friend of publicans and sinners!

A Guest (aside to Simon). Who is that woman yonder, gliding in So silently behind him?

Simon. It is Mary,
Who dwelleth in the Tower of Mag-

The Guest. See, how she kneels there weeping, and her tears

Fall on his feet; and her long, golden hair

Waves to and fro and wipes them dry again.

And now she kisses them, and from a

Of alabaster is anointing them

With precious ointment, filling all the house

With its sweet odour!

Simon (aside). Oh, this man, forsooth,

Were he indeed a Prophet, would have known

Who and what manner of woman this may be

That toucheth him! would know she is a sinner!

Christus. Simon, somewhat have I to say to thee.

Simon. Master, say on.

Christus. A certain creditor

Had once two debtors; and the one of them

Owed him five hundred pence; the other, fifty.

They having naught to pay withal, he frankly

Forgave them both. Now tell me which of them

Will love him most?

Simon. He, I suppose, to whom He most forgave.

Christus. Yea, thou hast rightly judged.

Seest thou this woman? When thine house I entered,

Thou gavest me no water for my feet, But she hath washed them with her tears, and wiped them

With her own hair. Thou gavest me no kiss:

This woman hath not ceased, since I came in,

To kiss my feet. My head with oil didst thou

Anoint not; but this woman hath

My feet with ointment. Hence I say to thee,

Her sins, which have been many, are forgiven,

For she loved much. [man The Guests. Oh, who, then, is this That pardoneth also sins without atonement?

Christus. Woman, thy faith hath saved thee! Go in peace!

THE SECOND PASSOVER.

I.—BEFORE THE GATES OF MACHÆRUS.

Manahem. Welcome, O wilderness, and welcome, night

And solitude, and ye swift-flying stars That drift with golden sands the barren heavens,

Welcome once more! The Angels of the Wind

Hasten across the desert to receive me; And sweeter than men's voices are to me

The voices of these solitudes the

Of unseen rivulets, and the far-off cry Of bitterns in the reeds of waterpools.

And lo! above me, like the Prophet's arrow

Shot from the eastern window, high in air

The clamorous cranes go singing through the night.

O ye mysterious pilgrims of the air, Would I had wings that I might follow

you!

I look forth from these mountains, and behold

The omnipotent and omnipresent night,

Mysterious as the future and the fate That hangs o'er all men's lives! I see beneath me

The desert stretching to the Dead Sea shore,

And westward, faint and far away, the glimmer

Of torches on Mount Olivet, announcing

The rising of the Moon of Passover. Like a great cross it seems, on which

suspended,
With head bowed down in agony, I see
A human figure! Hide, O merciful

The awful apparition from my sight!
And thou, Machærus, lifting high and

Thy dreadful walls against the rising moon,

Haunted by demons and by apparitions,

Lilith, and Jezerhara, and Bedargon, How grim thou showest in the uncertain light,

A palace and a prison, where King Herod

Feasts with Herodias, while the Baptist John

Fasts, and consumes his unavailing life!

And in thy court-yard grows the untithed rue,

Huge as the olives of Gethsemane, And ancient as the terebinth of Hebron, Coeval with the world. Would that its leaves Medicinal could purge thee of the demons

That now possess thee, and the cunning fox

That burrows in thy walls, contriving mischief!

(Music is heard from within.)

Angels of God! Sandalphon, thou that weavest

The prayers of men into immortal garlands,

And thou, Metatron, who dost gather up

Their songs, and bear them to the gates of heaven,

Now gather up together in your hands The prayers that fill this prison, and the songs

That echo from the ceiling of this palace,

And lay them side by side before God's feet!

(He enters the castle.)

II.---HEROD'S BANQUET-HALL.

Manahem. Thou hast sent for me, O King, and I am here.

Herod. Who art thou?

Manahem. Manahem, the Essenian. Herod. I recognize thy features, but what mean

These torn and faded garments? On thy road

Have demons crowded thee, and rubbed against thee,

And given thee weary knees? A cup of wine!

Manahem. The Essenians drink no wine.

Herod. What wilt thou, then? Manahem. Nothing.

Herod. Not even a cup of water?

Manahem. Nothing.

Why hast thou sent for me?

Herod. Dost thou remember One day when I, a schoolboy in the streets

Of the great city, met thee on my way

To school, and thou didst say to me:
Hereafter

Thou shalt be King?

Manahem. Yea, I remember it.

Herod. Thinking thou didst not know me, I replied:

I am of humble birth; whereat thou, smiling,

Didst smite me with thy hand, and saidst again:

Thou shalt be King; and let the friendly blows

That Manahem hath given thee on this

Remind thee of the fickleness of fortune.

Manahem. What more?

Herod. No more. Manahem. Yea, for I said to thee:

It shall be well with thee if thou love justice

And clemency towards thy fellow-men.

Hast thou done this, O King?

Ilerod. Go, ask my people.Manahem. And then, foreseeing all thy life, I added:

But these thou wilt forget; and at the end

Of life the Lord will punish thee.

Herod. The end! When will that come? For this I sent to thee.

How long shall I still reign? Thou dost not answer!

Speak! shall I reign ten years?

Manahem. Thou shalt reign twenty, Nay, thirty years. I cannot name the end.

Herod. Thirty? I thank thee, good Essenian!

This is my birthday, and a happier one Was never mine. We hold a banquet here.

See, yonder are Herodias and her daughter.

Manahem (aside). 'T is said that devils sometimes take the shape Of ministering angels, clothed with air, That they may be inhabitants of earth, And lead man to destruction. Such are these.

Herod. Knowest thou John the Baptist?

Manahem. Yea, I know him; Who knows him not?

Herod. Know, then, this John the Baptist

Said that it was not lawful I should marry

My brother Philip's wife, and John the Baptist

Is here in prison. In my father's time Matthias Margaloth was put to death For tearing the golden eagle from its station

Above the Temple Gate,—a slighter crime

Than John is guilty of. These things are warnings

To intermeddlers not to play with eagles,

Living or dead. I think the Essenians Are wiser, or more wary, are they not?

Manahem. The Essenians do not marry.

Herod.

Thou hast given My words a meaning foreign to my thought.

Manahem. Let me go hence, O King!

Herod. Stay yet awhile, And see the daughter of Herodias dance.

Cleopatra of Jerusalem, my mother, In her best days, was not more beautiful.

(Music. THE DAUGHTER OF HERODIAS dances.)

Herod. Oh, what was Miriam dancing with her timbrel,

Compared to this one? Manahem (aside). O thou Angel of Death.

Dancing at funerals among the women, When men bear out the dead! The air is hot

And stifles me! Oh for a breath of air!

Bid me depart, O King!

Herod. Not vet. Come hither. Salome, thou enchantress! Ask of me Whate'er thou wilt; and even unto the half

Of all my kingdom, I will give it thee, As the Lord liveth!

Daughter of Herodias (kneeling). • Give me here the head

Of John the Baptist on this silver charger!

Herod. Not that, dear child! I dare not; for the people

Regard John as a prophet.

Daughter of Herodias. Thou hast sworn it.

Herod. For mine oath's sake, then. Send unto the prison;

Let him die quickly. Oh, accursed

Manahem. Bid me depart, O King! Good Manahem, Herod. Give me thy hand. I love the

Essenians.

He 's gone and hears me not! The guests are dumb,

Awaiting the pale face, the silent witness.

The lamps flare; and the curtains of the doorways

Wave to and fro as if a ghost were passing!

Strengthen my heart, red wine of Ascalon!

> UNDER THE WALLS OF III. MACHÆRUS.

Manahem (rushing out). Away from this Palace of sin! The demons, the terrible powers Of the air, that haunt its towers And hide in its water-spouts, Deafen me with the din Of their laughter and their shouts For the crimes that are done within!

Sink back into the earth, Or vanish into the air, Thou castle of despair! Let it all be but a dream Of the things of monstrous birth, Of the things that only seem! White Angel of the Moon, Onafiel! be my guide Out of this hateful place Of sin and death, nor hide In yon black cloud too soon Thy pale and tranquil face! (A trumpet is blown from the

walls.) Hark! hark! It is the breath Of the trump of doom and death, From the battlements overhead Like a burden of sorrow cast On the midnight and the blast, A wailing for the dead,

That the gusts drop and uplift!
O Herod, thy vengeance is swift!
O Herodias, thou hast been
The demon, the evil thing,
That in place of Esther the
Queen,
In place of the lawful bride,

In place of the lawful bride, Hast lain at night by the side Of Ahasuerus the king!

(The trumpet again.)
The Prophet of God is dead!
At a drunken monarch's call,
At a dancing-woman's beck,
They have severed that stubborn

And into the banquet-hall
Are bearing the ghastly head!
(A body is thrown from

the tower.) A torch of lurid red Lights the window with its glow; And a white mass as of snow Is hurled into the abyss Of the black precipice, That yawns for it below! O hand of the Most High, O hand of Adonai! Bury it, hide it away From the birds and beasts of prey, And the eyes of the homicide, More pitiless than they, As thou didst bury of yore The body of him that died On the mountain of Peor! Even now I behold a sign, A threatening of wrath divine, A watery, wandering star, Through whose streaming hair, and the white

Unfolding garments of light,
That trail behind it afar,
The constellations shine!
And the whiteness and brightness appear

Like the Angel bearing the Seer By the hair of his head, in the might

and rush of his vehement flight.

And I listen until I hear

From fathomless depths of the sky

The voice of his prophecy

Sounding louder and more near!

Malediction! malediction!
May the lightnings of heaven fall
On palace and prison wall,
And their desolation be

As the day of fear and affliction, As the day of anguish and ire, With the burning and fuel of fire, In the Valley of the Sea!

IV .- NICODEMUS AT NIGHT.

Nicodemus. The streets are silent.
The dark houses seem

Like sepulchres, in which the sleepers lie

Wrapped in their shrouds, and for the moment dead.

The lamps are all extinguished; only one

Burns steadily, and from the door its light

Lies like a shining gate across the street.

He waits for me. Ah, should this be at last

The long-expected Christ! I see him there

Sitting alone, deep - buried in his thought,

As if the weight of all the world were resting

Upon him, and thus bowed him down. O Rabbi,

We know thou art a Teacher come from God,

For no man can perform the miracles Thou dost perform, except the Lord be with him.

Thou art a Prophet, sent here to proclaim

The Kingdom of the Lord. Behold in

A Ruler of the Jews, who long have waited

The coming of that kingdom. Tell me of it.

Christus. Verily, verily I say unto thee,

Except a man be born again, he cannot Behold the Kingdom of God!

Nicodemus. Be born again? How can a man be born when he is old?

Say, can he enter for a second time Into his mother's womb, and so be born?

Christus. Verily I say unto thee, except

A man be born of water and the spirit, He cannot enter into the Kingdom of God.

For that which of the flesh is born, is flesh:

And that which of the spirit is born, is spirit.

Nicodemus. We Israelites from the Primeval Man

Adam Ahelion derive our bodies;

Our souls are breathings of the Holy Ghost.

No more than this we know, or need to know.

Christus. Then marvel not, that I said unto thee

Ye must be born again.

Nicodemus. The mystery
Of birth and death we cannot comprehend.

Christus. The wind bloweth where it listeth, and we hear

The sound thereof, but know not whence it cometh,

Nor whither it goeth. So is every one Born of the spirit!

Nicodemus (aside). How can these things be?

He seems to speak of some vague realm of shadows,

Some unsubstantial kingdom of the air!

It is not this the Jews are waiting for, Nor can this be the Christ, the Son of David,

Who shall deliver us!

Christus. Art thou a master Of Israel, and knowest not these things?

We speak that we do know, and testify That we have seen, and ye will not receive

Our witness. If I tell you earthly things,

And ye believe not, how shall ye believe,

If I should tell you of things heavenly? And no man hath ascended up to heaven,

But He alone that first came down from heaven,

F.ven the Son of Man which is in heaven!

Nicodemus (aside). This is a dreamer of dreams; a visionary, Whose brain is overtasked, until he

The unseen world to be a thing substantial.

And this we live in, an unreal vision!

And yet his presence fascinates and fills me

With wonder, and I feel myself exalted Into a higher region, and become Myself in part a dreamer of his dreams, A seer of his visions!

Christus. And as Moses
Uplifted the serpent in the wilderness,
So must the Son of Man be lifted up;
That whosoever shall believe in Him
Shall perish not, but have eternal life.
He that believes in Him is not condemned;

He that believes not, is condemned already.

Nicodemus (aside). He speaketh like a Prophet of the Lord!

Christus. This is the condemnation; that the light

Is come into the world, and men loved darkness

Rather than light, because their deeds are evil!

Nicodemus (aside). Of me he speaketh! He reproveth me,

Because I come by night to question him!

Christus. For every one that doeth evil deeds

Hateth the light, nor cometh to the light,

Lest he should be reproved.

Nicodemus (aside). Alas, how truly He readeth what is passing in my heart!

Christus. But he that doeth truth comes to the light,

So that his deeds may be made manifest.

That they are wrought in God.

Nicodemus. Alas! alas!

V.-BLIND BARTIMEUS.

Rartimeus. Be not impatient,
Chilion; it is pleasant
To sit here in the shadow of the walls

Under the palms, and hear the hum of bees.

And rumour of voices passing to and fro,

And drowsy bells of caravans on their way

To Sidon or Damascus. This is still The City of Palms, and yet the walls, thou seest

Are not the old walls, not the walls where Rahab

Hid the two spies, and let them down by cords

Out of the window, when the gates were shut,

And it was dark. Those walls were overthrown

When Joshua's army shouted, and the priests

Blew with their seven trumpets.

Chilion. When was that?

Bartimeus. O my sweet rose of Jericho, I know not.

Hundreds of years ago. And over there

Beyond the river, the great prophet Elijah

Was taken by a whirlwind up to heaven

In chariot of fire, with fiery horses.

That is the plain of Moab; and beyond it

Rise the blue summits of Mount Abarim,

Nebo and Pisgah and Peor, where Moses

Died, whom the Lord knew face to face, and whom

He buried in a valley, and no man Knows of his sepulchre unto this day. Chilion. Would thou couldst see

these places, as I see them.

Bartimeus. I have not seen a glimmer of the light

Since thou wast born. I never saw thy face.

And yet I seem to see it; and one day Perhaps shall see it; for there is a Prophet

In Galilee, the Messiah, the Son of David,

Who heals the blind, if I could only find him.

I hear the sound of many feet approaching,

And voices, like the murmur of a crowd!

What seest thou?

Chilion. A young man clad in white Is coming through the gateway, and a crowd

Of people follow.

Baritmens. Can it be the Prophet!
O neighbours, tell me who it is that passes?

One of the crowd. Jesus of Nazareth. Bartimeus (crying). O Son of David!

Have mercy on me!

Many of the crowd. Peace, Blind Bartimeus!

Do not disturb the Master.

Bartimeus (crying more vehemently). Son of David,

Have mercy on me!

One of the crowd. See, the Master stops.

Be of good comfort; rise, He calleth thee!

Bartimeus (casting away his cleak).
Chihon! good neighbours! lead
me on.

Christus. What wilt thou

That I should do to thee?

Bartimeus. Good Lord! my sight— That I receive my sight!

Christus. Receive thy sight! Thy faith hath made thee whole!

The crowd. He sees again! (CHRISTUS passes on. The crowd gathers round BARTIMEUS.)

Bartimeus. I see again; but sight bewilders me!

Like a remembered dream, familiar things

Come back to me. I see the tender sky Above me, see the trees, the city walls, And the old gateway, through whose echoing arch

I groped so many years; and you, my neighbours;

But know you by your friendly voices only.

How beautiful the world is! and how wide!

Oh, I am miles away, if I but look! Where art thou, Chilion?

Chilion. Father, I am here. Bartimeus. Oh let me gaze upon thy face, dear child!

For I have only seen thee with my hands!

How beautiful thou art! I should have known thee;

Thou hast her eyes whom we shall see hereafter!

O God of Abraham! Elion! Adonai! Who art thyself a Father, pardon me If for a moment I have thee postponed To the affections and the thoughts of earth,

Thee, and the adoration that I owe thee,

When by thy power alone these darkened eyes

Have been unsealed again to see thy light!

VI.--JACOB'S WELL.

A Samaritan Woman. The sun is hot; and the dry east-wind blowing

Fills all the air with dust. The birds are silent;

Even the little fieldfares in the corn No longer twitter; only the grasshoppers

Sing their incessant song of sun and summer.

I wonder who those strangers were I

Going into the city? Galileans

They seemed to me in speaking, when they asked

The short way to the market-place. Perhaps

They are fishermen from the lake; or travellers,

Looking to find the inn. And here is some one

Sitting beside the well; another stranger;

A Galilean also by his looks.

What can so many Jews be doing here Together in Samaria? Are they going Up to Jerusalem to the Passover? Our Passover is better here at Sychem, For here is Ebal; here is Gerizim,

The mountain where our father Abraham

Went up to offer Isaac; here the tomb Of Joseph,--for they brought his bones from Egypt

And buried them in this land, and it is holy.

Christus. Give me to drink.

Samaritan Woman. How can it be that thou,

Being a Jew, askest to drink of me Which am a woman of Samaria?

The Jews despise us; have no dealings with us:

Make us a byword; call us in derision The silly folk of Sychar. Sir, how is it

Thou askest drink of me?

Christus. If thou hadst known. The gift of God, and who it is that sayeth

Give me to drink, thou wouldst have asked of Him;

He would have given thee the living water.

Samaritan Woman. Sir, thou hast naught to draw with, and the well

Is deep! Whence hast thou living water?

Say, art thou greater than our father Jacob,

Which gave this well to us, and drank thereof

Himself, and all his children and his cattle?

Christus. Ah, whosoever drinketh of this water

Shall thirst again; but whosoever drinketh

The water I shall give him shall not

Forevermore, for it shall be within him A well of living water, springing up Into life everlasting.

Samaritan Woman. Every day
I must go to and fro, in heat and cold,
And I am weary. Give me of this
water,

That I may thirst not, nor come here to draw.

Christus. Go call thy husband, woman, and come hither.

Samaritan Woman. I have no husband, Sir.

Christus. Thou hast well said I have no husband. Thou hast had five husbands;

And he whom now thou hast is not thy husband.

Samaritan Woman. Surely thou art a Prophet, for thou readest The hidden things of life! Our

fathers worshipped

Upon this mountain Gerizim; and ye say

The only place in which men ought to worship

Is at Jerusalem.

Christus. Believe me, woman, The hour is coming, when ye neither shall

Upon this mount, nor at Jerusalem, Worship the Father; for the hour is coming,

And is now come, when the true worshippers

Shall worship the Father in spirit and In truth!

The Father seeketh such to worship Him.

God is a spirit; and they that worship
Him

Must worship Him in spirit and in truth.

Samaritan Woman. Master, I know that the Messiah cometh,

Which is called Christ; and He will tell us all things.

Christus. I that speak unto thee am He!

The Disciples (returning). Behold, The Master sitting by the well, and talking

With a Samaritan woman! With a woman

Of Sychar, the silly people, always boasting

Of their Mount Ebal, and Mount Gerizim,

Their Everlasting Mountain, which they think

Higher and holier than our Mount Moriah!

Why, once upon the Feast of the New Moon,

When our great Sanhedrim of Jerusalem Had all its watch-fires kindled on the hills

To warn the distant villages, these people

Lighted up others to mislead the Jews, And make a mockery of their festival! See, she has left the Master, and is running

Back to the city!

Samaritan Woman. Oh, come see

Who hath told me all things that I ever did!

Say, is not this the Christ?

The Disciples. Lo, Master, here Is food, that we have brought thee from the city.

We pray thee eat it.

Christus. I have food to eat

Ye know not of.

The Disciples (to each other). Hath any man been here,

And brought Him aught to eat, while we were gone?

Christus. The food I speak of is to do the will

Of Him that sent me, and to finish his work.

Do ye not say, Lo! there are yet four months

And cometh harvest? I say unto you, Lift up your eyes, and look upon the fields,

For they are white already unto harvest!

VII.—THE COASTS OF CÆSAREA PHILIPPI.

Christus (going up the mountain).

Who do the people say I am?

John.

Some say

That thou art John the Baptist; some, Elias;

And others Jeremiah.

James. Or that one

Of the old Prophets is arisen again.

Christus. But who say ye I am?

Peter. Thou art the Christ!

Thou art the Son of God!

Christus. Blessed art thou, Simon Barjona! Flesh and blood hath

Revealed it unto thee, but even my Father.

Which is in Heaven. And I say unto thee

That thou art Peter; and upon this rock

I build my Church, and all the gates of Hell

Shall not prevail against it. But take heed

Ye tell to no man that I am the Christ. For I must go up to Jerusalem,

And suffer many things, and be rejected

Of the Chief Priests, and of the Scribes and Elders,

And must be crucified, and the third day

Shall rise again!

Peter. Be it far from thee, Lord! This shall not be!

Christus. Get thee behind me, Satan!

Thou savourest not the things that be of God,

But those that be of men! If any will Come after me, let him deny himself, And daily take his cross, and follow me.

For whosoever will save his life shall lose it.

And whosoever will lose his life shall find it.

For wherein shall a man be profited If he shall gain the whole world, and shall lose

Himself or be a castaway?

James (after a long pause). Why doth The Master lead us up into this mountain?

Peter. He goeth up to pray.

John. See, where He standeth Above us on the summit of the hill! His face shines as the sun! and all his raiment

Exceeding white as snow, so as no fuller

On earth can white them! He is not alone;

There are two with Him there; two men of eld,

Their white beards blowing on the mountain air.

Are talking with him.

James. I am sore afraid! Peter. Who and whence are they?

John. Moses and Elias!

Peter. O Master! it is good for us
to be here!

If thou wilt, let us make three tabernacles:

For thee one, and for Moses and Elias!

John. Behold a bright cloud sailing in the sun!

It overshadows us. A golden mist Now hides them from us, and envelops

And all the mountain in a luminous shadow!

I see no more. The nearest rocks are hidden.

Voice (from the cloud). Lo! this is my beloved Son! Hear Him!

Peter. It is the voice of God. He speaketh to us,

As from the burning bush He spake to Moses!

John. The cloud-wreaths roll away.
The veil is lifted;

We see again. Behold! He is alone. It was a vision that our eyes beheld,

And it hath vanished into the unseen.

Christus (coming down from the mountain). I charge ye, tell the vision unto no one.

Till the Son of Man be risen from the dead!

Peter (aside). Again He speaks of it! What can it mean,

This rising from the dead?

James. Why say the Scribes Elias must first come?

Christus. He cometh first, Restoring all things. But I say to you, That this Elias is already come.

They knew him not, but have done unto him

Whate'er they listed, as is written of him.

Peter (aside). It is of John the Baptist He is speaking.

James. As we descend, see, at the mountain's foot,

A crowd of people; coming, going, thronging

Round the disciples, that we left behind us,

Seeming impatient, that we stay so long.

Peter. It is some blind man, or some paralytic

That waits the Master's coming to be healed.

James. I see a boy, who struggles and demeans him

As if an unclean spirit tormented him!

A Certain Man (running forward).

Lord! I beseech thee, look upon my son.

He is mine only child; a lunatic,

And sorely vexed; for oftentimes he falleth

Into the fire and oft into the water.
Wherever the dumb spirit taketh him
He teareth him. He gnasheth with
his teeth,

And pines away. I spake to thy disciples That they should cast him out, and they could not.

Christus. O faithless generation and perverse!

How long shall I be with you, and suffer you?

Bring thy son hither.

Bystanders. How the unclean spirit Seizes the boy, and tortures him with pain!

He falleth to the ground and wallows, foaming!

He cannot live.

Christus. How long is it ago Since this came unto him?

The Father. Even of a child. Oh, have compassion on us, Lord, and help us,

If thou canst help us.

Christus. If thou canst believe. For unto him that verily believeth, All things are possible.

The Father. Lord, I believe! Help thou mine unbelief!

Christus. Dumb and deaf spirit,
Come out of him, I charge thee, and
no more

Enter thou into him!

(The boy utters a loud cry of pain, and then lies still.)

Bystanders. How motionless He lieth there. No life is left in him. His eyes are like a blind man's, that see not.

The boy is dead!

Others. Behold! the Master stoops, And takes him by the hand, and lifts him up.

He is not dead.

Disciples. But one word from those lips,

But one touch of that hand, and he is healed!

Ah, why could we not do it?

The Father. My poor child!

Now thou art mine again. The unclean spirit

Shall never more torment thee! Look at me!

Speak unto me! Say that thou knowest me!

Disciples to Christus (departing).
Good Master, tell us, for what reason was it

We could not cast him out?

Christus. Because of your unbelief!

VIII. -THE YOUNG RULER.

Christus. Two men went up into the temple to pray.

The one was a self-righteous Pharisee, The other a Publican. And the Pharisee

Stood and prayed thus within himself: O God,

I thank thee I am not as other men, Extortioners, unjust, adulterers, Or even as this Publican. I fast

Twice in the week, and also I give tithes

Of all that I possess! The Publican, Standing afar off, would not lift so much

Even as his eyes to heaven, but smote his breast,

Saying: God be merciful to me a sinner!

I tell you that this man went to his

More justified than the other. Every

That doth exalt himself shall be abased.

And he that humbleth himself shall be exalted!

Children (among themselves). Let us go nearer! He is telling stories! Let us go listen to them. An Old Jew. Children, children! What are ye doing here? Why do ye crowd us?

It was such little vagabonds as you

That followed Elisha, mocking him and crying:

Go up, thou bald-head! But the

Came out of the wood, and tare them!

A Mother. Speak not thus!

We brought them here, that He might

lay his hands

On them, and bless them.

Christus. Suffer little children
To come unto me, and forbid them

Of such is the kingdom of heaven; and their angels

Look always on my Father's face.
(Takes them in his arms and blesses them.)

A Young Ruler (running). Good Master!

What good thing shall I do, that I may have

Eternal Life?

Christus. Why callest thou me good?

There is none good but one, and that is God.

If thou wilt enter into life eternal,

Keep the commandments.

Young Ruler. Which of them? Christus. Thou shalt not Commit adultery; thou shalt not kill; Thou shalt not steal; thou shalt not bear false witness;

Honour thy father and thy mother; and love

Thy neighbour as thyself.

Young Ruler. From my youth up All these things have I kept. What lack I yet?

John. With what divine compassion in his eyes

The Master looks upon this eager youth,

As if He loved him!

Christus. Wouldst thou perfect be, Sell all thou hast, and give it to the poor,

And come, take up thy cross, and follow me.

And thou shalt have thy treasure in the heavens.

John. Behold, how sorrowful he turns away!

Christus. Children! how hard it is for them that trust

In riches to enter into the kingdom of God!

'T is easier for a camel to go through
A needle's eye, than for the rich to
enter

The kingdom of God!

John. Ah, who then can be saved? Christus. With men this is indeed impossible,

But unto God all things are possible!

Peter. Behold, we have left all, and followed thee.

What shall we have therefor?

Christus. Eternal life.

IX .-- AT BETHANY.

(MARTHA busy about household affairs. MARY sitting at the feet of CHRISTUS.)

Martha. She sitteth idly at the Master's feet,

And troubles not herself with household cares.

'T is the old story. When a guest arrives

She gives up all to be with him; while I

Must be the drudge, make ready the guest-chamber,

Prepare the food, set everything in order,

And see that naught is wanting in the house.

She shows her love by words, and I by works.

Mary. O Master! when thou comest, it is always

A Sabbath in the house. I cannot work;

I must sit at thy feet; must see thee, hear thee!

I have a feeble, wayward, doubting heart,

Incapable of endurance or great thoughts,

Striving for something that it cannot reach,

Baffled and disappointed, wounded, hungry;

And only when I hear thee am I

happy,
And only when I see thee am at peace!
Stronger than I, and wiser, and far
better

In every manner, is my sister Martha.

Thou seest how well she orders everything

To make thee welcome; how she comes and goes,

Careful and cumbered ever with much serving,

While I but welcome thee with foolish words!

Whene'er thou speakest to me, I am happy;

When thou art silent, I am satisfied.

Thy presence is enough. I ask no

Only to be with thee, only to see thee, Sufficeth me. My heart is then at rest.

I wonder I am worthy of so much.

Martha. Lord, dost thou care not that my sister Mary

Hath left me thus to wait on thee alone?

I pray thee, bid her help me.

Christus. Martha, Martha, Careful and troubled about many things

Art thou, and yet one thing alone is needful!

Thy sister Mary hath chosen that good part,

Which never shall be taken away from her!

X .- BORN BLIND.

A Jew. Who is this beggar blinking in the sun?

Is it not he who used to sit and beg By the Gate Beautiful?

Another. It is the same.

A Third. It is not he, but like him,
for that beggar

Was blind from birth. It cannot be the same.

The Beggar. Yea, I am he.

A Jew. How have thine eyes been opened?

The Beggar. A man that is called Jesus made a clay

And put it on mine eyes, and said to

Go to Siloam's Pool and wash thyself. I went and washed, and I received my sight.

A Jew. Where is He?

The Beggar. I know not.

Pharisees. What is this crowd Gathered about a beggar? What has happened?

A Jew. Here is a man who hath been blind from birth,

And now he sees. He says a man called Iesus

Hath healed him.

Pharisees. As God liveth, the Nazarene!

How was this done?

The Beggar. Rabboni, he put clay Upon mine eyes; I washed, and now I see.

Pharisees. When did he this?
The Beggar. Rabboni, yesterday.
Pharisees. The Sabbath day. This
man is not of God

Because he keepeth not the Sabbath day!

A Jew. How can a man that is a sinner do

Such miracles?

Pharisees. What dost thou say of him

That hath restored thy sight?

The Beggar. He is a Prophet. A Jew. This is a wonderful story, but not true.

A beggar's fiction. He was not born blind.

And never has been blind!

Others. Here are his parents.

Ask them.

Pharisees. Is this your son?

The Parents. Rabboni, yea;

We know this is our son.

Pharisees. Was he born blind?

The Parents. He was born blind.

Pharisees. Then how doth he now see?

The Parents (aside). What answer shall we make? If we confess

It was the Christ, we shall be driven forth

Out of the Synagogue! We know, Rabboni,

This is our son, and that he was born blind;

But by what means he seeth, we know not,

Or who his eyes hath opened, we know not.

He is of age; ask him; we cannot say; He shall speak for himself.

Pharisees. Give God the praise! We know the man that healed thee is a sinner!

The Beggar. Whether He be a sinner, I know not;

One thing I know; that whereas I was blind,

I now do see.

Pharisees. How opened he thine eyes?

What did he do?

The Beggar. I have already told you.

Ye did not hear: why would ye hear again?

Will ye be his disciples?

Pharisees. God of Moses! Are we demoniacs, are we halt or blind, Or palsy-stricken, or lepers, or the like,

That we should join the Synagogue of Satan.

And follow jugglers? Thou art his disciple,

But we are disciples of Moses; and we know

That God spake unto Moses; but this fellow,

We know not whence he is!

The Beggar. Why, herein is A marvellous thing! Ye know not whence He is,

Yet He hath opened mine eyes! We know that God

Heareth not sinners; but if any man Doeth God's will, and is his worship-

Him doth He hear. Oh, since the world began

It was not heard that any man hath opened

The eyes of one that was born blind.

If He

Were not of God, surely He could do nothing!

Pharisees. Thou, who wast altogether born in sins

And in iniquities, dost thou teach us?
Away with thee out of the holy places,
Thou reprobate, thou beggar, thou
blasphemer!

(THE BEGGAR is cast out.)

XI.—SIMON MAGUS AND HELEN OF TYRE.

(On the house-top at Endor. Night. A lighted lantern on a table.

Simon. Swift are the blessed Immortals to the mortal

That perseveres! So doth it stand recorded

In the divine Chaldaean Oracles Of Zoroaster, once Ezekiel's slave,

Who in his native East betook himself

To lonely meditation, and the writing On the dried skins of oven the Twelve Bocks

Of the Avesta and the Oracles!

Therefore I persevere; and I have brought thee

From the great city of Tyre, where men deride

The things they comprehend not, to this plain

Of Esdraelon, in the Hebrew tongue Called Armageddon, and this town of Endor.

Where men believe; where all the air is full

Of marvellous traditions, and the Enchantress

That summoned up the ghost of Samuel

Is still remembered. Thou hast seen the land:

Is it not fair to look on?

Helen. It is fair,

Yet not so fair as Tyre.

Simon. Is not Mount Tabor
As beautiful as Carmel by the Sea?

Helen. It is too silent and too solitary;

I miss the tumult of the streets; the sounds

Of traffic, and the going to and fro

Of people in gay attire, with cloaks of purple,

And gold and silver jewelry!

Simon. Inventions Of Ahriman, the spirit of the dark,

The Evil Spirit!

Helen. I regret the gossip
Of friends and neighbours at the open
door

On summer nights.

Simon. An idle waste of time. Helen. The singing and the dancing, the delight

Of music and of motion. Woe is me, To give up all these pleasures, and to lead

The life we lead!

Simon. Thou canst not raise thyself Up to the level of my higher thought, And though possessing thee, I still remain

Apart from thee, and with thee, am alone

In my high dreams.

Tielen. Happier was I in Tyre. Oh, I remember how the gallant ships Came sailing in, with ivory, gold, and silver,

And apes and peacocks; and the singing sailors,

And the gay captains with their silken dresses,

Smelling of aloes, myrrh, and cinnamon!

Simon. But the dishonour, Helen!
Let the ships

Of Tarshish howl for that!

Helen. And what dishonour? Remember Rahab, and how she became

The ancestress of the great Psalmist David:

And wherefore should not I, Helen of Tyre,

Attain like honour?

Simon. Thou art Helen of Tyre, And hast been Helen of Troy, and hast been Rahab,

The Queen of Sheba, and Semiramis, And Sara of seven husbands, and Iezebel.

And other women of the like allurements; And now thou art Minerva, the first Æon,

The Mother of Angels!

Helen. And the concubine
Of Simon the Magician! Is it honour
For one who has been all these noble
dames.

To tramp about the dirty villages
And cities of Samaria with a juggler?

A charmer of serpents?

Simon. He who knows himself Knows all things in himself. I have charmed thee,

Thou beautiful asp: yet am I no magician.

I am the power of God, and the Beauty of God!

I am the Paraclete, the Comforter!

Helen. Illusions! Thou deceiver,

self-deceived!
Thou dost usurp the titles of another;
Thou art not what thou sayest.

Simon. Am I not?

Then feel my power.

Helen. Would I had ne'er left Tyre! (He looks at her, and she sinks into a deep sleep.)

Simon. Go, see it in thy dreams, fair unbeliever!

And leave me unto mine, if they be dreams,

That take such shapes before me, that I see them;

These effable and ineffable impressions Of the mysterious world, that come to

From the elements of Fire and Earth and Water,

And the all-nourishing Ether! It is written,

Look not on Nature, for her name is fatal!

Yet there are Principles, that make apparent

The images of unapparent things,

And the impression of vague characters And visions most divine appear in ether.

So speak the Oracles; then wherefore fatal?

I take this orange-bough, with its five leaves,

Each equidistant on the upright stem;

And I project them on a plane below, In the circumference of a circle drawn

About a centre where the stem is planted,

And each still equidistant from the other;

As if a thread of gossamer were drawn Down from each leaf, and fastened with a pin.

Now if from these five points a line be traced

To each alternate point, we shall obtain

The Pentagram, or Solomon's Pentagle,

A charm against all witchcraft, and a sign,

Which on the banner of Antiochus
Drove back the fierce barbarians of
the North,

Demons esteemed, and gave the Syrian King

The sacred name of Soter, or of Savior.

Thus Nature works mysteriously with

And from the Eternal One, as from a centre,

All things proceed, in fire, air, earth, and water,

And all are subject to one law, which broken

Even in a single point, is broken in all;

Demons rush in, and chaos comes again.

By this will I compel the stubborn spirits,

That guard the treasures, hid in caverns deep

On Gerizim, by Uzzi the High-Priest, The ark and holy vessels, to reveal Their secret unto me, and to restore These precious things to the Samaritans.

A mist is rising from the plain below me.

And as I look, the vapours shape themselves

Into strange figures, as if unawares
My lips had breathed the Tetragrammaton.

And from their graves, o'er all the battle-fields

Of Armageddon, the long-buried captains

Had started, with their thousands, and ten thousands,

And rushed together to renew their wars,

Powerless, and weaponless, and without a sound!

Wake, Helen, from thy sleep! The air grows cold;

Let us go down.

Helen (awaking). Oh, would I were at home!

Simon. Thou sayest that I usurp another's titles.

In youth I saw the Wise Men of the East,

Magalath and Pangalath and Saracen, Who followed the bright star, but home returned

For fear of Herod by another way.

Oh shining worlds above me! in what deep

Recesses of your realms of mystery Lies hidden now that star? and where are they

That brought the gifts of frankincense and myrrh?

Helen. The Nazarene still liveth.

Simon. We have heard

His name in many towns, but have not seen Him.

He flits before us; tarries not; is

When we approach, like something unsubstantial,

Made of the air, and fading into air.

He is at Nazareth, He is at Nain, Or at the Lovely Village on the Lake, Or sailing on its waters.

Helen. So say those

Who do not wish to find Him.

Simon.

Can this be

The King of Israel, whom the Wise Men worshipped?

Or does He fear to meet me? It would seem so.

We should soon learn which of us twain usurps

The titles of the other, as thou sayest. (They go down.)

THE THIRD PASSOVER.

I.—THE ENTRY INTO JERUSALEM

(THE SYRO-PHENICIAN WOMAN and her DAUGHTER on the house-top at Jerusalem.)

THE DAUGHTER (singing).

Blind Bartimeus at the gates
Of Jericho in darkness waits;
He hears the crowd;—he hears a breath
Say, It is Christ of Nazareth!
And calls, in tones of agony,
'Inoo', ελέησόν με!

The thronging multitudes increase; Blind Bartimeus, hold thy peace! But still, above the noisy crowd, The beggar's cry is shrill and loud; Until they say, He calleth thee! Θάρσει ἐγειραι, φωνεῖ σε!

Then saith the Christ, as silent stands. The crowd, What wilt thou at my hands? And he replies, Oh, give me light! Rabbi, restore the blind man's sight! And Jesus answers, "Traye:
"H πίστις σου σέσωκέ σε!

Ye that have eyes, yet cannot see, In darkness and in misery, Recall those mighty voices three, Ἰησοῦ, ἐλέησόν με / Θάρσει Εγειραι, ὅπαγε / Ἡ πίστις σου σέσωκέ σε !

The Mother. Thy faith hath saved thee! Ah, how true that is!

For I had faith; and when the Master came

Into the coasts of Tyre and Sidon, fleeing

From those who sought to slay Him, I went forth

And cried unto Him, saying: Have mercy on me,

O Lord, thou Son of David! for my daughter

Is grievously tormented with a devil. But He passed on, and answered not a word.

And his disciples said, beseeching

Send her away! She crieth after us!
And then the Master answered them
and said:

I am not sent but unto the lost sheep Of the House of Israel! Then I worshipped Him,

Saying: Lord, help me! And He answered me,

It is not meet to take the children's bread

And cast it unto dogs! Truth, Lord, I said:

And yet the dogs may eat the crumbs which fall

From off their master's table; and He turned,

And answered me; and said to me: O woman,

Great is thy faith; then be it unto thee Even as thou wilt. And from that very hour

Thou wast made whole, my darling!
my delight!

The Daughter. There came upon my dark and troubled mind

A calm, as when the tumult of the city Suddenly ceases, and I lie and hear The silver trumpets of the Temple blowing

Their welcome to the Sabbath. Still I wonder,

That one who was so far away from me, And could not see me, by his thought

Had power to heal me. Oh that I could see Him!

The Mother. Perhaps thou wilt; for I have brought thee here

To keep the holy Passover, and lay Thine offering of thanksgiving on the altar.

Thou mayst both see and hear Him. Hark!

Voices (afar off). Hosanna!

The Daughter. A crowd comes pouring through the city gate!
O mother, look!

Voices (in the street). Hosanna to the Son

Of David!

The Daughter. A great multitude of people

Fills all the street; and riding on an

Comes one of noble aspect, like a king!

The people spread their garments in the way.

And scatter branches of the palmtrees!

Voices. Blessed

Is He that cometh in the name of the

Hosanna in the highest!

Other Voices. Who is this? Voices. Jesus of Nazareth!

The Daughter. Mother, it is He! He hath called Lazarus of Bethany

Out of his grave, and raised him from the dead!

Hosanna in the highest!

Pharisees. Ye perceive That nothing we prevail. Behold, the world

Is all gone after him!

The Daughter. What majesty, What power is in that care-worn

countenance! What sweetness, what compassion! I no longer

Wonder that He hath healed me! Voices. Peace in heaven.

And glory in the highest! Rabbi! Rabbi! Pharisees.

Rebuke thy followers!

Christus. Should they hold their peace

The very stones beneath us would cry out!

The Daughter. All hath passed by me like a dream of wonder!

But I have seen Him, and have heard his voice.

And I am satisfied! I ask no more!

II.-SOLOMON'S PORCH.

Gamaliel the Scribe. When Rabban Simeon, upon whom be peace!

Taught in these Schools, he boasted that his pen

Had written no word that he could call his own.

But wholly and always had been consecrated

To the transcribing of the Law and Prophets,

He used to say, and never tired of saying,

The world itself was built upon the Law.

And ancient Hillel said, that whoso-

Gains a good name, gains something for himself,

But he who gains a knowledge of the

Gains everlasting life. And they spake truly.

Great is the Written Law; but greater

The Unwritten, the Traditions of the Elders,

The lovely words of Levites, spoken

To Moses on the Mount, and handed

From mouth to mouth, in one unbroken sound

And sequence of divine authority,

The voice of God resounding through the ages.

The Written Law is water; the Unwritten

Is precious wine; the Written Law is

The Unwritten costly spice; the Written Law

Is but the body; the Unwritten, the

That quickens it and makes it breathe and live.

I can remember, many years ago,

A little bright-eyed school-boy, a mere stripling,

Son of a Galilean carpenter,

From Nazareth, I think, who came one

And sat here in the Temple with the Scribes,

Hearing us speak, and asking many questions,

And we were all astonished at his quickness.

And when his mother came, and said: Behold

Thy father and I have sought thee, sorrowing;

He looked as one astonished, and made answer.

How is it that ye sought me? Wist ve not

That I must be about my Father's business?

Often since then I see him here among us,

Or dream I see him, with his upraised face

Intent and eager, and I often wonder Unto what manner of manhood he hath grown?

Perhaps a poor mechanic, like his father,

Lost in his little Galilean village

And toiling at his craft, to die unknown And be no more remembered among men.

Christus (in the outer court). The Scribes and Pharisees sit in Moses' seat;

All, therefore, whatsoever they command you,

Observe and do; but follow not their works;

They say and do not. They bind heavy burdens

And very grievous to be borne, and lay them

Upon men's shoulders, but they move them not

With so much as a finger!

Gamaliel (looking forth). Who is this

Exhorting in the outer courts so loudly?

Christus. Their works they do for to be seen of men.

They make broad their phylacteries, and enlarge

The borders of their garments, and they love

The uppermost rooms at feasts, and the chief seats

In Synagogues, and greetings in the markets,

And to be called of all men Rabbi

And to be called of all men Rabbi, Rabbi!

Gamaliel. It is that loud and turbulent Galilean,

That came here at the Feast of Dedication,

And stirred the people up to break the Law!

Christus. Woe unto you, ye Scribes and Pharisees.

Ye hypocrites! for ye shut up the kingdom

Of heaven, and neither go ye in yourselves

Nor suffer them that are entering to go in!

Gamaliel. How eagerly the people throng and listen,

As if his ribald words were words of wisdom!

Christus. Woe unto you, ye Scribes and Pharisees,

Ye hypocrites! for ye devour the houses

Of widows, and for pretence ye make long prayers;

Therefore shall ye receive the more damnation.

Gamaliel. This brawler is no Jew,—he is a vile

Samaritan, and hath an unclean spirit!

Christus. Woe unto you, ye Scribes and Pharisees,

Ye hypocrites! ye compass sea and

To make one proselyte, and when he is made

Ye make him twofold more the child of hell

Than you yourselves are!

Gamaliel. O my father's father! Hillel of blessed memory, hear and

judge!
Christus. Woe unto you, ye Scribes

Christus. Woe unto you, ye Scribes and Pharisees,

Ye hypocrites! for ye pay tithe of mint,

Of anise, and of cumin, and omit

The weightier matters of the law of God,

Judgment and faith and mercy; and all these

Ye ought to have done, nor leave undone the others!

Gamaliel. O Rabban Simeon! how must thy bones

Stir in their grave to hear such blasphemies!

Christus. Woe unto you, ye Scribes and Pharisees,

Ye hypocrites! for ye make clean and sweet

The outside of the cup and of the platter,

But they within are full of all excess!

Gamaliel. Patience of God! canst thou endure so long?

Or art thou deaf, or gone upon a journey?

Christus. Woe unto you, ye Scribes and Pharisees,

Ye hypocrites! for ye are very like

To whited sepulchres, which indeed appear

Beautiful outwardly, but are within Filled full of dead men's bones and all uncleanness!

Gamaliel. Am I awake? Is this Jerusalem?

And are these Jews that throng and stare and listen?

Christus. Woe unto you, ye Scribes and Pharisees,

Ye hypocrites! because ye build the tombs

Of prophets, and adorn the sepulchres Of righteous men, and say: If we had

When lived our fathers, we would not have been

Partakers with them in the blood of Prophets.

So ye be witnesses unto yourselves,

That ye are children of them that killed the Prophets!

Fill ye up then the measure of your fathers.

I send unto you Prophets and Wise Men,

And Scribes, and some ye crucify, and some

Scourge in your Synagogues, and persecute

From city to city; that on you may come The righteous blood that hath been shed on earth,

From the blood of righteous Abel to the blood

Of Zacharias, son of Barachias,

Ye slew between the Temple and the altar!

Gamaliel. Oh, had I here my subtle dialectician,

My little Saul of Tarsus, the tentmaker, Whose wit is sharper than his needle's point,

He would delight to foil this noisy wrangler!

Christus. Jerusalem! Jerusalem! O

That killest the Prophets, and that stonest them

Which are sent unto thee, how often would I

Have gathered together thy children, as a hen

Gathereth her chickens underneath her wing.

And ye would not! Behold, your house

Unto you desolate!

The People. This is a Prophet! This is the Christ that was to come! Gamaliel. Ye fools!

Think ye, shall Christ come out of Galilee?

III.- LORD, IS IT 1?

Christus. One of you shall betray me. The Disciples. Is it I?

Lord, is it I?

Christus. One of the Twelve it is That dippeth with me in this dish his hand:

He shall betray mc. Lo, the Son of

Goeth indeed as it is written of Him; But woe shall be unto that man by whom

He is betrayed! Good were it for that

If he had ne'er been born!

Judas Iscariot. Lord, is it 1? Christus. Ay, thou hast said. And that thou doest, do quickly.

Judas Iscariot (going out). Ah, woe is me!

Christus. All ye shall be offended Because of me this night; for it is written:

Awake, O sword against my shepherd!
Smite

The shepherd, saith the Lord of hosts, and scattered

Shall be the sheep!—But after I am risen

I go before you into Galilee.

Peter. O Master! though all men shall be offended Because of thee, yet will not I be! Christus. Simon. Behold how Satan hath desired to have That he may sift you as one sifteth

Whither I go thou canst not follow me— Not now; but thou shalt follow me hereafter.

Peter. Wherefore can I not follow thee? I am ready

To go with thee to prison and to death. Christus. Verily say I unto thee, this night,

Ere the cock crow, thou shalt deny me thrice!

Peter. Though I should die, yet will I not deny thee.

Christus. When first I sent you forth without a purse,

Or script or shoes, did ye lack anything?

The Disciples. Not anything.

Christus. But he that hath a purse, Now let him take it, and likewise his scrip;

And he that hath no sword, let him go

His clothes and buy one. That which hath been written

Must be accomplished now: He hath poured out

His soul even unto death; he hath been numbered

With the transgressors, and himself hath borne The sin of many, and made inter-

cession

For the transgressors. And here have an end

The things concerning me.

Behold, O Lord, Behold, here are two swords!

It is enough. Christus.

THE GARDEN OF GETHSEMANE. Christus. My spirit is exceeding sorrowful

Even unto death! Tarry ye here and watch.

(He goes apart.)

Peter. Under this ancient olive tree, that spreads

Its broad centennial branches like a

Let us lie down and rest.

John. What are those torches,

That glimmer on Brook Kedron there below us?

James. It is some marriage feast; the joyful maidens

Go out to meet the bridegroom.

Peter. I am weary. The struggles of this day have over-

> come me. (They sleep.)

Christus (falling on his face). Father! all things are possible to thee,---Oh let this cup pass from me! Nevertheless

Not as I will, but as thou wilt, be done! (Returning to the Disciples.)

What! could ye not watch with me for one hour?

Oh watch and pray, that ye may enter

Into temptation. For the spirit indeed Is willing, but the flesh is weak!

John. It is for sorrow that our eyes are heavy.---

I see again the glimmer of those torches

Among the olives; they are coming hither.

James. Outside the garden wall the path divides;

Surely they come not hither. (They sleep again.)

Christus (as before). O my Father. If this cup may not pass away from me, Except I drink of it, thy will be done. (Returning to the Disciples.)

Sleep on; and take your rest!

Beloved Master, Alas! we know not what to answer thee! It is for sorrow that our eyes are heavy.--

Behold, the torches now encompass us. James. They do but go about the garden wall,

Seeking for some one, or for something lost.

(They sleep again.) -

Christus (as before). If this cup may not pass away from me,

Except I drink of it, thy will be done.

(Returning to the Disciples.)

It is enough! Behold, the Son of Man

Hath been betrayed into the hands of sinners!

The hour is come. Rise up, let us be going;

For he that shall betray me is at hand.

John. Ah me! See, from his forehead, in the torchlight,

Great drops of blood are falling to the ground!

Peter. What lights are these? What torches glare and glisten

Upon the swords and armour of these men!

And there among them Judas Iscariot!

(He smites the servant of the High-Priest with his sword.)

Christus. Put up thy sword into its sheath; for they

That take the sword shall perish with the sword.

The cup my Father hath given me to drink,

Shall I not drink it? Think'st thou that I cannot

Pray to my Father, and that He shall give me

More than twelve legions of angels presently?

Judas to Christus (kissing him). Hail, Master! hail!

Christus. Friend, wherefore art thou come?

Whom seek ye?

Captain of the Temple. Jesus of Nazareth.

Christus. I am he. Are ye come hither as against a thief,

With swords and staves to take me? When I daily

Was with you in the Temple, ye stretched forth

No hands to take me! But this is your hour,

And this the power or darkness. If ye seek

Me only, let these others go their way. (The Disciples depart. Christus is bound and led away. A certain young man follows Him, having a linen cloth cast about his body. They lay hold of him, and the young man flees from them naked.)

V. - THE PALACE OF CAIAPHAS.

Pharisees.—What do we? Clearly something must we do,

For this man worketh many miracles.

Caiaphas. I am informed that he is a mechanic;

A carpenter's son; a Galilean peasant, Keeping disreputable company.

Pharisees. The people say that here in Bethany

He hath raised up a certain Lazarus, Who had been dead three days.

Caiaphas. Impossible!

There is no resurrection of the dead; This Lazarus should be taken, and put to death

As an impostor. If this Galilean Would be content to stay in Galilee, And preach in country towns, I should not heed him.

But when he comes up to Jerusalem Riding in triumph, as I am informed, And drives the money-changers from the Temple,

That is another matter.

Pharisees. If we thus Let him alone, all will believe on him,

And then the Romans come and take away

Our place and nation.

Caiaphas. Ye know nothing at all. Simon Ben Camith, my great predecessor,

On whom be peace! would have dealt presently

With such a demagogue. I shall no less.

The man must die. Do ye consider . not

It is expedient that one man should die, Not the whole nation perish? What is death?

It differeth from sleep but in diviation.

We sleep and wake again; an hour or

Later or earlier, and it matters not, And if we never wake it matters

When we are in our graves we are at peace,

Nothing can wake us or disturb us

There is no resurrection.

Pharisees (aside). O most faithful Disciple of Hircanus Maccabæus,

Will nothing but complete annihilation Comfort and satisfy thee?

Caiaphas.

While ye are talking And plotting, and contriving how to take him,

Fearing the people, and so doing naught,

I, who fear not the people, have been acting;

Have taken this Prophet, this young Nazarene,

Who by Beelzebub the Prince of devils Casteth out devils, and doth raise the dead,

That might as well be dead, and left in peace.

Annas my father-in-law hath sent him hither.

I hear the guard. Behold your Galilean!

(CHRISTUS is brought in bound.)

Servant (in the vestibule). Why art thou up so late, my pretty damsel?

Damsel. Why art thou up so early, pretty man?

It is not cock-crow yet, and art thou ... stirring?

Servant. What brings thee here? Damsel. What brings the rest of

Servant. Come here and warm thy hands.

Damsel (to Peter). Art thou not also One of this man's disciples?

I am not. Damsel. Now surely thou art also one of them;

Thou art a Galilean, and thy speech Bewrayeth thee.

Peter. Woman, I know him not!

Caiaphas (to Christus, in the Hall). Who art thou? Tell us plainly of thyself

And of thy doctrines, and of thy disciples.

Christus. Lo, I have spoken openly to the world,

I have taught ever in the Synagogue, And in the Temple, where the Jews resort;

In secret have said nothing. fore then

Askest thou me of this? Ask them that heard me

What I have said to them. Behold, they know

What I have said!

Officer (striking him). What, fellow answerest thou

The High-Priest so?

Christus. If I have spoken evil, Bear witness of the evil; but if well, Why smitest thou me?

Caiaphas. Where are the witnesses? Let them say what they know.

The Two False Witnesses. We heard him say:

I will destroy this Temple made with hands,

And will within three days build up another

Made without hands

Scribes and Pharisees. He is o'erwhelmed with shame

And cannot answer!

Caiaphas. Dost thou answer nothing? What is this thing they witness here against thee?

Scribes and Pharisees. He holds his peace.

Tell us, art thou the Caiaphas. Christ?

I do adjure thee by the living God, Tell us, art thou indeed the Christ? Christus.

Hereafter shall ye see the Son of Man Sit on the right hand of the power of God.

And come in clouds of heaven! Caiaphas (rending his clothes). It is enough.

He hath spoken blasphemy! What further need

Have we of witnesses? Now ye have heard

His blasphemy. What think ye? Is he guilty?

Scribes and Pharisees. Guilty of death!

Kinsman of Malchus (to Peter, in the vestibule). Surely I know thy face,

Did I not see thee in the garden with him?

Peter: How couldst thou see me? I swear unto thee

I do not know this man of whom ye speak!

(The cock crows.)

Hark! the cock crows! That sorrowful, pale face

Seeks for me in the crowd, and looks at me,

As if He would remind me of those words:

Ere the cock crow thou shalt deny me thrice!

(Goes out weeping. Christus is blindfolded and buffeted.)

An Officer (striking him with his palm.) Prophesy unto us, thou Christ, thou Prophet!

Who is it smote thee?

Caiaphas. Lead him unto Pilate!

VI.-PONTIUS PILATE.

Pilate. Wholly incomprehensible to me,

Vainglorious, obstinate, and given up To unintelligible old traditions,

And proud, and self-conceited are these Jews!

Not long ago, I marched the legions down

From Cæsarea to their winter-quarters Here in Jerusalem, with the effigies Of Cæsar on their ensigns, and a tumult

Arose among these Jews, because their Law

Forbids the making of all images!
They threw themselves upon the ground with wild

Expostulations, bared their necks, and

That they would sooner die than have their Law

Infringed in any manner; as if Numa Were not as great as Moses, and the Laws

Of the Twelve Tables as their Pentateuch!

And then, again, when I desired to span

Their valley with an aqueduct, and bring

A rushing river in to wash the city

And its inhabitants, -- they all rebelled As if they had been herds of unwashed swine!

Thousands and thousands of them got together

And raised so great a clamour round my doors,

That, fearing violent outbreak, I desisted,

And left them to their wallowing in the mire.

And now here comes the reverend Sanhedrim

Of lawyers, priests, and Scribes and Pharisees,

Like old and toothless mastiffs, that

But cannot bite, howling their accusations

Against a mild enthusiast, who hath preached

I know not what new doctrine, being King

Of some vague kingdom in the other world,

That hath no more to do with Rome and Cæsar

Than I have with the patriarch Abraham!

Finding this man to be a Galilean
I sent him straight to Herod, and I

hope

That is the last of it: but if it be not

That is the last of it; but if it be not,
I still have power to pardon and
release him,

As is the custom at the Passover,

And so accommodate the matter smoothly,

Seeming to yield to them, yet saving him;

A prudent and sagacious policy
For Roman Governors in the Provinces.

Incomprehensible, fanatic people! Ye have a God, who seemeth like yourselves

Incomprehensible, dwelling apart, Majestic, cloud-encompassed, clothed in darkness!

One whom ye fear, but love not; yet ye have

No Goddesses to soften your stern lives, And make you tender unto human weakness,

While we of Rome have everywhere around us

Our amiable divinities, that haunt The woodlands, and the waters, and frequent

Our households, with their sweet and gracious presence!

I will go in, and while these Jews are wrangling,

Read my Ovidius on the Art of Love.

VII.-BARABBAS IN PRISON.

BARABBAS (to his fellow-prisoners).
Barabbas is my name,
Barabbas, the Son of Shame,
Is the meaning, I suppose;
I'm no better than the best,
And whether worse than the rest
Of my fellow-men, who knows?

I was once, to say it in brief, A highwayman, a robber chief, In the open light of day. So much I am free to confess; But all men, more or less, Are robbers in their way.

From my cavern in the crags,
From my lair of leaves and flags,
I could see, like ants, below,
The camels with their load
Of merchandise, on the road
That leadeth to Jericho.

And I struck them unaware,
As an eagle from the air
Drops down upon bird or beast;
And I had my heart's desire
Of the merchants of Sidon and Tyre,
And Damascus and the East.

But it is not for that I fear; It is not for that I am here In these iron fetters bound Sedition! that is the word That Pontius Pilate heard, And he liketh not the sound. What think ye, would he care
For a Jew slain here or there,
Or a plundered caravan?
But Cæsar!—ah, that is a crime,
To the uttermost end of time
Shall not be forgiven to man.

Therefore was Herod wroth With Matthias Margaloth, And burned him for a show! Therefore his wrath did smite Judas the Gaulonite, And his followers, as ye know.

For that cause and no more, Am I here, as I said before; For one unlucky night, Jucundus, the captain of horse, Was upon us with all his force, And I was caught in the fight.

I might have fled with the rest, But my dagger was in the breast Of a Roman equerry; As we rolled there in the street,

As we rolled there in the street, They bound me, hands and feet; And this is the end of me.

Who cares for death? Not I!
A thousand times I would die,
Rather than suffer wrong!
Already those women of mine
Are mixing the myrrh and the wine;
I shall not be with you long.

VIII .-- ECCE HOMO.

Pilate (on the tessellated parement in front of his pulace). Ye have brought unto me this man, as one

Who doth pervert the people; and behold!

I have examined him, and found no fault Touching the things whereof ye do accuse him.

No, nor yet Herod; for I sent you to him,

And nothing worthy of death he findeth in him.

Ye have a custom at the Passover, That one condemned to death shall be released.

Whom will ye, then, that I release to

Jesus Barabbas, called the Son of Shame,

Or Jesus, Son of Joseph, called the Christ?

The People (shouting). Not this man, but Barabbas!

Pilate.

What then will ye That I should do with him that is called Christ?

The People. Crucify him!

Pilate. Why, what evil hath he done? Lo, I have found no cause of death in

I will chastise him, and then let him go. People (more vehemently). Crucify him! crucify him!

A Messenger (to Pilate). Thy wife

This message to thee,—Have thou naught to do

With that just man; for I this day in dreams

Have suffered many things because of him.

Pilate (aside). The Gods speak to us in our dreams! I tremble At what I have to do! O Claudia.

How shall I save him? Yet one effort more,

Or he must perish!

(Washes his hands before them.) I am innocent

Of the blood of this just person; see ye to it!

The People. Let his blood be on us and on our children!

Voices (within the palace). Put on thy royal robes; put on thy crown,

And take thy sceptre! Hail, thou

King of the Jews!
Pilate. I bring him forth to you, that ye may know

I find no fault in him. Behold the man!

(CHRISTUS is led in with the purple robe and crown of thorns.)

Chief Priests and Officers. Crucify him! crucify him! Take ye him;

Pilate. I find no fault in him.

Chief Priests. We have a Law,

And by our Law he ought to die; because

He made himself to be the Son of God. Pilate (aside). Ah! there are Sons of God, and demi-gods

More than ye know, ye ignorant High-Priests!

(To Christus.)

Whence art thou?

Chief Priests. Crucify him! crucify

Pilate (to Christus). Dost thou not answerme? Dost thou not know

That I have power enough to crucify

That I have also power to set thee free? Christus. Thou couldest have no power at all against me

Except that it were given thee from

above:

Therefore hath he that sent me unto

The greater sin.

Chief Priests. If thou let this man go, Thou art not Cæsar's friend. For whosoever

Maketh himself a King, speaks against Cæsar.

Pilate. Ye Jews, behold your King! Chief Pricsts. Away with him! Crucify him!

Pilate. Shall I crucify your King? Chief Priests. We have no King but Cæsar!

Pilate. Take him, then,

Take him, ye cruel and bloodthirsty Priests.

More merciless than the plebeian mob, Who pity and spare the fainting gladiator

Blood-stained in Roman amphitheatres,---

Take him, and crucify him if ye will; But if the immortal Gods do ever mingle

With the affairs of mortals, which I

doubt not, And hold the attribute of justice dear, They will commission the Eumenides To scatter you to the four winds of

heaven, Exacting tear for tear, and blood for blood.

Here, take ye this inscription, Priests, and nail it

Upon the cross, above your victim's head:

Jesus of Nazareth, King of the Jews.

Chief Priests. Nay, we entreat! write not, the King of the Jews; But that he said: I am the King of the Jews!

Pilate. Enough. What I have written, I have written.

IX. -- ACELDAMA.

Judas Iscariot. Lost! lost! Forever lost! I have betrayed

The innocent blood! O God! if thou art love,

Why didst thou leave me naked to the tempter?

Why didst thou not commission thy swift lightning

To strike me dead? or why did I not perish

With those by Herod slain, the innocent children

Who went with playthings in their little hands

Into the darkness of the other world, As if to bed? Or wherefore was I born, If thou in thy foreknowledge didst perceive

All that I am, and all that I must be? I know I am not generous, am not gentle,

Like other men; but I have tried to be, And I have failed. I thought by following Him

I should grow like Him; but the unclean spirit

That from my childhood up hath tortured me

Hath been too cunning and too strong for me.

Am I to blame for this? Am I to blame

Because I cannot love, and ne'er have known

The love of woman or the love of children?

It is a curse and a fatality,

A mark, that hath been set upon my forehead,

That none shall slay me, for it were a mercy

That I were dead, or never had been born.

Too late! too late! I shall not see Him more Among the living. That sweet, patient face

Will never more rebuke me, nor those lips

Repeat the words: One of you shall betray me!

It stung me into madness. How I loved,

Yet hated Him! But in the other world!

I will be there before Him, and will wait

Until he comes, and fall down on my knees

And kiss his feet, imploring pardon, pardon!

I heard Him say: All sins shall be forgiven,

Except the sin against the Holy Ghost. That shall not be forgiven in this world,

Nor in the world to come. Is that my sin?

Have I offended so there is no hope Here nor hereafter? That I soon shall know.

O God, have mercy! Christ have mercy on me!

(Throws himself headlong from the cliff.)

X .- THE THREE CROSSES.

Manahem, the Essenian. Three crosses in this noonday night uplifted,

Three human figures that in mortal pain

Gleam white against the supernatural darkness;

Two thieves, that writhe in torture, and between them

The Suffering Messiah, the Son of Joseph,

Ay, the Messiah Triumphant, Son of David!

A crown of thorns on that dishonoured head!

Those hands that healed the sick now pierced with nails,

Those feet that wandered homeless through the world

Now crossed and bleeding, and at resi forever!

And the three faithful Maries, overwhelmed

By this great sorrow, kneeling, praying, weeping!

O Joseph Caiaphas, thou great High-Priest,

How wilt thou answer for this deed of blood?

Scribes and Elders. Thou that destroyest the Temple, and dost build it

In three days, save thyself; and if thou be

The Son of God, come down now from the cross.

Chief Priests. Others he saved, himself he cannot save!

Let Christ the King of Israel descend That we may see and believe!

Scribes and Elders. In God he trusted;

Let Him deliver him, if He will have him,

And we will then believe!

Christus. Father! forgive them; They know not what they do.

The Impenitent Thief. If thou be Christ,

Oh save thyself and us!

The Penitent Thief. Remember me, Lord, when thou comest into thine own kingdom.

Christus. This day shalt thou be with me in Paradise.

Manahem. Golgotha! Golgotha! Oh the pain and darkness!

Oh the uplifted cross, that shall forever Shine through the darkness, and shall conquer pain

By the triumphant memory of this hour!

Simon Magus. O Nazarene! I find
thee here at last!

Thou art no more a phantom unto me!
This is the end of one who called himself

The Son of God! Such is the fate of those

Who preach new doctrines. 'T is not what he did,

But what he said, hath brought him unto this.

will speak evil of no dignitaries.

This is my hour of triumph, Nazarene!

The Young Ruler. This is the end of him who said to me:

Sell that thou hast, and give unto the poor!

This is the treasure in heaven he promised me!

Christus. Eloi, Eloi, lama sabacthani!

A Soldier (preparing the hyssop). He calleth for Elias!

Another. Nay, let be! See if Elias now will come to save him! Christus. I thirst.

A Soldier. Give him the wormwood! Christus (with a loud cry, bowing his head). It is finished!

XI,-THE TWO MARIES.

Mary Magdalene. We have arisen early, yet the sun

O'ertakes us ere we reach the sepulchre, To wrap the body of our blessed Lord With our sweet spices.

Mary, Mother of James. Lo, this is the garden,

And yonder is the sepulchre. But who Shall roll away the stone for us to enter?

Mary Magdalene. It hath been rolled away! The sepulchre

Is open! Ah, who hath been here before us,

When we rose early, wishing to be first?

Mary, Mother of James. I am affrighted!

Mary Magdalene. Hush! I will stoop down

And look within. There is a young man sitting

On the right side, clothed in a long white garment!

It is an angel!

The Angel. Fear not; ye are seeking Jesus of Nazareth, which was crucified. Why do ye seek the living among the dead?

He is no longer here; he is arisen! Come see the place where the Lord lay! Remember

How He spake unto you in Galilee, Saying: The Son of Man must be delivered Into the hands of sinful men; by them Be crucified, and the third day rise again!

But go your way, and say to his disciples,

He goeth before you into Galilee;

There shall ye see Him as He said to

Mary, Mother of James. I will go swiftly for them.

Mary Magdalene (alone, weeping).
They have taken

My Lord away from me, and now I know not

Where they have laid Him! Who is there to tell me?

This is the gardener. Surely he must know.

Christus. Woman, why weepest thou? Whom seekest thou?

Mary Magdalene. They have taken my Lord away; I cannot find Him.

O Sir, if thou have borne him hence, I pray thee

Tell me where thou hast laid Him.

Christus. Mary!

Mary Magdalene. Rabboni!

XIL --- THE SEA OF GALILEE.

Nathanael (in the ship). All is now ended.

John. Nay, He is arisen,
I ran unto the tomb, and stooping down

Looked in, and saw the linen graveclothes lying,

Yet dared not enter.

Peter. I went in, and saw The napkin that had been about his head,

Not lying with the other linen clothes, But wrapped together in a separate place.

Thomas. And I have seen Him. I have seen the print

Of nails upon his hands, and thrust my

Into his side. I know He is arisen;
But where are now the kingdom and
the glory

He promised unto us? We have all dreamed

That we were princes, and we wake to find

We are but fishermen.

Peter. Who should have been Fishers of men!

John. We have come back again To the old life, the peaceful life, among The white towns of the Galilean lake.

Peter. They seem to me like silent sepulchres

In the gray light of morning! The old

Yea, the old life! for we have toiled all night

And have caught nothing.

John. Do ye see a man Standing upon the beach and beckoning?

'T is like an apparition. He hath kindled

A fire of coals, and seems to wait for us. He calleth.

Christus (from the shore). Children, have ye any meat?

Peter. Alas! we have caught nothing.

Christus.

Cast the net

On the right side of the ship, and ye shall find.

Peter. How that reminds me of the days gone by,

And one who said: Launch out into the deep,

And cast your nets!

Nathanael. We have but let them down

And they are filled, so that we cannot draw them!

John. It is the Lord!

Peter (girding his fisher's coat about him). He said: When I am risen

I will go before you into Galilee!

(He casts himself into the lake.)

John. There is no fear in love; for perfect love

Casteth out fear. Now then, if ye are

Put forth your strength; we are not far from shore;

The net is heavy, but breaks not. All is safe.

Peter (on the shore). Dear Lord! I heard thy voice and could not wait.

Let me behold thy face, and kiss thy feet!

Thou art not dead, thou livest! Again I see thee.

Pardon, dear Lord! I am a sinful man;

I have denied thee thrice. Have mercy on me!

The Others (coming to land). Dear Lord! stay with us! cheer us! comfort us!

Lo! we again have found thee! Leave us not!

Christus. Bring hither of the fish that ye have caught,

And come and eat!

John. Behold! He breaketh bread As He was wont. From his own blessed hands

Again we take it.

Christus. Simon, son of Jonas,

Lovest thou me, more than these others?

Peter. Yea, More, Lord, than all men; even more

Thou knowest that I love thee.

Christus. Feed my lambs.

Thomas (aside). How more than we do? He remaineth ever

Self-confident and boastful as before.

Nothing will cure him.

than these.

Christus. Simon, son of Jonas, Lovest thou me?

Peter. Yea, dearest Lord, I love

Thou knowest that I love thee.

Christus. Feed my sheep. Thomas (aside). Again, the selfsame question, and the answer

Repeated with more vehemence. Can the Master

Doubt if we love Him?

Christus. Simon, son of Jonas, Lovest thou me?

Peter (grieved). Dear Lord! thou knowest all things.

Thou knowest that I love thee.

Christus. Feed my sheep. When thou wast young thou girdedst thyself, and walkedst

Whither thou wouldst; but when thou shalt be old,

Thou shalt stretch forth thy hands, and other men

Shall gird and carry thee whither thou wouldst not.

Follow thou me!

John (aside). It is a prophecy Of what death he shall die.

Peter (pointing to John). Tell me, O

And what shall this man do?

Christus. And if I will He tarry till I come, what is it to thee? Follow thou me!

Peter. Yea, I will follow thee, dear Lord and Master!

Will follow thee through fasting and temptation,

Through all thine agony and bloody sweat,

Thy cross and passion, even unto death!

EPILOGUE.

SYMBOLUM APOSTOLORUM.

Peter. I believe in God the Father Almighty;

John. Maker of Heaven and Earth; James. And in Jesus Christ his only Son, our Lord;

Andrew. Who was conceived by the Holy Ghost, born of the Virgin Mary;

Philip. Suffered under Pontius Pilate, was crucified, dead, and buried:

Thomas. And the third day He rose again from the dead;

Bartholomew. He ascended into Heaven, and sitteth on the right hand of God, the Father Almighty;

Matthew. From thence He shall come to judge the quick and the dead.

James, the Son of Alpheus. I believe in the Holy Ghost; the holy Catholic Church;

Simon Zelotes. The communion of Saints; the forgiveness of sins;

Jude. The resurrection of the body; Matthias. And the Life Everlasting.

FIRST INTERLUDE. THE ABBOT JOACHIM.

(A Room in the Convent of Flora in Calabria, Night.)

Joachim. The wind is rising; it seizes and shakes

The doors and window-blinds and makes

Mysterious moanings in the halls; The convent-chimneys seem almost The trumpets of some heavenly host, Setting its watch upon our walls! Where it listeth, there it bloweth; We hear the sound, but no man

knoweth
Whence it cometh or whither it goeth,
And thus it is with the Holy Ghost.
O breath of God! O my delight
In many a vigil of the night,
Like the great voice in Patnios heard
By John, the Evangelist of the Word,
I hear thee behind me saying: Write
In a book the things that thou hast

The things that are, and that have

And the things that shall hereafter be! This convent, on the rocky crest Of the Calabrian hills, to me A Patmos is wherein I rest; While round about me like a sea The white mists roll, and overflow The world that lies unseen below In darkness and in mystery. Here in the Spirit, in the vast Embrace of God's encircling arm, Am I uplifted from all harm; The world seems something far away, Something belonging to the Past, A hostelry, a peasant's farm, That lodged me for a night or day, In which I care not to remain, Nor having left, to see again. Thus, in the hollow of God's hand I dwelt on sacred Tabor's height, When as a simple acolyte I journeyed to the Holy Land, A pilgrim for my master's sake, And saw the Galilean Lake, And walked through many a village street

That once had echoed to his feet.

There first I heard the great command,

The voice behind me saying: Write!
And suddenly my soul became
Illumined by a flash of flame,
That left imprinted on my thought
The image I in vain had sought,
And which forever shall remain;
As sometimes from these windows
high,

Gazing at midnight on the sky
Black with a storm of wind and rain,
I have beheld a sudden glare
Of lightning lay the landscape bare,
With tower and town and hill and plain
Distinct, and burnt into my brain,
Never to be effaced again!
And I have written. These volumes

The Apocalypse, the Harmony
Of the Sacred Scriptures, new and old,
And the Psalter with Ten Strings,
enfold

Within their pages, all and each,
The Eternal Gospel that I teach.
Well I remember the Kingdom of
Heaven

Hath been likened to a little leaven Hidden in two measures of meal, Until it leavened the whole mass; So likewise will it come to pass With the doctrines that I here conceal. Open and manifest to me The truth appears, and must be told; All sacred mysteries are threefold; Three Persons in the Trinity, Three ages of Humanity, And Holy Scriptures likewise three, Of Fear, of Wisdom, and of Love; For Wisdom that begins in Fear Endeth in Love; the atmosphere In which the soul delights to be, And finds that perfect liberty Which cometh only from above. In the first Age, the early prime And dawn of all historic time, The Father reigned; and face to face He spake with the primeval race. Bright Angels, on his errands sent, Sat with the patriarch in his tent; His prophets thundered in the street; His lightnings flashed, his hailstorms beat;

'In earthquake and in flood and flame, In tempest and in cloud He came! The fear of God is in his Book; The pages of the Pentateuch Are full of the terror of his name. Then reigned the Son; his Covenant Was peace on earth, good-will to man ; With Him the reign of Law began. He was the Wisdom and the Word, And sent his Angels Ministrant, Unterrified and undeterred, To rescue souls forlorn and lost, The troubled, tempted, tempest-tost To heal, to comfort, and to teach. The fiery tongues of Pentecost His symbols were, that they should

preach In every form of human speech, From continent to continent. He is the Light Divinc, whose rays Across the thousand years unspent Shine through the darkness of our days, And touch with their celestial fires Dur churches and our convent spires. his Book is the New Testament. hese Ages now are of the Past; nd the Third Age begins at last. he coming of the Holy Ghost, he reign of Grace, the reign of Love rightens the mountain-tops above, nd the dark outline of the coast. ready the whole land is white ith convent walls, as if by night snow had fallen on hill and height! ready from the streets and marts town and traffic, and low cares, en climb the consecrated stairs ith weary feet, and bleeding hearts; nd leave the world, and its delights, s passions, struggles, and despairs, or contemplation and for prayers n cloister-cells of comobites. Eternal benedictions rest Upon thy name, Saint Benedict! founder of convents in the West, Who built on Mount Cassino's crest In the Land of Labour, thine eagle's

May I be found not derelict In aught of faith or godly fear, If I have written, in many a page, The Gospel of the coming age, The Eternal Gospel men shall hear.

nest!

Oh may I live resembling thee, And die at last as thou hast died; So that hereafter men may see, Within the choir, a form of air, [prayer, Standing with arms outstretched in As one that hath been crucified! My work is finished; I am strong In faith and hope and charity; For I have written the things I see, The things that have been and shall be, Conscious of right, nor fearing wrong; Because I am in love with Love, And the sole thing I hate is Hate For Hate is death; and Love is life, A peace, a splendour from above; And Hate, a never-ending strife, A smoke, a blackness from the abyss Where unclean serpents coil and hiss! Love is the Holy Ghost within; Hate the unpardonable sin! Who preaches otherwise than this, Betrays his Master with a kiss!

PART TWO.

THE GOLDEN LEGEND.

PROLOGUE.

THE SPIRE OF STRASBURG CATHEDRAL.

(Night and storm. LUCIFER, with the Powers of the Air, trying to tear down the Cross.

Lucifer. Hasten! hasten! O ye spirits!

From its station drag the ponderous Cross of iron, that to mock us Is uplifted high in air!

Voices. Oh, we cannot!
For around it
All the Saints and Guardian Angels
Throng in legions to protect it;
They defeat us everywhere!

THE BELLS.

Laudo Deum verum! Plebem voco! Congrego clerum!

Lucifer. Lower! lower! Hover downward! Seize the loud, vociferous bells, and Clashing, clanging, to the pavement Hurl them from their windy tower!

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Voices. All thy thunders
Here are harmless!
For these bells have been anointed,
And baptized with holy water!
They defy our utmost power.

THE BELLS.
Defunctos ploro!
Pestem fugo!
Festa decoro!

Lucifer. Shake the casements!
Break the painted
Panes, that flame with gold and crimson:

Scatter them like leaves of Autumn, Swept away before the blast!

Voices. Oh, we cannot!

The Archangel Michael flames from every window, With the sword of fire that drove us Headlong, out of heaven, aghast!

THE BELLS.
Funera plango!
Fulgura frango!
Sabbata pango!

Lucifer. Aim your lightnings At the oaken,

Massive, iron-studded portals! Sack the house of God, and scatter Wide the ashes of the dead!

Voices. Oh, we cannot!

The Apostles

And the Martyrs, wrapped in mantles, Stand as warders at the entrance, Stand as sentinels o'erhead!

THE BELLS. Excito lentos! Dissipo ventos! Paco cruentos!

Lucifer. Baffled! baffled! Inefficient,

Craven spirits! leave this labour Unto Time, the great Destroyer! Come away, ere night is gone!

Voices. Onward! onward!

With the night-wind,
Over field and farm and forest,
Lonely homestead, darksome hamlet,
Blighting all we breathe upon!

(They sweep away. Organ and Gregorian Chani.)

CHOIR.
Nocte surgentes
Vigilemus omnes!

I.—THE CASTLE OF VAUTSBERG ON THE RHINE.

(A chamber in a tower. PRINCE HENRY, sitting alone, ill and restless. Midnight.)

Prince Henry. I cannot sleep! my fervid brain

Calls up the vanished Past again,
And throws its misty splendours deep
Into the pallid realms of sleep!
A breath from that far-distant shore
Comes freshening ever more and more,
And wafts o'er intervening seas
Sweet odours from the Hesperides!
A wind, that through the corridor
Just stirs the curtain, and no more,
And, touching the æolian strings,
Faints with the burden that it brings!
Come back! ye friendships long departed!

That like o'erflowing streamlets started, And now are dwindled, one by one, To stony channels in the sun! Come back! ye friends, whose lives

are ended, Come back, with all that light attended, Which seemed to darken and decay When ye arose and went away! They come, the shapes of joy and woe, The airy crowds of long ago, The dreams and fancies known of yore, That have been, and shall be no more. They change the cloisters of the night Into a garden of delight; They make the dark and dreary hours Open and blossom into flowers! I would not sleep! I love to be Again in their fair company; But ere my lips can bid them stay, They pass and vanish quite away! Alas! our memories may retrace Each circumstance of time and place, Season and scene come back again, And outward things unchanged remain; The rest we cannot reinstate; Ourselves we cannot re-create,

Of the remembered harmony!
Rest! rest! Oh, give me rest and
peace!

Nor set our souls to the same key

The thought of life that ne'er shall cease Has something in it like despair, A weight I am too weak to bear! Sweeter to this afflicted breast The thought of never-ending rest! Sweeter the undisturbed and deep Tranquillity of endless sleep!

(A flash of lightning, out of which LUCIFER appears, in the garb of a travelling Physician.)

Lucifer. All hail, Prince Henry! Prince Henry (starting). Who is it speaks?

Who and what are you?

Lucifer. One who seeks A moment's audience with the Prince. Prince Henry. When came you in? Lucifer. A moment since. I found your study door unlocked,

And thought you answered when I knocked.

Prince Henry. I did not hear you. You heard the thunder; Lucifer. It was loud enough to waken the dead. And it is not a matter of special wonder That, when God is walking overhead, You should not hear my feeble tread.

Prince Henry. What may your wish or purpose be?

Lucifer. Nothing or everything, as it pleases

Your Highness. You behold in me Only a travelling Physician; One of the few who have a mission To cure incurable diseases, Or those that are called so.

Prince Henry. Can you bring

The dead to life?

Lucifer. Yes; very nearly. And, what is a wiser and better thing, Can keep the living from ever needing Such an unnatural, strange proceeding, By showing conclusively and clearly That death is a stupid blunder merely, And not a necessity of our lives. My being here is accidental;

The storm, that against your casement drives,

In the little village below waylaid me. And there I heard with a secret delight, Of your maladies physical and mental, Which neither astonished nor dismayed me.

And I hastened hither, though late in the night.

To proffer my aid! . .

Prince Henry (ironically). For this you came!

Ah, how can I ever hope to requite This honour from one so erudite?

Lucifer. The honour is mine, or will be when

I have cured your disease.

Prince Henry. But not till then. Lucifer. What is your illness?

Prince Henry. It has no name. A smouldering, dull, perpetual flame, As in a kiln, burns in my veins, Sending up vapours to the head; My heart has become a dull lagoon, Which a kind of leprosy drinks and

drains;

I am accounted as one who is dead, And, indeed, I think that I shall be

Lucifer. And has Gordonius the Divine,

In his famous Lily of Medicine,— I see the book lies open before you,— No remedy potent enough to restore you?

Prince Henry. None whatever! The dead are dead, And their oracles dumb, when questionèd

Of the new diseases that human life Evolves in its progress, rank and rife. Consult the dead upon things that were,

But the living only on things that are.

Have you done this, by the appliance And aid of doctors

Prince Henry. Ay, whole schools Of doctors, with their learned rules; But the case is quite beyond their science.

Even the doctors of Salern Send me back word they can discern No cure for a malady like this, Save one which in its nature is Impossible and cannot be!

Lucifer. That sounds oracular! Prince Henry. Unendurable! Lucifer. What is their remedy? Prince Henry. You shall see:

Writ in this scroll is the mystery. Lucifer (reading). " Not to be cured, yet not incurable!

The only remedy that remains Is the blood that flows from a maiden's veins,

Who of her own free will shall die, And give her life as the price of yours!"

That is the strangest of all cures, And one, I think, you will never try; The prescription you may well put by, As something impossible to find Before the world itself shall end! And yet who knows? One cannot say That into some maiden's brain that kind

Of madness will not find its way. Meanwhile permit me to recommend, As the matter admits of no delay, My wonderful Catholicon,

Of very subtile and magical powers! Prince Henry. Purge with your nostrums and drugs infernal

The spouts and gargoyles of these towers,

Not me! My faith is utterly gone In every power but the Power Supernal! Pray tell me, of what school are you? Lucifer. Both of the Old and of the

The school of Hermes Trismegistus, Who uttered his oracles sublime Before the Olympiads, in the dew Of the early dusk and dawn of time, The reign of dateless old Hephæstus! As northward, from its Nubian springs, The Nile, forever new and old, Among the living and the dead, Its mighty, mystic stream has rolled; So, starting from its fountain-head Under the lotus-leaves of Isis, From the dead demigods of eld, Through long, unbroken lines of kings Its course the sacred art has held, Unchecked, unchanged by man's devices.

This art the Arabian Geber taught, And in alembics, finely wrought, Distilling herbs and flowers, discovered The secret that so long had hovered Upon the misty verge of Truth, The Elixir of Perpetual Youth, Called Alcohol, in the Arab speech! Like him, this wondrous lore I teach! Prince Henry. What! an adept?

Lucifer. Nor less, nor more! Prince Henry. I am a reader of your books,

A lover of that mystic lore! With such a piercing glance it looks Into great Nature's open eye, And sees within it trembling lie The portrait of the Deity! And yet, alas! with all my pains, The secret and the mystery Have baffled and eluded me, Unseen the grand result remains! Lucifer (showing a flask). Behold it

here! this little flask Contains the wonderful quintessence, The perfect flower and efflorescence, Of all the knowledge man can ask! Hold it up thus against the light!

Prince Henry. How limpid, pure, and crystalline.

How quick, and tremulous, and bright The little wavelets dance and shine, As were it the Water of Life in sooth!

Lucifer. It is! It assuages every pain, Cures all disease, and gives again To age the swift delights of youth. Inhale its fragrance.

Prince Henry. It is sweet A thousand different odours meet And mingle in its rare perfume, Such as the winds of summer waft At open windows through a room!

Lucifer. Will you not taste it? Prince Henry. Will one draught Suffice?

Lucifer. If not, you can drink more *Prince Henry*. Into this crystal goblet

So much as safely I may drink.

Lucifer (pouring). Let not the quantity alarm you;

You may drink all; it will not harm

Prince Henry, I am as one who on the brink

Of a dark river stands and sees The waters flow, the landscape dim Around him waver, wheel, and swim, And, ere he plunges, stops to think Into what whirlpools he may sink; One moment pauses, and no more, Then madly plunges from the shore! Headlong into the mysteries
Of life and death I boldly leap,
Nor fear the fateful current's sweep,
Nor what in ambush lurks below!
For death is better than disease!
(An ANGEL with an colian harp
hovers in the air.)

Angel. Woe! woe! eternal woe! Not only the whispered prayer Of love, But the imprecations of hate,

Reverberate
For ever and ever through the air

Above! This fearful curse

Shakes the great universe!

Lucifer (disappearing). Drink! drink! And thy soul shall sink Down into the dark abyss, Into the infinite abyss, From which no plummet nor rope Ever drew up the silver sand of hope!

Ever drew up the silver sand of hope!

Prince Henry (drinking). It is like a
draught of fire!

Through every vein I feel again

The fever of youth, the soft desire; A rapture that is almost pain Throbs in my heart and fills my brain! Ojoy! O joy! I feel

The band of steel
That so long and heavily has pressed

Upon my breast
Uplifted, and the malediction

Of my affliction
Is taken from me, and my weary breast

At length finds rest.

The Angel. It is but the rest of the fire, from which the air has been taken!

It is but the rest of the sand, when the hour-glass is not shaken!

It is but the rest of the tide between the ebb and the flow!

It is but the rest of the wind between the flaws that blow! With fiendish laughter,

Hereafter,

This false physician
Will mock thee in thy perdition.

Prince Henry. Speak! speak!

Who says that I am ill?
I am not ill! I am not weak!

The trance, the swoon, the dream, is

I feel the chill of death no more! At length,

I stand renewed in all my strength!
Beneath me I can feel
The great earth stagger and reel

The great earth stagger and reel, As if the feet of a descending God Upon its surface trod,

And like a pebble it rolled beneath his heel!

This, O brave physician! this Is thy great Palingenesis! (*Drinks again*.)

The Angel. Touch the goblet no more!

It will make thy heart sore
To its very core!
Its perfume is the breath
Of the Angel of Death,
And the light that within it lies
Is the flash of his evil eyes.
Beware! Oh, beware!
For sickness, sorrow, and care
Are all there!

Prince Henry (sinking back). O thou voice within my breast!
Why entreat me, why upbraid me,
When the steadfast tongues of truth
And the flattering hopes of youth
Have all deceived me and betrayed me?
Give me, give me rest, oh rest!
Golden visions wave and hover,
Golden vapours, waters streaming,
Landscapes moving, changing, gleam-

ing! I am like a happy lover, Who illumines life with drea

Who illumines life with dreaming! Brave physician! Rare physician! Well hast thou fulfilled thy mission! (His head falls on his book.)

The Angel (receding). Alas! alas! Like a vapour the golden vision Shall fade and pass, And thou wilt find in thy heart again Only the blight of pain,

And bitter, bitter, bitter contrition!

COURT-YARD OF THE CASTLE. (HUBERT standing by the gateway.)

Hubert. How sad the grand old castle looks!

O'erhead, the unmolested rooks

Upon the turret's windy top Sit, talking of the farmer's crop; Here in the court-yard springs the grass, So few are now the feet that pass: The stately peacocks, bolder grown, Come hopping down the steps of stone, As if the castle were their own; And I, the poor old seneschal, Haunt, like a ghost, the banquet-hall. Alas! the merry guests no more Crowd through the hospitable door; No eyes with youth and passion shine, No cheeks glow redder than the wine; No song, no laugh, no jovial din Of drinking wassail to the pin; But all is silent, sad, and drear, And now the only sounds I hear Are the hoarse rooks upon the walls, And horses stamping in their stalls! (A horn sounds.)

What ho! that merry, sudden blast Reminds me of the days long past! And, as of-old resounding, grate The heavy hinges of the gate, And, clattering loud, with iron clank, Down goes the sounding bridge of

plank,
As if it were in haste to greet
The pressure of a traveller's feet!
(Enter WALTER the Minnesinger.)
Walter. How now, my friend! This
looks quite lonely!

No banner flying from the walls, No pages and no seneschals, No warders, and one porter only! Is it you, Hubert?

Hubert. Ah! Master Walter!
Walter. Alas! how forms and faces

I did not know you. You look older! Your hair has grown much grayer and thinner,

And you stoop a little in the shoulder!

Hubert. Alack! I am a poor old sinner,

And, like these towers, begin to moulder; And you have been absent many a year! Walter. How is the Prince?

Hubert. He is not here; He has been ill: and now has fled. Walter. Speak it out frankly: say he's dead!

Is it not so?

Hubert. No; if you please,
A strange, mysterious disease
Fell on him with a sudden blight.
Whole hours together he would stand
Upon the terrace, in a dream,
Resting his head upon his hand,
Best pleased when he was most alone.
Like Saint John Nepomuck in stone,
Looking down into a stream.
In the Round Tower, night after night,
He sat and bleared his eyes with
books:

Until one morning we found him there Stretched on the floor, as if in a swoon

He had fallen from his chair.

We hardly recognized his sweet looks! *Walter*. Poor Prince!

Ilubert. I think he might have mended;

And he did mend; but very soon
The priests came flocking in, like
rooks,

With all their crosiers and their crooks, And so at last the matter ended. Walter. How did it end?

Hubert. Why, in Saint Rochus
They made him stand, and wait his
doom;

And, as if he were condemned to the tomb,

Began to mutter their hocus-pocus. First, the Mass for the Dead they chanted,

Then three times laid upon his head A shovelful of churchyard clay, Saying to him, as he stood undaunted. "This is a sign that thou art dead, So in thy heart be penitent!" And forth from the chapel door he went

Into disgrace and banishment,
Clothed in a cloak of hodden gray,
And bearing a wallet, and a bell,
Whose sound should be a perpetual
knell

To keep all travellers away.

Walter. Oh, horrible fate! Outcast, rejected,

As one with pestilence infected!

Hubert. Then was the family tomb
unsealed,

And broken helmet, sword, and shield,

Buried together, in common wreck, As is the custom, when the last Of any princely house has passed, And thrice, as with a trumpet-blast, A herald shouted down the stair The words of warning and despair,—"O Hoheneck!" O Hoheneck!"

Walter. Still in my soul that cry goes on,—

Forever gone! forever gone!
Ah, what a cruel sense of loss,
Like a black shadow, would fall across
The hearts of all, if he should die!
His gracious presence upon earth
Was as a fire upon a hearth;
As pleasant songs, at morning sung,
The words that dropped from his sweet
tongue

Strengthened our hearts; or heard at

Made all our slumbers soft and light, Where is he?

Hubert. In the Odenwald.
Some of his tenants, unappalled
By fear of death, or priestly word,—
A holy family, that make
Each meal a Supper of the Lord,—
Have him beneath their watch and
ward,

For love of him, and Jesus' sake!
Pray you come in. For why should I
With out-door hospitality
My prince's friend thus entertain?

Walter. I would a moment here remain.

But you, good Hubert, go before, Fill me a goblet of May-drink, As aromatic as the May From which it steals the breath away,

And which he loved so well of yore; It is of him that I would think. You shall attend me, when I call, In the ancestral banquet-hall. Unseen companions, guests of air, You cannot wait on, will be there; They taste not food, they drink not wine.

But their soft eyes look into mine, And their lips speak to me, and all The vast and shadowy banquet-hall Is full of looks and words divine! (Leaning over the parapet.) The day is done; and slowly from the scene

The stooping sun up-gathers his spent shafts,

And puts them back into his golden quiver!

Below me in the valley, deep and green As goblets are, from which in thirsty draughts

We drink its wine, the swift and mantling river

Flows on triumphant through these lovely regions,

Etched with the shadows of its sombre margent,

And soft, reflected clouds of gold and argent!

Yes, there it flows, forever, broad and still

As when the vanguard of the Roman legions

First saw it from the top of yonder hill! How beautiful it is! Fresh fields of wheat,

Vineyard, and town, and tower with fluttering flag,

The consecrated chapel on the crag, And the white hamlet gathered round its base,

Like Mary sitting at her Saviour's feet, And looking up at his beloved face! O friend! O best of friends! Thy absence more

Than the impending night darkens the landscape o'er!

II.-A FARM IN THE ODENWALD.

(A garden; morning; PRINCE HENRY seated, with a book. ELSIE at a distance gathering flowers.)

Prince Henry (reading). One morning, all alone,

Out of his convent of gray stone,
Into the forest older, darker, grayer,
His lips moving as if in prayer,
His head sunken upon his breast
As in a dream of rest,
Walked the Monk Felix. All about
The broad, sweet sunshine lay without,

Filling the summer air; And within the woodlands as he trod, The dusk was like the Truce of God

With worldly woe and care;

Under him lay the golden moss; And above him the boughs of hoary Waved, and made the sign of the And whispered their Benedicites; And from the ground Rose an odour sweet and fragrant Of the wild-flowers and the vagrant Vines that wandered, Seeking the sunshine, round and round. These he heeded not, but pondered On the volume in his hand, Wherein amazed he read: "A thousand years in thy sight Are but as yesterday when it is past, And as a watch in the night!" And with his eyes downcast In humility he said: "I believe, O Lord, What is written in thy Word, But alas! I do not understand!" And lo! he heard The sudden singing of a bird, A snow-white bird, that from a cloud Dropped down, And among the branches brown Sat singing, So sweet, and clear, and loud, It seemed a thousand harp strings ringing, And the Monk Felix closed his book, And long, long, With rapturous look, He listened to the song, And hardly breathed or stirred, Until he saw, as in a vision, The land Elysian, And in the heavenly city heard Angelic feet Fall on the golden flagging of the street. And he would fain Have caught the wondrous bird, But strove in vain; For it flew away, away,

Far over hill and dell,

And he retraced

haste.

And instead of its sweet singing He heard the convent bell

Suddenly in the silence ringing For the service of noonday.

His pathway homeward sadly and in

In the convent there was a change! He looked for each well-known face, But the faces were new and strange; New figures sat in the oaken stalls, New voices chanted in the choir; Yet the place was the same place, The same dusky walls Of cold, gray stone, The same cloisters and belfry and spire. A stranger and alone Among that brotherhood The Monk Felix stood. "Forty years," said a Friar, "Have I been Prior Of this convent in the wood, But for that space Never have I beheld thy face!" The heart of the Monk Felix fell: And he answered, with submissive tone, "This morning, after the hour of Prime, I left my cell, And wandered forth alone, Listening all the time To the melodious singing Of a beautiful white bird, Until I heard The bells of the convent ringing Noon from their noisy towers. It was as if I dreamed; For what to me had seemed Moments only, had been hours!" "Years!" said a voice close by. It was an aged monk who spoke, From a bench of oak Fastened against the wall;— He was the oldest monk of all. For a whole century Had he been there, Serving God in prayer, The meekest and humblest of his creatures. He remembered well the features Of Felix, and he said, Speaking distinct and slow: "One hundred years ago, When I was a novice in this place, ·There was here a monk, full of God's grace, Who bore the name Of Felix, and this man must be the same."

And straightway They brought forth to the light of day A volume old and brown, A huge tome, bound In brass and wild-boar's hide, Wherein were written down The names of all who had died In the convent, since it was edified. And there they found, Just as the old monk said, That on a certain day and date, One hundred years before, Had gone forth from the convent gate The monk Felix, and never more Had entered that sacred door. He had been counted among the dead! And they knew, at last, That, such had been the power Of that celestial and immortal song, A hundred years had passed, And had not seemed so long As a single hour! (ELSIE comes in with flowers.)

Elsie. Here are flowers for you, But they are not all for you. Some of them are for the Virgin And for Saint Cecilia.

Prime Henry. As thou standest there,

Thou seemest to me like the angel That brought the immortal roses To Saint Cecilia's bridal chamber.

But these will fade. Prince Henry. Themselves will fade But not their memory, And memory has the power To re-create them from the dust, They remind me, too, Of martyred Dorothea, Who from celestial gardens sent Flowers as her witnesses To him who scoffed and doubted.

Elsie. Do you know the story Of Christ and the Sultan's daughter? That is the prettiest legend of them all.

Prince Henry. Then tell it to me. But first come hither. Lay the flowers down beside me, And put both thy hands in mine. Now tell me the story.

Elsie. Early in the morning The Sultan's daughter Walked in her father's garden, Gathering the bright flowers, All full of dew.

Prince Henry. Just as thou hast been doing

This morning, dearest Elsie.

Elsie. And as she gathered them She wondered more and more Who was the Master of the Flowers, And made them grow Out of the cold, dark earth. " In my heart," she said, "I love him; and for him Would leave my father's palace, To labour in his garden." Prince Henry. Dear, innocent child!

How sweetly thou recallest The long-forgotten legend, That in my early childhood My mother told me! Upon my brain It reappears once more, As a birth-mark on the forehead When a hand suddenly Is laid upon it, and removed!

Elvie. And at midnight, As she lay upon her bed, She heard a voice Call to her from the garden, And, looking forth from her window, She saw a beautiful youth Standing among the flowers. It was the Lord Jesus; And she went down to Him, And opened the door for Him; And He said to her, "O maiden: ~ Thou hast thought of me with love, And for thy sake Out of my Father's kingdom Have I come hither: I am the Master of the Flowers. My garden is in Paradise, And if thou wilt go with me, Thy bridal garland Shall be of bright red flowers." And then He took from his finger A golden ring, And asked the Sultan's daughter If she would be his bride. And when she answered Him with love, His wounds began to bleed,

And she said to him,

"O Love! how red thy heart is,

And thy hands are full of roses."

"For thy sake," answered He,
"For thy sake is my heart so red,
For thee I bring these roses;
I gathered them at the cross
Whereon I died for thee!
Come, for my Father calls.
Thou art my elected bride!"
And the Sultan's daughter
Followed Him to his Father's garden.
Prince Henry Wouldst thou have

Prince Henry. Wouldst thou have done so, Elsie?

Elsie. Yes, very gladly.

Prince Henry. Then the Celestial
Bridegroom

Will come for thee also.
Upon thy forehead He will place,
Not his crown of thorns,
But a crown of roses.
In thy bridal chamber,
Like Saint Cecilia,
Thou shalt hear sweet music,
And breathe the fragrance
Of flowers immortal!
Go now and place these flowers
Before her picture.

A ROOM IN THE FARM-HOUSE.

(Twilight. URSULA spinning. GOTT-LIEB asleep in his chair.)

Ursula. Darker and darker! Hardly a glimmer

Of light comes in at the window-pane; Or is it my eyes are growing dimmer? I cannot disentangle this skein, Nor wind it rightly upon the reel. Elsie!

Gottlieb (starting). The stopping of thy wheel

Has awakened me out of a pleasant dream.

I thought I was sitting beside a stream, And heard the grinding of a mill, When suddenly the wheels stood still, And a voice cried "Elsie" in my ear! It startled me, it seemed so near.

Ursula. I was calling her: I want a light.

I cannot see to spin my flax. Bring the lamp, Elsie. Dost thou

hear?

Elsie (within). In a moment!

Gottlieb. Where are Bertha and
Max?

Ursula. They are sitting with Elsie at the door.

She is telling them stories of the wood,

And the Wolf, and little Red Riding-

Gottlieb. And where is the Prince? Ursula. In his room overhead; I heard him walking across the floor, As he always does, with a heavy tread. (ELSIE comes in with a lamp. MAX and BERTHA follow her; and they all sing the Evening Song on the lighting of the lamps.)

EVENING SONG.

O gladsome light Of the Father Immortal, And of the celestial Sacred and blessed Jesus, our Saviour!

Now to the sunset Again hast thou brought us; And, seeing the evening Twilight, we bless thee, Praise thee, adore thee!

Father omnipotent! Son, the Life-giver! Spirit, the Comforter! Worthy at all times Of worship and wonder!

Prince Henry (at the door). Amen! Ursula. Who was it said Amen? Elsie. It was the Prince: he stood at the door.

And listened a moment, as we chanted The evening song. He is gone again. I have often seen him there before.

Ursula, Poor Prince!

Gottlieb. I thought the house was haunted!

Poor Prince, alas! and yet as mild And patient as the gentlest child!

Max. I love him because he is good,
And makes me such fine bows and
arrows,

To shoot at the robins and the spar-

And the red squirrels in the wood!

Bertha. I love him, too!

Gottlieb. Ah, yes! we all

Love him, from the bottom of our hearts;

He gave us the farm, the house, and the grange,

He gave us the horses and the carts, And the great oxen in the stall,

The vineyard, and the forest range! We have nothing to give him but our

love!

Bertha. Did he give us the beautiful stork above

On the chimney-top, with its large, round nest?

Gottlieb. No, not the stork; by God in heaven,

·As a blessing, the dear white stork was given,

But the Prince has given us all the rest.

God bless him, and make him well again.

Elsie. Would I could do something for his sake,

Something to cure his sorrow and pan!

Gottlieb. That no one can; neither thou nor I,

Nor any one else.

Elsie. And must he die?

Ursula. Yes; if the dear God does not take

Pity upon him, in his distress,

And work a miracle!

Gottlieb. Or unless, Some maiden, of her own accord, Offers her life for that of her lord, And is willing to die in his stead.

Elsie. I will!

Ursula. Prithee, thou foolish child,
be still!

Thou shouldst not say what thou dost not mean!

Elsie. I mean it truly!

Mar. O father! this morning, Down by the mill, in the ravine,

Hans killed a wolf, the very same That in the night to the sheepfold came,

And ate up my lamb, that was left outside.

Gottlieb. I am very glad he is dead.

It will be a warning

To the wolves in the forest, far and wide.

Max. And I am going to have his hide!

Bertha. I wonder if this is the wolt that ate

Little Red Ridinghood!

Ursula.

Oh, no:

That wolf was killed a long while ago. Come, children, it is growing late.

Max. Ah, how I wish I were a man, As stout as Hans is, and as strong!

I would do nothing else, the whole day long,

But just kill wolves.

Gottlieb. Then go to bed,
And grow as fast as a little boy can.
Bertha is half asleep already.
See how she nods her heavy head,
And her sleepy feet are so unsteady
She will hardly be able to creep upstairs.

Ursula. Good night, my children. Here's the light.

And do not forget to say your prayers Before you sleep.

Gottlieb. Good night!

Max and Bertha. Good night!

(They go out with ELSIE.)

Ursula (spinning). She is a strange and wayward child,

That Elsie of ours. She looks so old, And thoughts and fancies weird and wild

Seem of late to have taken hold
Of her heart, that was once so docile
and mild!

Gottlieb. She is like all girls.
Ursula. Ah no, forsooth!

Unlike all I have ever seen.

For she has visions and strange dreams,

And in all her words and ways, she seems

Much older than she is in truth.

Who would think her but fifteen?

And there has been of late such a change!

My heart is heavy with fear and doubt That she may not live till the year is out.

She is so strange,—so strange,—so strange!

Gottlieb. I am not troubled with any such fear;

She will live and thrive for many a year.

ELSIE'S CHAMBER.

(Night. ELSIE praying.)
Elsie. My Redeemer and my Lord,
I beseech thee, I entreat thee,
Guide me in each act and word,
That hereafter I may meet thee,
Watching, waiting, hoping, yearning,
With my lamp well trimmed and
burning!

Interceding
With these bleeding
Wounds upon thy hands and side,
For all who have lived and erred
Thou hast suffered, thou hast died,
Scourged, and mocked, and crucified,
And in the grave hast thou been
buried!

If my feeble prayer can reach thee, O my Saviour, I beseech thee, Even as thou hast died for me, More sincerely Let me follow where thou leadest, Let me, bleeding as thou bleedest, Die, if dying I may give

Life to one who asks to live, And more nearly, Dying thus, resemble thee!

THE CHAMBER OF GOTTLIEB AND URSULA.

(Midnight. ELSIE standing by their bedside, weeping.)

Gottlieb. The wind is roaring; the rushing rain

Is loud upon roof and window-pane,
As if the Wild Huntsman of Rodenstein.

Boding evil to me and mine, Were abroad to-night with his ghostly train!

In the brief lulls of the tempest wild, The dogs howl in the yard; and hark! Some one is sobbing in the dark, Here in the chamber!

Elsie. It is I.

Ursula. Elsie! what ails thee, my poor child?

Elsie. I am disturbed and much distressed,
In thinking our dear Prince must die;

I cannot close miné eyes, nor rest.

Gottlieb. What wouldst thou? In
the Power Divine

His healing lies, not in our own, It is in the hand of God alone.

Elsie. Nay, He has put it into mine, And into my heart!

Gottlieb. Thy words are wild!

Ursula. What dost thou mean? my child! my child!

Elsie. That for our dear Prince Henry's sake

I will myself the offering make, And give my life to purchase his. Ursula. Am I still dreaming,

awake?
Thou speakest carelessly of death,
And yet thou knowest not what it is.

Elsic. 'T is the cessation of our

breath.

Silent and motionless we lie;
And no one knoweth more than this.

I saw our little Gertrude die;
She left off breathing, and no more
I smoothed the pillow beneath her head.

She was more beautiful than before. Like violets faded were her eyes; By this we knew that she was dead. Through the open window looked the skies

Into the chamber where she lay,
And the wind was like the sound of

As if angels came to bear her away.
Ah! when I saw and felt these things,
I found it difficult to stay;
I longed to die, as she had died,
And go forth with her, side by side.
The Saints are dead, the Martyrs dead,
And Mary, and our Lord; and I
Would follow in humility
The way by them illumined!
Ursula. My child! my child! thou

must not die!

Elsie. Why should I live? Do I

not know
The life of woman is full of woe?
Toiling on and on and on,
With breaking heart, and tearful eyes,
And silent lips, and in the soul
The secret longings that arise,
Which this world never satisfies!
Some more, some less, but of the

Not one quite happy, no, not one

whole

Ursula. It is the malediction of Eve! Elsic. In place of it, let me receive The benediction of Mary, then.
Gottlieb. Ah, woe is me! Ah, woe is

Most wretched am I among men!

Ursula. Alas! that I should live to see

Thy death, beloved, and to stand Above thy grave! Ah, woe the day! Elsie. Thou wilt not see it. I shall lie

Beneath the flowers of another land, For at Salerno, far away Over the mountains, over the sea, It is appointed me to die! And it will seem no more to thee Than if at the village on market-day I should a little longer stay Than I am wont.

Ursula. Even as thou sayest!

And how my heart beats, when thou stayest!

I cannot rest until my sight
Is satisfied with seeing thee.
What then, if thou wert dead?
Gottlieb. Ah me!
Of our old eyes thou art the light!

The joy of our old hearts art thou!
And wilt thou die?

Ursula. Not now! not now!

Elsie. Christ died for me, and shall

not I
Be willing for my Prince to die?
You both are silent; you cannot speak.
This said I at our Saviour's feast
After confession, to the priest,
And even he made no reply.
Does he not warn us all to seek
The happier, better land on high,
Where flowers immortal never wither;

And could he forbid me to go thither?

Gottlieb. In God's own time, my
heart's delight!

When He shall call thee, not before

Elsie. I heard Him call. When

Christ ascended

Triumphantly, from star to star,
He left the gates of heaven ajar.
I had a vision in the night,
And saw Him standing at the door
Of his Father's mansion, vast and
splendid,

And beckoning to me from afar. I cannot stay!

Gottlieb. She speaks almost
As if it were the Holy Ghost
Spake through her lips, and in her
stead!

What if this were of God?

Ursula. Ah, then

Gainsay it dare we not.

Gottlieb. Amen!
Elsie! the words that thou hast said
Are strange and new for us to hear,
And fill our hearts with doubt and fear.
Whether it be a dark temptation
Of the Evil One, or God's inspiration,
We in our blindness cannot say.
We must think upon it, and pray;
For evil and good it both resembles.
If it be of God, his will be done!
May He guard us from the Evil One!
How hot thy hand is! how it trembles!
Go to thy bed, and try to sleep.
Ursula. Kiss me. Good night; and

Ursula. Kiss me. Good night; and do not weep!

(ELSIE goes out.)
Ah, what an awful thing is this!
I almost shuddered at her kiss,
As if a ghost had touched my cheek,
I am so childish and so weak!
As soon as I see the earliest gray
Of morning glimmer in the east,
I will go over to the priest,
And hear what the good man has to say!

A VILLAGE CHURCH.

(A woman kneeling at the confessional.)

The Parish Priest (from within).

Go, sin no more! Thy penance o'er.

A new and better life begin!
God maketh thee forever free
From the dominion of thy sin!
Go, sin no more! He will restore
The peace that filled thy heart before,
And pardon thine iniquity!
(The woman goes out. The Priest
comes forth, and walks slowly up
and down the church.)

O blessed Lord! how much I need Thy light to guide me on my way! So many hands, that, without heed, Still touch thy wounds, and make them bleed!

So many feet, that, day by day, Still wander from thy fold astray! Unless thou fill me with thy light, I cannot lead thy flock aright; Nor, without thy support, can bear The burden of so great a care, But am myself a castaway!

(A pause.) The day is drawing to its close; And what good deeds, since first it rose, Have I presented, Lord, to thee, As offerings of my ministry? What wrong repressed, what right maintained,

What struggle passed, what victory gained,

What good attempted and attained? Feeble, at best, is my endeavour! I see, but cannot reach, the height That lies forever in the light, And yet forever and forever, When seeming just within my grasp I feel my feeble hands unclasp, And sink discouraged into night! For thine own purpose, thou hast sent The strife and the discouragement!

(A pause.) Why stayest thou, Prince of Hoheneck? Why keep me pacing to and fro Amid these aisles of sacred gloom, Counting my footsteps as I go, And marking with each step a tomb? Why should the world for thee make room,

And wait thy leisure and thy beck? Thou comest in the hope to hear Some word of comfort and of cheer. What can I say? I cannot give The counsel to do this and live; But rather, firmly to deny The tempter, though his power be strong,

And, inaccessible to wrong, Still like a martyr live and die! (A pause.)

The evening air grows dusk and brown; I must go forth into the town, To visit beds of pain and death, Of restless limbs, and quivering breath, And sorrowing hearts, and patient eyes That see, through tears, the sun go down.

But never more shall see it rise.

The poor in body and estate, The sick and the disconsolate, Must not on man's convenience wait.

(Goes out.)

(Enter Lucifer, as a Priest.) Lucifer(witha genuflexion, mocking).

This is the Black Pater-noster. God was my foster, He fostered me Under the book of the Palm-tree! St. Michael was my dame. He was born at Bethlehem, He was made of flesh and blood. God send me my right food, My right food, and shelter too, That I may to yon kirk go, To read upon yon sweet book Which the mighty God of heaven shook.

Open, open, hell's gates! Shut, shut, heaven's gates! All the devils in the air The stronger be, that hear the Black Prayer!

(Looking round the church.) What a darksome and dismal place! I wonder that any man has the face To call such a hole the House of the Lord,

And the Gate of Heaven,—yet such is the word.

Ceiling, and walls, and windows old, Covered with cobwebs, blackened with mould;

Dust on the pulpit, dust on the stairs, Dust on the benches, and stalls, and chairs!

The pulpit, from which such ponderous sermons

Have fallen down on the brains of the Germans,

With about as much real edification As if a great Bible, bound in lead, Had fallen, and struck them on the head;

And I ought to remember that sensation!

Here stands the holy-water stoup! Holy-water it may be to many, But to me, the veriest Liquor Gehennæ! It smells like a filthy fast-day soup! Near it stands the box for the poor, With its iron padlock, safe and sure.

I and the priest of the parish know Whither all these charities go; Therefore, to keep up the institution, I will add my little contribution!

(He puts in money.)

Underneath this mouldering tomb, With statue of stone, and scutcheon of brass,

Slumbers a great lord of the village.
All his life was riot and pillage,
But at length, to escape the threatened
doom

Of the everlasting penal fire, He died in the dress of a mendicant friar,

And bartered his wealth for a daily mass.

But all that afterwards came to pass, And whether he finds it dull or pleasant, Is kept a secret for the present, At his own particular desire. And here, in a corner of the wall, Shadowy, silent, apart from all, With its awful portal open wide, And its latticed windows on either side, And its step well worn by the bended

knees
Of one or two pious centuries,
Stands the village confessional!
Within it, as an honoured guest,
I will sit down awhile and rest!

(Seats himself in the confessional.)
Here sits the priest; and faint and low,

Like the sighing of an evening breeze, Comes through these painted lattices The ceaseless sound of human woe; Here, while her bosom aches and throbs

With deep and agonizing sobs,
That half are passion, half contrition,
The luckless daughter of perdition
Slowly confesses her secret shame!
The time, the place, the lover's name!
Here the grim murderer, with a groan,
From his bruised conscience rolls the
stone,

Thinking that thus he can atone
For ravages of sword and flame!
Indeed, I marvel, and marvel greatly,
How a priest can sit here so sedately,
Reading, the whole year out and in,
Naught but the catalogue of sin,

And still keep any faith whatever
In human virtue! Never! never!
I cannot repeat a thousandth part
Of the horrors and crimes and sins
and woes

That arise, when with palpitating throes

The graveyard in the human heart Gives up its dead, at the voice of the priest,

As if he were an archangel, at least.
It makes a peculiar atmosphere,
This odour of earthly passions and
crimes,

Such as I like to breathe, at times, And such as often brings me here In the hottest and most pestilential season.

To-day, I come for another reason; To foster and ripen an evil thought In a heart that is almost to madness wrought,

And to make a murderer out of a prince,

A sleight of hand I learned long since! He comes. In the twilight he will not see

The difference between his priest and

In the same net was the mother caught!

Prince Henry (entering and kneeling at the confessional). Remorseful, penitent, and lowly,

I come to crave, O Father holy, Thy benediction on my head.

Lucifer. The benediction shall be said

After confession, not before!
'T is a God-speed to the parting guest,
Who stands already at the door,
Sandalled with holiness, and dressed
In garments pure from earthly stain.
Meanwhile, hast thou searched well thy
breast?

Does the same madness fill thy brain? Or have thy passion and unrest Vanished forever from thy mind?

Prince Henry. By the same madness still made blind,

By the same passion still possessed, I come again to the house of prayer, A man afflicted and distressed!

As in a cloudy atmosphere,
Through unseen sluices of the air,
A sudden and impetuous wind
Strikes the great forest white with fear,
And every branch, and bough, and
spray

Points all its quivering leaves one way, And meadows of grass, and fields of grain,

And the clouds above, and the slanting rain,

And smoke from chimneys of the town,

Yield themselves to it, and bow down, So does this dreadful purpose press Onward, with irresistible stress, And all my thoughts and faculties, Struck level by the strength of this, From their true inclination turn, And all stream forward to Salern!

Lucifer. Alas! we are but eddies of dust,

Uplifted by the blast, and whirled Along the highway of the world A moment only, then to fall Back to a common level all, At the subsiding of the gust!

Prince Henry. O holy Father! pardon in me

The oscillation of a mind
Unsteadfast, and that cannot find
Its centre of rest and harmony!
For evermore before mine eyes
This ghastly phantom fits and flies,
And as a madman through a crowd,
With frantic gestures and wild cries,
It hurries onward, and aloud
Repeats its awful prophecies!
Weakness is wretchedness! To be
strong

Is to be happy! I am weak,
And cannot find the good I seek,
Because I feel and fear the wrong!
Lucifer. Be not alarmed! The
Church is kind,

And in her mercy and her meekness
She meets half-way her children's
weakness,

Writes their trangressions in the dust! Though in the Decalogue we find The mandate written, "Thou shalt not kill!"

Yet there are cases when we must.

In war, for instance, or from scathe
To guard and keep the one true Faith
We must look at the Decalogue in
the light

Of an ancient statute, that was meant For a mild and general application, To be understood with the reservation That in certain instances the Right Must yield to the Expedient!

Thou art a Prince. If thou shouldst

die,

What hearts and hopes would prostrate lie!

What noble deeds, what fair renown, Into the grave with thee go down! What acts of valour and courtesy Remain undone, and die with thee! Thou art the last of all thy race! With thee a noble name expires, And vanishes from the earth's face The glorious memory of thy sires! In her veins She is a peasant. Flows common and plebeian blood; It is such as daily and hourly stains The dust and the turf of battle plains, By vassals shed, in a crimson flood, Without reserve, and without reward, At the slightest summons of their lord!

But thine is precious; the fore-

Blood of kings, of God's anointed! Moreover, what has the world in

For one like her, but tears and toil? Daughter of sorrow, serf of the soil, A peasant's child and a peasant's wife, And her soul within her sick and

With the roughness and barrenness of life!

I marvel not at the heart's recoil
From a fate like this, in one so tender,
Nor at its eagerness to surrender
All the wretchedness, want, and woe
That await it in this world below,
Nor the unutterable splendour
Of the world of rest beyond the skies.
So the Church sanctions the sacrifice:
Therefore inhale this healing balm,
And breathe this fresh life into thine;
Accept the comfort and the calm
She offers, as a gift divine;

Let her fall down and anoint thy feet With the ointment costly and most Of her young blood, and thou shalt live. Prince Henry. And will the righteous Heaven forgive? No action, whether foul or fair, Is ever done, but it leaves somewhere A record, written by fingers ghostly, As a blessing or a curse, and mostly In the greater weakness or greater strength Of the acts which follow it, till at length The wrongs of ages are redressed, And the justice of God made manifest! Lucifer. In ancient records it is stated That, whenever an evil deed is done, Another devil is created

Fo scourge and torment the offending one!
But evil is only good perverted,
And Lucifer, the bearer of Light,
But an angel fallen and deserted,
Thrust from his Father's house with a

Into the black and endless night.

Prince Henry. If justice rules the universe.

From the good actions of good men Angels of light should be begotten, And thus the balance restored again. Lucifer. Yes; if the world were not

so rotten, And so given over to the Devil!

Prince Henry. But this deed, is it good or evil?

Have I thine absolution free
To do it, and without restriction?

Lucifer. Ay; and from whatsoever

eeth around it and within, rom all crimes in which it may involve

now release thee and absolve thee!

Prince Henry. Give me thy holy benediction.

Lucifer (stretching forth his hand and muttering).

Maladictions persetus

Maledictione perpetua Maledicat vos Pater eternus!

The Angel (with the colian harp). Take heed! take heed! Noble art thou in thy birth, By the good and the great of earth Hast thou been taught! Be noble in every thought And in every deed! Let not the illusion of thy senses Betray thee to deadly offences. Be strong! be good! be pure! The right only shall endure, All things else are but false pretences. I entreat thee, I implore, Listen no more To the suggestions of an evil spirit, That even now is there, Making the foul seem fair, And selfishness itself a virtue and merit!

A ROOM IN THE FARM-HOUSE.

Gottlieb. It is decided! For many days,

And nights as many, we have had
A nameless terror in our breast,
Making us timid, and afraid
Of God, and his mysterious ways!
We have been sorrowful and sad;
Much have we suffered, much have
prayed

That he would lead us as is best,
And show us what his will required.
It is decided; and we give
Our child, O Prince, that you may live!
Ursula. It is of God. He has inspired

This purpose in her; and through pain, Out of a world of sin and woe, He takes her to Himself again. The mother's heart resists no longer; With the Angel of the Lord in vain It wrestled, for he was the stronger.

Gottlieb. As Abraham offered long

His son unto the Lord, and even The Everlasting Father in heaven Gave his, as a lamb unto the slaughter, So do I offer up my daughter!

(URSULA hides her face.)
Elsie. My life is little,
Only a cup of water,
But pure and limpid.
Take it, O my Prince!

Let it refiesh you,
Let it restore you.
It is given willingly,
It is given freely;
May God bless the gift!
Prince Henry. And the giver!
Gottlieb. Amen!
Prince Henry. I accept it!
Gottlieb. Where are the children?
Ursula. They are already asleep.
Gottlieb. What if they were dead?

IN THE GARDEN.

Elsie. I have one thing to ask of you. Prince Henry. What is it?

It is already granted.

Elsie. Promise me,

When we are gone from here, and on our way

Are journeying to Salerno, you will not, By word or deed, endeavour to dissuade

And turn me from my purpose; but remember

That as a pilgrim to the Holy City Walks unmolested, and with thoughts

of pardon
Occupied wholly, so would I approach
The gates of Heaven, in this great
jubilee,

With my petition, putting off from me All thoughts of earth, as shoes from off my feet.

Promise me this.

Prince Henry. Thy words fall from thy lips

Like roses from the lips of Angelo: and angels

Might stoop to pick them up!

Elsie. Will you not promise?

Prince Henry. If ever we depart
upon this journey,

So long to one or both of us, I promise.

Elsie. Shall we not go, then? Have you lifted me

Into the air, only to hurl me back
Wounded upon the ground? and
offered me

The waters of eternal life, to bid me Drink the polluted puddles of this world?

Prince Henry. O Elsie! what a lesson thou dost teach me!

The life which is, and that which is to come,

Suspended hang in such nice equipoise

Λ breath disturbs the balance; and that scale

In which we throw our hearts preponderates,

And the other, like an empty one, flies

And is accounted vanity and air!

To me the thought of death is terrible, Having such hold on life. To thee it is not

So much even as the lifting of a latch; Only a step into the open air Out of a tent already luminous With light that shines through its

transparent walls!
O pure in heart! from thy sweet dust

shall grow Lilies, upon whose petals will be written "Ave Maria" in characters of gold!

III.-A STREET IN STRASBURG.

(Night. PRINCE HENRY wandering alone, wrapped in a cloak.)

Prince Henry. Still is the night.
The sound of feet

Has died away from the empty street, And like an artisan, bending down His head on his anvil, the dark town Sleeps, with a slumber deep and sweet. Sleepless and restless, I alone, In the dusk and damp of these walls

of stone, Wander and weep in my remorse!

CRIER OF THE DEAD (ringing a bell).

Wake! wake! All ye that sleep! Pray for the Dead! Pray for the Dead!

Prince Henry. Hark! with what accents loud and hoarse
This warder on the walls of death
Sends forth the challenge of his breath!

I see the dead that sleep in the grave!
They rise up and their garments wave,
Dimly and spectral, as they rise,
With the light of another world in
their eyes!

CRIER OF THE DRAD
Wake! wake!
All ye that sleep!
Pray for the Dead!
Pray for the Dead!

Prince Henry. Why for the dead, who are at rest?

Pray for the living, in whose breast The struggle between right and wrong Is raging terrible and strong, As when good angels war with devils! This is the Master of the Revels, Who, at Life's flowing feast, proposes The health of absent friends, and pledges,

Not in bright goblets crowned with roses,

And tinkling as we touch their edges, But with his dismal, tinkling bell, That mocks and mimics their funeral knell!

CRIER OF THE DEAD.

Wake! wake! All ye that sleep! Pray for the Dead! Pray for the Dead!

Prince Henry. Wake not, beloved! be thy sleep Silent as night is, and as deep!

There walks a sentinel at thy gate Whose heart is heavy and desolate, And the heavings of whose bosom

number

The respirations of thy slumber,
As if some strange, mysterious fate
Had linked two hearts in one, and
mine

Went madly wheeling about thine, Only with wider and wilder sweep!

CRIER OF THE DRAD (at a distance).

Wake! wake! All ye that sleep! Pray for the Dead! Pray for the Dead!

Prince Henry. Lo! with what depth of blackness thrown
Against the clouds, far up the skies
The walls of the cathedral rise,
Like a mysterious grove of stone,
With fitful lights and shadows blending,
As from behind, the moon, ascending,

Lights its dim aisles and paths unknown!

The wind is rising; but the boughs Rise not and fall not with the wind, That through their foliage sobs and soughs;

Only the cloudy rack behind,
Drifting onward, wild and ragged,
Gives to each spire and buttress jagged
A seeming motion undefined.
Below on the square, an armèd knight,
Still as a statue and as white,
Sits on his steed, and the moonbeams
quiver

Upon the points of his armour bright As on the ripples of a river. He lifts the visor from his cheek, And beckons, and makes as he would

Walter the Minnesinger. Friend! can you tell me where alight Thuringia's horsemen for the night? For I have lingered in the rear, And wander vainly up and down.

Prince Henry. I am a stranger in the town,

As thou art; but the voice I hear ls not a stranger to mine ear.

Thou art Walter of the Vogelweid!

Walter. Thou hast guessed rightly;

and thy name Is Henry of Hoheneck!

Prince Henry. Ay, the same.
Walter (embracing him). Come
closer, closer to my side!
What brings thee hither? What

potent charm
Has drawn thee from thy German farm
Into the old Alsatian city?

Prince Henry. A tale of wonder and of pity!

A wretched man, almost by stealth
Dragging my body to Salern,
In the vain hope and search for health,
And destined never to return.
Already thou hast heard the rest.
But what brings thee, thus armed and
dight

In the equipments of a knight?

IValter Dost thou not see upon my breast

The cross of the Crusaders shine? My pathway leads to Palestine.

Prince Henry. Ah, would that way were also mine! O noble poet! thou whose heart

Is like a nest of singing-birds Rocked on the topmost bough of life, Wilt thou, too, from our sky depart, And in the clangour of the strife Mingle the music of thy words?

Walter. My hopes are high, my heart is proud,

And like a trumpet long and loud, Thither my thoughts all clang and ring!

My life is in my hand, and lo! I grasp and bend it as a bow, And shoot forth from its trembling string

An arrow, that shall be, perchance, Like the arrow of the Israelite king Shot from the window toward the east, That of the Lord's deliverance!

Prince Henry. My life, alas! is what thou seest!

O enviable fate! to be Strong, beautiful, and armed like thee With lyre and sword, with song and

steel: A hand to smite, a heart to feel! Thy heart, thy hand, thy lyre, thy sword,

Thou givest all unto thy Lord; While I, so mean and abject grown, Am thinking of myself alone.

Walter. Be patient: Time will reinstate

Thy health and fortunes.

Prince Henry. "I is too late! I cannot strive against my fate!

Walter. Come with me; for my steed is weary;

Our journey has been long and dreary, And, dreaming of his stall, he dints With his impatient hoofs the flints.

Prince Henry (aside). I am ashamed, in my disgrace,

To look into that noble face!

To-morrow, Walter, let it be. Walter. To-morrow, at the dawn of day,

I shall again be on my way. Come with me to the hostelry, For I have many things to say. Our journey into Italy

Perchance together we may make; Wilt thou not do it for my sake? Prince Henry. A sick man's pace would but impede

Thine eager and impatient speed. Besides, my pathway leads me round To Hirschau, in the forest's bound, Where I assemble man and steed, And all things for my journey's need.

(They go out.) Lucifer (flying over the city). Sleep, sleep, O city! till the light Wake you to sin and crime again, Whilst on your dreams, like dismal rain,

I scatter downward through the night My maledictions dark and deep. I have more martyrs in your walls Than God has; and they cannot sleep;

They are my bondsmen and my thralls; Their wretched lives are full of pain, Wild agonies of nerve and brain; And every heart-beat, every breath, Is a convulsion worse than death! Sleep, sleep, O city! though within The circuit of your walls there be No habitation free from sin, And all its nameless misery; The aching heart, the aching head, Grief for the living and the dead, And foul corruption of the time, Disease, distress, and want, and woe, And crimes, and passions that may grow

Until they ripen into crime!

SQUARE IN FRONT OF THE CATHEDRAL.

(Easter Sunday. FRIAR CUTHBERT preaching to the crowd from a pulpit in the open air. PRINCE HENRY and ELSIE crossing the square.)

Prince Henry. This is the day, when from the dead

Our Lord arose; and everywhere, Out of their darkness and despair, Triumphant over fears and foes, The hearts of his disciples rose, When to the women, standing near, The Angel in shining vesture said, "The Lord is risen; he is not here!" And, mindful that the day is come, On all the hearths in Christendom The fires are quenched, to be again Rekindled from the sun, that high Is dancing in the cloudless sky. The churches are all decked with flowers,

The salutations among men Are but the Angel's words divine, "Christ is arisen!" and the bells Catch the glad murmur, as it swells, And chant together in their towers. All hearts are glad; and free from care The faces of the people shine. See what a crowd is in the square,

Gayly and gallantly arrayed! Elsie. Let us go back; I am afraid! Prince Henry. Nay, let us mount

the church-steps here, Under the doorway's sacred shadow; We can see all things, and be freer From the crowd that madly heaves and presses!

Elsic. What a gay pageant! what bright dresses!

It looks like a flower-besprinkled meadow.

What is that yonder on the square? Prince Henry. A pulpit in the open air,

And a Friar, who is preaching to the crowd

In a voice so deep and clear and loud, That, if we listen, and give heed, His lowest words will reach the ear.

Friar Cuthbert (gesticulating and cracking a postilion's whip). What ho! good people! do you not hear?

Dashing along at the top of his speed, Booted and spurred, on his jaded steed, A courier comes with words of cheer. Courier! what is the news, I pray?

"Christ is arisen!" Whence come you? "From court."

Then I do not believe it; you say it in sport.

(Cracks his whip again.)

Ah, here comes another, riding this way;

We soon shall know what he has to sav.

Courier! what are the tidings to-day

"Christ is arisen!" Whence come you? "From town."

Then I do not believe it; away with you, clown.

(Cracks his whip more violently.) And here comes a third, who is spurring

What news do you bring, with your

loose-hanging rein, Your spurs wet with blood, and your

bridle with foam? "Christ is arisen!" Whence come

you? "From Rome." Ah, now I believe. He is risen, indeed.

Ride on with the news, at the top of your speed!

(Great applause among the crowd.) To come back to my text! When the news was first spread

That Christ was arisen indeed from the dead,

Very great was the joy of the angels in heaven;

And as great the dispute as to who should carry

The tidings thereof to the Virgin Mary, Pierced to the heart with sorrows seven.

Old Father Adam was first to propose, As being the author of all our woes; But he was refused, for fear, said

they, He would stop to eat apples on the

Abel came next, but petitioned in vain, Because he might meet with his brother Cain!

Noah, too, was refused, lest his weakness for wine

Should delay him at every tavern-sign; And John the Baptist could not get a vote,

On account of his old-fashioned camel's-hair coat :

And the Penitent Thief, who died on the cross.

Was reminded that all his bones were broken!

Till at last, when each in turn had

spoken, The company being still at loss,

The Angel, who rolled away the stone, Was sent to the sepulchre, all alone.

And filled with glory that gloomy prison,

And said to the Virgin, "The Lord is arisen!"

(The Cathedral bells ring.)

But hark! the bells are beginning to chime;

And I feel that I am growing hoarse. I will put an end to my discourse, And leave the rest for some other

time.

For the bells themselves are the best of preachers;

Their brazen lips are learned teachers, From their pulpits of stone, in the upper air,

Sounding aloft, without crack or flaw, Shriller than trumpets under the

Now a sermon, and now a prayer.
The clangorous hammer is the tongue,
This way, that way, beaten and swung,
That from mouth of brass, as from
Mouth of Gold,

May be taught the Testaments, New and Old.

And above it the great cross-beam of wood

Representeth the Holy Rood,

Upon which, like the bell, our hopes are hung.

And the wheel wherewith it is swayed and rung

Is the mind of man, that round and round

Sways, and maketh the tongue to sound!

And the rope, with its twisted cordage three,

Denoteth the Scriptural Trinity
Of Morals, and Symbols, and History;
And the upward and downward motion
show

That we touch upon matters high and low;

-And the constant change and transmutation

Of action and of contemplation,

Downward, the Scripture brought from on high,

Upward, exalted again to the sky; Downward, the literal interpretation, Upward, the Vision and Mystery! And now, my hearers, to make an end, I have only one word more to say; In the church, in honour of Easter day Will be presented a Miracle Play;

And I hope you will all have the grace to attend.

Christ bring us at last to his felicity! Pax vobiscum! et Benedicite!

IN THE CATHEDRAL. CHANT.

Kyrie Eleison! Christe Eleison!

Elsie. I am at home here in my Father's house!

These paintings of the Saints upon the walls

Have all familiar and benignant faces. Prince Henry. The portraits of the family of God!

Thine own hereafter shall be placed among them.

Elsie. How very grand it is and wonderful!

Never have I beheld a church so splendid!

Such columns, and such arches, and such windows,

So many tombs and statues in the chapels,

And under them so many confessionals.

They must be for the rich. I should not like

To tell my sins in such a church as this. Who built it?

Prince Henry. A great master of his craft,

Erwin von Steinbach; but not he alone, For many generations laboured with him.

Children that came to see these Saints in stone,

As day by day out of the blocks they rose,

Grew old and died, and still the work went on,

And on, and on, and is not yet completed.

The generation that succeeds our

Perhaps may finish it. The architect Built his great heart into these sculptured stones, And with him toiled his children, and their lives

Were builded, with his own, into the walls,

As offerings unto God. You see that statue

Fixing its joyous, but deep-wrinkled eyes

Upon the Pillars of the Angels yonder. That is the image of the master, carved

By the fair hand of his own child, Sabina.

Elsie. How beautiful is the column that he looks at!

Prince Henry. That, too, she sculptured. At the base of it

Stand the Evangelists; above their heads

Four Angels blowing upon marble trumpets,

And over them the blessed Christ, surrounded

By his attendant ministers, upholding The instruments of his passion.

Elsic. O my Lord! Would I could leave behind me upon

earth
Some monument to thy glory, such as

this!

Prince Henry. A greater monument than this thou leavest

In thine own life, all purity and love! See, too, the Rose, above the western portal

Resplendent with a thousand gorgeous colours,

The perfect flower of Gothic loveliness!

Elsie. And, in the gallery, the long line of statues,

Christ with his twelve Apostles watching us!

(A BISHOP in armour, booted and spurred, passes with his train.)

Prince Henry. But come away; we have not time to look.

The crowd already fills the church, and yonder

Upon a stage, a herald with a trumpet, Clad like the Angel Gabriel, proclaims The Mystery that will now be represented.

THE NATIVITY.

A MIRACLE-PLAY. INTROITUS.

Praco. Come, good people, all and each.

Come and listen to our speech!
In your presence here I stand,
With a trumpet in my hand,
To announce the Easter Play,
Which we represent to-day!
First of all we shall rehearse,
In our action and our verse,
The Nativity of our Lord,
As written in the old record
Of the Protevangelion,
So that he who reads may run!

(Blows his trumpet.)

I.-HEAVEN.

Mercy (at the feet of God). Have pity, Lord! be not afraid

To save mankind, whom thou hast made,

Nor let the souls that were betrayed Perish eternally!

Justice. It cannot be, it must not be! When in the garden placed by thee, The fruit of the forbidden tree

He ate, and he must die!

Mercy. Havepity, Lord! let penitence
Atone for disobedience,

Nor let the fruit of man's offence Be endless misery!

Justice. What penitence proportionate

Can e'er be felt for sin so great? Of the forbidden fruit he ate,

And damnèd must he be!

God. He shall be saved, if that within The bounds of earth one free from sin Be found, who for his kith and kin Will suffer martyrdom.

The Four Virtues. Lord! we have searched the world around, From centre to the utmost bound,

But no such mortal can be found;

Despairing, back we come. Wisdom. No mortal, but a God made man,

Can ever carry out this plan, Achieving what none other can, Salvation unto all! God. Go, then, O my beloved Son! It can by thee alone be done; By thee the victory shall be won O'er Satan and the Fall! (Here the ANGEL GABRIEL shall leav

(Here the ANGEL GABRIEL shall leave Paradise and fly towards the earth; the jaws of Hell open below, and the Devils walk about, making a great noise.)

II.-MARY AT THE WELL.

Mary. Along the garden walk, and thence

Through the wicket in the garden fence, I steal with quiet pace,

My pitcher at the well to fill,

That lies so deep and cool and still
In this sequestered place.
These sycamores keep guard around

These sycamores keep guard around; I see no face, I hear no sound,

Save bubblings of the spring, And my companions, who, within, The threads of gold and scarlet spin, And at their labour sing.

The Angel Gabriel. Hail, Virgin

Mary, full of grace!
(Here MARY looketh around her, trembling, and then saith:)

Mary. Who is it speaketh in this place,
With such a gentle voice?

Gabriel. The Lord of heaven is with thee now!

Blessed among all women thou, Who art his holy choice!

Mary (setting down the pitcher). What can this mean? No one is near,

And yet, such sacred words I hear, I almost fear to stay.

(Here the ANGEL, appearing to her, shall say:)

Gabriel. Fear not, O Mary! but believe!

For thou, a Virgin, shalt conceive A child this very day.

Fear not, O Mary! from the sky The majesty of the Most High Shall overshadow thee!

Mary. Behold the handmaid of the Lord!

According to thy holy word,
So be it unto me!
(Here the Devils shall again make a great noise, under the stage.)

III.--THE ANGELS OF THE SEVEN
PLANETS, BEARING THE STAR OF
BETHLEHEM.

The Angels. The Angels of the Planets Seven,

Across the shining fields of heaven
The natal star we bring!

Dropping our sevenfold virtues down
As priceless jewels in the crown
Of Christ, our new born King

Of Christ, our new-born King.

Raphael. I am the Angel of the
Sun,

Whose flaming wheels began to run When God's almighty breath Said to the darkness and the Night,

Let there be light! and there was light!

I bring the gift of Faith.

Onafiel. I am the Angel of the

Darkened to be rekindled soon
Beneath the azure cope!
Nearest to earth, it is my ray
That best illumes the midnight way:

I bring the gift of Hope!

Angel. The Angel of the Star of

Love,
The Evening Star, that shines above
The place where lovers be,
Above all happy hearths and homes,
On roofs of thatch, or golden domes,

I give him Charity!

Zobiachel. The Planet Jupiter is mine!

The mightiest star of all that shine, Except the sun alone!

He is the High Priest of the Dove, And sends, from his great throne above,

Justice, that shall atone!

Michael. The Planet Mercury, whose place

Is nearest to the sun in space, Is my allotted sphere! And with celestial ardour swift I bear upon my hands the gift Of heavenly Prudence here!

Uriel. I am the Minister of Mars, The strongest star among the stars! My songs of power prelude

The march and battle of man's life, And for the suffering and the strife I give him Fortitude! Orifel. The Angel of the uttermost
Of all the shining, heavenly host,
From the far-off expanse
Of the Saturnian, endless space
I bring the last, the crowning grace,
The gift of Temperance!
[A sudden light shines from the windows of the stable in the village

IV.—THE WISE MEN OF THE EAST.

below.)

(The stable of the Inn. The VIRGIN and CHILD. Three Gipsy Kings, GASPAR, MELCHIOR, and BELSHAZZAR, shall come in.)
Gaspar. Hailtothee, Jesus of Nazareth!

Gaspar. Hailto thee, Jesus of Nazareth! Though in a manger thou draw breath, Thou art greater than Life and Death,

Greater than Joy or Woe!
This cross upon the line of life
Portendeth struggle, toil, and strife,
And through a region with peril rife

In darkness shalt thou go!

Melchior. Hail to thee, King of Jerusalem!

Though humbly born in Bethlehem, A sceptre and a diadem

Await thy brow and hand!
The sceptre is a simple reed,
The crown will make thy temples bleed,
And in thine hour of greatest need,

Abashed thy subjects stand!

Belshazzar. Hail to thee, Christ of
Christendom!

O'er all the earth thy kingdom come! From distant Trebizond to Rome

Thy name shall men adore!
Peace and good-will among all men,
The Virgin has returned again,
Returned the old Saturnian reign

And Golden Age once more.

The Child Christ. Jesus, the Son of God, am I,

Born here to suffer and to die According to the prophecy,

That other men may live!

The Virgin. And now these clothes, that wrapped Him, take

And keep them precious, for his sake; Our benediction thus we make, "

Naught else have we to give. (She.gives them swaddling-clothes, and they depart.)

V.—THE FLIGHT INTO EGYPT.

(Here JOSEPH shall come in, leading an ass, on which are seated MARY and the CHILD.)

Mary. Here will we rest us, under these

O'erhanging branches of the trees, Where robins chant their Litanies

And canticles of joy.

Joseph. My saddle-girths have given

way

With trudging through the heat to day; To you I think it is but play

To ride and hold the boy.

Mary. Hark! how the robins shout

and sing,
As if to hail their infant King!
I will alight at yonder spring

To wash his little coat.

Joseph. And I will hobble well the ass,
Lest, being loose upon the grass,

He should escape; for, by the mass, He's nimble as a goat.

(Here MARY shall alight and go to the spring.)

Mary. O Joseph! I am much afraid. For men are sleeping in the shade; I fear that we shall be waylaid,

And robbed and beaten sore!
(Here a band of robbers shall be seen sleeping, two of whom shall rise and come forward.)

Dumachus. Cock's soul! deliver up your gold!

Joseph. I pray you, Sirs, let go your hold!

You see that I am weak and old,
Of wealth I have no store.

Dumachus. Give up your money!

Titus. Prithee cease.

Let these people go in peace.

Dumachus First let them pay for their release,

And then go on their way.

Titus. These forty groats I give in fce,
If thou wilt only silent be.

Mary. May God be merciful to thee Upon the Judgment Day!

Jesus. When thirty years shall have gone by,

I at Jerusalem shall die,
By Jewish hands exalted high
On the accursed tree,

Then on my right and on my left side, These thieves shall both be crucified, And Titus thenceforth shall abide

In paradise with me.

(Here a great rumour of trumpets and horses, like the noise of a king with his army, and the robbers shall take flight.)

VI.—THE SLAUGHTER OF THE INNOCENTS.

King Herod. Potz-tausend! Himmel-sacrament!

Filled am I with great wonderment At this unwelcome news!

Am I not Herod? Who shall dare My crown to take, my sceptre bear,

As king among the Jews? (Here he shall stride up and down and flourish his sword.)

What ho! I fain would drink a can Of the strong wine of Canaan!

The wine of Helbon bring
I purchased at the Fair of Tyre,
As 1ed as blood, as hot as fire,
And fit for any king!

(He quaffs great goblets of wine.)
Now at the window will I stand,
While in the street the armed band
The little children slay;

The babe just born in Bethlehem
Will surely slaughtered be with them,
Nor live another day!

(Here a voice of lamentation shall be heard in the street.)

Rachel. O wicked king! O cruel speed! To do this most unrighteous deed!

My children all are slain!

Herod. Ho seneschal! another cup.

With wine of Sorek fill it up!

I would a bumper drain!

Rahab. May maledictions fall and

Thyself and lineage, to the last
Of all thy kith and kin!
Herod. Another goblet! quick! and
stir

Pomegranate juice and drops of myrrh And calamus therein! Soldiers (in the street). Give up thy

child into our hands!
It is King Herod who commands
That he should thus be slain!

The Nurse Medusa. O monstrous men! What have ye done!

It is King Herod's only son

That ye have cleft in twain!

Herod. Ah, luckless day! What
words of fear

Are these that smite upon my ear With such a doleful sound!

What torments rack my heart and head!

Would I were dead! would I were dead, And buried in the ground!

(He falls down and writhes as though eaten by worms. Hell opens, and SATAN and ASTAROTH come forth, and drag him down.)

VII.—JESUS AT PLAY WITH HIS SCHOOLMATES.

Jesus. The shower is over. Let us play.

And make some sparrows out of clay, Down by the river's side.

Judas. See, how the stream has overflowed

Its banks, and o'er the meadow road Is spreading far and wide!

(They draw water out of the river by channels, and form little pools.

JESUS makes twelve sparrows of clay, and the other boys do the same.)

Jesus. Look! look how prettily I make

These little sparrows by the lake
Bend down their necks and drink!
Now will I make them sing and soar

So far, they shall return no more Unto this river's brink.

Judas. That canst thou not! They are but clay,

They cannot sing, nor fly away Above the meadow lands!

Jesus. Fly, fly! ye sparrows! you are free!

And while you live, remember me,
Who made you with my hands.
(Here JESUS shall clap his hands, and
the sparrows shall fly away, chirruping.)

Judas. Thou art a sorcerer, I know; Oft has my mother told me so,

I will not play with thee!
(He strikes JESUS in the right side.)

Jesus. Ah, Judas! thou hast smote my side,

And when I shall be crucified, There shall I pierced be!

(Here JOSEPH shall come in and say:)

Joseph. Ye wicked boys! why do ye
play,

And break the holy Sabbath day? What, think ye, will your mothers

To see you in such plight!
In such a sweat and such a heat,
With all that mud upon your feet!
There's not a beggar in the street
Makes such a sorry sight!

VIII.—THE VILLAGE SCHOOL.

(The RABBI BEN ISRAEL, sitting on a high stool, with a long beard, and a rod in his hand.)

Rabbi. I am the Rabbi Ben Israel, Throughout this village known full well,

And, as my scholars all will tell, Learned in things divine; The Cabala and Talmud hoar Than all the prophets prize I more,

For water is all Bible lore,
But Mishna is strong wine.
My fame extends from West to East,

My fame extends from West to East, And always, at the Purim feast, I am as drunk as any beast

That wallows in his sty;
The wine it so elateth me,
That I no difference can see
Between "Accursed Haman be!"
And "Blessed be Mordecai!"
Come hither, Judas Iscariot;

Say, if thy lesson thou hast got From the Rabbinical Book or not. Why howl the dogs at night? Judas. In the Rabbinical Book, it

saith
The dogs howl, when with icy breath
Great Sammael, the Angel of Death,

Takes through the town his flight!
Rabbi. Well, boy! now say, if thou art wise,

When the Angel of Death, who is full of eyes,

Comes where a sick man dying lies,
What doth he to the wight?

Judas. He stands beside him, dark and tall,

Holding a sword, from which doth fall Into his mouth a drop of gall,

And so he turneth white.

Rabbi. And now, my Judas, say to me What the great Voices Four may be, That quite across the world do flee,

And are not heard by men?

Judas. The Voice of the Sun in heaven's dome,

The Voice of the Murmuring of Rome, The Voice of a Soul that goeth home, And the Angel of the Rain!

Rabbi. Right are thine answers

every one!

Now little Jesus, the carpenter's son, Let us see how thy task is done; Canst thou thy letters say?

Jesus. Aleph.

Rabbi. What next? Do not stop yet! Go on with all the alphabet.

Come, Aleph, Beth; dost thou forget?
Cock's soul! thou'dst rather play!
Jesus. What Aleph means I fain
would know,

Before I any farther go!

Rabbi. Oh, by Saint Peter! wouldst thou so?

Come hither, boy, to me.
As surely as the letter Jod

Once cried aloud, and spake to God, So surely shalt thou feel this rod,

And punished shalt thou be!
(Here RABBI BEN ISRAEL shall lift up
his rod to strike JESUS, and his right
arm shall be paralyzed.)

IX.-CROWNED WITH FLOWERS.

(JESUS sitting among his playmates crowned with flowers as their King.)

Boys. We spread our garments on the ground! [crowned]

With fragrant flowers thy head is While like a guard we stand around,

And hail thee as our King! Thou art the new King of the Jews! Nor let the passers-by refuse

To bring that homage which men use To majesty to bring.

(Here a traveller shall go by, and the boys shall lay hold of his garments and say:)

Boys. Come hither! and all reverence

Unto our monarch, crowned to-day! Then go rejoicing on your way, In all prosperity!

Traveller. Hail to the King of Beth-

Who weareth in his diadem

The yellow crocus for the gem
Of his authority!

(He passes by; and others come in, bearing on a litter a sick child.) Boys. Set down the litter and draw

The King of Bethlehem is here!

What ails the child, who seems to fear That we shall do him harm?

The Bearcrs. He climbed up to the robin's nest,

And out there darted, from his rest, A serpent with a crimson crest,

And stung him in the arm.

Jesus. Bring him to me, and let me

feel
The wounded place; my touch can

heal

The sting of serpents, and can steal
The poison from the bite!
(He touches the wound, and the boy
begins to cry.)

Cease to lament! I can foresee
That thou hereafter known shalt be,
Among the men who follow me,
As Simon the Canaanite!

EPILOGUE.

In the after part of the day
Will be represented another play,
Of the Passion of our Blessed Lord,
Beginning directly after Nones!
At the close of which we shall accord,
By way of benison and reward,
The sight of a holy Martyr's bones!

IV.—THE ROAD TO HIRSCHAU.
(PRINCE HENRY and ELSIE, with their attendants on horseback.)

Elsie. Onward and onward the highway runs to the distant city, impatiently bearing

Tidings of human joy and disaster, of love and of hate, of doing and daring! Prince Henry. This life of ours is a wild æolian harp of many a joyous strain,

But under them all there runs a loud perpetual wail, as of souls in pain.

Elsie. Faith alone can interpret life, and the heart that aches and bleeds with the stigma

Of pain, alone bears the likeness of Christ, and can comprehend its dark enigma.

Prince Henry. Man is selfish, and seeketh pleasure with little care of what may betide,

Else why am I travelling here beside thee, a demon that rides by an angel's side?

Elsic. All the hedges are white with dust, and the great dog under the creaking wain

Hangs his head in the lazy heat, while onward the horses toil and strain.

Prince Henry. Now they stop at the wayside inn, and the wagoner laughs with the landlord's daughter,

While out of the dripping trough the horses distend their leathern sides with water.

Elsic. All through life there are wayside inns, where man may refresh his soul with love;

Even the lowest may quench his thirst at rivulets fed by springs from above.

Prince Henry. Yonder, where rises the cross of stone, our journey along the highway ends,

And over the fields, by a bridle path, down into the broad green valley descends.

Elsic. I am not sorry to leave behind the beaten road with its dust and heat;

The air will be sweeter far, and the turf will be softer under our horses' feet.

(They turn down a green lane.)

Elsie. Sweet is the air with the budding haws, and the valley stretching for miles below

Is white with blossoming cherry-trees, as if just covered with lightest snow.

Prince Henry. Over our heads a white cascade is gleaming against the distant hill;

We cannot hear it, nor see it move, but it hangs like a banner when winds are still.

Elsie. Damp and cool is this deep ravine, and cool the sound of the brook by our side!

What is this castle that rises above us, and lords it over a land so wide? Prince Henry. It is the home of the Counts of Calva; well have I known these scenes of old,

Well I remember each tower and turret, remember the brooklet, the wood, and the wold.

Elsie. Hark! from the little village below us the bells of the church are ringing for rain!

Priests and peasants in long procession come forth and kneel on the arid plain.

Prince Henry. They have not long o wait, for I see in the south uprising a little cloud,

That before the sun shall be set will cover the sky above us as with a shroud.

(They pass on.)

THE CONVENT OF HIRSCHAU IN THE BLACK FOREST,

(The Convent cellar. FRIAR CLAUS comes in with a light and a basket of empty flagons.)
Friar Claus. I always enter this

sacred place With a thoughtful, solemn, and reverent

Pausing long enough on each stair
To breathe an ejaculatory prayer,
And a benediction on the vines
That produce these various sorts of
wines!

For my part, I am well content That we have got through with the tedious Lent!

Fasting is all very well for those Who have to contend with invisible foes;

But I am quite sure it does not agree With a quiet, peaceable man like me, Who am not of that nervous and meagre kind,

That are always distressed in body and mind!

And at times it really does me good To come down among this brotherhood.

Dwelling forever underground, Silent, contemplative, round and sound; Each one old, and brown with mould, But filled to the lips with the ardour of youth,

With the latent power and love of truth,

And with virtues fervent and manifold. I have heard it said, that at Easter-

When buds are swelling on every side, And the sap begins to move in the vine, Then in all cellars, far and wide, The oldest as well as the newest wine Begins to stir itself, and ferment, With a kind of revolt and discontent At being so long in darkness pent, And fain would burst from its sombre

To bask on the hillside in the sun;
As in the bosom of us poor friars,
The tumult of half-subdued desires
For the world that we have left behind
Disturbs at times all peace of mind!
And now that we have lived through
Lent,

My duty it is, as often before,
To open awhile the prison-door,
And give these restless spirits vent.
Now here is a cask that stands alone,
And has stood a hundred years or
more,

Its beard of cobwebs, long and hoar, Trailing and sweeping along the floor, Like Barbarossa, who sits in his cave, Taciturn, sombre, sedate, and grave, Till his beard has grown through the table of stone!

It is of the quick and not of the dead! In its veins the blood is hot and red; And a heart still beats in those ribs

That time may have tamed, but has not broke!

It comes from Bacharach on the Rhine, Is one of the three best kinds of wine, And costs some hundred florins the

But that I do not consider dear,
When I remember that every year
Four butts are sent to the Pope of
Rome.

And whenever a goblet thereof I drain, The old rhyme keeps running in my brain:

> At Bacharach on the Rhine, At Hochheim on the Main, And at Würzburg on the Stein, Grow the three best kinds of wine!

They are all good wines, and better far Than those of the Neckar, or those of the Ahr.

In particular, Würzburg well may boast Of its blessed wine of the Holy Ghost, Which of all wines I like the most.

This I shall draw for the Abbot's drinking,

Who seems to be much of my way of thinking.

(Fills a flagon.)

Ah! how the streamlet laughs and sings!

What a delicious fragrance springs
From the deep flagon, while it fills,
As of hyacinths and daffodils!
Between this cask and the Abbot's
lips

Many have been the sips and slips; Many have been the draughts of wine, On their way to his, that have stopped at mine;

And many a time my soul has hankered For a deep draught out of his silver tankard,

When it should have been busy with other affairs,

Less with its longings and more with its prayers.

But now there is no such awkward condition,

No danger of death and eternal perdition:

So here's to the Abbot and Brothers all,

Who dwell in this convent of Peter and Paul!

(He drinks.)

O cordial delicious! O soother of pain!

It flashes like sunshine into my brain!
A benison rest on the Bishop who

Such a fudder of wine as this to his friends!

And now a flagon for such as may ask A draught from the noble Bacharach cask,

And I will be gone, though I know full well

The cellar's a cheerfuller place than the cell.

Behold where he stands, all sound and good,

Brown and old in his oaken hood; Silent he seems externally As any Carthusian monk may be; But within, what a spirit of deep unrest!

What a seething and simmering in his breast!

As if the heaving of his great heart Would burst his belt of oak apart! Let me unloose this button of wood, And quiet a little his turbulent mood. (Sets it running.)

See! how its currents gleam and shine, As if they had caught the purple hues Of autumn sunsets on the Rhine, Descending and mingling with the

dews;
Or as if the grapes were stained with the blood

Of the innocent boy, who, some years

Was taken and crucified by the Jews, In that ancient town of Bacharach; Perdition upon those infidel Jews, In that ancient town of Bacharach! The beautiful town, that gives us wine With the fragrant odour of Muscadine! I should deem it wrong to let this pass Without first touching my lips to the glass,

For here in the midst of the current I stand

Like the stone Pfalz in the midst of the river,

Taking toll upon either hand, And much more grateful to the giver. (He drinks.) Here, now, is a very inferior kind, Such as in any town you may find, Such as one might imagine would suit The rascal who drank wine out of a

And, after all, it was not a crime, For he won thereby Dorf Hüffelsheim. A jolly old toper! who at a pull Could drink a postilion's jack-boot full, And ask with a laugh, when that was done,

If the fellow had left the other one! This wine is as good as we can afford To the friars, who sit at the lower board,

And cannot distinguish bad from good, And are far better off than if they could,

Being rather the rude disciples of beer Than of anything more refined and dear!

(Fills the flagon and dep urts.)

THE SCRIPTORIUM.

(FRIAR PACIFICUS transcribing and illuminating.)

Friar Pacificus. It is growing dark! Yet one line more,

And then my work for to-day is o'er. I come again to the name of the Lord!

Ere I that awful name record, That is spoken so lightly among men, Let me pause awhile and wash my pen;

Pure from blemish and blot must it be When it writes that word of mystery! Thus have I laboured on and on, Nearly through the Gospel of John. Can it be that from the lips Of this same gentle Evangelist, That Christ himself perhaps has kissed Came the dread Apocalypse! It has a very awful look,

As it stands there at the end of the book,

Like the sun in an eclipse.

Ah me! when I think of that vision divine.

Think of writing it, line by line, I stand in awe of the terrible curse, Like the trump of doom, in the closing verse l

God forgive me! if ever I Take aught from the book of that Prophecy,

Lest my part too should be taken away From the Book of Life on the Judg-

ment Day.

This is well written, though I say it I should not be afraid to display it In open day, on the selfsame shelf With the writings of St. Thecla hers Or of Theodosius, who of old Wrote the Gospels in letters of gold I That goodly folio standing yonder, Without a single blot or blunder, Would not bear away the palm from

mine, If we should compare them line for line.

There, now, is an initial letter! Saint Ulric himself never made a better!

Finished down to the leaf and the snail. Down to the eyes on the peacock's tail! And now, as I turn the volume over, And see what lies between cover and

What treasures of art these pages hold, All ablaze with crimson and gold, God forgive me! I seem to feel A certain satisfaction steal Into my heart, and into my brain, As if my talent had not lain Wrapped in a napkin, and all in vain. Yes, I might almost say to the Lord, Here is a copy of thy Word, Written out with much toil and pain; Take it, O Lord, and let it be As something I have done for thee! (He looks from the window.)

How sweet the air is! How fair the scene!

I wish I had as lovely a green To paint my landscapes and my leaves!

How the swallows twitter under the eaves!

There, now, there is one in her nest; I can just catch a glimpse of her head and breast,

And will sketch her thus, in her quiet nook,

For the margin of my Gospel book. (He makes a shetch.)

I can see no more. Through the valley yonder

A shower is passing; I hear the thunder

thunder
Mutter its curses in the air,
The devil's own and only prayer!
The dusty road is brown with rain,
And, speeding on with might and main,
Hitherward rides a gallant train.
They do not parley, they cannot wait,
But hurry in at the convent gate.
What a fair lady! and beside her
What a hundsome, graceful, noble
rider!

Now she gives him her hand to alight; They will beg a shelter for the night. I will go down to the corridor, And try to see that face once more; It will do for the face of some beau tiful Saint,

Or for one of the Maries I shall paint. (Goes out.)

* THE CLOISTERS.

(The Abbot Ernestus pacing to and fro.)

Abbot. Slowly, slowly up the wall Steals the sunshine, steals the shade; Evening damps begin to fall, Evening shadows are displayed. Round me, o'er me, everywhere, All the sky is grand with clouds, And athwart the evening air Wheel the swallows home in crowds Shafts of sunshine from the west Paint the dusky windows red; Darker shadows, deeper rest, Underneath and overhead. Darker, darker, an i more wan, In my breasts the shadows fall; Upward steals the life of man, As the sunshine from the wall. From the wall into the sky, From the roof along the spire; Ah, the souls of those that die Are but sunbeams lifted higher. (Enter Prince Henry.)

Prince Henry. Christ is arisen!

Abbot. Amen! He is arisen

His peace be with you!

Prince Henry. Here it reigns forever! The peace of God, that passeth understanding, Reigns in these cloisters and these corridors.

Are you Ernestus, Abbot of the convent?

Abbot. I am.

Prince Henry. And I Prince Henry of Hoheneck,

Who crave your hospitality to-night.

Abbot. You are thrice welcome to our humble walls.

You do us honour; and we shall requite it,

I fear, but poorly, entertaining you With Paschal eggs, and our poor convent wine,

The remnants of our Easter holidays.

Prince Henry, How fares it with the holy monks of Hirschau?

Are all things well with them?

Abbot. All things are well.

Prince Henry. A noble convent.

By the report of travellers. I now see Their commendations lag behind the truth.

You lie here in the valley of the Nagold As in a nest: and the still river gliding

Along its bed, is like an admonition How all things pass. Your lands are rich and ample,

And your revenues large. God's bencdiction

Rests on your convent.

Abbot. By our charities
We strive to merit it. Our Lord and
Master,

When He departed, left us in his will, As our best legacy on earth, the poor! These we have always with us; had we not,

Our hearts would grow as hard as are these stones.

Prince Henry. If I remember right, the Counts of Calva

Founded your convent.

Abbot. Even as you say. Prince Henry. And, if I err not, it is very old.

Abbot. Within these cloisters lie already buried

Twelve holy Abbots. Underneath the flags

On which we stand, the Abbot William lies.

Of blessed memory.

Prince Henry. And whose tomb is

Which bears the brass escutcheon? A benefactor's. Abbot.Conrad, a Count of Calva, he who stood Godfather to our bells.

Prince Henry. Your monks are learned

And holy men, I trust.

Abbot. There are among them Learned and holy men. Yet in this age We need another Hildebrand, to shake And purify us like a mighty wind.

The world is wicked, and sometimes I wonder

God does not lose his patience with it wholly,

And shatter it like glass! Even here, at times,

Within these walls, where all should be at peace,

I have my trials. Time has laid his hand

Upon my heart, gently, not smiting it, But as a harper lays his open palm Upon his harp, to deaden its vibrations. Ashes are on my head, and on my lips Sackcloth, and in my breast a heaviness And weariness of life, that makes me ready

To say to the dead Abbots under us, "Make room for me!" Only I see the dusk

Of evening twilight coming, and have

Completed half my task; and so at

The thought of my shortcomings in this life

falls like a shadow on the life to come. Prince Henry. We must all die, and not the old alone;

he young have no exemption from that doom

Abbot. Ah, yes! the young may die, but the old must!

hat is the difference.

Prince Henry. I have heard much

Of your transcribers. Your Scriptorium Lo.

Is famous among all; your manuscripts Praised for their beauty and their excellence.

Abbot. That is indeed our boast. If you desire it,

You shall behold these treasures. And meanwhile

Shall the Refectorarius bestow

Your horses and attendants for the night.

(They go in. The Vesper-bell rings.)

THE CHAPEL.

(Vespers: after which the monks retire. a chorister leading an old monk who is blind.)

Prince Henry. They are all gone, save one who lingers,

Absorbed in deep and silent prayer. As if his heart could find no rest, At times he beats his heaving breast With clenchèd and convulsive fingers, Then lifts them trembling in the air. A chorister, with golden hair, Guides hitherward his heavy pace. Can it be so? Or does my sight Deceive me in the uncertain light? Ah no! I recognize that face,

Though Time has touched it in his flight,

And changed the auburn hair to white, It is Count Hugo of the Rhine, The deadliest foe of all our race, And hateful unto me and mine!

The Blind Monk. Who is it that doth stand so near

His whispered words I almost hear? Prince Henry. I am Prince Henry of Hoheneck,

And you, Count Hugo of the Rhine! I know you, and I see the scar, The brand upon your forehead, shine And redden like a baleful star!

The Blind Monk. Count Hugo once, but now the wreck

Of what I was. O Hoheneck! The passionate will, the pride, the wrath

That bore me headlong on my path, Stumbled and staggered into fear, And failed me in my mad career, As a tired steed some evil-doer, Alone upon a desolate moor.



Bewildered, lost, deserted, blind, And hearing loud and close behind The o'ertaking steps of his pursuer. Then suddenly from the dark there came

A voice that called me by my name, And said to me, "Kneel down and pray!"

And so my terror passed away,
Passed utterly away forever.
Contrition, penitence, remorse,
Came on me, with o'erwhelming force;
A hope, a longing, an endeavour,
By days of penance and nights of
prayer,

To frustrate and defeat despair!
Calm, deep, and still is now my heart,
With tranquil waters overflowed;
A lake whose unseen fountains start,
Where once the hot volcano glowed.
And you, O Prince of Hoheneck!
Have known me in that earlier time,
A man of violence and crime,
Whose passions brooked no curb nor
check.

Behold me now, in gentler mood,
One of this holy brotherhood.
Give me your hand; here let me
kneel;

Make your reproaches sharp as steel; Spurn me, and smite me on each cheek;

No violence can harm the meek, There is no wound Christ cannot heal! Yes; lift your princely hand, and take Revenge, if 't is revenge you seek; Then pardon me, for Jesus' sake!

Prince Henry. Arise, Count Hugo! let there be

No further strife nor enmity
Between us twain; we both have erred!
Too rash in act, too wroth in word,
From the beginning have we stood
In fierce, defiant attitude,
Each thoughtless of the other's right,
And each reliant on his might.
But now our souls are more subdued;
The hand of God, and not in vain,
Has touched us with the fire of pain.
Let us kneel down and side by side
Pray, till our souls are purified,
And pardon will not be denied!

(They kneel.)

THE REFECTORY.

(Gauaiolum of Monks at midnight. LUCIFER disguised as a Friar.)

FRIAR PAUL sings.

Ave! color vini clari, Dulcis potus, non amari, Tua nos inebriari Digneris potentia!

Friar Cuthbert. Not so much noise, my worthy frères, You'll disturb the Abbot at his prayers,

FRIAR PAUL sings

O! quam placens in colore! O! quam fragrans in odore!

O! quam sapidum in ore! Dulce linguæ vinculum!

Friar Cuthbert. I should think your tongue had broken its chain!

FRIAR PAUL sings.
Felix venter quem intrabis!
Felix guttur quod rigabis!
Felix os quod tu lavabis!
Et beata labia!

Friar Cuthbert. Peace! I say, peace! Will you never cease!

You will rouse up the Abbot, I tell you again!

Friar John. No danger! to-night he will let us alone,

As I happen to know he has guests of his own.

Friar Cuthbert. Who are they?
Friar John. A German Prince and
his train.

Who arrived here just before the rain. There is with him a damsel fair to see, As slender and graceful as a reed! When she alighted from her steed, It seemed like a blossom blown from a

Friar Cuthbert. None of your palefaced girls for me!

None of your damsels of high degree! Friar John. Come, old fellow, drink down to your peg!

But do not drink any further, I beg!

FRIAR PAUL sings.
In the days of gold,
The days of old,
Crosier of wood
And bishop of gold!

Friar Cuthbert. What an infernal racket and riot!
Can you not drink your wine in quiet?
Why fill the convent with such scandals,
As if we were so many drunken Van-

dals?

FRIAR PAUL continues. Now we have changed That law so good To crosier of gold And bishop of wood!

Friar Cuthbert. Well, then, since you are in the mood
To give your noisy humours vent,
Sing and howl to your heart's content!

CHORUS OF MONKS.
Funde vinum, funde!
Tanquam sint fluminis undæ,
Nec quæras unde,
Sed fundas semper abunde!

Friar John. What is the name of yonder friar,

With an eye that glows like a coal of fire,

And such a black mass of tangled hair? Friar Paul. He who is sitting there, With a rollicking,

Devil may care,

Free and easy look and air,

As if he were used to such feasting and frolicking?

Friar John. The same.

Friar Paul. He's a stranger. You had better ask his name,

And where he is going and whence he came.

Friar John. Hallo! Sir Friar!
Friar Paul. You must raise your
voice a little higher,

He does not seem to hear what you say.

Now, try again! He is looking this way.

Friar John. Hallo! Sir Friar, We wish to inquire

Whence you came, and where you are going,

And anything else that is worth the knowing.

So be so good as to open your head.

Lucifer. I am a Frenchman born and bred,

Going on a pilgrimage to Rome. My home

Is the convent of St. Gildas de Rhuys, Of which, very like, you never have heard.

Monks. Never a word!

Lucifer. You must know, then, it is in the diocese

in the diocese
Called the Diocese of Vannes,
In the province of Brittany.
From the gray rocks of Morbihan
It overlooks the angry sea;
The very sea-shore where,
In his great despair,
Abbot Abelard walked to and fro,
Filling the night with woe,
And wailing aloud to the merciless

seas
The name of his sweet Heloise,
Whilst overhead

The convent windows gleamed as red As the fiery eyes of the monks within, Who with jovial din

Gave themselves up to all kinds of sin!
Ha! that is a convent! that is an
abbey!

Over the doors,

None of your death-heads carved in wood,

None of your Saints looking pious and good,

None of your Patriarchs old and shabby!

But the heads and tusks of boars, And the cells Hung all round with the fells

Of the fallow-deer.

And then what cheer! What jolly, fat friars,

Sitting round the great, roaring fires,

Roaring louder than they, With their strong wines, And their concubines,

And never a bell, With its swagger and swell,

Calling you up with a start of affright In the dead of night,

To send you grumbling down dark stairs,

To mumble your prayers; But the cheery crow Of cocks in the yard below, After daybreak, an hour or so,

Of creeping silently out of his cell And the barking of deep-mouthed To take a pull at that hideous bell; hounds, So that all the monks who are lying These are the sounds That, instead of bells, salute the ear. awake And then all day Up and away Through the forest, hunting the deer! Ah, my friends! I'm afraid that here You are a little too pious, a little too tame. And the more is the shame. 'T is the greatest folly Not to be jolly; That's what I think! Come, drink, drink, Drink, and die game! Monks. And your Abbot What 's-hisname? Lucifer. Abelard! Monks. Did he drink hard? Lucifer. Oh, no! Not he! He was a dry old fellow, Without juice enough to get thoroughly mellow. There he stood, Lowering at us in sullen mood, As if he had come into Brittany Just to reform our brotherhood! (A roar of laughter.) But you see It never would do! For some of us knew a thing or two, In the Abbey of St. Gildas de Rhuys! For instance, the great ado With old Fulbert's niece, The young and lovely Heloise, Friar John. Stop there, if you please, Till we drink to the fair Heloise. All(drinking and shouting). Heloise! (The Chapel-bell tolls.) Lucifer (starting). What is that bell for? Are you such asses As to keep up the fashion of midnight masses? Friar Cuthbert. It is only a poor, unfortunate brother, Who is gifted with most miraculous

powers

meekness,

Of getting up at all sorts of hours,

And, by way of penance and Christian

May murmur some kind of prayer for his sake, And adapted to his peculiar weakness! Friar John. From frailty and fall— All. Good Lord, deliver us all! *Friar Cuthbert*. And before the bell for matins sounds, He takes his lantern, and goes the rounds, Flashing it into our sleepy eyes, Merely to say it is time to arise. Go on, if you But enough of that. please, With your story about St. Gildas de Rhuys. Lucifer. Well, it finally came to pass That, half in fun and half in malice, One Sunday at Mass We put some poison into the chalice. But, either by accident or design, Peter Abelard kept away From the chapel that day, And a poor young friar, who in his stead Drank the sacramental wine, Fell on the steps of the altar, dead! But look! do you see at the window there That face, with a look of grief and despair, That ghastly face, as of one in pain? Monks. Who? where? Lucifer. As I spoke, it vanished away again. Friar Cuthbert. It is that nefarious Siebald the Refectorarius. That fellow is always playing the scout, Creeping and peeping and prowling about; And then he regales The Abbot with scandalous tales. Lucifer. A spy in the convent? One of the brothers Telling scandalous tales of the others? Out upon him, the lazy loon! I would put a stop to that pretty soon, In a way he should rue it. Monks. How shall we do it?

Lucifer. Do you, Brother Paul, Creep under the window, close to the wall,

And open it suddenly when I call. Then seize the villain by the hair, And hold him there,

And punish him soundly, once for all.

Friar Cuthbert. As St. Dunstan of old,

We are told,

Once caught the Devil by the nose!

Lucifer. Ha! ha! that story is very clever.

But has no foundation whatsoever.

Quick! for I see his face again
Glaring in at the window-pane;

Now! now! and do not spare your
blows.

(FRIAR PAUL opens the window suddenly, and seizes SIEBALD.)
(They beat him.)

Friar Siebald. Help! help! are you going to slay me?

Friar Paul. That will teach you again to betray me!

Friar Siebald. Mercy! mercy! FRIAR PAUL (shouting and beating.)

Rumpas bellorum lorum
Vim confer amorum
Morum verorum rorum
Tu plena polorum!

Lucifer. Who stands in the doorway yonder,

Stretching out his trembling hand, Just as Abelard used to stand, The flash of his keen, black eyes Forerunning the thunder?

The Monks (in confusion). The Abbot! the Abbot!

Friar Cuthbert. And what is the wonder!

He seems to have taken you by surprise.

Friar Francis. Hide the great flagon

From the eyes of the dragon!

Friar Cuthbert. Pull the brown hood over your face!

This will bring us into disgrace!

Abbot. What means this revel and carouse?

Is this a tavern and drinking-house?

Are you Christian monks, or heathen devils,

To pollute this convent with your revels?

Were Peter Damian still upon earth, To be shocked by such ungodly mirth, He would write your names, with pen of gall,

In his Book of Gomorrah, one and all!

Away, you drunkards! to your cells, And pray till you hear the matinbells;

You, Brother Francis, and you, Brother Paul!

And as a penance mark each prayer With the scourge upon your shoulders bare;

Nothing atones for such a sin But the blood that follows the discipline.

And you, Brother Cuthbert, come with

Alone into the sacristy;

You, who should be a guide to your brothers,

And are ten times worse than all the others,

For you I 've a draught that has long been brewing,

You shall do a penance worth the doing!

Away to your prayers, then, one and all!

I wonder the very convent wall
Does not crumble and crush you in
its fall!

THE NEIGHBOURING NUNNERY.

(The Abbess Irmingard sitting with Elsie in the moonlight.)

Irmingard. The night is silent, the wind is still,

The moon is looking from yonder hill Down upon convent, and grove, and garden;

The clouds have passed away from her face,

Leaving behind them no sorrowful trace,

Only the tender and quiet grace
Of one whose heart has been healed
with pardon!

And such am 1. My soul within Was dark with passion and soiled with sin.

But now its wounds are healed again; Gone are the anguish, the terror, and pain;

For across that desolate land of woe, O'er whose burning sands I was forced to go.

A wind from heaven began to blow; And all my being trembled and shook, As the leaves of the tree, or the grass of the field,

And I was healed, as the sick are healed,

When fanned by the leaves of the Holy Book!

As thou sittest in the moonlight there, Its glory flooding thy golden hair, And the only darkness that which lies In the haunted chambers of thine eyes, I feel my soul drawn unto thee, Strangely, and strongly, and more and more,

As to one I have known and loved before;

For every soul is akin to me
That dwells in the land of mystery
I am the Lady Irmingard,
Born of a noble race and name!
Many a wandering Suabian bard,
Whose life was dreary, and bleak,
and hard,

Has found through me the way to fame. Brief and bright were those days, and the night

Which followed was full of a lurid light.
Love, that of every woman's heart
Will have the whole, and not a part,
That is to her, in Nature's plan,
More than ambition is to man,
Her light, her life, her very breath,
With no alternative but death,
Found me a maiden soft and young,
Just from the convent's cloistered
school,

And seated on my lowly stool,
Attentive while the minstrels sung.
Gallant, graceful, gentle, tall,
Fairest, noblest, best of all,
Was Walter of the Vogelweid;
And, whatsoever may betide,
Still I think of him with pride!

His song was of the summer-time, The very birds sang in his rhyme; The sunshine, the delicious air, The fragrance of the flowers, were

And I grew restless as I heard, Restless and buoyant as a bird, Down soft, aerial currents sailing, O'er blossomed orchards, and fields in bloom,

And through the momentary gloom Of shadows o'er the landscape trailing, Yielding and borne I knew not where, But feeling resistance unavailing. And thus, unnoticed and apart, And more by accident than choice, I listened to that single voice Until the chambers of my heart Were filled with it by night and day. One night, ~it was a night in May, --Within the garden, unawares, Under the blossoms in the gloom, I heard it utter my own name With protestations and wild prayers; And it rang through me, and became Like the archangel's trump of doom, Which the soul hears, and must obey; And mine arose as from a tomb. My former life now seemed to me Such as hereafter death may be, When in the great Eternity We shall awake and find it day. It was a dream, and would not stay A dream, that in a single night Faded and vanished out of sight. My father's anger followed fast This passion, as a freshening blast Seeks out and fans the fire, whose rage It may increase, but not assuage. And he exclaimed: "No wandering

Shall win thy hand, O Irmingard! For which Prince Henry of Hoheneck By messenger and letter sues." Gently, but firmly, I replied: "Henry of Hoheneck I discard! Never the hand of Irmingard Shall lie in his as the hand of a bride!" This said I, Walter, for thy sake; This said I, for I could not choose. After a pause, my father spake In that cold and deliberate tone Which turns the hearer into stone,

And seems itself the act to be
That follows with such dread certainty:
"This or the cloister and the veil!"
No other words than these he said,
But they were like a funeral wail;
My life was ended, my heart was dead.
That night from the castle-gate went
down,

With silent, slow, and stealthy pace, Two shadows, mounted on shadowy steeds,

Taking the narrow path that leads
Into the forest dense and brown.
In the leafy darkness of the place,
One could not distinguish form nor
face,

Only a bulk without a shape,
A darker shadow in the shade;
One scarce could say it moved or stayed.
Thus it was we made our escape!
A foaming brook, with many a bound,
Followed us like a playful hound;
Then leaped before us, and in the
hollow

Paused, and waited for us to follow, And seemed impatient, and afraid Thatour tardy flight should be betrayed By the sound our horses' hoof-beats made.

And when we reached the plain below, We paused a moment and drew rein To look back at the castle again; And we saw the windows all aglow With lights, that were passing to and fro;

Our hearts with terror ceased to beat; The brook crept silent to our feet; We knew what most we feared to know.

Then suddenly horns began to blow; And we heard a shout, and a heavy tramp,

And our horses snorted in the damp Night-air of the meadows green and wide,

And in a moment, side by side, So close, they must have seemed but

The shadows across the moonlight run,

And another came, and swept behind, Like the shadow of clouds before the r2 wind! How I remember that breathless flight Across the moors, in the summer night! How under our feet the long, white road

Backward like a river flowed, Sweeping with it fences and hedges, Whilst farther away and overhead, Paler than I, with fear and dread, The moon fled with us as we fled Along the forest's jagged edges! All this I can remember well; But of what afterwards befell I nothing further can recall Than a blind, desperate, headlong fall; The rest is a blank and darkness all. When I awoke out of this swoon, The sun was shining, not the moon, Making a cross upon the wall With the bars of my windows narrow and tall:

And I prayed to it, as I had been wont to pray,

From early childhood, day by day, Each morning, as in bed I lay! I was lying again in my own room! And I thanked God, in my fever and

pain,
That those shadows on the midnight
plain

Were gone, and could not come again! I struggled no longer with my doom! This happened many years ago. I left my father's home to come Like Catherine to her maityrdom, For blindly I esteemed it so. And when I heard the convent door Behind me close, to ope no more, I felt it smite me like a blow. Through all my limbs a shudder ran, And on my bruisèd spirit fell The dampness of my narrow cell As night-air on a wounded man, Giving intolerable pain. But now a better life began. I felt the agony decrease By slow degrees, then wholly cease, Ending in perfect rest and peace! It was not apathy, nor dulness, That weighed and pressed upon my brain,

But the same passion I had given To earth before, now turned to heaven With all its overflowing fulness. Alas! the world is full of peril.

The path that runs through the fairest meads.

On the sunniest side of the valley, leads Into a region bleak and sterile! Alike in the high-born and the lowly, The will is feeble, and passion strong. We cannot sever right from wrong; Some falsehood mingles with all truth; Nor is it strange the heart of youth Should waver and comprehend but slowly

The things that are holy and unholy!
But in this sacred, calm retreat,
We are all well and safely shielded
From winds that blow, and waves that
beat.

From the cold, and rain, and blighting heat,

To which the strongest hearts have vielded.

Here we stand as the Virgins Seven, For our celestial bridegroom yearning; Our hearts are lamps forever burning, With a steady and unwavering flame, Pointing upward, forever the same, Steadily upward toward the heaven! The moon is hidden behind a cloud; A sudden darkness fills the room, And thy deep eyes, amid the gloom, Shine like jewels in a shroud. On the leaves is a sound of falling rain; A bird, awakened in its nest, Gives a faint twitter of unrest, Then smooths its plumes and sleeps again.

No other sounds than these I hear;
The hour of midnight must be near.
Thou art o'erspent with the day's fatigue
Of riding many a dusty league;
Sink, then, gently to thy slumber;
Me so many cares encumber,
So many ghosts, and forms of fright,
Have started from their graves to-night,
They have driven sleep from mine
eyes away:

I will go down to the chapel and pray.

V.—A COVERED BRIDGE AT LUCERNE.

Prince Henry. God's blessing on the architects who build The bridges o'er swift rivers and abysses Before impassable to human feet, No less than on the builders of cathedrals.

Whose massive walls are bridges thrown across

The dark and terrible abyss of Death.
Well has the name of Pontifex been given
Unto the Church's head, as the chief
builder

And architect of the invisible bridge That leads from earth to heaven.

Elsie. How dark it grows!
What are these paintings on the walls around us?

Prince Henry. The Dance Macaber! Elsie. What?

Prince Henry. The Dance of Death! All that go to and fro must look upon it, Mindful of what they shall be, while beneath,

Among the wooden piles, the turbulent river

Rushes, impetuous as the river of life, With dimpling eddies, ever green and bright,

Save where the shadow of this bridge falls on it.

Elsie. Oh yes! I see it now!

Prince Henry. The grim musician Leads all men through the mazes of that dance,

To different sounds in different measures moving;

Sometimes he plays a lute, sometimes a drum,

To tempt or terrify.

Elsie. What is this picture? Prince Henry. It is a young man singing to a nun,

Who kneels at her devotions, but in kneeling

Turns round to look at him; and Death, meanwhile,

Is putting out the candles on the altar!

Elsie. Ah, what a pity 't is that she should listen

Unto such songs, when in her orisons
She might have heard in heaven the
angels singing!

Prince Henry. Here he has stolen a jester's cap and bells,

And dances with the Queen.

Elsie. A foolish jest!

Prince Henry. And here the heart of the new-wedded wife,

Coming from church with her beloved lord.

He startles with the rattle of his drum. Elsie. Ah, that is sad! And yet perhaps 't is best

That she should die, with all the sunshine on her,

And all the benedictions of the morning,

Before this affluence of golden light Shall fade into a cold and clouded gray,

gray, Then into darkness!

Prince Henry. Under it is written, "Nothing but death shall separate thee and me!"

Elsie. And what is this, that follows close upon it?

Prince Henry. Death, playing on a dulcimer. Behind him,

A poor old woman, with a rosary, Follows the sound, and seems to wish her feet

Were swifter to o'ertake him. Underneath,

The inscription reads, "Better is Death than Life."

Elsie. Better is Death than Life!
Ah yes! to thousands

Death plays upon a dulcimer, and sings

That song of consolation, till the air Rings with it, and they cannot choose but follow

Whither he leads. And not the old alone,

But the young also hear it, and are still.

Prince Henry. Yes, in their sadder moments. 'T is the sound

Of their own hearts they hear, half full of tears,

Which are like crystal cups, half filled with water,

Responding to the pressure of a finger With music sweet and low and melancholy.

Let us go forward, and no longer stay In this great picture-gallery of Death! I hate it! ay, the very thought of it!

Elsie. Why is it hateful to you?

Prince Henry. For the reason

That life, and all that speaks of life, is lovely,

And death, and all that speaks of death, is hateful.

Elsic. The grave itself is but a covered bridge,

Leading from light to light, through a brief darkness!

Prince Henry (emerging from the bridge). I breathe again more freely! Ah, how pleasant

To come once more into the light of day,

Out of that shadow of death! To hear

The hoof-beats of our horses on firm ground,

And not upon those hollow planks, resounding

With a sepulchral echo, like the clods On coffins in a churchyard! Yonder

The Lake of the Four Forest-Towns, apparelled

In light, and lingering, like a village maiden,

Ilid in the bosom of her native mountains,

Then pouring all her life into another's, Changing her name and being! Overhead,

Shaking his cloudy tresses loose in air, Rises Pilatus, with his windy pines.

(They pass on.)

THE DEVIL'S BRIDGE.

(PRINCE HENRY and ELSIE crossing with attendants.)

Guide. This bridge is called the Devil's Bridge.

With a single arch, from ridge to ridge, It leaps across the terrible chasm Yawning beneath us, black and deep, As if, in some convulsive spasm, The summits of the hills had cracked, And made a road for the cataract That raves and rages down the steep!

Lucifer (under the bridge). Ha! ha! Guide. Never any bridge but this Could stand across the wild abyss; All the rest, of wood or stone,

By the Devil's hand were overthrown. He toppled crags from the precipice, And whatsoe'er was built by day In the night was swept away; None could stand but this alone.

Lucifer (under the bridge). Ha! ha! Guide. I showed you in the valley a boulder

Marked with the imprint of his shoulder;

As he was bearing it up this way, A peasant, passing, cried, "Herr Jé!" And the Devil dropped it in his fright, And vanished suddenly out of sight! Lucifer (under the bridge). Ha! ha!

Guide. Abbot Giraldus of Einsiedel, For pilgrims on their way to Rome, Built this at last, with a single arch, Under which, on its endless march, Runs the river, white with foam, Like a thread through the eye of a

needle.
And the Devil promised to let it stand,
Under compact and condition

That the first living thing which crossed Should be surrendered into his hand, And be beyond redemption lost.

Lucifer (under the bridge). IIa! ha! perdition!

Guide. At length, the bridge being all completed,

The Abbot, standing at its head,
Threw across it a loaf of bread,
Which a hungry dog sprang after,
And the rocks re echoed with the peals
of laughter

To see the Devil thus defeated!

(They pass on.)

Lucifer (under the bridge). Ha! ha!

defeated!

For journeys and for crimes like this I let the bridge stand o'er the abyss!

THE ST. GOTHARD PASS.

Prince Henry. This is the highest point. Two ways the rivers

Leap down to different seas, and as they roll

Grow deep and still, and their majestic presence

Becomes a benefaction to the towns
They visit, wandering silently among

Like patriarchs old among their shining tents. Elsie. How bleak and bare it is!
Nothing but mosses

Grow on these rocks.

Prince Henry. Yet are they not forgotten;

Beneficent Nature sends the mists to feed them.

Elsie. See yonder little cloud, that, borne aloft

So tenderly by the wind, floats fast away

Over the snowy peaks! It seems to me

The body of St. Catherine, borne by angels!

Prince Henry. Thouart St. Catherine, and invisible angels

Bear thee across these chasms and precipices,

Lest thou shouldst dash thy feet against a stone!

Elsie. Would I were borne unto my grave, as she was,

Upon angelic shoulders! Even now I seem uplifted by them, light as air! What sound is that?

Prince Henry. The tumbling avalanches!

Elsie. How awful, yet how beautiful!

Prince Henry. These are
The voices of the mountains! Thus

they ope
Their snowy lips, and speak unto each
other,

In the primeval language, lost to man. Elsie. What land is this that spreads itself beneath us?

Prince Henry. Italy! Italy!

Elsie. Land of the Madonna! How beautiful it is! It seems a garden Of Paradise!

Prince Henry. Nay, of Gethsemane To thee and me, of passion and of prayer!

Yet once of Paradise. Long years ago I wandered as a youth among its bowers.

And never from my heart has faded quite

Its memory, that, like a summer sunset, Encircles with a ring of purple light All the horizon of my youth.

Guide. O friends:

The days are short, the way before us long;

We must not linger, if we think to reach The inn at Belinzona before vespers! (They pass on.)

AT THE FOOT OF THE ALPS.

(A halt under the trees at noon.,
Prince Henry. Here let us pause a
moment in the trembling

'Shadow and sunshine of the roadside trees,

And, our tired horses in a group assembling,

Inhale long draughts of this delicious breeze.

Our fleeter steeds have distanced our attendants;

They lag behind us with a slower pace; We will await them under the green pendants

Of the great willows in this shady place. Ho, Barbarossa! how thy mottled haunches

Sweat with this canter over hill and glade!

Stand still, and let these overhanging branches

Fan thy hot sides and comfort thee with shade!

Elsie. What a delightful landscape spreads before us,

Marked with a whitewashed cottage here and there!

And, in luxuriant garlands drooping o'er us,

Blossoms of grape-vines scent the sunny air.

Prince Henry. Hark! what sweet sounds are those, whose accents holy

Fill the warm noon with music sad and sweet!

Elsie. It is a band of pilgrims, moving slowly

On their long journey, with uncovered feet.

PILGRIMS (chanting the Hymn of St. Hildebert).

Me receptet Sion illa, Sion David, urbs tranquilla, Cujus faber auctor lucis, Cujus portæ lignum crucis, Cujus claves lingua Petri, Cujus cives semper læti, Cujus muri lapis vivus, Cujus custos Rex festivus!

Lucifer (as a Friar in the procession).

Here am I, too, in the pious band,

In the garb of a barefooted Carmelite dressed!

The soles of my feet are as hard and tanned

As the conscience of old Pope Hildebrand,

The Holy Satan, who made the wives Of the bishops lead such shameful lives. All day long I beat my breast,

And chant with a most particular zest The Latin hymns, which I understand Quite as well, I think, as the rest.

And at night such lodging in barns and sheds,

Such a hurly-burly in country inns, Such a clatter of tongues in empty heads,

Such a helter-skelter of prayers and sins!
Of all the contrivances of the time
For sowing broadcast the seeds of
crime,

There is none so pleasing to me and

As a pilgrimage to some far-off shrine! Prince Henry. If from the outward man we judge the inner,

And cicanliness is godliness, I fear
A hopeless reprobate, a hardened
sinner,

Must be that Carmelite now passing

Lucifer. There is my German Prince again,

Thus far on his journey to Salern, And the lovesick girl, whose heated

Is sowing the cloud to reap the rain; But it's a long road that has no turn! Let them quietly hold their way, I have also a part in the play. But first I must act to my heart's content This mummery and this merriment, And drive this motley flock of sheep Into the fold, where drink and sleep The jolly old friars of Benevent.

Of a truth, it often provokes me to laugh

To see these beggars hobble along, Lamed and maimed, and fed upon chaff,

Chanting their wonderful piff and paff, And, to make up for not understanding the song,

Singing it fiercely, and wild, and strong! Were it not for my magic garters and

And the goblets of goodly wine I quaff, And the mischief I make in the idle throng,

I should not continue the business long.

PILGRIMS (chanting).

In hâc urbe, lux solennis, Ver æternum, pax perennis; In hâc odor implens cælos, In hâc semper festum melos!

Prince Henry. Do you observe that monk among the train,

Who pours from his great throat the roaring bass,

As a cathedral spout pours out the rain, And this way turns his rubicund, round face?

Elsie. It is the same who, on the Strasburg square,

Preached to the people in the open air.

Prince Henry. And he has crossed o'er mountain, field, and fell,

On that good steed, that seems to bear him well,

The hackney of the Friars of Orders Gray,

His own stout legs! He, too, was in the play,

Both as King Herod and Ben Israel. Good morrow, Friar!

Friar Cuthbert. Good morrow, noble Sir!

Prince Henry. I speak in German, for, unless I err,

You are a German.

Friar Cuthbert. I cannot gainsay you. But by what instinct, or what secret sign, Meeting me here, do you straightway divine

That northward of the Alps my country lies?

Prince Henry. Your accent, like St.
Peter's, would betray you,
Did not your yellow beard and your

blue eyes.

Moreover, we have seen your face before,

And heard you preach at the Cathedral

On Easter Sunday, in the Strasburg square.

We were among the crowd that gathered there,

And saw you play the Rabbi with great skill,

As if, by leaning o'er so many years
To walk with little children, your own
will

Had caught a childish attitude from theirs,

A kind of stooping in its form and gait, And could no longer stand erect and straight.

Whence come you now?

Friar Cuthbert. From the old monastery

Of Hirschau, in the forest; being sent Upon a pilgrimage to Benevent,

To see the image of the Virgin Mary, That moves its holy eyes, and sometimes speaks,

And lets the piteous tears run down its cheeks,

To touch the hearts of the impenitent. Prince Henry. Oh, had I faith, as in the days gone by,

That knew no doubt, and feared no mystery!

Lucifer (at a distance). Ho, Cuthbert! Friar Cuthbert!

Friar Cuthbert. Farewell, Prince! I cannot stay to argue and convince.

Prince Henry. This is indeed the

blessed Mary's land,

Virgin and Mother of our dear Redeemer!

All hearts are touched and softened at her name,

Alike the bandit, with the bloody hand, The priest, the prince, the scholar, and the peasant,

The man of deeds, the visionary dreamer,

Pay homage to her as one ever present! And even as children, who have much offended

A too indulgent father, in great shame, Penitent, and yet not daring unattended To go into his presence, at the gate Speak with their sister, and confiding wait

Till she goes in before and intercedes; So men, repenting of their evil deeds, And yet not venturing rashly to draw near

With their requests an angry father's ear.

Offer to her their prayers and their confession,

And she for them in heaven makes intercession.

And if our Faith had given us nothing more

Than this example of all womanhood, So mild, so merciful, so strong, so good,

So patient, peaceful, loyal, loving, pure.

This were enough to prove it higher and truer

Than all the creeds the world had known before.

PILGRIMS (chanting afar off).

Urbs coelestis, urbs beata, Supra petram collocata, Urbs in portu satis tuto De longinquo te saluto, Te saluto, te suspiro, Te affecto, te requiro!

THE INN AT GENOA.

(A terrace overlooking the sea. Night.)

Prince Henry. It is the sea, it is the sea,

In all its vague immensity, Fading and darkening in the distance! Silent, majestical, and slow, The white ships haunt it to and fro, With all their ghostly sails unfurled, As phantoms from another world Haunt the dim confines of existence! But ah! how few can comprehend Their signals, or to what good end From land to land they come and go! Upon a sea more vast and dark The spirits of the dead embark, All voyaging to unknown coasts. We wave our farewells from the shore, And they depart, and come no more, Or come as phantoms and as ghosts.

Above the darksome sea of death
Looms the great life that is to be,
A land of cloud and mystery,
A dim mirage, with shapes of men
Long dead, and passed beyond our
ken.

Awe-struck we gaze, and hold our breath

Till the fair pageant vanisheth,
Leaving us in perplexity,
And doubtful whether it has been
A vision of the world unseen,
Or a bright image of our own
Against the sky in vapours thrown.

Lucifer (singing from the sea). Thou didst not make it, thou canst not mend it,

But thou hast the power to end it
The sea is silent, the sea is discre
Deep it lies at thy very feet;
There is no confessor like unto Death! *
Thou canst not see him, but he is
near;

Thou needst not whisper above thy breath,

And he will hear;

He will answer the questions,
The vague surmises and suggestions,
That fill thy soul with doubt and
fear!

Prince Henry. The fisherman, who lies afloat,

With shadowy sail, in yonder boat, Is singing softly to the Night! But do I comprehend aright The meaning of the words he sung So sweetly in his native tongue? Ah yes! the sea is still and deep. All things within its bosom sleep! A single step, and all is o'er; A plunge, a bubble, and no more; And thou, dear Elsie, wilt be free From martyrdom and agony.

Elsie (coming from her chamber upon the terrace). The night is calm and cloudless

and cloudless,
And still as still can be,
And the stars come forth to listen
To the music of the sea.
They gather, and gather, and gather,
Until they crowd the sky,
And listen, in breathless silence,
To the solemn litany.

It begins in rocky caverns,
As a voice that chants alone
To the pedals of the organ
In monotonous undertone;
And anon from shelving beaches,
And shallow sands beyond,
In snow-white robes uprising
The ghostly choirs respond.
And sadly and unceasing
The mournful voice sings on,
And the snow-white choirs still answer
Christe eleison!

Prince Henry. Angel of God! thy finer sense perceives
Celestial and perpetual harmonies!
Thy purer soul, that trembles and

believes,
Hears the archangel's trumpet in the

And where the forest rolls, or ocean

Cecilia's organ sounding in the seas, And tongues of prophets speaking in the leaves.

But I hear discord only and despair, And whispers as of demons in the air!

AT SEA.

Il Padrone. The wind upon our quarter lies,

And on before the freshening gale,
That fills the snow-white lateen sail,
Swiftly our light felucca flies.
Around, the billows burst and foam;
They lift her o'er the sunken rock,
They beat her sides with many a
shock,

And then upon their flowing dome They poise her, like a weathercock! Between us and the western skies The hills of Corsica arise; Eastward, in yonder long blue line, The summits of the Apennine, And southward, and still far away, Salerno, on its sunny bay. You cannot see it, where it lies.

Prince Henry. Ah, would that never more mine eyes

Might see its towers by night or day!

Elsie. Behind us, dark and awfully. There comes a cloud out of the sea,

That bears the form of a hunted deer, With hide of brown, and hoofs of black, And antlers laid upon its back, And fleeing fast and wild with fear, As if the hounds were on its track!

Prince Henry. Lo! while we gaze,

it breaks and falls
In shapeless masses, like the walls
Of a burnt city. Broad and red
The fires of the descending sun
Glare through the windows, and o'erhead,

Athwart the vapours, dense and dun Long shafts of silvery light arise, Like rafters that support the skies!

Elsie. See! from its summit the lurid levin

Flashes downward without warning, As Lucifer, son of the morning, Fell from the battlements of heaven! Il Padrone. I must entreat you,

friends, below!

The angry storm begins to blow,

For the weather changes with the moon.

All this morning, until noon, We had baffling winds, and sudden flaws

Struck the sea with their cat's-paws. Only a little hour ago
I was whistling to Saint Antonio
For a capful of wind to fill our sail

For a capful of wind to fill our sail, And instead of a breeze he has sent a gale.

Last night I saw Saint Elmo's stars, With their glimmering lanterns, all at play

On the tops of the masts and the tips of the spars,

And I knew we should have foul weather to-day.

Cheerily, my hearties! yo heave ho! Brail up the mainsail, and let her go As the winds will and Saint Antonio! Do you see that Livornese felucca, That vessel to the windward yonder, Running with her gunwale under? I was looking when the wind o'ertook

She had all sail set, and the only wonder

Is that at once the strength of the blast Did not carry away her mast.

She is a galley of the Gran Duca,
That, through the fear of the Algerines,
Convoys those lazy brigantines,
Laden with wine and oil from Lucca.
Now all is ready, high and low;
Blow, blow, good Saint Antonio!
Ha! that is the first dash of the rain,
With a sprinkle of spray above the rails,
Just enough to moisten our sails,
And make them ready for the strain.
See how she leaps, as the blasts o'ertake her,

And speeds away with a bone in her mouth!

Now keep her head toward the south, And there is no danger of bank or breaker.

With the breeze behind us, on we go; Not too much, good Saint Antonio!

VI .-- THE SCHOOL OF SALERNO.

(A travelling Scholastic affixing his Theses to the gate of the College.) Scholastic. There, that is my gauntlet, my banner, my shield,

Hung up as a challenge to all the field!

One hundred and twenty-five propositions,

Which I will maintain with the sword of the tongue

Against all disputants, old and young. Let us see if doctors or dialecticians Will dare to dispute my definitions, Or attack any one of my learned theses. Here stand I; the end shall be as God pleases.

I think I have proved, by profound researches,

The error of all those doctrines so vicious Of the old Areopagite Dionysius,

That are making such terrible work in the churches,

By Michael the Stammerer sent from the East,

And done into Latin by that Scottish beast,

Johannes Duns Scotus, who dares to maintain,

In the face of the truth, the error infernal,

That the universe is and must be eternal;

At first laying down, as a fact fundamental,

That nothing with God can be accidental;

Then asserting that God before the creation

Could not have existed, because it is plain

That, had He existed, He would have created;

Which is begging the question that should be debated,

And moveth me less to anger than laughter.

All nature, he holds, is a respiration Of the Spirit of God, who, in breathing, hereafter

Will inhale it into his bosom again, So that nothing but God alone will remain.

And therein he contradicteth himself; For he opens the whole discussion by stating,

That God can only exist in creating.

That question I think I have laid on the shelf!

(He goes out. Two Doctors come in disputing, and followed by pupils.)

Doctor Serafino. I, with the Doctor Seraphic, maintain,

That a word which is only conceived in the brain

Is a type of eternal Generation, The spoken word is the Incarnation.

Doctor Cherubino. What do I care for the Doctor Seraphic,

With all his wordy chaffer and traffic?

Doctor Serafino. You make but a paltry show of resistance;

Universals have no real existence!

Doctor Cherubino. Your words are but idle and empty chatter;

Ideas are eternally joined to matter!

Doctor Scrafino. May the Lord have mercy on your position,

You wretched, wrangling culler of herbs!

Doctor Cherubino. May he send your soul to eternal perdition,

For your Treatise on the Irregular Verbs!

(They rush out fighting. Two Scholars come in.)

First Scholar. Monte Cassino, then, is your College.

What think you of ours here at Salern? Second Scholar. To tell the truth, I arrived so lately,

I hardly yet have had time to discern. So much, at least, I am bound to acknowledge:

The air seems healthy, the buildings stately,

And on the whole I like it greatly.

First Scholar. Yes, the air is sweet;
the Calabrian hills

Send us down puffs of mountain air; And in summer-time the sea-breeze fills With its coolness cloister, and court, and square.

Then at every season of the year There are crowds of guests and travellers here;

Pilgrims, and mendicant friars, and traders

From the Levant, with figs and wine, And bands of wounded and sick Crusaders;

Coming back from Palestine.

Second Scholar. And what are the studies you pursue?

What is the course you here go through? First Scholar. The first three years of the college course

Are given to Logic alone, as the source Of all that is noble, and wise, and true. Second Scholar. That seems rather strange, I must confess,

In a Medical School; yet, nevertheless,

You doubtless have reasons for that. First Scholar. Oh yes! For none but a clever dialectician Can hope to become a great physician;

That has been settled long ago.
Logic makes an important part
Of the mystery of the healing art;
For without it have sould yet here to

For without it how could you hope to show

That nobody knows so much as you know?

After this there are five years more Devoted wholly to medicine, With lectures on chirurgical lore, And dissections of the bodies of swine, As likest the human form divine.

Second Scholar. What are the books now most in vogue?

First Scholar. Quite an extensive catalogue;

Mostly, however, books of our own;
As Gariopontus' Passionarius,
And the writings of Matthew Platearius;
And a volume universally known
As the Regimen of the School of
Salern,

For Robert of Normandy written in terse

And very elegant Latin verse.
Each of these writings has its turn.
And when at length we have finished these,

Then comes the struggle for degrees, With all the oldest and ablest critics; The public thesis and disputation, Question, and answer, and explanation of a passage out of Hippocrates, Or Aristotle's Analytics.

There the triumphant Magister stands!
A book is solemnly placed in his hands,
On which he swears to follow the rule
And ancient forms of the good old
School;

To report if any confectionarius

Mingles his drugs with matters various,

And to visit his patients twice a day,

And once in the night, if they live in

town,

And if they are poor, to take no pay. Having faithfully promised these, His head is crowned with a laurel crown;

A kiss on his cheek, a ring on his hand, The Magister Artium et Physices Goes forth from the school like a lord of the land.

And now, as we have the whole morning before us,

Let us go in, if you make no objection, And listen awhile to a learned prelection

On Marcus Aurelius Cassiodorus.

(They go in. Enter LUCIFER as a Doctor.)

Lucifer. This is the great School of Salern!

A land of wrangling and of quarrels, Of brains that seethe, and hearts that burn, Where every emulous scholar hears, In every breath that comes to his ears,

The rustling of another's laurels! The air of the place is called salubrious; The neighbourhood of Vesuvius lends it An odour volcanic, that rather mends

it,
And the buildings have an aspect lugubrious,

That inspires a feeling of awe and terror

Into the heart of the beholder,

And befits such an ancient homestead of error,

Where the old falsehoods moulder and smoulder,

And yearly by many hundred hands
Are carried away, in the zeal of
youth,

And sown like tares in the field of truth,

To blossom and ripen in other lands. What have we here, affixed to the gate?

The challenge of some scholastic wight,

Who wishes to hold a public debate
On sundry questions wrong or right!
Ah, now this is my great delight!
For I have often observed of late
That such discussions end in a fight.
Let us see what the learned wag maintains

With such a prodigal waste of brains. (Reads.)

"Whether angels in moving from place to place

Pass through the intermediate space.
Whether God himself is the author of evil,

Or whether that is the work of the Devil.

When, where, and wherefore Lucifer fell,

And whether he now is chained in hell."

I think I can answer that question well!

So long as the boastful human mind Consents in such mills as this to grind,

I sit very firmly upon my throne!

Of a truth it almost makes me laugh,
To see men leaving the golden grain
To gather in piles the pitiful chaff
That old Peter Lombard thrashed with
his brain.

To have it caught up and tossed again On the horns of the Dumb Ox of Cologne!

But my guests approach! there is in the air

A fragrance, like that of the Beautiful Garden

Of Paradise, in the days that were! An odour of innocence and of prayer, And of love, and faith that never fails, Such as the fresh young heart exhales Before it begins to wither and harden! I cannot breathe such an atmosphere! My soul is filled with a nameless fear, That, after all my trouble and pain, After all my restless endeavour, The youngest, fairest soul of the twain, The most ethereal, most divine, Will escape from my hands for ever and ever.

But the other is already mine!
Let him live to corrupt his race,
Breathing among them, with every
breath,

Weakness, selfishness, and the base And pusillanimous fear of death. I know his nature, and I know That of all who in my ministry Wander the great earth to and fro, And on my errands come and go, The safest and subtlest are such as he. (Enter PRINCE HENRY and ELSIE,

with attendants.)

Prince Henry. Can you direct us to
Friar Angelo?

Lucifer. He stands before you.

Prince Henry. Then you know our purpose.

I am Prince Henry of Hoheneck, and this

The maiden that I spake of in my letters.

Lucifer. It is a very grave and solemn business!

We must not be precipitate. Does she Without compulsion, of her own free will,

Consent to this?

Prince Henry. Against all opposition, Against all prayers, entreaties, protestations.

She will not be persuaded.

That is strange! Lucifer.

Have you thought well of it?

I come not here Elsie. To argue, but to die. Your business

To question, but to kill mc. I am ready. I am impatient to be gone from here Ere any thoughts of earth disturb

again

The spirit of tranquillity within me. Prince Henry. Would I had not come here! Would I were dead,

And thou wert in thy cottage in the

And hadst not known me! Why have I done this?

Let me go back and die.

Elsie.

It cannot be; Not if these cold, flat stones on which

Were coulters heated white, and yonder

gateway Flamed like a furnace with a sevenfold heat.

I must fulfil my purpose.

Prince Henry. I forbid it! For I only Not one step further. meant

To put thus far thy courage to the proof.

It is enough. I, too, have strength to die.

For thou hast taught me

O my Prince! remember Your promises. Let me fulfil my errand.

You do not look on life and death as

There are two angels, that attend un-

-Each one of us, and in great books record

Our good and evil deeds. He who writes down

The good ones, after every action closes His volume, and ascends with it to God.

The other keeps his dreadful day-book open

Till sunset, that we may repent; which

The record of the action fades away, And leaves a line of white across the

Now if my act be good, as I believe, It cannot be recalled. It is already Sealed up in heaven, as a good deed accomplished.

The rest is yours. Why wait you? I

am ready.

. (To her attendants.)

Weep not, my friends! rather rejoice with me.

I shall not feel the pain, but shall be gone,

And you will have another friend in heaven.

Then start not at the creaking of the

Through which I pass. I see what lies beyond it.

(To PRINCE HENRY.)

And you, O Prince! bear back my benison

Unto my father's house, and all within it This morning in the church I prayed for them,

After confession, after absolution, When my whole soul was white, I

prayed for them. God will take care of them, they need

me not. And in your life let my remembrance linger,

As something not to trouble and dis-

turb it, But to complete it, adding life to life. And if at times beside the evening fire You see my face among the other faces, Let it not be regarded as a ghost

That haunts your house, but as a guest that loves you.

Nay, even as one of your own family, Without whose presence there were something wanting.

I have no more to say. Let us go in. Prince Henry. Friar Angelo! 1 charge you on your life,

Believe not what she says, for she is mad,

And comes here not to die, but to be healed.

Elsie. Alas! Prince Henry!
Lucifer. Come with me; this way.
(ELSIE goes in with LUCIFER, who
thrusts PRINCE HENRY back and
closes the door.)

Prince Henry. Gone! and the light of all my life gone with her!
A sudden darkness falls upon the world!
Oh, what a vile and abject thing am I
That purchase length of days at such a cost!

Not by her death alone, but by the death

Of all that's good and true and noble in me!

All manhood, excellence, and selfrespect,

All love, and faith, and hope, and heart are dead!

All my divine nobility of nature
By this one act is forfeited forever.
I am a Prince in nothing but in name!
(To the attendants.)

Why did you let this horrible deed be done?

Why did you not lay hold on her, and keep her

From self-destruction? Angelo! murderer!

(Struggles at the door, but cannot open it.)

Elsie (within). Farewell, dear Prince! farewell!

Prince Henry. Unbar the door! I.ucifer. It is too late!

Prince Henry. It shall not be too late! (They burst the door open and rush in.)

THE FARM-HOUSE IN THE ODENWALD. (URSULA spinning. A summer after-

noon. A table spread.)
Ursula. I have marked it well,—it

must be true,—
Death never takes one alone, but two!
Whenever he enters in at a doon,
Under roof of gold or roof of thatch,
He always leaves it upon the latch,
And comes again ere the year is o'er.
Never one of a household only!
Perhaps it is a mercy of God,
Lest the dead there under the sod,
In the land of strangers, should be
lonely!

Ah me! I think I am lonelier here! It is hard to go,—but harder to stay! Were it not for the children, I should

That Death would take me within the year!

And Gottlieb!—he is at work all day, In the sunny field, or the forest murk, But I know that his thoughts are far away,

I know that his heart is not in his work!

And when he comes home to me at night

He is not cheery, but sits and sighs,
And I see the great tears in his eyes,
And try to be cheerful for his sake.
Only the children's hearts are light.
Mine is weary, and ready to break.
God help us! I hope we have done
right;

We thought we were acting for the best!

(Looking through the open door.)
Who is it coming under the trees?
A man, in the Prince's livery dressed!
He looks about him with doubtful face,

As if uncertain of the place.

He stops at the beehives;—now he

The garden gate;—he is going past! Can he be afraid of the bees? No; he is coming in at last! He fills my heart with strange alarm! (Enter a Forester.)

Forester. Is this the tenant Gottlieb's farm?

Ursula. This is his farm, and I his wife.

Pray sit. What may your business be?

Forester. News from the Prince!

Ursula. Of death or life?

Forester. You put your questions

eagerly!
Ursula. Answer me, then! How is

the Prince?
Forester. I left him only two hours

since
Homeward returning down the river,
As- strong and well as if God, the
Giver,

Had given him back his youth again.

Ursula (despairing). Then Elsie, my poor child, is dead!

Forester. That, my good woman, I have not said.

Don't cross the bridge till you come to it,

Is a proverb old, and of excellent wit. *Ursula*. Keep me no longer in this pain!

Forester. It is true your daughter is no more;—-

That is, the peasant she was before.

Ursula. Alas! I am simple and lowly bred,

I am poor, distracted, and forlorn.

And it is not well that you of the court

Should mock me thus, and make a sport

Of a joyless mother whose child is dead,

For you, too, were of mother born!

Forester. Your daughter lives, and the Prince is well!

You will learn erelong how it all befell. Her heart for a moment never failed; But when they reached Salerno's gate,

The Prince's nobler self prevailed,
And saved her for a noble fate.
And he was healed, in his despair,
By the touch of St. Matthew's sacred
bones;

Though I think the long ride in the open air,

That pilgrimage over stocks and stones, In the miracle must come in for a share!

Ursula. Virgin! who lovest the poor and lowly,

If the loud cry of a mother's heart
Can ever ascend to where thou art,
Into thy blessed hands and holy
Receive my prayer of praise and
thanksgiving!

Let the hands that bore our Saviour bear it

bear it
Into the awful presence of God;
For thy feet with holiness are shod,
And if thou bearest it He will hear it.
Our child who was dead again is living!
Forester. I did not tell you she was
dead;

If you thought so 't was no fault of mine;

At this very moment, while I speak, They are sailing homeward down the Rhine,

In a splendid barge, with golden prow, And decked with banners white and red As the colours on your daughter's cheek.

They call her the Lady Alicia now; For the Prince in Salerno made a vow That Elsie only would he wed.

Ursula. Jesu Maria! what a change! All seems to me so weird and strange! Forester. I saw her standing on the

Beneath an awning cool and shady;
Her cap of velvet could not hold
The tresses of her hair of gold,
That flowed and floated like the stream,
And fell in masses down her neck.
As fair and lovely did she seem
As in a story or a dream
Some beautiful and foreign lady.
And the Prince looked so grand and
proud,

And waved his hand thus to the crowd That gazed and shouted from the shore, All down the river, long and loud.

Ursula. We shall behold our child once more;

She is not dead! She is not dead!
God, listening, must have overheard
The prayers, that, without sound
word,

Our hearts in secrecy have said!
Oh, bring me to her; for mine eyes
Are hungry to behold her face;
My very soul within me cries;
My very hands seem to caress her,
To see her, gaze at her, and bless her;
Dear Elsie, child of God and grace!
(Goes out toward the garden.)

Forester. There goes the good 'woman out of her head;
And Gottlieb's supper is waiting here;
A very capacious flagon of beer,
And a very portentous loaf of bread.
One would say his grief did not much oppress him.

Here's to the health of the Prince, God bless him!

(He drinks.)

Ha! it buzzes and stings like a hornet! And what a scene there, through the door!

The forest behind and the garden before,

And midway an old man of threescore, With a wife and children that caress him.

Let me try still further to cheer and adorn it

With a merry, echoing blast of my cornet!

(Goes out blowing his horn.)

THE CASTLE OF VAUTSBERG ON THE RHINE.

(PRINCE HENRY and ELSIE standing on the terrace at evening. The sound of bells heard from a distance.) Prince Henry. We are alone. The wedding guests

Ride down the hill, with plumes and cloaks.

And the descending dark invests The Niederwald, and all the nests Among its hoar and haunted oaks.

Elsie. What bells are those, that ring so slow,

So mellow, musical, and low?

Prince Henry. They are the bells of Geisenheim.

That with their melancholy chime Ring out the curfew of the sun.

Elsie. Listen, beloved.

Prince Henry. They are done! Dear Elsie! many years ago
Those same soft bells at eventide
Rang in the ears of Charlemagne,
As, seated by Fastrada's side
At Ingelheim, in all his pride
He heard their sound with secret pain.
Elsie. Their voices only speak to me
Of peace and deep tranquillity,

And endless confidence in thee!

Prince Henry. Thou knowest the story of her ring,
How, when the court went back to Aix,
Fastrada died; and how the king
Sat watching by her night and day,
Till into one of the blue lakes,
Which water that delicious land,
They cast the ring, drawn from her hand:

And the great monarch sat serene And sad beside the fated shore, Nor left the land forevermore.

Elsie. That was true love.

Prince Henry. For him the queen

Ne'er did what thou hast done for me.

Elsie. Wilt thou as fond and faithful be?

Wilt thou so love me after death?

Prince Henry. In life's delight, in death's dismay,

In storm and sunshine, night and day, In health, in sickness, in decay, Here and hereafter, I am thine! Thou hast Fastrada's ring. Beneath The calm, blue waters of thine eyes, Deep in thy steadfast soul it lies, And, undisturbed by this world's breath, With magic light its jewels shine! This golden ring, which thou hast worn Upon thy finger since the morn, Is but a symbol and a semblance, An outward fashion, a remembrance, Of what thou wearest within unseen, O my Fastrada, O my queen! Behold! the hill-tops all aglow With purple and with amethyst; While the whole valley deep below Is filled, and seems to overflow, With a fast-rising tide of mist. The evening air grows damp and chill; Let us go in.

Elsic. Ah, not so soon.
See yonder fire! It is the moon
Slow rising o'er the eastern hill.
It glimmers on the forest tips,
And through the dewy foliage drips
In little rivulets of light,
And makes the heart in love with
night.

Prince Henry. Oft on this terrace, when the day

Was closing, have I stood and gazed, And seen the landscape fade away, And the white vapours rise and drown Hamlet and vineyard, tower and town, While far above the hill-tops blazed. But then another hand than thine Was gently held and clasped in mine; Another head upon my breast Was laid, as thine is now, at rest. Why dost thou lift those tender eyes With so much sorrow and surprise?

A minstrel's, not a maiden's hand, Was that which in my own was pressed.

A manly form usurped thy place, A beautiful, but bearded face, That now is in the Holy Land, Yet in my memory from afar Is shining on us like a star. But linger not. For while I speak, A sheeted spectre white and tall, The cold mist climbs the castle wall, And lays his hand upon thy cheek! (They go in.)

EPILOGUE.

THE TWO RECORDING ANGELS ASCENDING.

The Angel of Good Deeds (with closed book). God sent his messenger

And said unto the mountain brook, "Rise up, and from thy caverns look

And leap, with naked, snow-white

From the cool hills into the heat Of the broad, arid plain." God sent his messenger of faith, And whispered in the maiden's heart, "Rise up, and look from where thou art,

And scatter with unselfish hands Thy freshness on the barren sands And solitudes of Death." O beauty of holiness, Of self-forgetfulness, of lowliness! O power of meekness, Whose very gentleness and weak-

Are like the yielding, but irresistible air!

Upon the pages Of the sealed volume that I bear, The deed divine Is written in characters of gold, That never shall grow old, But through all ages Burn and shine, With soft effulgence! O God! it is thy indulgence That fills the world with the bliss Of a good deed like this!

The Angel of Evil Deeds (with open book). Not yet, not yet Is the red sun wholly set, But evermore recedes, While open still I bear The Book of Evil Deeds, To let the breathings of the upper Visit its pages and erase The records from its face! Fainter and fainter as I gaze In the broad blaze The glimmering landscape shines, And below me the black river Is hidden by wreaths of vapour! Fainter and fainter the black lines Begin to quiver Along the whitening surface of the paper;

Shade after shade The terrible words grow faint and fade, And in their place Runs a white space! Down goes the sun! But the soul of one, Who by repentance Hath escaped the dreadful sentence Shines bright below me as I look. It is the end! With closèd Book To God do I ascend. Lo! over the mountain steeps A dark, gigantic shadow sweeps Beneath my feet; A blackness inwardly brightening With sullen heat,

As a storm-cloud lurid with lightning. And a cry of lamentation, Repeated and again repeated, Deep and loud As the reverberation Of cloud answering unto cloud, Swells and rolls away in the distance As if the sheeted

Lightning retreated, Baffled and thwarted by the wind's resistance.

It is Lucifer, The son of niystery; And since God suffers him to be, He, too, is God's minister, And labours for some good By us not understood!

SECOND INTERLUDE.

MARTIN LUTHER.

(A chamber in the Wartburg. Morning. MARTIN LUTHER writing.)

MARTIN LUTHER.

Our God, a Tower of Strength is He, A goodly wall and weapon; From all our need He helps us free, That now to us doth happen.

The old evil foe
Doth in cannest grow,
In grim armour dight,
Much guile and great might;
On earth there is none like him.

OH yes; a tower of strength indeed A present help in all our need, A sword and buckler is our God. Innocent men have walked unshod O'er burning ploughshares, and have trod

Unharmed on serpents in their path, And laughed to scorn the Devil's wrath!

Safe in this Wartburg tower I stand Where God hath led me by the hand, And look down, with a heart at ease, Over the pleasant neighbourhoods, Over the vast Thuringian Woods, With flash of river, and gloom of trees, With castles crowning the dizzy heights, And farms and pastoral delights, And the morning pouring everywhere Its golden glory on the air. Safe, yes, safe am I here at last, Safe from the overwhelming blast Of the mouths of Hell, that followed me

And the howling demons of despair That hunted me like a beast to his lar.

Of our own might we nothing can; We soon are unprotected; There fighteth for us the right Man, Whom God himself elected, Who is IIe; ye exclaim?

Christus is his name,
Lord of Sabaoth,
Very God in troth;
The field He holds forever.

Nothing can vex the Devil more
Than the name of Him whom we
adore.

Therefore doth it delight me best To stand in the choir among the rest, With the great organ trumpeting Through its metallic tubes, and sing: Et verbum caro factum est! These words the Devil cannot endure, For he knoweth their meaning well! Him they trouble and repel, Us they comfort and allure, And happy it were, if our delight Were as great as his affright! Yea, music is the Prophets' art; Among the gifts that God hath sent, One of the most magnificent! It calms the agitated heart; Temptations, evil thoughts, and all The passions that disturb the soul, Are quelled by its divine control, As the Evil Spirit fled from Saul, And his distemper was allayed, When David took his harp and played.

> This world may full of Devils be, All ready to devour us; Vet not so sore afiaid are we, They shall not overpower us. This World's Prince, howe'er Fierce he may appear, He can haim us not,

> > He is doomed, God wot!

One little word can slay him! Incredible it seems to some And to myself a mystery, That such weak flesh and blood as we, Armed with no other shield or sword, Or other weapon than the Word, Should combat and should overcome A spirit powerful as he! He summons forth the Pope of Rome With all his diabolic crew, His shorn and shaven retinue Of priests and children of the dark, Kill! kill! they cry, the Heresiarch, Who rouseth up all Christendom Against us; and at one fell blow Seeks the whole Church to overthrow! Not yet; my hour is not yet come. Yesterday in an idle mood, Hunting with others in the wood, I did not pass the hours in vain, For in the very heart of all The joyous tumult raised around, Shouting of men, and baying of hound, And the bugle's blithe and cheery call, And echoes answering back again, From crags of the distant mountain chain,—

In the very heart of this, I found A mystery of grief and pain.

It was an image of the power Of Satan, hunting the world about, With his nets and traps and well-trained dogs,

His bishops and priests and theologues,
And all the rest of the rabble rout,
Seeking whom he may devour!
Enough I have had of hunting hares,
Enough of these hours of idle mirth,
Enough of nets and traps and gins!
The only hunting of any worth
Is where I can pierce with javelins
The cunning foxes and wolves and
bears,

The whole iniquitous troop of beasts,
The Roman Pope and the Roman
priests

That sorely infest and afflict the earth! Ye nuns, ye singing birds of the air! The fowler hath caught you in his

And keeps you safe in his gilded

Singing the song that never tires,
To lure down others from their nests;
How ye flutter and beat your breasts,
Warm and soft with young desires
Against the cruel, pitiless wires,
Reclaiming your lost heritage!
Behold! a hand unbars the door,
Ye shall be captives held no more.

The Word they shall perforce let stand,
And little thanks they merit!
For He is with us in the land,
With gifts of his own Spirit!
Though they take our life,
Goods, honours, child and wife,

Let these pass away,
Little gain have they;
The Kingdom still remaineth!

Yea, it remaineth forevermore, However Satan may rage and roar, Though often he whispers in my ears: What if thy doctrines false should be? And wrings from me a bitter sweat. Then I put him to flight with jeers, Saying: Saint Satan! pray for me; If thou thinkest I am not saved yet And my mortal foes that lie in wait In every avenue and gate! As to that odious monk John Tetzel, Hawking about his hollow wares Like a huckster at village fairs, And those mischievous fellows, Wetzel Campanus, Carlstadt, Martin Cellarius, And all the busy, multifarious Heretics, and disciples of Arius, Half-learned, dunce-bold, dry and hard, They are not worthy of my regard, Poor and humble as I am. But ah! Erasmus of Rotterdam, He is the vilest miscreant That ever walked this world below! A Momus, making his mock and mow, At Papist and at Protestant, Sneering at St. John and St. Paul, At God and Man, at one and all; And yet as hollow and false and drear, As a cracked pitcher to the ear, And ever growing worse and worse! Whenever I pray, I pray for a curse On Erasmus, the Insincere! Philip Melancthon! thou alone Faithful among the faithless known, Thee I hail, and only thee! Behold the record of us three!

Res et verba Philippus,
Res sine verbis Lutherus;
Exacuses weekha sine verb

Erasmus verba sine re! My Philip, prayest thou for me? Lifted above all earthly care, From these high regions of the air, Among the birds that day and night Upon the branches of tall trees Sing their lauds and litanies, Praising God with all their might, My Philip, unto thee I write. My Philip! thou who knowest best All that is passing in this breast; The spiritual agonies, The inward deaths, the inward hell, And the divine new births as well, That surely follow after these, As after winter follows spring; My Philip, in the night-time sing This song of the Lord I send to

thee:
And I will sing it for thy sake,
Until our answering voices make
A glorious antiphony,
And choral chant of victory!

PART THREE.

THE NEW ENGLAND TRAGEDIES.

JOHN ENDICOTT.

' DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

JOHN ENDICOTT . Governor. John Endicott . His son.

RICHARD BELLING-

IIAM Deputy Governor.

JOHN NORTON . . Minister of the

EDITH, his daughter Quakers. EDWARD WHARTON

Assistants, Halberdiers, Marshal, etc. (The Scene is in Boston in the year 1665.)

PROLOGUE.

TO-NIGHT we strive to read, as we may best,

This city, like an ancient palimpsest; And bring to light, upon the blotted page.

The mournful record of an earlier age, That, pale and half effaced, lies hidden away

Beneath the fresher writing of to-day. Rise, then, O buried city that hast been;

Rise up, rebuilded in the painted scene, And let our curious eyes behold once

The pointed gable and the pent-house door,

The Meeting-house with leadenlatticed panes,

The narrow thoroughfares, the crooked

Rise, too, ye shapes and shadows of the Past.

Rise from your long-forgotten graves at last:

Let us behold your faces, let us hear The words ye uttered in those days of fear!

Revisit your familiar haunts again,— The scenes of triumph, and the scenes of pain,

And leave the footprints of your bleeding feet

Once more upon the pavement of the

Nor let the Historian blame the Poet here,

If he perchance misdate the day or year,

And group events together, by his art, That in the Chronicles lie far apart;

For as the double stars, though sundered far,

Seem to the naked eye a single star, So facts of history, at a distance seen, Into one common point of light con-

"Why touch upon such themes?" perhaps some friend

May ask, incredulous; "and to what good end?

Why drag again into the light of day
The errors of an age long passed
away?"

I answer: "For the lesson that they teach:

The tolerance of opinion and of speech. Hope, Faith, and Charity remain, these three;

And greatest of them all is Charity." Let us remember, if these words be

That unto all men Charity is due;

Give what we ask; and pity, while we blame,

Lest we become copartners in the shame,

Lest we condemn, and, yet ourselves partake,

And persecute the dead for conscience' sake.

Therefore it is the author seeks and strives

To represent the dead as in their lives,

And lets at times his characters unfold Their thoughts in their own language, strong and bold; He only asks of you to do the like; To hear him first, and, if you will, then strike.

ACT I.

Scene I.— Sunday afternoon. The interior of the Meeting-house. On the pulpit, an hour-glass; below, a box for contributions. John Norton in the pulpit. Governor Endicott in a canopied seat, attended by four halberdiers. The congregation singing.

The Lord descended from above,
And bowed the heavens high;
And underneath his feet He cast
The darkness of the sky.
On Cherubim and Seraphim
Right royally He rode,
And on the wings of mighty winds

Came flying all abroad.

Norton (rising and turning the hourglass on the pulpit). I heard a great voice from the temple saying

Unto the Seven Angels, Go your ways:

Pour out the vials of the wrath of God Upon the earth. And the First Angel went

And poured his vial on the earth; and straight

There fell a noisome and a grievous sore

On them which had the birth-mark of the Beast,

And them which worshipped and adored his image.

On us hath fallen this grievous pestilence.

There is a sense of terror in the air; And apparitions of things horrible

Are seen by many. From the sky above us

The stars fall; and beneath us the

earth quakes!
The sound of drums at midnight from

The sound of drums at midnight from afar,

The sound of horsemen riding to and fro,

As if the gates of the invisible world Were opened, and the dead came forth to warn us,— All these are omens of some dire

Impending over us, and soon to fall.

Moreover, in the language of the
Prophet,

Death is again come up into our windows,

To cut off little children from without, And young men from the streets.

And in the midst
Of all these supernatural threats and
warnings

Doth Heresy uplift its horrid head; A vision of Sin more awful and appall-

Than any phantasm, ghost, or appari-

As arguing and portending some

enlargement

Of the mysterious Power of Darkness! (EDITH, barefooted, and clad in sack-cloth, with her hair hanging loose upon her shoulders, walks slowly up the aisle, followed by WHARTON and other Quakers. The congregation starts up in confusion.)

Edith (to Norton, raising her hand).

Peace!

Norton. Anathema maranatha!

Edith. Yea, verily He cometh, and shall judge

The shepherds of Israel who do feed themselves,

And leave their flocks to eat what they have trodden

Beneath their feet.

Norton. Be silent, babbling woman! St. Paul commands all women to keep silence

Within the churches.

Edith. Yet the women prayed And prophesied at Corinth in his day; And, among those on whom the fiery tongues

Of Pentecost descended, some were women!

Norton. The Elders of the Churches, by our law,

Alone have power to open the doors of speech

And silence in the Assembly. I command you!

Edith. The law of God is greater than your laws!

Ye build your church with blood, your town with crime;

The heads thereof give judgment for reward;

The priests thereof teach only for their hire;

Your laws condemn the innocent to death;

And against this I bear my testimony! Norton. What testimony?

Edith. That of the Holy Spirit, Which, as your Calvin says, surpasseth reason.

Norton. The labourer is worthy of his hire.

Edith. Yet our great Master did not teach for hire,

And the Apostles without purse or scrip

Went forth to do his work. Behold this box

Beneath thy pulpit. Is it for the poor? Thou canst not answer. It is for the Priest;

And against this I bear my testimony. Norton. Away with all these Heretics and Quakers!

Quakers, forsooth! Because a quaking fell

On Daniel, at beholding of the Vision, Must ye needs shake and quake? Because Isaiah

Went stripped and barefoot, must ye wail and howl?

Must ye go stripped and naked? must ye make

A wailing like the dragons, and a mourning

As of the owls? Ye verify the adage
That Satan is God's ape! Away with
them!

(Tumult. The Quakers are driven out with violence, EDITH following slowly. The congregation retires in confusion.)

Thus freely do the Reprobates commit Such measure of iniquity as fits them For the intended measure of God's wrath.

And even in violating God's commands Are they fulfilling the divine decree! The will of man is but an instrument Disposed and predetermined to its action

According unto the decree of God, Being as much subordinate thereto As is the axe unto the hewer's hand! (He descends from the pulpit, and joins GOVERNOR ENDICOTT, who comes forward to meet him.)

The omens and the wonders of the time,

Famine, and fire, and shipwreck, and disease,

The blast of corn, the death of our young men,

Our sufferings in all precious, pleasant things,

Are manifestations of the wrath divine, Signs of God's controversy with New England.

These emissaries of the Evil One, These servants and ambassadors of Satan,

Are but commissioned executioners Of God's vindictive and deserved displeasure.

We must receive them as the Roman Bishop

Once received Attila, saying, I rejoice You have come safe, whom I esteem to be

The scourge of God, sent to chastise his people.

This very heresy, perchance, may serve The purposes of God to some good end.

With you I leave it; but do not neglect

The holy tactics of the civil sword. Endicott. And what more can be

Endicott. And what more can be done?

Norton. The hand that cut

The Red Cross from the colours of the king

Can cut the red heart from this heresy.

Fear not. All blasphemies immediate And heresies turbulent must be suppressed

By civil power.

Endicott. But in what way suppressed?

Norton. The Book of Deuteronomy declares

That if thy son, thy daughter, or thy wife,

Ay, or the friend which is as thine own soul,

Entice thee secretly, and say to thee, Let us serve other gods, then shall thine eye

Not pity him, but thou shalt surely kill him,

And thine own hand shall be the first upon him

To slay him.

Endicott. Four already have been slain;

And others banished upon pain of death.

But they come back again to meet their doom,

Bringing the linen for their windingsheets.

We must not go too far. In truth, I shrink

From shedding of more blood. The people murmur

At our severity.

Norton. Then let them murmur!
Truth is relentless; justice never
wavers;

The greatest firmness is the greatest mercy;

The noble order of the Magistracy Cometh immediately from God, and yet This noble order of the Magistracy Is by these Heretics despised and out-

raged.

Endicott. To-night they sleep in prison. If they die,

They cannot say that we have caused their death.

We do but guard the passage, with the sword

Pointed towards them; if they dash upon it,

Their blood will be on their own heads, not ours.

Norton. Enough. I ask no more.
My predecessor

Coped only with the milder heresies
Of Antinomians and of Anabaptists.
He was not born to wrestle with these
fiends.

Chrysostom in his pulpit; Augustine In disputation; Timothy in his house! The lantern of St. Botolph's ceased to

When from the portals of that church he came

To be a burning and a shining light Here in the wilderness. And, as he lay On his death-bed, he saw me in a vision

Ride on a snow-white horse into this

His vision was prophetic; thus I came, A terror to the impenitent, and Death On the pale horse of the Apocalypse To all the accursed race of Heretics!

[Exeunt.

SCENE II.—A street. On one side, NICHOLAS UPSALL'S house; on the other, WALTER MERRY'S, with a flock of pigeons on the roof. UPSALL scated in the porch of his house.)

Upsall. O day of rest! How beautiful, how fair,

How welcome to the weary and the old!

Day of the Lord! and truce to earthly cares!

Day of the Lord, as all our days should be!

Ah, why will man by his austerities
Shut out the blessed sunshine and the
light,

And make of thee a dungeon of clespair!

Walter Merry (entering and looking
round him). All silent as a graveyard! No one stirring;

No footfall in the street, no sound of voices!

By righteous punishment and perseverance,

And perseverance in that punishment, At last I have brought this contumacious town

To strict observance of the Sabbath day.

Those wanton gospellers, the pigeons yonder,

Are now the only Sabbath-breakers left.

I cannot put them down. As if to taunt me,

They gather every Sabbath afternoon In noisy congregation on my roof, Billing and cooing. Whir! take that,

ye Quakers.

(Throws a stone at the pigeons. Sees
UPSALL.)

Ah! Master Nicholas!

Upsall. Good afternoon,

Dear neighbour Walter.

Merry. Master Nicholas, You have to-day withdrawn yourself from meeting.

Upsall. Yea, I have chosen rather

to worship God

Sitting in silence here at my own door.

Merry. Worship the Devil! You this day have broken

Three of our strictest laws. First, by

abstaining

From public worship. Secondly, by walking

Profanely on the Sabbath.

Upsail. Not one step.
I have been sitting still here, seeing the pigeons

Feed in the street and fly about the

roofs.

Merry. You have been in the street with other intent

Than going to and from the Meetinghouse.

And, thirdly, you are harbouring Quakers here.

I am amazed!

Upsall. Men sometimes, it is said,

Entertain angels unawares.

Merry. Nice angels!
Angels in broad-brimmed hats and russet cloaks.

The colour of the Devil's nutting-bag!

They came

Into the Meeting-house this afternoon More in the shape of devils than of angels.

The women screamed and fainted; and the boys

Made such an uproar in the gallery I could not keep them quiet.

Upsall. Neighbour Walter, Your persecution is of no avail.

Merry. 'T is prosecution, as the Governor says,

Not persecution.

Upsall. Well, your prosecution; Your hangings do no good.

Merry. The reason is,

We do not hang enough. But, mark my words,

We'll scour them; yea, I warrant ye, we'll scour them!

And now go in and entertain your angels,

And don't be seen here in the street again

Till after sundown!—There they are again!

[Exit UPSALL. MERRY throws another stone at the pigeons, and then goes into his house.

Scene III.—A room in Upsall's house. Night. Edith, Wharton, and other Quakers seated at a table. Upsall seated near them. Several books on the table.

Wharton. William and Marmaduke, our martyred brothers,

Sleep in untimely graves, if aught untimely

Can find place in the providence of God, Where nothing comes too early or too late.

I saw their noble death. They to the scaffold

Walked hand in hand. Two hundred armed men

And many horsemen guarded them, for fear

Of rescue by the crowd, whose hearts were stirred.

Edith. O holy martyrs!

Wharton. When they tried to speak, Their voices by the roll of drums were drowned.

When they were dead they still looked fresh and fair,

The terror of death was not upon their faces.

Our sister Mary, likewise, the meek woman,

Has passed through martyrdom to her reward;

Exclaiming, as they led her to her death,

"These many days I've been in Para dise."

And, when she died, Priest Wilson threw the hangman

His handkerchief, to cover the pale face

He dared not look upon.

Edith. As persecuted, Yet not forsaken; as unknown, yet known;

As dying, and behold we are alive;

As sorrowful, and yet rejoicing always; As having nothing, yet possessing all! Wharton. And Leddra, too, is dead.

But from his prison, The day before his death, he sent these

words

Unto the little flock of Christ: "What-

May come upon the followers of the Light,—

Distress, affliction, famine, nakedness, Or perils in the city or the sea,

Or persecution, or even death itself,—
I am persuaded that God's armour of
Light,

As it is loved and lived in, will preserve

you.
Yea, death itself; through which you will find entrance

Into the pleasant pastures of the fold, Where you shall feed forever as the herds

That roam at large in the low valleys of Achor.

And as the flowing of the ocean fills Each creek and branch thereof, and then retires,

Leaving behind a sweet and wholesome savour;

So doth the virtue and the life of God Flow evermore into the hearts of those Whom he hath made partakers of his nature;

And, when it but withdraws itse' a little,

Leaves a sweet savour after it, that many

Can say they are made clean by every word

That He hath spoken to them in their silence."

Edith (rising and breaking into a kind of chant). Truly we do but grope here in the dark,

Near the partition-wall of Life and Death,

At every moment dreading or desiring To lay our hands upon the unseen door!

Let us, then, labour for an inward stillness.—

An inward stillness and an inward healing;

That perfect silence where the lips and heart

Are still, and we no longer entertain Our own imperfect thoughts and vain opinions,

But God alone speaks in us, and we wait

In singleness of heart, that we may know

His will, and in the silence of our spirits,

That we may do His will, and do that only!

(A long pause, interrupted by the sound of a drum approaching; then shouts in the street, and a loud knocking at the door.)

Marshal. Within there! Open the door!

Merry. Will no one answer?
Marshal. In the King's name!
Within there!

Merry. Open the door!
Upsall (from the window). It is not barred. Come in. Nothing prevents you.

The poor man's door is ever on the latch.

He needs no bolt nor bar to shut out thieves;

He fears no enemies, and has no friends

Importunate enough to need a key.

(Enter John Endicott, the Marshal, Merry, and a crowd. Seeing the Quakers silent and unmoved, they pause, awe-struck. Endicott opposite Edith.)

Marshal. In the King's name do I arrest you all!

Away with them to prison. Master Upsall,

You are again discovered harbouring here

These ranters and disturbers of the peace.

You know the law.

Upsall. I know it, and am ready To suffer yet again its penalties.

Edith (to Endicott.) Why dost thou persecute me, Saul of Tarsus?

ACT II.

Scene I.—John Endicott's room.

Early morning.

John Endicott. "Why dost thou persecute me, Saul of Tarsus?" All night these words were ringing in mine ears!

A sorrowful sweet face; a look that pierced me

With meek reproach; a voice of resignation

That had a life of suffering in its tone; And that was all! And yet I could not sleep,

Or, when I slept, I dreamed that awful dream!

I stood beneath the elm-tree on the Common

On which the Quakers have been hanged, and heard

A voice, not hers, that cried amid the darkness,

"This is Aceldama, the field of blood! I will have mercy, and not sacrifice!"

(Opens the window, and looks out.)
The sun is up already; and my heart
Sickens and sinks within me when I
think

How many tragedies will be enacted Before his setting. As the earth rolls round,

It seems to me a huge Ixion's wheel, Upon whose whirling spokes we are bound fast,

And must go with it! Ah, how bright the sun

Strikes on the sea and on the masts of vessels,

That are uplifted in the morning air, Like crosses of some peaceable crusade!

It makes me long to sail for lands unknown,

No matter whither! Under me, in shadow,

Gloomy and narrow lies the little town,

Still sleeping, but to wake and toil awhile,

Then sleep again. How dismal looks the prison,

How grim and sombre in the sunless street, -

The prison where she sleeps, or wakes and waits

For what I dare not think of,—death, perhaps!

A word that has been said may be unsaid:

It is but air. But when a deed is

It cannot be undone, nor can our thoughts

Reach out to all the mischiefs that may follow.

T is time for morning prayers. I will go down.

My father, though severe, is kind and just;

And when his heart is tender with devotion,—

When from his lips have fallen the words, "Forgive us As we forgive,"—then will I intercede

As we forgive,"—then will I intercede For these poor people, and perhaps may save them. [Exit.

SCENE II.— Dock Square. On one side, the tavern of the Three Mariners. In the back-ground, a quaint building with gables; and, beyond it, wharves and shipping. CAPTAIN KEMPTHORN and others seated at a table before the door. SAMUEL COLE standing near them.

Kempthorn. Come, drink about! Remember Parson Melham, And bless the man who first invented

flip!

(They drink.)

Cole. Pray, Master Kempthorn, where were you last night?

Kempthorn. On board the Swallow,

Simon Kempthorn, master, Up for Barbadoes, and the Windward

Islands.

Cole. The town was in a tumult.

Kempthorn. And for what?

Cole. Your Quakers were arrested. Kempthorn. How my Quakers? Cole. Those you brought in your vessel from Barbadoes.

They made an uproar in the Meetinghouse

Yesterday, and they 're now in prison

I owe you little thanks for bringing them

To the Three Mariners.

Kempthorn. They have not harmed

I tell you, Goodman Cole, that Quaker

Is precious as a sea-bream's eye. I tell you

It was a lucky day when first she set Her little foot upon the Swallow's deck,

Bringing good luck, fair winds, and pleasant weather.

Cole. I am a law-abiding citizen; I have a scat in the new Meetinghouse,

A cow-right on the Common; and, besides,

Am corporal in the Great Artillery. I rid me of the vagabonds at once.

Kempthorn. Why should you not have Quakers at your tavern

If you have fiddlers?

Never! never! never! If you want fiddling you must go elsewhere,

To the Green Dragon and the Admiral Vernon,

And other such disreputable places. But the Three Mariners is an orderly house,

Most orderly, quiet, and respectable. Lord Leigh said he could be as quiet here

As at the Governor's. And have I

King Charles's Twelve Good Rules, all framed and glazed,

Hanging in my best parlour?

Kempthorn. Here's a health To good King Charles. Will you not drink the King?

Then drink confusion to old Parson Palmer.

Cole. And who is Parson Palmer? I don't know him.

Kempthorn. He had his cellar underneath his pulpit,

And so preached o'er his liquor, just as you do.

(A drum within.)

Cole. Here comes the Marshal.

Merry (within). Make room for the Marshal.

Kempthorn. How pompous and imposing he appears!

His great buff doublet bellying like a mainsail,

And all his streamers fluttering in the wind.

What holds he in his hand?

A proclamation. (Enter the MARSHAL, with a proclamation; and MERRY, with a halberd. They are preceded by a drummer, and followed by the hangman, with an armful of books, and a crowd of people, among whom are Upsall and John Endicott. A pile is made of the books).

Merry. Silence, the drum! Good

citizens, attend

To the new laws enacted by the Court. Marshal (reads). "Whereas a cursed sect of Heretics

Has lately risen, commonly called Quakers,

Who take upon themselves to be commissioned

Immediately of God, and furthermore Infallibly assisted by the Spirit

To write and utter blasphemous opinions,

Despising Government and the order of God

In Church and Commonwealth, and speaking evil

Of Dignities, reproaching and reviling The Magistrates and Ministers, and seeking

To turn the people from their faith, and thus

Gain proselytes to their pernicious ways;-

This Court, considering the premises, And to prevent like mischief as is wrought

By their means in our land, doth hereby order,

That whatsoever master or commander Of any ship, bark, pink, or catch shall bring

To any roadstead, harbour, creek, or cove

Within this Jurisdiction any Quakers, ()r other blasphemous Heretics, shall pay

Unto the Treasurer of the Commonwealth

One hundred pounds, and for default thereof

Be put in prison, and continue there Till the said sum be satisfied and paid."

Cole. Now, Simon Kempthorn, what

say you to that?

Kempthorn. I pray you, Cole, lend

me a hundred pounds!

Marshal (reads). "If any one within

this Jurisdiction Shall henceforth entertain, or shall

conceal Quakers, or other blasphemous Here-

knowing them so to be, every such

Shall forfeit to the country forty shillings

For each hour's entertainment or concealment,

And shall be sent to prison, as afore-

said,
Until the forfeiture be wholly paid."
(Marmurs in the crowd.)

Kempthorn. Now, Goodman Cole, I think your turn has come!

Cole. Knowing them so to be!

Kempthorn. At forty shillings
The hour, your fine will be some forty
pounds!

Cole. Knowing them so to be! That is the law.

Marshal (reads). "And it is further ordered and enacted,

If any Quaker or Quakers shall presume

To come henceforth into this Jurisdiction,

Every male Quaker for the first offence Shall have one ear cut off; and shall be kept IQ. At labour in the Workhouse, tili such

As he be sent away at his own charge. And for the repetition of the offence Shall have his other ear cut off, and

Be branded in the palm of his right hand.

And every woman Quaker shall be whipt

Severely in three towns; and every Quaker,

Or he or she, that shall for a third

Herein again offend, shall have their tongues

Bored through with a hot iron, and shall be

Sentenced to Banishment on pain of Death."

(Loud murmurs. The voice of CHRIS-TISON in the crowd.)

O patience of the Lord! How long, how long,

Ere thou avenge the blood of Thine Elect?

Merry. Silence, there, silence! Do not break the peace!

Marshal (reads). "Every inhabitant of this Jurisdiction

Who shall defend the horrible opinions Of Quakers, by denying due respect To equals and superiors, and with-

drawing
From Church Assemblies, and thereby
approving

The abusive and destructive practices Of this accursed sect, in opposition To all the orthodox received opinions Of godly men, shall be forthwith com-

mitted
Unto close prison for one month; and

Refusing to retract and to reform

The opinions as aforesaid, he shall be Sentenced to Banishment on pain of Death.

By the Court. Edward Rawson, Secretary."

Now, hangman, do your duty. Burn those books.

(Loud murmurs in the crowd. The pile of books is lighted.)

Upsall. I testify against these cruel laws!

Forerunners are they of some judgment on us;

And, in the love and tenderness I bear Unto this town and people, I beseech you,

O Magistrates, take heed, lest ye be found

As fighters against God!

John Endicott (taking Upsall's hand). Upsall, I thank you For speaking words such as some younger man,

I, or another, should have said before you.

Such laws as these are cruel and oppressive;

A blot on this fair town, and a disgrace

To any Christian people.

Merry (aside, listening behind them).
Here's sedition!

I never thought that any good would come

Of this young popinjay, with his long hair

And his great boots, fit only for the Russians

Or barbarous Indians, as his father says!

The Voice. Woe to the bloody town!
And rightfully

Men call it the Lost Town! The blood of Abel

Cries from the ground, and at the final judgment

The Lord will say, "Cain, Cain! where is thy brother?"

Merry. Silence there in the crowd!
Upsall (aside). 'T is Christison!
The Voice. O foolish people, ye that
think to burn

And to consume the truth of God, I tell you

That every flame is a loud tongue of,

To publish it abroad to all the world Louder than tongues of men!

Kempthorn (springing to his feet).
Well said, my hearty!
There's a brave fellow! There's a

man of pluck!

A man who's not afraid to say his say, Though a whole town's against him. Rain, rain, rain,

Bones of St. Botolph, and put out this fire!

[The drum beats. Exeunt all but MERRY, KEMPTHORN, and COLE.

Merry. And now that matter's ended, Goodman Cole,

Fetch me a mug of ale, your strongest ale.

Kempthorn (sitting down). And me another mug of flip; and put Two gills of brandy in it.

[Exit Cole.

Merry. No; no more.

Not a drop more, I say. You've had enough.

Kempthorn. And who are you, sir? Merry. I'm a Tithing-man,

And Merry is my name.

Kempthorn. A merry name!

I like it; and I'll drink your merry
health

Till all is blue.

Merry. And then you will be clapped Into the stocks, with the red letter D Hung round about your neck for drunkenness.

You're a free-drinker, --- yes, and a free-thinker!

Kempthorn. And you are Andrew Merry, or Merry Andrew.

Merry. My name is Walter Merry, and not Andrew.

Kempthorn. Andrew or Walter, you're a merry fellow;

I'll swear to that.

Merry. No swearing, let me tell you. The other day one Shorthose had his tongue

Put into a cleft stick for profane swearing

(COLE brings the ale.)

Kempthorn. Well, where's my flip?
As sure as my name's Kempthorn—

Merry. Is your name Kempthorn? Kempthorn. That's the name I go by.

Merry. What, Captain Simon Kempthorn of the Swallow?

Kempthorn. No other.

(touching him on the Merrv shoulder). Then you're wanted. I arrest you

In the King's name.

And where's Kempthorn. your warrant?

Merry (unfolding a paper, and read-Here. ing).

"Hereby you are Listen to me. required,

In the King's name, to apprehend the body

Of Simon Kempthorn, mariner, and

Safely to bring before me, there to

All such objections as are laid to him, Touching the Quakers." Signed, John Endicott.

Kempthorn. Has it the Governor's

Merry. Ay, here it is.

Kempthorn. Death's head and cross-bones. That's a pirate's flag!

Merry. Beware how you revile the Magistrates;

You may be whipped for that.

Kempthorn. Then mum's the word. Exeunt MERRY and KEMPTHORN. Cole. There's mischief brewing!

Sure, there's mischief brewing! I feel like Master Josselyn when he found

The horner's nest, and thought it some strange fruit,

Until the seeds came out, and then he dropped it. Exit.

Scene III.—A room in the Governor's house. Enter GOVERNOR ENDICOTT and MERRY.

Endicott. My son, you say?

Merry. Your Worship's eldest son. Endicott. Speaking against the laws?

Merry. Ay, worshipful sir. Endicott. And in the public marketplace?

Merry. I saw him With my own eyes, heard him with my own ears.

Endicott. Impossible!

Merry. He stood there in the crowd With Nicholas Upsall, when the laws were read

To-day against the Quakers, and I heard him

Denounce and vilipend them as unjust. And cruel, wicked, and abominable.

Endicott. Ungrateful son! O God! thou layest upon me

A burden heavier than I can bear!

Surely the power of Satan must be great

Upon the earth, if even the elect

Are thus deceived and fall away from grace!

Merry. Worshipful sir! I meant no harm-

Endicott. 'T is well. You've done your duty, though you've

done it roughly, And every word you've uttered since

you came Has stabbed me to the heart!

Merry. I do beseech

Your Worship's pardon!

Endicott. He whom I have nurtured And brought up in the reverence of the Lord!

The child of all my hopes and my affections!

He upon whom I leaned as a sure staff For my old age! It is God's chastise-

For leaning upon any arm but His!

Merry. Your Worship!-

Endicott. And this comes from holding parley

With the delusions and deceits of Satan.

At once, forever, must they be crushed out,

Or all the land will reek with heresy! Pray, have you any children?

Merry. No, not any. Endicott. Thank God for that.

has delivered you From a great care. Enough; my

private griefs

Too long have kept me from the public service.

Exit MERRY. ENDICOTT seats himself at the table and arranges his papers.

The hour has come; and I am eager

To sit in judgment on these Heretics. (A knock.)

Come in. Who is it? (Not looking up).

John Endicott. It is I.

Endicott (restraining himself). Sit

John Endicott (sitting down). I come to intercede for these poor people Who are in prison, and await their trial.

Endicott. It is of them I wish to speak with you.

I have been angry with you, but't is passed.

For when I hear your footsteps come

See in your features your dead mother's

And in your voice detect some tone of hers,

All anger vanishes, and I remember The days that are no more, and come no more.

When as a child you sat upon my knee,

And prattled of your playthings, and the games

You played among the pear trees in the orchard!

John Endicott. Oh, let the memory of my noble mother

Plead with you to be mild and merciful!
For mercy more becomes a Magistrate
Than the vindictive wrath which men
call justice!

Endicott. The sin of heresy is a deadly sin.

'T is like the falling of the snow, whose crystals

The traveller plays with, thoughtless of his danger,

Until he sees the air so full of light 'That it is dark; and blindly staggering onward,

Lost and bewildered, he sits down to rest;

There falls a pleasant drowsiness upon him,

And what he thinks is sleep, alas! is death.

John Endicott. And yet who is there that has never doubted?

And doubting and believing, has not said,

"Lord, I believe; help thou my unbelief?"

Endicott. In the same way we trifle with our doubts,

Whose shining shapes are like the stars descending;

Until at last, bewildered and dismayed, Blinded by that which seemed to give us light,

We sink to sleep, and find that it is death,

(Rising.)

Death to the soul through all eternity!
Alas that I should see you growing up
To man's estate, and in the admonition
And nurture of the Law, to find you
now

Pleading for Heretics!

John Endicott (rising). In the sight of God,

Perhaps all men are Heretics. Who dares

To say that he alone has found the truth?

We cannot always feel and think and act

As those who go before us. Had you done so,

You would not now be here.

Endicott. Have you forgotten The doom of Heretics, and the fate of those

Who aid and comfort them? Have you forgotten

That in the market-place this very day

You trampled on the laws? What right have you,

An inexperienced and untravelled youth,

To sit in judgment here upon the acts
Of older men and wiser than yourself,
Thus stirring up sedition in the
streets

And making me a byword and a jest?

John Endicott. Words of an inexperienced youth like me

Were powerless if the acts of older men

Went not before them. 'T is these laws themselves

Stir up sedition, not my judgment of them.

Endicott. Take heed, lest I be called, as Brutus was,

To be the judge of my own son! Begone!

When you are tired of feeding upon husks.

Return again to duty and submission, But not till then.

John Endicott. I hear and I obey!
[Exit.
Endicott. Oh happy, happy they who

have no children! He's gone! I hear the hall door shut

He's gone! I hear the hall door shut behind him.

It sends a dismal echo through my heart,

As if forever it had closed between us, And I should look upon his face no more!

Oh, this will drag me down into my grave,—

Fo that eternal resting-place wherein Man lieth down, and riseth not again! Till the heavens be no more he shall not wake,

Nor be roused from his sleep; for Thou dost change

His countenance, and sendest him . . away! [Exit.

ACT III.

Scene I.—The Court of Assistants. Endicott, Bellingham, Atherton, and other magistrates. Kempthorn, Merry, and constables. Afterwards Wharton, Edith, and Christison.

Endicott. Call Captain Simon Kempthorn.

Merry. Simon Kempthorn, Come to the bar!

(KEMPTHORN comes forward.)

Endicott. You are accused of bring-

Into this Jurisdiction, from Barbadoes, Some persons of that sort and sect of people

Known by the name of Quakers, and maintaining

Most dangerous and heretical opinions; Purposely coming here to propagate Their heresies and errors; bringing

with them
And spreading sundry books here,
which contain

Their doctrines most corrupt and blasphemous,

And contrary to the truth professed among us.

What say you to this charge?

Kempthorn. I do acknowledge, Among the passengers on board the Swallow

Were certain persons saying Thee and Thou.

They seemed a harmless people, mostways silent,

Particularly when they said their prayers.

Endicott. Harmless and silent as the pestilence!

You'd better have brought the fever or the plague

Among us in your ship! Therefore, this Court,

For preservation of the Peace and Truth, Hereby commands you speedily to transport,

Or cause to be transported speedily, The aforesaid persons hence unto Barbadoes,

From whence they came; you paying all the charges

Of their imprisonment.

Kempthorn. Worshipful sir, No ship e'er prospered that has carried Ouakers

Against their will! I knew a vessel once—

Endicott. And for the more effectual performance

Hereof you are to give security

In bonds amounting to one hundred pounds.

On your refusal, you will be committed

To prison till you do it.

Kempthorn. But you see
I cannot do it. The law, sir, of Barbadoes

Forbids the landing Quakers on the island.

Endicott. Then you will be committed. Who comes next? Merry. There is another charge against the Captain.

Endicott. What is it?

Merry. Profane swearing, please your Worship.

He cursed and swore from Dock Square to the Court-house.

Endicott. Then let him stand in the pillory for one hour.

Exit KEMPTHORN with constable. Who's next?

Merry. The Quakers. Endicott. Call them.

Merry. Edward Wharton,

Come to the bar!

Wharton. Yea, even to the bench. Endicott. Take off your hat.

Wharton. My hat offendeth not. If it offendeth any, let him take it;

For I shall not resist.

Take off his hat. Endicott. Let him be fined ten shillings for contempt.

(MERRY takes off WHARTON'S hat.) Wharton. What evil have I done? Endicott. Your hair's too long; And in not putting off your hat to us You've disobeyed and broken that commandment

Which sayeth "Honour thy father and

thy mother."

Wharton. John Endicott, thou art become too proud;

And lovest him who putteth off the hat, And honoureth thee by bowing of the body,

And sayeth "Worshipful sir!" 'T is time for thee

To give such follies over, for thou mayest

Be drawing very near unto thy grave. Endicott. Now, sirrah, leave your canting. Take the oath.

Wharton. Nay, sirrah me no sirrahs! Endicott. Will you swear?

Wharton. Nay, I will not. Endicott. You made a great disturbance

And uproar yesterday in the Meetinghouse,

Having your hat on.

Wharton. I made no disturbance; For peacefully I stood, like other people.

I spoke no words; moved against none my hand;

But by the hair they haled me out, and dashed

Their books into my face.

Endicott. You, Edward Wharton, On pain of death, depart this Jurisdic-

Within ten days. Such is your sentence. Go.

Wharton. John Endicott, it had been well for thee

If this day's doings thou hadst left undone.

But, banish me as far as thou hast power,

Beyond the guard and presence of my

Thou canst not banish me!

Endicott. Depart the Court; We have no time to listen to your babble.

Who's next? Exit WHARTON. Merry. This woman, for the same offence.

(EDITH comes forward.) Endicott. What is your name?

Edith. 'T is to the world unknown, But written in the Book of Life.

Endicott. Take heed It be not written in the Book of

Death! What is it?

Edith Christison. Edith.

Endicott (with eagerness). The daughter

Of Wenlock Christison?

Edith. I am his daughter. Endicott. Your father hath given us trouble many times.

A bold man and a violent, who sets At naught the authority of our Church and State,

And is in banishment on pain of death. Where are you living?

Edith.In the Lord. Make answer Endicott.

Without evasion. Where? My outward being Edith.

Is in Barbadoes.

Endicott. Then why come you here?

Edith. I come upon an errand of the Lord.

Endicott. 'T is not the business of the Lord you're doing;

It is the Devil's. Will you take the oath?

Give her the Book.

(MERRY offers the book.)

Edith. You offer me this Book To swear on; and it saith, "Swear not at all,

Neither by heaven, because it is God's Throne,

Nor by the earth, because it is his footstool! "

I dare not swear.

Endicott. You dare not? Yet you Quakers

Deny this Book of Holy Writ, the Bible,

To be the Word of God.

Edith (reverentially). Christ is the Word,

The everlasting oath of God. I dare not.

Endicott. You own yourself a Quaker,—do you not?

Edith. I own that in derision and reproach

I am so called.

Endicott. Then you deny the Scripture

To be the rule of life.

Edith. Yea, I believe The Inner Light, and not the Written Word.

To be the rule of life.

Endicott. And you deny That the Lord's Day is holy.

Edith. Every day

Is the Lord's Day. It runs through all our lives,

As through the pages of the Holy Bible,

"Thus saith the Lord."

Endicott. You are accused of making An horrible disturbance, and affrighting

The people in the Meeting-house on Sunday.

What answer make you?

Edith. I do not deny
That I was present in your Steeplehouse

On the First Day; but I made no disturbance.

Endicott. Why came you there?

Edith. Because the Lord com-

His word was in my heart, a burning

Shut up within me and consuming me,

And I was very weary with forbearing; I could not stay.

Endicott. "T was not the Lord that sent you;

As an incarnate devil did you come!

Edith. On the First Day, when, seated in my chamber,

I heard the bells toll, calling you together,

The sound struck at my life, as once at his,

The holy man, our Founder, when he heard

The far-off bells toll in the Vale of Beavor.

It sounded like a market bell to call

The folk together, that the Priest might set

His wares to sale. And the Lord said within me,

"Thou must go cry aloud against that Idol,

And all the worshippers thereof." I

Barefooted, clad in sackcloth, and I stood

And listened at the threshold; and I heard

The praying and the singing and the preaching,

Which were but outward forms, and without power.

Then rose a cry within me, and my heart

Was filled with admonitions and reproofs.

Remembering how the Prophets and Apostles

Denounced the covetous hirelings and diviners.

I entered in, and spake the words the Lord

Commanded me to speak. I could no

Endicott. Are you a Prophetess?

Edith. Is it not written,

"Upon my handmaidens will I pour

"Upon my handmaidens will I pou out

My spirit, and they shall prophesy?"

Endicott.

Enough;

For out of your own mouth are you condemned!

Need we hear further.

The Judges. We are satisfied. Endicott. It is sufficient. Edith Christison.

The sentence of the Court is, that you be

Scourged in three towns, with forty stripes, save one,

Then banished upon pain of death!

Edith Your sentence

Is truly no more terrible to me

Than had you blown a feather into the
air,

And, as it fell upon me, you had said, 'Take heed it hurt thee not!" God's will be done!

Wenlock Christison (unseen in the crowd). Woe to the city of blood! The stone shall cry

Out of the wall; the beam from out the timber

Shall answer it! Woe unto him that buildeth

A town with blood, and stablisheth a city

By his iniquity!

Endicott. Who is it makes

Such outcry here?

Christison (coming forward). I, Wenlock Christison!

Endicott. Banished on pain of death, why come you here?

Christison. I come to warn you that

you shed no more
The blood of innocent men! It cries

The blood of innocent men! It cries aloud

For vengeance to the Lord!

Endicott. Your life is forfeit Unto the law; and you shall surely die,

And shall not live.

Christison. Like unto Eleazer, Maintaining the excellence of ancient years

And the honour of his gray head, I stand before you;

Like him disdaining all hypotrisy,

Lest, through desire to live a little longer,

I get a stain to my old age and name! Endicott. Being in banishment on pain of death,

You come now in among us in rebellion.

Christison. I come not in among you in rebellion.

But in obedience to the Lord of Heaven.

Not in contempt to any Magistrate, But only in the love I bear your souls, As ye shall know hereafter, when all men

Give an account of deeds done in the body!

God's righteous judgments ye cannot escape.

One of the Judges. Those who have gone before you said the same, And yet no judgment of the Lord hath

fallen Upon us.

Christison. He but waiteth till the measure

Of your iniquities shall be filled up,
And ye have run your race. Then will
his wrath

Descend upon you to the uttermost! For thy part, Humphrey Atherton, it hangs

Over thy head already. It shall come Suddenly, as a thief doth in the night, And in the hour when least thou thinkest of it!

Endicott. We have a law, and by that law you die.

Christison. I, a free man of England and freeborn.

Appeal unto the laws of mine own nation!

Endicott. There's no appeal to

England from this Court!
What! do you think our statutes are but paper?

Are but dead leaves that rustle in the wind?

Or litter to be trampled under foot? What say ye, Judges of the Court, what say ye?

Shall this man suffer death? Speak

your opinions.

One of the Judges. I am a mortal man, and die I must,

And that erelong; and I must then appear

Before the awful judgment-seat of Christ,

To give account of deeds done in the body.

My greatest glory on that day will be, That I have given my vote against this man.

Christison. If, Thomas Danforth, thou hast nothing more

To glory in upon that dreadful day
Than blood of innocent people, then
thy glory

Will be turned into shame! The Lord hath said it!

Another Judge. I cannot give consent, while other men

Who have been banished upon pain of death

Are now in their own houses here among us.

Endicott. Ye that will not consent, make record of it.

I thank my God that I am not afraid To give my judgment. Wenlock Christison,

You must be taken back from hence to prison,

Thence to the place of public execution,
There to be hanged till you be dead—
dead,—dead!

Christison. If ye have power to take my life from me,—

Which I do question,—God hath power to raise

The principle of life in other men,

And send them here among you.

There shall be

No peace unto the wicked, saith my God.

Listen, ye Magistrates, for the Lord hath said it!

The day ye put his servitors to death, That day the Day of your own Visitation. The Day of Wrath, shall pass above your heads,

And ye shall be accursed for evermore! (To EDITH, embracing her.)

Cheer up, dear heart! they have not power to harm us.

[Exeunt Christison and Edith guarded. The Scene closes.

SCENE II.—A street. Enter JOHN ENDICOTT and UPSALL.

John Endicott. Scourged in three towns! and yet the busy people Go up and down the streets on their affairs

Of business or of pleasure, as if nothing Had happened to disturb them or their thoughts!

When bloody tragedies like this are acted,

The pulses of a nation should stand still;

The town should be in mourning, and the people

Speak only in low whispers to each other.

Upsall. I know this people; and that underneath

A cold outside there burns a secret fire That will find vent, and will not be put out,

Till every remnant of these barbarous laws

Shall be to ashes burned, and blown away.

John Endicott. Scourged in three towns! It is incredible

Such things can be! I feel the blood within me

Fast mounting in rebellion, since in vain

Have I implored compassion of my father!

Upsall. You know your father only as a father;

I know him better as a Magistrate.

He is a man both loving and severe; A tender heart; a will inflexible.

None ever loved him more than I have loved him.

He is an upright man and a just man In all things save the treatment of the Ouakers. John Endicott. Yet I have found him cruel and unjust

Even as a father. He has driven me

Into the street; has shut his door upon me,

With words of bitterness. I am as homeless

As these poor Quakers are.

Upsall. Then come with me. You shall be welcome for your father's sake,

And the old friendship that has been between us.

He will relent erelong. A father's anger Is like a sword without a handle, piercing

Both ways alike, and wounding him that wields it

No less than him that it is pointed at. [Excunt.

Scene III. — The prison. Night. Edith reading the Bible by a lamp.

Edith. "Blessed are ye when men shall persecute you,

And shall revile you, and shall say against you

All manner of evil falsely for my sake! Rejoice, and be exceeding glad, for great

Is your reward in heaven. For so the prophets,

Which were before you, have been persecuted."

(Enter JOHN ENDICOTT.)

John Endicott. Edith!

Edith. Who is it that speaketh?

John Endicott. Saul of Tarsus:

As thou didst call me once.

Edith (coming forward). Yea, I remember.

Thou art the Governor's son.

John Endicott. I am ashamed Thou shouldst remember me.

Edith. Why comest thou
Into this dark guest-chamber in the
night?

What seekest thou?

thou done?

John Endicott. Forgiveness!
Edith. I forgive
All who have injured me. What hast

John Endicott. I have betrayed thee, thinking that in this I did God service. Now, in deep contrition,

I come to rescue thee.

Edith. From what?

John Endicott. From prison.

Edith. I am safe here within these gloomy walls.

John Endicott. From scourging in the streets, and in three towns!

Edith. Remembering who was scourged for me, I shrink not Nor shudder at the forty stripes save

one.

John Endicott. Perhaps from death itself!

Edith. I fear not death, Knowing who died for me.

John Endicott (aside). Surely some divine

Ambassador is speaking through those lips

And looking through those eyes! I cannot answer!

Edith. If all these prison doors stood opened wide

I would not cross the threshold,—not one step.

There are invisible bars I cannot break;

There are invisible doors that shut me in,

And keep me ever steadfast to my purpose.

John Endicott. Thou hast the patience and the faith of Saints! Edith. Thy Priest hath been with me this day to save me,

Not only from the death that comes to all,

But from the second death!

John Endicott. The Pharisee! My heart revolts against him and his creed!

Alas! the coat that was without a seam Is rent asunder by contending sects; Each bears away a portion of the gar-

ment,
Blindly believing that he has the
whole!

Edith. When Death, the Healer, shall have touched our eyes

With moist clay of the grave, then shall we see

The truth as we have never yet beheld it.

But he that overcometh shall not be Hurt of the second death. Has he

forgotten
The many mansions in our father's house?

John Endicott. There is no pity in his iron heart!

The hands that now bear stamped upon their palms

The burning sign of Heresy, hereafter Shall be uplifted against such accusers, And then the imprinted letter and its meaning

Will not be Heresy, but Holiness!

Edith. Remember, thou condemnest thme own father!

John Endicott. I have no father!
He has cast me off.

I am as homeless as the wind that moans

And wanders through the streets. Oh, come with me!

Do not delay. Thy God shall be my God,

And where thou goest I will go.

Edith. I cannot.
Yet will I not deny it, nor conceal it;
From the first moment I beheld thy

I felt a tenderness in my soul towards

•thee.

My mind has since been inward to the Lord,

Waiting his word. It has not yet been spoken.

John Endicott. I cannot wait. Trust me. Oh, come with me!

Edith. In the next room, my father, an old man,

Sitteth imprisoned and condemned to death.

Willing to prove his faith by martyrdom;

And thinkest thou his daughter would do less?

John Endicott. Oh, life is sweet, and death is terrible!

Edith. I have too long walked hand in hand with death

To shudder at that pale familiar face. But leave me now. I wish to be

• John Endicott. Not yet. Oh, let me

Fedith. Urge me no more. John Endicott. Alas! good-night. I will not say good-by!

Edith. Put this temptation underneath thy feet.

To him that overcometh shall be given

The white stone with the new name written on it,

That no man knows save him that doth receive it,

And I will give thee a new name, and call thee

Paul of Damascus and not Saul of Tarsus.

[Exit Endicott. Edith sits down again to read the Bible.

ACT IV.

Scene I.—King Street, in front of the town-house. Kempthorn in the fillory. Merry and a crowd of lookers-on.

KEMPTHORN (sings).

The world is full of care,
Much like unto a bubble;
Women and care, and care and women,
And women and care and trouble.

Good Master Merry, may I say confound?

Merry. Ay, that you may.

Kempthorn. Well, then, with your permission,

Confound the Pillory!

Merry. That's the very thing The joiner said who made the Shrewsbury stocks.

He said, Confound the stocks, because they put him

Into his own. He was the first man in them.

Kempthorn. For swearing, was it?

Merry. No, it was for charging;

He charged the town too much; and

so the town,
To make things square, set him in his
own stocks,

And fined him five pound sterling, just enough

To settle his own bill.

Kempthorn. And served him right; But, Master Merry, is it not eight bells?

Merry. Not quite.

Kempthorn. For, do you see? I'm getting tired

Of being perched aloft here in this cro' nest

Like the first mate of a whaler, or a Middy

Mast-headed, looking out for land! Sail ho!

Here comes a heavy-laden merchantman

With the lee clews eased off, and running free

Before the wind. A solid man of Boston.

A comfortable man, with dividends, And the first salmon, and the first green peas.

(A gentleman passes.)

He does not even turn his head to look.

He's gone without a word. Here comes another,

A different kind of craft on a taut bowline,—

Deacon Giles Firmin the apothecary, A pious and a ponderous citizen,

Looking as rubicund and round and splendid

As the great bottle in his own shop window!

(DEACON FIRMIN passes.)

And here's my host of the Three Mariners,

My creditor and trusty taverner,
My corporal in the Great Artillery!
He's not a man to pass me without
speaking.

(COLE looks away and passes.)

Don't yaw so; keep your luff, old
hypocrite!

Respectable, ah yes, respectable, You, with your seat in the new Meeting-house,

Your cow-right on the Common! But who's this?

I did not know the Mary Ann was in!

And yet this is my old friend, Captain Goldsmith,

As sure as I stand in the bilboes here. Why, Ralph, my boy!

(Enter RALPH GOLDSMITH.)
Goldsmith. Why, Simon, is it, you?

Goldsmith. Why, Simon, is it you? Set in the bilboes?

Kempthorn. Chock-a-block, you see, And without chafing-gear.

Goldsmith. And what's it for?

Kempthorn. Ask that starbowline with the boat-hook there,

That handsome man.

Merry (bowing). For swearing.

Kempthorn. In this town

They put sea-captains in the stocks for swearing,

And Quakers for not swearing. So look out.

Goldsmith. I pray you set him free; he meant no harm;

'T is an old habit he picked up afloat.

Merry. Well, as your time is out,
you may come down.

The law allows you now to go at large Like Elder Oliver's horse upon the Common.

Kempthorn. Now, hearties, bear a hand! Let go and haul.

(KEMPTHORN is set free, and comes forward, shaking GOLDSMITH'S hand.)

Kempthorn. Give me your hand, Ralph. Ah, how good it feels! The hand of an old friend.

Goldsmith. God bless you, Simon!
Kempthorn. Now let us make a
straight wake for the tavern

Of the Three Mariners, Samuel Cole commander;

Where we can take our ease, and see the shipping,

And talk about old times.

Goldsmith. First I must pay My duty to the Governor, and take him His letters and dispatches. Come with me.

Kempthorn. I'd rather not. I saw him yesterday.

Goldsmith. Then wait for me at the Three Nuns and Comb.

Kempthorn. I thank you. That's too near to the town pump.

I will go with you to the Governor's, And wait outside there, sailing off and on;

If I am wanted, you can hoist a signal.

Merry. Shall I go with you and
point out the way?

Goldsmith. Oh no, I thank you. I am not a stranger

Here in your crooked little town.

Merry. How now, sir? Do you abuse our town? [Exit. Goldsmith. Oh, no offence. Kempthorn. Ralph, I am under bonds for a hundred pound. Goldsmith. Hard lines. What for? Kempthorn. To take some Quakers

back
I brought here from Barbadoes in the

Swallow.

And how to do it I don't clearly see,
For one of them is banished, and
another

Is sentenced to be hanged! What shall I do?

Goldsmith. Just slip your hawser on some cloudy night;

Sheer off, and pay it with the topsail, Simon! [Exeunt.

Scene II.—Street in front of the prison. In the background a gateway and several flights of steps leading up terraces to the Governor's house. A pump on one side of the street. John Endicott, Merry, Upsall, and others. A drum beats.

John Endicott. Oh shame, shame, shame!

Merry. Yes, it would be a shame But for the damnable sin of Heresy!

John Endicott. A woman scourged and dragged about our streets!

Merry. Well, Roxbury and Dor-

chester must take

Their share of shame. She will be whipped in each!

Three towns, and Forty Stripes save one; that makes

Thirteen in each.

John Endicott. And are we Jews or Christians?

See where she comes, amid a gaping crowd!

And she a child. Oh, pitiful! pitiful! There's blood upon her clothes, her hands, her feet!

Enter MARSHAI. and a drummer, EDITH, stripped to the waist, followed by the hangman with a scourge, and a noisy crowd.

Edith. Here let me rest one moment. I am tired,

Will some one give me water?

Merry. At his peril. Upsall. Alas! that I should live to see this day!

A Woman. Did I forsake my father and my mother

And come here to New England to see this?

Edith. I am athirst. Will no one give me water?

John Endicott (making his way through the crowd with water). In the Lord's name!

Edith (drinking). In his name I receive it!

Sweet as the water of Samaria's well This water tastes. I thank thee. Is it thou?

I was afraid thou hadst deserted

John Endicott. Never will I desert thee, nor deny thee.

Be comforted.

Merry. O Master Endicott, Be careful what you say.

John Endicott. Peace, idle babbler! Merry. You'll rue these words! John Endicott. Art thou not better

Edith. They've struck me as with roses.

John Endicott. Ah, these wounds! These bloody garments!

Edith. It is granted me To seal my testimony with my blood.

John Endicott. O blood-red seal of man's vindictive wrath!

O roses of the garden of the Lord!
I, of the household of Iscariot,

I have betrayed in thee my Lord and
Master!

(WENLOCK CHRISTISON appears above, at the window of the prison, stretching out his hands through the bars.) Christison. Be of good courage, O my child! my child!

Blessed art thou when men shall persecute thee!

Fear not their faces, saith the Lord, fear not,

For I am with thee to deliver thee.

A Citizen. Who is it crying from the prison yonder?

Merry. It is old Wenlock Christison.

Christison. Remember

Him who was scourged, and mocked, and crucified!

I see his messengers attending thee. Be steadfast, oh, be steadfast to the

Edith (with exultation). I cannot reach thee with these arms, O father!

But closely in my soul do I embrace thee

And hold thee. In thy dungeon and thy death

I will be with thee, and will comfort thee!

Marshal. Come, put an end to this. Let the drum beat.

[The drum beats. Exeunt all but JOHN ENDICOTT, UPSALL, and MERRY. Christison. Dear child, farewell! Never shall I behold

Thy face again with these bleared eyes of flesh;

And never wast thou fairer, lovelier, dearer

Than now, when scourged and bleeding, and insulted

For the truth's sake. O pitiless, pitiless town!

The wrath of God hangs over thee; and the day

Is near at hand when thou shalt be abandoned

To desolation and the breeding of nettles.

The bittern and the cormorant shall lodge

Upon thine upper lintels, and their voice

Sing in thy windows. Yea, thus saith the Lord!

John Endicott. Awake! awake! ye sleepers, ere too late,

And wipe these bloody statutes from your books! [Exit.

Merry. Take heed; the walls have ears!

Upsall. At last, the heart
Of every honest man must speak or
break!

(Enter Governor Endicott with his halberdiers.)

Endicott. What is this stir and tumult in the street?

Merry. Worshipful sir, the whipping of a girl,

And her old father howling from the prison.

Endicott (to his halberdiers). Go on. Christison. Antiochus! Antiochus! O thou that slayest the Maccabees! The Lord

Shall smite thee with incurable disease, And no man shall endure to carry thee!

Merry. Peace, old blasphemer!
Christison. I both feel and see
The presence and the waft of death go

Against thee, and already thou dost look

Like one that's dead!

Merry (pointing). And there is your own son,

Worshipful sir, abetting the sedition.

Endicott. Arrest him. Do not spare him.

Merry (aside). His own child! There is some special providence takes

That none shall be too happy in this world!

His own first-born.

Endicott. O Absalom, my son!

[Exeunt; the Governor with his halberdiers ascending the steps of his house.

SCENE III.—The Governor's private room. Papers upon the table. ENDICOTT and BELLINGHAM.

Endicott. There is a ship from England has come in,

Bringing dispatches and much news from home.

His Majesty was at the Abbey crowned;

And when the coronation was complete

There passed a mighty tempest o'er the city,

Portentous with great thunderings and lightnings.

Bollingham. After his father's, if I well remember,

There was an earthquake, that foreboded evil.

Endicott. Ten of the Regicides have been put to death!

The bodies of Cromwell, Ireton, and Bradshaw

Have been dragged from their graves, and publicly

Hanged in their shrouds at Tyburn.

Bellingham. Horrible!

Endicott. Thus the old tyranny re-

vives again!

Its arm is long enough to reach us here, As you will see. For, more insulting still

Then flaunting in our faces dead men's shrouds,

Here is the King's Mandamus, taking from us,

From this day forth, all power to punish Quakers.

Bellingham. That takes from us all power; we are but puppets,

And can no longer execute our laws.

Endicott. His Majesty begins with pleasant words,

"Trusty and well-beloved, we greet you well;"
Then with a muthless hand he string

Then with a ruthless hand he strips from me

All that which makes me what I am; as if

From some old general in the field, grown gray

In service, scarred with many wounds, Just at the hour of victory, he should strip

His badge of office and his well-gained honours,

And thrust him back into the ranks again.

(Opens the Mandamus and hands it to BELLINGHAM; and, while he is reading, ENDICOTT walks up and down the room.)

Here, read it for yourself; you see his words

Are pleasant words — considerate not reproachful —

Nothing could be more gentle—or more royal;

But then the meaning underneath the words,

Mark that. He says all people known as Quakers

Among us, now condemned to suffer death

Or any corporal punishment whatever, Who are imprisoned, or may be obnoxious

To the like condemnation, shall be sent Forthwith to England, to be dealt with there

In such wise as shall be agreeable
Unto the English law and their demerits.

Is it not so?

Bellingham (returning the paper). Ay, so the paper says.

Endicott. It means we shall no longer rule the Province;

It means farewell to law and liberty, Authority, respect for Magistrates, The peace and welfare of the Commonwealth.

If all the knayes upon this continent Can make appeal to England, and so

The ends of truth and justice by delay, Our power is gone forever. We are nothing

But ciphers, valueless save when we follow

Some unit; and our unit is the King! "T is he that gives us value.

Bellingham. I confess Such seems to be the meaning of this paper,

But being the King's Mandamus, signed and sealed,

We must obey, or we are in rebellion. Endicott. I tell you, Richard Bellingham,—I tell you,

That this is the beginning of a struggle Of which no mortal can foresee the

I shall not live to fight the battle for you,

I am a man disgraced in every way; This order takes from me my selfrespect

And the respect of others. 'T is my doom,

Yes, my death-warrant, but must be obeyed!

Take it, and see that it is executed
So far as this, that all be set at
large:

But see that none of them be sent to England

To bear false witness, and to spread reports

That might be prejudicial to ourselves.

[Exit Bellingham.]

There's a dull pain keeps knocking at my heart,

Dolefully saying, "Set thy house in order,

For thou shalt surely die, and shalt not live!"

For me the shadow on the dial-plate Goeth not back, but on into the dark!* [Exit.

Scene IV.—The street. A crowd, reading a placard on the door of the Meeting-house. NICHOLAS UPSALL among them. Enter JOHN NORTON.

Norton. What is this gathering

Upsall. One William Brand, An old man like ourselves, and weak in body,

Has been so cruelly tortured in his prison,

The people are excited, and they threaten

To tear the prison down.

here?

Norton. What has been done? Upsall. He has been put in irons, with his neck

And heels tied close together, and so left

From five in the morning until nine at night.

Norton. What more was done?

Upsall. He has been kept five days
In prison without food, and cruelly
beaten,

So that his limbs were cold, his senses stopped.

Norton. What more?

Upsall. And is this not enough?
Norton. Now hear me.

This William Brand of yours has tried to beat

Our Gospel Ordinances black and blue;

And, if he has been beaten in like manner,

It is but justice, and I will appear In his behalf that did so. I suppose That he refused to work.

Upsall. He was too weak. How could an old man work, when he

was starving?

Norton. And what is this placard?

Upsall. The Magistrates,
To appease the people and prevent
a tumult,

Have put up these placards throughout the town,

Declaring that the jailer shall be dealt with

Impartially and sternly by the Court.

Norton (tearing down the placard).

Down with this weak and cowardly concession,

This flag of truce with Satan and with Sin!

I fling it in his face! I trample it Under my feet! It is his cunning craft,

The masterpiece of his diplomacy, To cry and plead for boundless toleration.

But toleration is the first-born child Of all abominations and deceits.

There is no room in Christ's triumphant army

For tolerationists. And if an Angel Preach any other gospel unto you Than that ye have received, God's

malediction

Descend upon him! Let him be accursed! [Exit.

Upsall. Now, go thy ways, John Norton! go thy ways,

Thou Orthodox Evangelist, as men call thee!

But even now there cometh out of England,

Like an o'ertaking and accusing conscience, An outraged man, to call thee to account

For the unrighteous murder of his son! [Exit.

SCENE V.—The Wilderness. Enter EDITH.

Edith. How beautiful are these autumnal woods!

The wilderness doth blossom like the rose,

And change into a garden of the Lord! How silent everywhere! Alone and lost

Here in the forest, there comes over me An inward awfulness. I recall the words

Of the Apostle Paul: "In journeyings often,

Often in perils in the wilderness,

In weariness, in painfulness, in watchings,

In hunger and thirst, in cold and nakedness;"

And I forget my weariness and pain, My watchings, and my hunger and my thirst.

The Lord hath said that He will seek his flock

In cloudy and dark days, and they shall dwell

Securely in the wilderness, and sleep Safe in the woods! Whichever way I turn,

I come back with my face towards the town.

Dimly I see it, and the sea beyond it.
O cruel town! I know what waits me there,

And yet I must go back; for ever louder

I hear the inward calling of the Spirit, And must obey the voice. O woods, that wear

Your golden crown of martyrdom, blood-stained,

From you I learn a lesson of submission,

And am obedient even unto death,

If God so wills it.

[Exit.

John Endicott (within). Edith! Edith! Edith!

(He enters.)

It is in vain! I call, she answers not; I follow, but I find no trace of her!

Blood! blood! The leaves above me and around me

Are red with blood! The pathways of the forest,

The clouds that canopy the setting sun And even the little river in the meadows

Are stained with it! Where'er I look, I see it!

Away, thou horrible vision! Leave me! leave me!

Alas! you winding stream, that gropes

Through mist and shadow, doubling on itself,

At length will find, by the unerring

Of nature, what it seeks. O soul of

man, Groping through mist and shadow,

and recoiling
Back on thyself, are, too, thy devious
ways

Subject to law? and when thou seemest to wander

The farthest from thy goal, art thou still drawing

Nearer and nearer to it, till at length Thou findest, like the river, what thou seekest? [Exit.

ACT V.

Scene I.—Daybreak. Street in front of Upsall's house. A light in the window. Enter John Endicott.

John Endicott. O silent, sombre, and deserted streets,

To me ye're peopled with a sad procession,

And echo only to the voice of sorrow!

O houses full of peacefulness and

Far better were it to awake no more Than wake to look upon such scenes again!

There is a light in Master Upsall's window.

The good man is already risen, for sleep

Deserts the couches of the old. (Knocks at UPSALL'S door.)

Upsall (at the window). Who's there?

John Endicott. Am I so changed you do not know my voice?

Upsall. I know you. Have you heard what things have happened?

John Endicott. I have heard nothing.

Upsall. Stay; I will come down.

John Endicott. I am afraid some

dreadful news awaits me!

I do not dare to ask, yet am impatient To know the worst. Oh, I am very weary

With waiting and with watching and pursuing!

(Enter UPSALL.)

Upsall. Thank God, you have come back! I've much to tell you.

Where have you been?

John Endicott. You know that I was seized,

Fined, and released again. You know that Edith,

After her scourging in three towns, was banished

Into the wilderness, into the land
That is not sown; and there I followed her,

But found her not. Where is she?

Upsall. She is here.

fohn Endicott. Oh, do not speak that word, for it means death! Upsall. No, it means life. She

sleeps in yonder chamber. Listen to me. When news of Leddra's

death
Reached England, Edward Burroughs,
having boldly

Got access to the presence of the King,

Told him there was a vein of innocent blood

Opened in his dominions here, which threatened

To overrun them all. The King replied,

"But I will stop that vein!" and he forthwith

Sent his Mandamus to our Magistrates,

That they proceed no further in this business.

So all are pardoned, and all set at large.

John Endicott. Thank God! This is a victory for truth!

Our thoughts are free. They cannot be shut up

In prison walls, nor put to death on scaffolds!

Upsall. Come in; the morning air blows sharp and cold

Through the damp streets.

John Endicott. It is the dawn of day. That chases the old darkness from our sky.

And fills the land with liberty and light. [Exeunt.

Scene II.—The parlour of the Three Mariners. Enter Kempthorn.

Kempthorn. A dull life this,—a dull life anyway!

Ready for sea; the cargo all aboard, Cleared for Barbadoes, and a fair wind blowing

From nor'-nor'-west; and I, an idle lubber,

Laid neck and heels by that confounded bond!

I said to Ralph, says I, "What's to be done?"

Says he: "Just slip your hawser in the night;

Sheer off, and pay it with the topsail, Simon."

But that won't do; because, you see, the owners

Somehow or other are mixed up with it. Here are King Charles's Twelve Good

Rules, that Cole
Thinks as important as the Rule of
Three.

(Reads.)

"Make no comparisons; make no long meals."

Those are good rules and golden for a landlord

To hang in his best parlour, framed and glazed!

"Maintain no ill opinions; urge no healths."

I drink the King's, whatever he may say,

And, as to ill opinions, that depends.

Now of Ralph Goldsmith I've a good opinion,

And of the bilboes I've an ill opinion; And both of these opinions I'll maintain

As long as there's a shot left in the locker.

(Enter EDWARD BUTTER with an ear-trumpet.)

Butter. Good morning, Captain Kempthorn.

Kempthorn. Sir, to you. You've the advantage of me. I don't know you.

What may I call your name?

Butter. That's not your name? Kempthorn. Yes, that's my name. What's yours?

Butter. My name is Butter.

I am the treasurer of the Commonwealth.

Kempthorn. Will you be seated?

Butter. What say? Who's conceited?

Kempthorn. Will you sit down? Butter. Oh, thank you.

Kempthorn. Spread yourself Upon this chair, sweet Butter.

Butter (sitting down). A fine morning.

Kempthorn. Nothing's the matter with it that I know of.

with it that I know of.
I have seen better, and I have seen

worse.
The wind's nor'-west. That's fair for them that sail.

Butter. You need not speak so loud; I understand you.

You sail to-day.

Kempthorn. No, I don't sail to-day. So, be it fair or foul, it matters not.

Say, will you smoke? There's choice tobacco here.

Butter. No, thank you. It's against the law to smoke.

Kempthorn. Then, will you drink? There's good ale at this inn.

Butter. No, thank you. It's against the law to drink.

Kempthorn. Well, almost everything's against the law

In this good town. Give a wide berth to one thing,

You're sure to fetch up soon on something else.

Butter. And so you sail to-day for dear Old England.

I am not one of those who think a sup Of this New England air is better worth

Than a whole draught of our Old England's ale.

Kempthorn. Nor I. Give me the ale and keep the air.

But, as I said, I do not sail to-day. Butter. Ah yes; you sail to-day.

Kempthorn. I'm under bonds To take some Quakers back to the Barbadoes;

And one of them is banished, and another

Is sentenced to be hanged.

Butter. No, all are pardoned, All are set free, by order of the Court; But some of them would fain return to England.

You must not take them. Upon that condition

Your bond is cancelled.

Kempthorn. Ah, the wind has shifted! I pray you, do you speak officially?
Butter. I always speak officially.

To prove it, Here is the bond.

re is the bond.
(Rising and giving a paper.)

Kempthorn. And here's my hand upon it.

And, look you, when I say I'll do a thing

The thing is done. Am I now free to go?

Butter. What say?

Kempthorn. I say, confound the tedious man

With his strange speaking-trumpet! Can I go?

Butter. You're free to go, by order of the Court.

Your servant, sir. [Exit. Kempthorn (shouting from the window). Swallow, ahoy! Hallo!

If ever a man was happy to leave Boston,

That man is Simon Kempthorn of the Swallow!

(Re-enter BUTTER.)

Butter. Pray, did you call?

Kempthorn. Call? Yes, I hailed the Swallow.

Butter. That's not my name. My name is Edward Butter.

You need not speak so loud.

Kempthorn (shaking hands). Goodby! Good-bye!

Butter. Your servant, sir.

Kempthorn. And yours a thousand times! [Exeunt.

Scene III.—Governor Endicott's private room. An open window. Endicott seated in an arm-chair. Bellingham standing near.

Endicott. O lost, O loved! wilt thou return no more?

O loved and lost, and loved the more when lost!

How many men are dragged into their graves

By their rebellious children! I now feel

The agony of a father's breaking heart In David's cry, "O Absalom, my son!"

Rellingham. Can you not turn your thoughts a little while

To public matters? There are papers here

That need attention.

Endicott. Trouble me no more!
My business now is with another world.
Ah, Richard Bellingham! I greatly
fear

That in my righteous zeal I have been led

To doing many things which, left undone,

My mind would now be easier. Did
I dream it,

Or has some person told me, that John Norton

Is dead?

Bellingham. You have not dreamed it. He is dead,

And gone to his reward. It was no dream.

Endicott. Then it was very sudden; for I saw him

Standing where you now stand, not long ago.

Bellingham. By his own fireside, in the afternoon,

A faintness and a giddiness came o'er him;

And, leaning on the chimney-piece, he cried,

"The hand of God is on me!" and fell dead.

Endicott. And did not some one say, or have I dreamed it,

That Humphrey Atherton is dead?

Rellingham. Alas!

He too is gone, and by a death as sudden.

Returning home one evening, at the place

Where usually the Quakers have been scourged,

His horse took fright, and threw him to the ground,

So that his brains were dashed about the street.

Endicott. 1 am not superstitious, Bellingham,

And yet I tremble lest it may have been

A judgment on him.

Bellingham. So the people think. They say his horse saw standing in the way

The ghost of William Leddra, and was frightened.

And furthermore, brave Richard Davenport,

The captain of the Castle, in the storm Has been struck dead by lightning.

Endicott. Speak no more.
For as I listen to your voice it
seems

As if the Seven Thunders uttered their voices,

And the dead bodies lay about the

Of the disconsolate city! Bellingham, I did not put those wretched men to death.

I did but guard the passage with the sword

Pointed towards them, and they rushed upon it!

Yet now I would that I had taken no part

In all that bloody work.

Bellingham. The guilt of it Be on their heads, not ours.

Endicott. Are all set free?

Bellingham. All are at large.

Endicott. And none have been sent

To England to malign us with the King? Bellingham. The ship that brought them sails this very hour

But carries no one back.

(A distant cannon.)

Endicott. What is that gun?
Bellingham. Her parting signal.
Through the window there,

Look, you can see her sails, above the roofs,

Dropping below the Castle, outward bound.

Endicott. O white, white, white! Would that my soul had wings

As spotless as those shining sails to fly with!

Now lay this cushion straight. thank you. Hark!

I thought I heard the hall door open and shut!

I thought I heard the footsteps of my boy!

Bellingham. It was the wind. There's no one in the passage.

Endicott. O Absalom, my son! I feel the world

Sinking beneath me, sinking, sinking, sinking!

Death knocks! I go to meet him! Welcome, Death!

(Rises, and sinks back dead; his head falling aside upon his shoulder.)

Bellingham. O ghastly sight! Like one who has been hanged!

Endicott! Endicott! He makes no answer!

(Raises Endicott's head.)

He breathes no more! How bright this signet-ring

Glitters upon his hand, where he has worn it

Through such long years of trouble, as if Death

Had given him this memento of affection,

And whispered in his ear, "Remember me!"

How placid and how quiet is his face, Now that the struggle and the strife are ended!

Only the acrid spirit of the times

Corroded this true steel. Oh, rest in peace,

Courageous heart! Forever rest in peace!

GILES COREY OF THE SALEM FARMS.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

GILES COREY . . Farmer.
JOHN HATHORNE . Magistrate.
COTTON MATHER . Minister of the
Gospel.

JONATHAN WALCOT A youth. RICHARD GARDNER Sea-Captain.

(The Scene is in Salem in the 3 car 1692.)

PROLOGUE.

DELUSIONS of the days that once have been.

Witchcraft and wonders of the world unseen,

Phantoms of air, and necromantic

That crushed the weak and awed the stoutest hearts,—

These are our theme to-night; and vaguely here,

Through the dim mists that crowd the atmosphere,

We draw the outlines of weird figures

In shadow on the background of the

Who would believe that in the quiet

Of Salem, and amid the woods that

The neighbouring hillsides, and the sunny farms

That fold it safe in their paternal arms,—

Who would believe that in those peaceful streets,

Where the great elms shut out the summer heats.

Where quiet reigns, and breathes through brain and breast

The benediction of unbroken rest,— Who would believe such deeds could find a place

As these whose tragic history we retrace?

'T was but a village then: the goodman ploughed

His ample acres under sun or cloud; The goodwife at her doorstep sat and spun,

And gossiped with her neighbours in the sun;

The only men of dignity and state

Were then the Minister and the Magistrate,

Who ruled their little realm with iron rod,

Less in the love than in the fear of God;

And who believed devoutly in the Powers

Of Darkness, working in this world of ours,

In spells of Witchcraft, incantations dread,

And shrouded apparitions of the dead.

Upon this simple folk "with fire and flame,"
Soith the old Chronicle "the Devil

Saith the old Chronicle, "the Devil came;

Scattering his firebrands and his poisonous darts,

To set on fire of Hell all tongues and hearts!

And 't is no wonder; for, with all his host,

There most he rages where he hateth most,

And is most hated; so on us he brings

All these stupendous and portentous things!"

Something of this our scene to-night will show;

And ye who listen to the Tale of Woe,

Be not too swift in casting the first stone,

Nor think New England bears the guilt alone.

This sudden burst of wickedness and crime

Was but the common madness of the time.

When in all lands, that lie within the sound

Of Sabbath bells, a Witch was burned or drowned.

ACT I.

SCENE I.— The woods near Salem Village. Enter TITUBA, with a basket of herbs.

Tituba. Here's monk's-hood, that breeds fever in the blood;

And deadly nightshade, that makes men see ghosts;

And henbane, that will shake them with convulsions;

And meadow-saffron and black hellebore,

That rack the nerves, and puff the skin with dropsy;

And bitter-sweet, and briony, and eyebright, That cause eruptions, nosebleed,

rheumatisms;
I know them, and the places where

they hide
In field and meadow; and I know

their secrets, And gather them because they give me

power Over all men and women. Armed

with these, I, Tituba, an Indian and a slave,

Am stronger than the captain with his sword,

And richer than the merchant with his money,

Am wiser than the scholar with his books,

Mightier than Ministers and Magistrates,

With all the fear and reverence that attend them!

For I can fill their bones with aches and pains,

Can make them cough with asthma, shake with palsy,

Can make their daughters see and talk with ghosts,

Or fall into delirium and convulsions.

I have the Evil Eye, the Evil Hand; A touch from me and they are weak with pain,

A look from me, and they consume and die.

The death of cattle and the blight of corn,

The shipwreck, the tornado, and the fire,—

These are my doings, and they know it not.

Thus I work vengeance on mine enemies,

Who, while they call me slave, are slaves to me! [Exit TITUBA. (Enter MATHER, booted and spurred,

with a riding-whip in his hand.)

Mather. Methinks that I have come

Mather. Methinks that I have come by paths unknown

Into the land and atmosphere of Witches;

For, meditating as I journeyed on, Lo! I have lost my way! If I remember

Rightly, it is Scribonius the learned
That tells the story of a man who,
praying

For one that was possessed by Evil Spirits,

Was struck by Evil Spirits in the face; I, journeying to circumvent the Witches

Surely by Witches have been led astray. I am persuaded there are few affairs In which the Devil doth not interfere. We cannot undertake a journey even, But Satan will be there to meddle with it

By hindering or by furthering. He hath led me

Into this thicket, struck me in the

With branches of the trees, and so entangled

The fetlocks of my horse with vines and brambles,

That I must needs dismount, and search on foot

For the lost pathway leading to the village.

(Re-enter TITUBA.)

What shape is this? What monstrous apparition,

Exceeding fierce, that none may pass that way?

Tell me, good woman, if you are a woman—

Tituba. I am a woman, but I am not good.

I am a Witch!

Mather. Then tell me, Witch and woman,

For you must know the pathways through this wood,

Where lieth Salem Village?

Tituba. Reverend sir, The village is near by. I'm going

there
With these few herbs. I'll lead you.

Follow me.

Mather. First say, who are you? I

am loath to follow

A stranger in this wilderness, for fear

Of being misled, and left in some morass.

Who are you?

Tituba. I am Tituba the Witch, Wife of John Indian.

Mather. You are Tituba?

I know you then. You have renounced the Devil,

And have become a penitent confessor.

The Lord be praised! Go on, I'll follow you.

Wait only till I fetch my horse, that stands

Tethered among the trees, not far from

Tituba. Let me get up behind you, reverend sir.

Mather. The Lord forbid! What would the people think,

If they should see the Reverend Cotton
Mather

Ride into Salem with a Witch behind

The Lord forbid!

Tituba. I do not need a horse! I can ride through the air upon a stick.

Above the tree-tops and above the houses,

And no one see me, no one overtake me! [Exeunt.

SCENE II. — A room at JUSTICE HATHORNE'S. A clock in the corner. Enter HATHORNE and MATHER.

Hathorne. You are welcome, reverend sir, thrice welcome here

Beneath my humble roof.

Mather. I thank your Worship. Hathorne. Pray you be seated. You must be fatigued

With your long ride through unfrequented woods.

(They sit down.)

Mather. You know the purport of my visit here,—

To be advised by you, and counsel with you,

And with the Reverend Clergy of the village,

Touching these witchcrafts that so much afflict you;

And see with mine own eyes the wonders told

Of spectres and the shadows of the dead,

That come back from their graves to speak with men.

Hathorne. Some men there are, I have known such, who think

That the two worlds—the seen and the unseen,

The world of matter and the world of spirit—

Are like the hemispheres upon our maps,

And touch each other only at a point.
But these two worlds are not divided thus,

Save for the purposes of common speech.

They form one globe, in which the parted seas

All flow together and are intermingled, While the great continents remain distinct.

Mather. I doubt it not. The spiritual world

Lies all about us, and its avenues

Are open to the unseen feet of phantoms

That come and go, and we perceive them not,

Save by their influence, or when at times

A most mysterious Providence permits them

To manifest themselves to mortal eyes.

Hathorne. You, who are always welcome here among us,

Are doubly welcome now. We need your wisdom,

Your learning in these things, to be our guide.

The Devil hath come down in wrath upon us,

And ravages the land with all his hosts.

Mather. The Unclean Spirit said, "My name is Legion!"

Multitudes in the Valley of Destruction!

But when our fervent, well-directed prayers,

Which are the great artillery of Heaven,

Are brought into the field, I see them scattered

And driven like autumn leaves before the wind.

Hathorne. You, as a Minister of God, can meet them

With spiritual weapons; but, alas! I, as a Magistrate, must combat them With weapons from the armoury of

the flesh.

Mather. These wonders of the world invisible.—

These spectral shapes that haunt our habitations,—

The multiplied and manifold afflictions With which the aged and the dying saints

Have their death prefaced and their age imbittered,—

Are but prophetic trumpets that pro-

The Second Coming of our Lord on earth.

The evening wolves will be much more abroad,

When we are near the evening of the world.

Hathorne. When you shall see, as I have hourly seen,

The sorceries and the witchcrafts that torment us,

See children tortured by invisible spirits,

And wasted and consumed by powers unseen,

You will confess the half has not been told you.

Mather. It must be so. The deathpangs of the Devil

Will make him more a Devil than before:

And Nebuchadnezzar's furnace will be heated

Seven times more hot before its putting out.

Hathorne. Advise me, reverend sir.

I look to you

For counsel and for guidance in this matter.

What further shall we do?

Mather. Remember this,
That as a sparrow falls not to the
ground

Without the will of God, so not a Devil Can come down from the air without his leave.

We must inquire.

Hathorne. Dear sir, we have inquired;

Sifted the matter thoroughly through and through,

And then resifted it.

Mather. If God permits
These Evil Spirits from the unseen
regions

To visit us with surprising informations,

We must inquire what cause there is for this,

But not receive the testimony borne By spectres as conclusive proof of guilt In the accused.

Hathorne. Upon such evidence
We do not rest our case. The ways
are many

In which the guilty do betray themselves.

Mather. Be careful. Carry the knife with such exactness,

That on one side no innocent blood be shed

By too excessive zeal, and on the other. No shelter given to any work of darkness.

Hathorne. For one, I do not fear excess of zeal.

What do we gain by parleying with the Devil?

You reason, but you hesitate to act!
Ah,reverend sir, believe me, in such cases
The only safety is in acting promptly.
'T is not the part of wisdom to delay
In things where not to do is still to do
A deed more fatal than the deed we
shrink from.

You are a man of books and meditation, But I am one who acts.

Mather. God give us wisdom
In the directing of this thorny business,
And guide us, lest New England should
become

Of an unsavoury and sulphurous odour In the opinion of the world abroad! (The clock strikes.)

I never hear the striking of a clock Without a warning and an admonition That time is on the wing, and we must quicken

Our tardy pace in journeying Heavenward,

As Israel did in journeying Canaanward!

(They rise.)

hase; and I will show you

In what disguises and what fearful shapes

The Unclean Spirits haunt this neighbourhood.

And you will pardon my excess of zeal.

Mather. Ah, poor New England!

He who hurricanoed

The house of Job is making now on thee One last assault, more deadly and more snarled

With unintelligible circumstances

Than any thou hast hitherto encountered! (Exeunt.

Scene III.—A room in Walcot's house. Mary Walcot seated in an arm-chair. Tituba with a mirror.

Mary. Tell me another story, Tituba. A drowsiness is stealing over me Which is not sleep; for, though I close

mine eyes, I am awake, and in another world. Dim faces of the dead and of the absent

Come floating up before me,—floating, fading,

And disappearing.

Tituba. Look into this glass.

What see you?

Mary. Nothing but a golden vapour. Yes, something more. An island, with the sea

Breaking all round it, like a blooming hedge.

What land is this?

Tituba. It is San Salvador, Where Tituba was born. What see you now?

Mary. A man all black and fierce.
 Tituba. That is my father.
 He was an Obi man, and taught me magic,—

Taught me the use of herbs and images.

What is he doing?

Mary. Holding in his hand He is melting it

Slowly before a fire.

Tituba. And now what see you?

Mary. A woman lying on a bed of leaves,

Wasted and worn away. Ah, she is dying!

Tituba. That is the way the Obi men destroy

The people they dislike! That is the way

Some one is wasting and consuming you.

Mary. You terrify me, Tituba! Oh, save me

From those who make me pine and waste away!

Who are they? Tell me.

Tituba. That I do not know, But you will see them. They will come to you.

Mary. No, do not let them come! I cannot bear it!

I am too weak to bear it! I am dying. (Falls into a trance.)

Tituba. Hark! there is some one coming!

(Enter HATHORNE, MATHER, and WALCOT.)

Walcot. There she lies, Wasted and worn by devilish incantations!

O my poor sister!

Mather. Is she always thus? Walcot. Nay, she is sometimes tortured by convulsions.

Mather. Poor child! How thin she is! How wan and wasted!

Hathorne. Observe her. She is troubled in her sleep.

Mather. Some fearful vision haunts her.

Hathorne. You now see With your own eyes, and touch with your own hands,

The mysteries of this Witchcraft.

Mather. One would need
The hands of Briareus and the eyes of

Argus

To see and touch them all.

Hathorne. You now have entered The realm of ghosts and phantoms,—
the vast realm

Of the unknown and the invisible, Through whose wide-open gates there

blows a wind

From the dark valley of the shadow of Death,

That freezes us with horror.

Mary (starting). Take her hence!
Take her away from me. I see her
there!

She's coming to torment me!

Walcot (taking her hand). Oh my sister!

What frightens you? She neither hears nor sees me.

She's in a trance.

Mary. Do you not see her there? Tituba. My child, who is it?

Mary. Ah, I do not know. I cannot see her face.

Tituba. How is she clad?

Mary. She wears a crimson bodice.

In her hand
She holds an image, and is pinching it
Between her fingers. Ah she tortures

Between her fingers. Ah, she tortures me!

I see her face now. It is Goodwife Bishop!

Why does she torture me? I never harmed her!

And now she strikes me with an iron rod!

Oh, I am beaten!

Mather. This is wonderful! I can see nothing! Is this apparition

Visibly there, and yet we cannot see it?

Hathorne. It is. The spectre is invisible

Unto our grosser senses, but she sees it.

Mary. Look! look! there is another clad in gray!

She holds a spindle in her hand, and threatens

To stab me with it! It is Goodwife Corey!

Keep her away! Now she is coming at me!

O mercy! mercy!

Walcot (thrusting with his sword).
There is nothing there!

Mather (to Hathorne). Do you see anything?

Hathorne. The laws that govern The spiritual world prevent our seeing

Things palpable and visible to her.
These spectres are to us as if they were not.

Mark her; she wakes.

(TITUBA touches her, and she awakes.)

Mary. Who are these gentlemen?

Walcot. They are our friends. Dear

Mary, are you better?

Mary. Weak, very weak.
(Taking a spindle from her lap, and

holding it up.)
How came this spindle here?
Tituba. You wrenched it from the hand of Goodwife Corey

When she rushed at you.

Hathorne. Mark that, reverend sir!
Mather. It is most marvellous, most inexplicable!

Tituba (picking up a bit of gray cloth from the floor). And here, too, is a bit of her gray dress,

That the sword cut away.

Mather.

Beholding this,

It were indeed by far more credulous

To be incredulous than to believe.

None but a Sadducee, who doubts of all

Pertaining to the spiritual world,

Could doubt such manifest and damning proofs!

Hathorne. Are you convinced?

Mather (to Mary). Dear child, be comforted!

Only by prayer and fasting can you drive

These Unclean Spirits from you. An old man

Gives you his blessing. God be with you, Mary!

ACT II.

Scene I.—Giles Corey's farm.

Morning. Enter Corey, with a horseshoe and a hammer.

Corey. The Lord hath prospered me.
The rising sun

Shines on my Hundred Acres and my woods

As if he loved them. On a morn like this

I can forgive mine enemies, and thank God

For all his goodness unto me and mine. My orchard groans with russets and pearmains;

My ripening corn shines golden in the

My barns are crammed with hay, my cattle thrive;

The birds sing blithely on the trees around me!

And blither than the birds my heart within me.

But Satan still goes up and down the earth;

And to protect this house from his assaults,

And keep the powers of darkness from my door,

This horseshoe will I nail upon the threshold.

(Nails down the horseshoc.)

There, ye night-hags and witches that torment

The neighbourhood, ye shall not enter here!—

What is the matter in the field?— John Gloyd! The cattle are all running to the woods!—

John Gloyd! Where is the man? (Enter JOHN GLOYD.)

What ails the cattle? Are they all bewitched?

They run like mad.

Gloyd. They have been overlooked. Corey. The Evil Eye is on them sure enough.

Call all the men. Be quick. Go after them! [Exit GLOYD.

(Enter MARTHA.)
Martha. What is amiss?

Corey. The cattle are bewitched.
They are broken loose and making for the woods.

Martha. Why will you harbour such delusions, Giles?

Bewitched? Well, then it was John Gloyd bewitched them; I saw him even now take down the

bars And turn them loose! They're only

And turn them loose! They're only frolicsome.

Corey. The rascal!

Martha. I was standing in the road, Talking with Goodwife Proctor, and I saw him.

Corey. With Proctor's wife? And what says Goodwife Proctor?

Martha. Sad things indeed; the saddest you can hear

Of Bridget Bishop. She's cried out upon!

Corey. Poor soul! I've known her forty year or more.

She was the widow Wasselby; and then

She married Oliver, and Bishop next. She's had three husbands. I remember well

My games of shovel-board at Bishop's tavern

In the old merry days, and she so gay

With her red paragon bodice and her ribbons!

Ah, Bridget Bishop always was a Witch!

Martha. They'll little help her now,—her caps and ribbons,

And her red paragon bodice, and her plumes,

With which she flaunted in the Meeting house!

When next she goes there, it will be for trial.

Corey. When will that be?

Martha. This very day at ten. Corey. Then get you ready. We will go and see it.

Come; you shall ride behind me on the pillion.

Martha. Not I. You know I do not like such things.

I wonder you should. I do not believe In Witches nor in Witchcraft.

Corey. Well, I do.
There's a strange fascination in it all,
That draws me on and on, I know not
why.

Martha. What do we know of spirits good or ill,

Or of their power to help us or to harm us?

Corey. Surely what's in the Bible must be true.

Did not an Evil Spirit come on Saul? Did not the Witch of Endor bring the ghost

Of Samuel from his grave? The Bible

says so.

Martha. That happened very long ago.

Corey. With God There is no long ago.

Martha. There is with us. Corey. And Mary Magdalene had seven devils,

And he who dwelt among the tombs a legion!

Martha. God's power is infinite. do not doubt it.

If in His providence He once permitted

Such things to be among the Israelites, It does not follow He permits them now,

And among us who are not Israelites. But we will not dispute about it, Giles.

Go to the village, if you think it best,
And leave me here; I'll go about my
work. [Exit into the house

Corey. And I will go and saddle the gray mare.

The last word always. That is woman's nature.

If an old man will marry a young wife,

He must make up his mind to many things.

It's putting new cloth into an old garment,

When the strain comes, it is the old gives way.

(Goes to the door.)

Oh Martha! I forgot to tell you something.

I 've had a letter from a friend of mine,

A certain Richard Gardner of Nantucket,

Master and owner of a whaling-vessel; He writes that he is coming down to see us.

I hope you'll like him.

Mariha. I will do my best. Corey. That's a good woman. Now I will be gone.

I've not seen Gardner for this twenty year;

But there is something of the sea about him,—

Something so open, generous, large, and strong,

It makes me love him better than a brother. [Exit. (MARTHA comes to the door.)

Martha. Oh these old friends and cronies of my husband,

These captains from Nantucket and the Cape, That come and turn my house into a

tavern
With their carousing! Still, there's

something frank
In these seafaring men that makes me

like them. Why, here's a horseshoe nailed upon

the doorstep!

Giles has done this to keep away the

Witches.

I hope this Richard Gardner will bring

with him
A gale of good sound common-sense
to blow

The fog of these delusions from his brain!

Corey (within). Ho! Martha! Martha!

(Enter COREY.)

Have you seen my saddle?

Martha. I saw it yesterday.

Corey. Where did you see it?

Martha. On a gray mare, that some-body was riding

Along the village road.

Corey. Who was it? Tell me. Martha. Some one who should have stayed at home.

Corey (restraining himself). I see! Don't vex me, Martha. Tell me where it is.

Martha. I've hidden it away.

Corey. Go fetch it me. Martha. Go find it.

Corey. No. I'll ride down to the village

Bare-back; and when the people stare and say,

"Giles Corey, where's your saddle?"
I will answer,

"A Witch has stolen it." How shall you like that?

Martha. I shall not like it.

Corey. Then go fetch the saddle. [Exit MARTHA.

If an old man will marry a young wife,

Why then—why then—he must spell Baker!

(Enter MARTHA with the saddle, which she throws down.)

Martha. There! There's the saddle. Corey. Take it up.

Martha. I won't!

Corey. Then let it lie there. I'll ride to the village,

And say you are a Witch.

Martha. No, not that, Giles. (She takes up the saddle.)

Corey. Now come with me, and saddle the gray mare

With your own hands; and you shall see me ride

Along the village road as is becoming

Giles Corey of the Salem Farms, your husband! [Exeunt.

SCENE II.—The Green in front of the Meeting-house in Salem Village, People coming and going. Enter GILES COREY.

Corey. A melancholy end! Who would have thought

That Bridget Bishop e'er would come to this?

Accused, convicted, and condemned to death

For Witchcraft! And so good a woman too!

A Farmer. Good morrow, neighbour Corey.

Corey (not hearing him). Who is safe?

How do I know but under my own roof

I too may harbour Witches, and some Devil

Be plotting and contriving against me?

Farmer. He does not hear. Good morrow, neighbour Corey!

Corey. Good morrow.

Farmer. Have you seen John Proctor lately?

Corey. No, I have not.

Farmer. Then do not see him, Corev.

Corey. Why should I not?

Farmer. Because he's angry with you.

So keep out of his way. Avoid a quarrel.

Corey. Why does he seek to fix a quarrel on me?

Farmer. He says you burned his house.

Corey. I burn his house? If he says that, John Proctor is a liar! The night his house was burned I was in bed,

And I can prove it! Why, we are old friends!

He could not say that of me.

Farmer. He did say it.

1 heard him say it.

Corey. Then he shall unsay it.

Farmer. He said you did it out of

spite to him

For taking part against you in the
quarrel

You had with your John Gloyd about his wages.

He says you murdered Goodell; that you trampled

Upon his body till he breathed no more.

And so beware of him; that's my advice! [Exit.

Corey. By Heaven! this is too much! I'll seek him out,

And make him eat his words, or strangle him.

I'll not be slandered at a time like this, When every word is made an ac-

cusation, When every whisper kills, and every man

Walks with a halter round his neck! (Enter GLOYD in haste.)

What now?

Gloyd. I came to look for you. The cattle—

Corey. Well, What of them? Have you found them?

Gloyd. They are dead.

I followed them through the woods, across the meadows;

Then they all leaped into the Ipswich River,

And swam across, but could not climb the bank,

And so were drowned.

Corey. You are to blame for this; For you took down the bars, and let them loose.

Gloyd. That I deny. They broke the fences down.

You know they were bewitched.

Corey. Ah, my poor cattle! The Evil Eye was on them; that is true.

Day of disaster! Most unlucky day! Why did I leave my ploughing and my reaping

To plough and reap this Sodom and Gomorrah?

Oh, I could drown myself for sheer vexation! [Exit.

Gloyd. He's going for his cattle. He won't find them.

By this time they have drifted out to sea.

They will not break his fences any more,

Though they may break his heart.
And what care I? [Exit.

Scene III.—Corey's kitchen. A table with supper. Martin knitting.

Martha. He's come at last. I hear him in the passage.

Something has gone amiss with him to-day;

I know it by his step, and by the sound

The door made as he shut it. He is angry.

(Enter COREY with his riding-whip.

As he speaks he takes off his hat and gloves, and throws them down violently.)

Corey. I say if Satan ever entered

He's in John Proctor!

Martha. Giles, what is the matter?

You frighten me.

Corey.

I say if any man
Can have a Devil in him, then that

Is Proctor,—is John Proctor, and no

other!

Martha. Why, what has he been

doing?
Corcy. Everything!
What do you think I heard there in the village?

Martha. I'm sure I cannot guess. What did you hear?

Corey. He says I burned his house!

Martha. Does he say that?
Corcy. He says I burned his house.
I was in bed

And fast asleep that night; and I can prove it.

Martha. If he says that, I think the Father of Lies

Is surely in the man.

Corey. He does say that, And that I did it to wreak vengeance on him

For taking sides against me in the quarrel

I had with that John Gloyd about his wages.

And God knows that I never bore him malice

For that, as I have told him twenty times!

Martha. It is John Gloyd has stirred him up to this.

I do not like that Gloyd. I think him crafty,

Not to be trusted, sullen, and untruthful.

Come, have your supper. You are tired and hungry.

Corey. I'm angry, and not hungry Martha. Do eat something.

You'll be the better for it.

Corey (sitting down). I'm not hungry.

Martha. Let not the sun go down upon your wrath.

Corey. It has gone down upon it, and will rise

To-morrow, and go down again upon it.

They have trumped up against me the old story

Of causing Goodell's death by trampling on him.

Martha. Oh, that is false. I know it to be false.

Corey. He has been dead these fourteen years or more.

Why can't they let him rest? Why must they drag him

Out of his grave to give me a bad name?

I did not kill him. In his bed he died, As most men die, because his hour had come.

I have wronged no man. Why should Proctor say

Such things about me? I will not forgive him

Till he confesses he has slandered me. Then, I've more trouble. All my cattle gone.

Martha. They will come back again. Corey. Not in this world.

Did I not tell you they were overlooked?

They ran down through the woods, into the meadows,

And tried to swim the river, and were drowned.

It is a heavy loss.

Martha. I m sorry for it.

Corey. All my dear oxen dead. I loved them, Martha,

Next to yourself. I liked to look at them,

And watch the breath come out of their wide nostrils,

And see their patient eyes. Somehow I thought

It gave me strength only to look at them.

And how they strained their necks against the yoke

If I but spoke, or touched them with the goad!

They were my friends; and when Gloyd came and told me

They were all drowned, I could have drowned myself

From sheer vexation; and I said as much

To Gloyd and others.

Martha. Do not trust John Gloyd With anything you would not have repeated.

Corey. As I came through the woods this afternoon,

Impatient at my loss, and much perplexed

With all that I had heard there in the village,

The yellow leaves lit up the trees about me

Like an enchanted palace, and I wished

I knew enough of magic or of Witchcraft

To change them into gold. Then suddenly

A tree shook down some crimson leaves upon me,

Like drops of blood, and in the path before me,

Stood Tituba the Indian, the old crone.

Martha. Were you not frightened? Corey. No, I do not think

I know the meaning of that word.
Why frightened?

I am not one of those who think the Lord

Is waiting till He catches them some day

In the back yard alone! What should I fear?

She started from the bushes by the path,

And had a basket full of herbs and

For some witch-broth or other,—the old hag!

Martha. She has been here to-day. Corey. With hand outstretched

She said: "Giles Corey, will you sign the Book?"

"Avaunt!" I cried: "Get thee behind me, Satan!"

At which she laughed and left me. But a voice

Was whispering in my ear continually: "Self-murder is no crime. The life of

Is his, to keep it or to throw away!"

Martha. 'T was a temptation of the
Evil One!

Giles, Giles! why will you harbour these dark thoughts?

Corey (rising). I am too tired to talk. I'll go to bed.

Martha. First tell me something about Bridget Bishop.

How did she look? You saw her? You were there?

Corey. I'll tell you that to-morrow, not to-night.

I'll go to bed.

Martha. First let us pray together. Corey. I cannot pray to-night.

Martha. Say the Lord's Prayer, And that will comfort you.

Corey. I cannot say,

"As we forgive those that have sinned against us,"

When I do not forgive them.

Martha (kneeling on the hearth).

God forgive you!

Corey. I will not make believe! I say, to-night

There's something thwarts me when I wish to pray,

And thrusts into my mind, instead of prayers,

Hate and revenge, and things that are not prayers.

Something of my old self,—my old, bad life,—

And the old Adam in me, rises up,
And will not let me pray. I am

afraid

The Devil hinders me. You know I say

Just what I think, and nothing more nor less,

And, when I pray, my heart is in my prayer,

I cannot say one thing and mean another.

If I can't pray, I will not make believe!

[Exit COREY. MARTHA continues kneeling.

ACT III.

Scene I.—Giles Corey's kitchen.

Morning. Corey and Martha

sitting at the breakfast-table.

Corey (rising). Well, now I've told you all I saw and heard

Of Bridget Bishop; and I must be gone.

Martha. Don't go into the village, Giles, to-day.

Last night you came back tired and out of humour.

Corey. Say, angry; say, right angry.
I was never

In a more devilish temper in my life.

All things went wrong with me.

Martha. You were much vexed; So don't go to the village.

Corey (going). No, I won't. I won't go near it. We are going to

The Ipswich meadows for the aftermath,

The crop of sedge and rowens.

Martha. Stay a moment. I want to tell you what I dreamed last night.

Do you believe in dreams?

IA.

Corey. Why, yes and no. When they come true, then I believe in them;

When they come false, I don't believe in them.

But let me hear. What did you dream about?

Martha. I dreamed that you and I were both in prison;

That we had fetters on our hands and

That we were taken before the Magistrates,

And tried for Witchcraft, and condemned to death!

I wished to pray; they would not let me pray;

You tried to comfort me, and they forbade it.

But the most dreadful thing in all my dream

Was that they made you testify against me!

And then there came a kind of mist between us;

I could not see you; and I woke in terror.

I never was more thankful in my life Than when I found you sleeping at my side!

Corey (with tenderness). It was our talk last night that made you dream.

I'm sorry for it. I'll control myself Another time, and keep my temper down!

I do not like such dreams.—Remember, Martha,

I'm going to mow the Ipswich River meadows;

If Gardner comes, you'll tell him where to find me. [Exit.

Martha. So this delusion grows from bad to worse.

First, a forsaken and forlorn old woman,

Ragged and wretched, and without a friend;

Then something higher. Now it's Bridget Bishop;

God only knows whose turn it will be

The Magistrates are blind, the people mad!

If they would only seize the Afflicted Children,

And put them in the Workhouse, where they should be,

There'd be an end of all this wickedness. [Exit. Scene II.—A street in Salem Village.
Enter Mather and Hathorne.
Mather. Yet one thing troubles me.
Hathorne.
Mather. May not the Devil take the
outward shape

Of innocent persons? Are we not in danger,

Perhaps, of punishing some who are not guilty?

Hathorne. As I have said, we do not trust alone

To spectral evidence.

Mather. And then again, If any shall be put to death for Witchcraft,

We do but kill the body, not the soul.
The Unclean Spirits that possessed
them once

Live still, to enter into other bodies. What have we gained? Surely, there's nothing gained.

Hathorne. Doth not the Scripture say, "Thou shalt not suffer

A Witch to live?"

Mather. The Scripture sayeth it, But speaketh to the Jews; and we are Christians.

What say the laws of England?

Hathorne. They make Witchcraft Felony without the benefit of Clergy. Witches are burned in England. You

have read—
For you read all things, not a book

escapes you—
The famous Demonology of King
Tames?

Mather. A curious volume. I remember also

The plot of the Two Hundred, with one Fian,

The Registrar of the Devil, at their head,

To drown his Majesty on his return From Denmark; how they sailed in sieves or riddles

Unto North Berwick Kirk in Lothian, And, landing there, danced hand in hand, and sang,

"Goodwife, go ye before! goodwife, go ye!

If ye'll not go before, goodwife, let me!"

While Geilis Duncan played the Witches' Reel

Upon a jews-harp.

Hatherne. Then you know full well The English law, and that in England Witches,

When lawfully convicted and attainted, Are put to death.

Mather. When lawfully convicted;

That is the point.

Hathorne. You heard the evidence Produced before us yesterday at the trial

Of Bridget Bishop.

Mather. One of the Afflicted, I know, bore witness to the apparition Of ghosts unto the spectre of this Bishop,

Saying, "You murdered us!" of the truth whereof

There was in matter of fact too much suspicion.

Hathorne. And when she cast her eyes on the Afflicted,

They were struck down; and this in such a manner

There could be no collusion in the business.

And when the accused but laid her hand upon them,

As they lay in their swoons, they straight revived,

Although they stirred not when the others touched them.

Mather. What most convinced me of the woman's guilt

Was finding hidden in her cellar wall Those poppets made of rags, with

headless pins
Stuck into them point outwards, and
whereof

She could not give a reasonable account.

Hathorne. When you shall read the testimony given

Before the Court in all the other cases, I am persuaded you will find the proof No less conclusive than it was in this. Come, then, with me, and I will tax

your patience
With reading of the documents so far
As may convince you that these sorcerers

Are lawfully convicted and attainted.

Like doubting Thomas, you shall lay
your hand

Upon these wounds, and you will doubt no more. [Excunt.

SCENE • III. — A room in Corey's house. Martha and two Deacons of the church.

Martha. Be seated. I am glad to see you here.

I know what you are come for. You are come

To question me, and learn from my own lips

If I have any dealings with the Devil; In short, if I'm a Witch.

Deacon (sitting down). Such is our purpose.

How could you know beforehand why we came?

Martha. 'T was only a surmise.

Deacon. We came to ask you, You being with us in church covenant, What part you have, if any, in these matters.

Martha. And I make answer, No part whatsoever.

I am a farmer's wife, a working woman;

You see my spinning-wheel, you see my loom,

You know the duties of a farmer's wife, And are not ignorant that my life among you

Has been without reproach until this day.

Is it not true?

Deacon. So much we're bound to own:

And say it frankly, and without reserve.

Martha. I've heard the idle tales that are abroad;

I've heard it whispered that I am a Witch;

F cannot help it. I do not believe In any Witchcraft. It is a delusion.

Deacon. How can you say that it is a delusion,

When all our learned and good men believe it?—

Our Ministers and worshipful Magistrates?

Martha. Their eyes are blinded, and see not the truth.

Perhaps one day they will be open to

Deacon. You answer boldly. The Afflicted Children

Say you appeared to them.

Martha. And did they say

What clothes I came in?

Deacon. No, they could not tell. They said that you foresaw our visit here,

And blinded them, so that they could not see

The clothes you wore.

Martha. The cunning, crafty girls! I say to you, in all sincerity,

I never have appeared to any one
In my own person. If the Devil takes
My shape to hurt these children, or
afflict them,

I am not guilty of it. And I say It's all a mere delusion of the senses.

Deacon. I greatly fear that you will

find too late

It is not so.

Martha (rising). They do accuse me falsely.

It is delusion, or it is deceit.

There is a story in the ancient Scriptures

Which much I wonder comes not to your minds.

Let me repeat it to you.

Deacon. We will hear it.

Martha. It came to pass that Naboth
had a vineyard

Hard by the palace of the King called Ahab.

And Ahab, King of Israel, spake to Naboth,

And said to him, Give unto me thy vineyard,

That I may have it for a garden of herbs,

And I will give a better vineyard for it, Or, if it seemeth good to thee, its worth In money. And then Naboth said to Ahab.

The Lord forbid it me that I should give

The inheritance of my fathers unto

And Ahab came into his house displeased

And heavy at the words which Naboth spake,

And laid him down upon his bed, and turned

His face away; and he would eat no bread.

And Jezebel, the wife of Ahab, came And said to him, Why is thy spirit sad?

And he said unto her, Because I spake To Naboth, to the Jezreelite, and said, Give me thy vineyard; and he answered, saying,

I will not give my vineyard unto thee. And Jezebel, the wife of Ahab, said, Dost thou not rule the realm of Israel? Arise, eat bread, and let thy heart be merry;

I will give Naboth's vineyard unto thee.

So she wrote letters in King Ahab's name,

And sealed them with his seal, and sent the letters

Unto the elders that were in his city
Dwelling with Naboth, and unto the
nobles;

And in the letters wrote, Proclaim a fast;

And set this Naboth high among the people,

And set two men, the sons of Belial, Before him, to bear witness and to say, Thou didst blaspheme against God and the King;

And carry him out and stone him, that he die!

And the elders and the nobles in the city

Did even as Jezebel, the wife of Ahab, Had sent to them and written in the letters.

And then it came to pass, when Ahab heard

Naboth was dead, that Ahab rose to go Down unto Naboth's vineyard, and to take

Possession of it. And the word of God

Came to Elijah, saying to him, Arise, Go down to meet the King of Israel In Naboth's vineyard, whither he hath gone

To take possession. Thou shalt speak to him,

Saying, Thus saith the Lord! What! hast thou killed

And also taken possession? oIn the place

Wherein the dogs have licked the blood of Naboth

Shall the dogs lick thy blood,—ay, even thine!

(Both of the Deacons start from their seats.)

And Ahab then, the King of Israel,

Said, Hast thou found me, O mine enemy?

Elijah the Prophet answered, I have found thee!

So will it be with those who have stirred

The sons of Belial here to bear false witness

And swear away the lives of innocent people;

Their enemy will find them out at last,

The Prophet's voice will thunder, I have found thee! [Exeunt.

Scene IV. — Meadows on Ipswich River. Corey and his men mowing; Corey in advance.

Corey. Well done, my men. You see, I lead the field!

I'm an old man, but I can swing a scythe

Better than most of you, though you be younger.

(Hangs his scythe upon a tree.)
Gloyd (aside to the others). How strong he is! It's supernatural.

No man so old as he is has such strength.

The Devil helps him!

Corey (wiping his forehead.) Now we'll rest awhile,

And take our nooning. What's the matter with you?

You are not angry with me,—are you, Gloyd?

Come, come, we will not quarrel. Let's be friends. It's an old story, that the Raven said, "Read the Third of Colossians and fifteenth."

Glovd. You're handier at the scythe, but I can beat you

At wreatling.

Corey. Well, perhaps so. I don't know.

I never wrestled with you. Why, you're vexed!

Come, come, don't bear a grudge.

Gloyd. You are afraid. Corey. What should I be afraid of? All bear witness

The challenge comes from him. Now, then, my man.

(They wrestle, and GLOYD is thrown.) One of the Men. That's a fair fall. Another. 'T was nothing but a foil! Others. You've hurt him!

Corey (helping Gloyd rise). No; this meadow-land is soft.

You're not hurt,—are you, Gloyd? Gloyd (rising). No, not much hurt. Corey. Well, then, shake hands;

and there 's an end of it. How do you like that Cornish hug, my lad?

And now we'll see what's in our basket here.

Gloyd (aside). The Devil and all his imps are in that man!

The clutch of his ten fingers burns like fire!

Corey (reverentially taking off his hat). God bless the food He hath provided for us,

And make us thankful for it, for Christ's sake!

(He lifts up a keg of cider, and drinks from it). Gloyd. Do you see that? Don't tell

me it's not Witchcraft.

Two of us could not lift that cask as he does!

(COREY puts down the keg, and opens a basket. A voice is heard calling.) Voice. Ho! Corey, Corey!

Corey. What is that? I surely Heard some one calling me by name!

Giles Corey! (Enter a boy, running, and out of

breath).

Boy. Is Master Corey here? Yes, here I am. Boy. O Master Corey! Corey. Well?

Boy. Your wife—your wife— Corey. What's happened to my wife?

She's sent to prison! Boy. Corey. The dream! the dream! O God, be merciful!

Boy. She sent me here to tell you. Corey (putting on his jacket). Where's my horse?

Don't stand there staring, fellows. Where 's my horse?

Exit Corey. Gloyd. Under the trees there. Run, old man, run, run!

You've got some one to wrestle with you now

Who'll trip your heels up, with your Cornish hug.

If there's a Devil, he has got you

Ah, there he goes! His horse is snorting fire!

One of the Men. John Gloyd, don't talk so! It's a shame to talk so!

He's a good master, though you quarrel with him.

Gloyd. If hard work and low wages make good masters,

Then he is one. But I think otherwise.

Come, let us have our dinner and be

And talk about the old man and the Witches.

I know some stories that will make you laugh.

(They sit down on the grass, and eat). Now there are Goody Cloyse and Goody Good,

Who have not got a decent tooth between them,

And yet these children—the Afflicted Children-

Say that they bite them, and show marks of teeth

Upon their arms!

One of the Men. That makes the wonder greater.

That's Witchcraft. Why, if they had teeth like yours,

'T would be no wonder if the girls were bitten!

Gloyd. And then those ghosts that come out of their graves

And cry, "You murdered us! you murdered us!"

One of the Men. And all those Apparitions that stick pins

Into the flesh of the Afflicted Children!

Gloyd. Oh those Afflicted Children!

They know well

Where the pins come from. I can tell you that.

And there's old Corey, he has got a horseshoe

Nailed on his doorstep to keep off the Witches,

And all the same his wife has gone to prison.

One of the Men. Oh, she 's no Witch. I'll swear that Goodwife Corey

Never did harm to any living creature. She's a good woman, if there ever was one.

Gloyd. Well, we shall see. As for that Bridget Bishop,

She has been tried before; some years

A negro testified he saw her shape Sitting upon the rafters in a barn, And holding in its hand an egg; and while

He went to fetch his pitchfork, she had vanished.

And now be quiet, will you? I am tired,

And want to sleep here on the grass a little,

(They stretch themselves on the grass.)
One of the Men. There may be
Witches riding through the air
Over our heads on broomsticks at this
moment.

Bound for some Satan's Sabbath in the woods

To be baptized.

Gloyd. I wish they'd take you with

And hold you under water, head and ears.

Till you were drowned; and that would stop your talking, If nothing else will. Let me sleep, I

say.

ACT IV.

Scene I.—The Green in front of the village Meeting-house. An excited crowd gathering. Enter John Gloyd.

A Farmer. Who will be tried to-day?

A Second. I do not know; Here is John Gloyd. Ask him; he

knows. *Farmer*. John Gloyd,

Whose turn is it to-day?

Gloyd. It's Goodwife Corey's. Farmer. Giles Corey's wife?

Gloyd. The same. She is not mine. It will go hard with her with all her praying.

The hypocrite! She's always on her knees;

But she prays to the Devil when she prays.

Let us go in.

(A trumpet blows.)

Farmer. Here come the Magistrates.

Second Farmer. Who's the tall man in front?

Gloyd. Oh, that is Hathorne, A Justice of the Court, and Quartermaster

In the Three County Troop. He'll sift the matter.

That's Corwin with him; and the man in black

Is Cotton Mather, Minister of Boston. (Enter HATHORNE and other Magistrates on horseback, followed by the Sheriff, constables, and attendants on foot. The Magistrates dismount, and enter the Meeting-house, with the rest.)

Farmer. The Meeting-house is full.
I never saw

So great a crowd before.

Gloyd. No matter. Come. We shall find room enough by elbowing Our way among them. Put your shoulder to it.

Farmer. There were not half so many at the trial

Of Goodwife Bishop.

Gloyd. Keep close after me.
I'll find a place for you. They'll
want me there.

I am a friend of Corey's, as you know, And he can't do without me just at present. [Exeunt.

Scene II.—Interior of the Meeting-house. Mather and the Magistrates seated in front of the pulpit. Before them a raised platform. Martha in chains. Corey near her. Mary Walcot in a chair. A crowd of spectators, among them Gloyd. Confusion and murmurs during the scene.

Hathorne. Call Martha Corey.

Martha. I am here.

Hathorne. Come forward. (She ascends the platform.)

The Jurors of our Sovereign Lord and Lady

The King and Queen, here present, do accuse you

Of having on the tenth of June last past,

And divers other times before and after,

Wickedly used and practised certain arts

Called Witchcrafts, Sorceries, and Incantations,

Against one Mary Walcot, single, woman,

Of Salem Village; by which wicked arts
The aforesaid Mary Walcot was tor-

mented, Tortured, afflicted, pined, consumed,

and wasted, Against the peace of our Sovereign

Lord and Lady
The King and Queen, as well as of the

Statute
Made and provided in that case. What say you?

Martha. Before I answer, give me leave to pray.

Hathorne. We have not sent for you, nor are we here.

To hear you pray, but to examine you In whatsoever is alleged against you.

Why do you hurt this person?

Martha. I do not. I am not guilty of the charge against me.

Mary. Avoid, she-devil! You may torment me now!

Avoid, avoid, Witch!

Martha. I am innocent. I never had to do with any Witch-

Since I was born. I am a gospel woman.

Mary. You are a gospel Witch!

Martha (clasping her hands). Ah me! ah me!

Oh, give me leave to pray!

Mary (stretching out her hands). She hurts me now.

See, she has pinched my hands!

Hathorne. Who made these marks upon her hands?

Martha. I do not know. I stand Apart from her. I did not touch her hands.

Hathorne. Who hurt her then? Martha. I know not.

Hathorne. Do you think

She is bewitched?

Martha. Indeed I do not think so.

I am no Witch, and have no faith in Witches.

Hathorne. Then answer me: When certain persons came

To see you yesterday, how did you know

Beforehand why they came?

Martha. I had had speech; The children said I hurt them, and I

thought
These people came to question me
about it.

Hathorne. How did you know the children had been told

To note the clothes you wore?

Martha. My husband told me What others said about it.

Hathorne. Goodman Corey,

Say, did you tell her?

Corey. I must speak the truth;

I did not tell her. It was some one else.

agony I suffer!

(Falls into a swoon.)

Hathorne. You see this woman Hathorne. Did you not say your husband told you so? cannot stand before you. How dare you tell a lie in this If you would look for mercy, you must assembly? Who told you of the clothes? Con-In God's way, by confession of your fess the truth. guilt. (MARTHA bites her lips, and is silent.) Why does your spectre haunt and hurt You bite your lips, but do not answer this person? Martha. I do not know. He who Mary. Ah, she is biting me! Avoid, appeared of old In Samuel's shape, a saint and glori-Hathorne. You said your husband fied, told you. May come in whatsoever shape he Martha. Yes, he told me chooses. The children said I troubled them. I cannot help it. I am sick at heart! Corey. O Martha, Martha! let me Hathorne. Then tell me, Why do you trouble them? hold your hand. Martha. I have denied it. Hathorne. No; stand aside, old Mary. She threatened me; stabbed man. at me with her spindle: Mary (starting up). Look there! And, when my brother thrust her with look there! his sword, I see a little bird, a yellow bird, He tore her gown, and cut a piece Perched on her finger; and it pecks at away. Here are they both, the spindle and Ah, it will tear mine eyes out! Martha. the cloth. I see nothing. Hathorne. 'T is the Familiar Spirit (Shows them.) Hathorne. And there are persons that attends her. here who know the truth Mary. Now it has flown away. Of what has now been said. What sits up there Upon the rafters. It is gone; is answer make you? Martha. I make no answer. Give vanished. me leave to pray. Martha. Giles, wipe these tears of Hathorne. Whom would you pray anger from mine eyes. to? Wipe the sweat from my foreliead. I Martha. To my God and Father. am faint. Hathorne. Who is your God and (She leans against the railing.) Father? Mary. Oh, she is crushing me with Martha. The Almighty! all her weight! Hathorne. Doth he you pray to say Hathorne. Did you not carry once that he is God? the Devil's Book It is the Prince of Darkness, and not To this young woman? Martha. Never. Mary. There is a dark shape whis-Hathorne. Have you signed it, pering in her ear. Or touched it? Hathorne. What does it say to you? Martha. No: I never saw it. Martha. I see no shape. Hathorne. Did you not scourge her Hathorne. 'Did you not hear it with an iron rod? Martha. No, I did not. If any Evil whisper? Martha. I heard nothing. Spirit What torture! Ah, what Has taken my shape to do these evil Mary.

deeds,

I cannot help it. I am innocent.

Hathorne. Did you not say the Magistrates were blind?

That you would open their eyes?

Martha (with a scornful laugh). Yes,

I said that:

If you call me a sorceress, you are blind!

If you accuse the innocent, you are blind!

Can the innocent be guilty?

Hathorne. Did you not
On one occasion hide your husband's
saddle

To hinder him from coming to the Sessions?

Martha. I thought it was a folly in a farmer

To waste his time pursuing such illusions.

Hathorne. What was the bird that this young woman saw

Just now upon your hand?

Martha. I know no bird. Hathorne. Have you not dealt with a Familiar Spirit?

Martha. No, never, never!

Hathorne. What then was the Book You showed to this young woman, and besought her

To write in it?

Martha. Where should I have a book?

I showed her none, nor have none.

Mary. The next Sabbath
Is the Communion Day, but Martha
Corey

Will not be there!

Martha. Ah, you are all against me. What can I do or say?

Hathorne. You can confess.

Martha. No, I cannot, for I am innocent.

Hathorne. We have the proof of many witnesses

That you are guilty.

Martha. Give me leave to speak. Will you condemn me on such evidence,—

You who have known me for so many years?

Will you condemn me in this house of God,

Where I so long have worshipped with you all?

Where I have eaten the bread and drunk the wine

So many times at our Lord's Table with you?

Bear witness, you that hear me; you all know .

That I have led a blameless life among you,

That never any whisper of suspicion Was breathed against me till this

accusation.

And shall this count for nothing? Will

you take

My life away from me, because this girl,

Who is distraught, and not in her right mind,

Accuses me of things I blush to name?

Hathorne. What! is it not enough?

Would you hear more?

Giles Corey!

Corey. I am here.

Hathorne. Come forward, then. (COREY ascends the platform).

Is it not true, that on a certain night You were impeded strangely in your prayers?

That something hindered you? and that you left

This woman here, your wife, kneeling alone

Upon the hearth?

Corey. Yes; I cannot deny it. Hathorne. Did you not say the Devil hindered you?

Corey. I think I said some words to that effect.

Hathorne. Is it not true, that fourteen head of cattle,

To you belonging, broke from their enclosure

And leaped into the river, and were drowned?

Corey. It is most true.

Hathorne. And did you not then

That they were overlooked?

Corey. So much I said.

I see: they're drawing round me

I see; they're drawing round me closer, closer,

A net I cannot break, cannot escape from! (Aside.)

Hathorne. Who did these things?

Corey. I do not know who did them. Hathorne. Then I will tell you. It is some one near you;

You see her now; this woman, your own wife.

Corey. I call the heavens to witness, it is false!

She never harmed me, never hindered me

In anything but what I should not do.

And I bear witness in the sight of heaven,

And in God's house here, that I never knew her

As otherwise than patient, brave, and true,

Faithful, forgiving, full of charity,

A virtuous and industrious and good wife!

Hathorne. Tut, tut, man; do not rant so in your speech;

You are a witness, not an advocate! Here, Sheriff, take this woman back to prison.

Martha. O Giles, this day you've sworn away my life!

Mary. Go, go and join the Witches at the door.

Do you not hear the drum? Do you not see them?

Go quick. They're waiting for you. You are late.

[Exit MARTHA; COREY following. Corey. The dream! the dream! the dream!

Hathorne. What does he say? Giles Corey, go not hence. You are yourself

Accused of Witchcraft and of Sorcery By many witnesses. Say, are you guilty?

Corey. I know my death is foreordained by you,—

Mine and my wife's. Therefore I will not answer.

(During the rest of the scene he remains silent.)

Hathorne. Do you refuse to plead?—
'T were better for you

To make confession, or to plead Not Guilty.—

Do you not hear me?—Answer, are you guilty?

Do you not know a heavier doom awaits you,

If you refuse to plead, than if found guilty?

Where is John Gloyd?

Gloyd (coming forward). Here am I.

Hathorne. Tell the Court;

Have you not seen the supernatural power

Of this old man? Have you not seen him do

Strange feats of strength?

Gloyd. I've seen him lead the field, On a hot day, in mowing, and against

Us younger men; and I have wrestled with him.

He threw me like a feather. I have seen him

Lift up a barrel with his single hands, Which two strong men could hardly lift together,

And, holding it above his head, drink from it.

Hathorne. That is enough; we need not question further.

What answer do you make to this, Giles Corey?

Mary. See there! See there!

Hathorne. What is it? I see nothing.

Mary. Look! Look! It is the ghost
of Robert Goodell,

Whom fifteen years ago this man did murder

By stamping on his body! In his

He comes here to bear witness to the crime!

(The crowd shrinks back from COREY in horror.)

Hathorne. Ghosts of the dead and voices of the living

Bear witness to your guilt, and you must die!

It might have been an easier death.
Your doom

Will be on your own head, and not on

Twice more will you be questioned of these things;

Twice more have room to plead or to confess.

If you are contumacious to the Court,

And if, when questioned, you refuse to answer,

Then by the Statute you will be condemned

To the *peine forte et dure!* To have your body

Pressed by great weights until you shall be dead!

And may the Lord have mercy on your soul!

ACT V.

Scene I.—Corey's farm as in Act II., Scene I. Enter RICHARD GARD-NER, looking round him.

Gardner. Here stands the house as I remember it,

The four tall poplar-trees before the door;

The house, the barn, the orchard, and the well,

With its moss-covered bucket and its trough;

The garden, with its hedge of currantbushes;

The woods, the harvest-fields; and, far beyond,

The pleasant landscape stretching to the sea.

But everything is silent and deserted!

No bleat of flocks, no bellowing of herds,

No sound of flails, that should be beating now;

Nor finan nor beast astir. What can this mean?

(Knocks at the door.)

What ho! Giles Corey! Hillo-ho! Giles Corey!—

No answer but the echo from the barn, And the ill-omened cawing of the

Crow,
That wonder wings his flight across

That yonder wings his flight across the fields,

As if he scented carrion in the air. (Enter TITUBA with a basket.)

What woman's this, that, like an apparition,

Haunts this deserted homestead in broad day?

Woman, who are you?

Tituba. I'm Tituba.

I am John Indian's wife. I am a Witch.

Gardner. What are you doing here? Tituba. I am gathering herbs,—

Cinquefoil, and saxifrage, and pennyroyal.

Gardner (looking at the herbs). This is not cinquefoil, it is deadly nightshade!

This is not saxifrage, but hellebore!

This is not pennyroyal, it is henbane!

Do you come here to poison these good people?

Tituba. I get these for the Doctor in the Village.

Beware of Tituba. I pinch the children;

Make little poppets and stick pins in them.

And then the children cry out they are pricked.

The Black Dog came to me, and said, "Serve me!"

I was afraid. He made me hurt the children.

Gardner. Poor soul! She's crazed, with all these Devil's doings.

Tituba. Will you, sir, sign the Book?

Gardner. No, I'll not sign it.
Where is Giles Corey? Do you know
Giles Corey?

Tituba. He's safe enough. He's down there in the prison.

Gardner. Corey in prison? What is he accused of?

Tituba. Giles Corey and Martha Corey are in prison

Down there in Salem Village. Both are Witches.

She came to me and whispered, "Kill the children!"

Both signed the Book!

Gardner. Begone, you imp of darkness!

You Devil's dam!

Tituba. Beware of Tituba! [Exit. Gardner. How often out at sea on stormy nights,

When the waves thundered round me, and the wind

Bellowed, and beat the canvas, and my ship

Clove through the solid darkness, like a wedge,

I've thought of him, upon his pleasant farm.

Living in quiet with his thrifty housewife.

And envied him, and wished his fate were mine!

And now I find him shipwrecked utterly,

Drifting upon this sea of sorceries,

And lost, perhaps, beyond all aid of man! [Exit.

Scene II.—The prison. Giles Corey at a table on which are some papers.

Corey. Now I have done with earth and all its cares;

I give my worldly goods to my dear children;

My body I bequeath to my tormentors, And my immortal soul to Him who made it.

O God! who in thy wisdom dost afflict me

With an affliction greater than most

Have ever yet endured or shall endure, Suffer me not in this last bitter hour For any pains of death to fall from thee!

MARTHA is heard singing.

Arise, O righteous Lord!

And disappoint my foes;

They are but thine avenging sword,
Whose wounds are swift to close.

Corey. Hark, hark! it is her voice! She is not dead!

•She lives! I am not utterly forsaken!

MARTHA, singing.

By thine abounding grace,
And mercies multiplied,
I shall awake, and see thy face;
I shall be satisfied.

(COREY hides his face in his hands. Enter the JAILER, followed by RICHARD GARDNER.)

Jailer. Here's a seafaring man, one Richard Gardner,

A friend of yours, who asks to speak with you.

(COREY rises. They embrace.)

Corey. I'm glad to see you, ay, right glad to see you.

Gardner. And I am most sorely grieved to see you thus.

Corey. Of all the friends I had in happier days,

You are the first, ay, and the only one, That comes to seek me out in my disgrace!

And you but come in time to say farewell.

They've dug my grave already in the field.

I thank you. There is something in your presence,

I know not what it is, that gives me strength.

Perhaps it is the bearing of a man Familiar with all dangers of the deep, Familiar with the cries of drowning

With fire, and wreck, and foundering ships at sea!

Gardner. Ah, I have never known a wreck like yours!

Would I could save you!

Corey. Do not speak of that. It is too late. I am resolved to die.

Gardner. Why would you die who have so much to live for?—

Your daughters, and-

My daughters have gone from me.
They are married;

They have their homes, their thoughts apart from me;

I will not say their hearts,—that were too cruel.

What would you have me do?

Gardner. Confess and live.
Corey. That's what they said who
came here yesterday

To lay a heavy weight upon my conscience

By telling me that I was driven forth
As an unworthy member of their
church.

Gardner. It is an awful death.

Corey. T is but to drown,

And have the weight of all the seas

upon you.

Gardner. Say something; say enough
to fend off death

Till this tornado of fanaticism

Blows itself out. Let me come in between you

And your severer self, with my plain sense;

Do not be obstinate.

Corey. I will not plead.

If I deny, I am condemned already,
In courts where ghosts appear as witnesses,

And swear men's lives away. If I confess,

Then I confess a lie, to buy a life Which is not life, but only death in

I will not bear false witness against

Not even against myself, whom I count least.

Gardner (aside). Ah, what a noble character is this!

Corey. I pray you, do not urge me to do that

You would not do yourself. I have already

The bitter taste of death upon my lips:

I feel the pressure of the heavy weight That will crush out my life within this hour:

But if a word could save me, and that

Were not the Truth; nay, if it did but swerve

A hair's-breadth from the Truth, I would not say it!

Gardner (aside). How mean I seem beside a man like this!

Corey. As for my wife, my Martha and my Martyr,—

Whose virtues, like the stars, unseen by day,

Though numberless, do but await the dark

To manifest themselves unto all eyes,—

She who first won me from my evil ways,

And taught me how to live by her example,

By her example teaches me to die, And leads me onward to the better life! Sheriff (without). Giles Corey! Come! The hour has struck!

Corey. I come! Here is my body; ye may torture

But the immortal soul ye cannot crush!

[Exeunt.

Scene III.—A street in the Village.
Enter GLOYD and others.

Gloyd. Quick, or we shall be late! A Man. That's not the way. Come here; come up this lane.

Gloyd. I wonder now
If the old man will die, and will not

speak? He's obstinate enough and tough

enough For anything on earth.

(A bell tolls.)

Hark! What is that?

A Man. The passing bell. He's dead!

Gloyd. We are too late. [Exeunt in haste.

Scene IV.—A field near the graveyard. Giles Corey lying dead, with a great stone on his breast. The Sheriff at his head, Richard Gardner at his feet. A crowd behind. The bell tolling. Enter Hathorne and Mather.

Hathorne. This is the Potter's Field. Behold the fate

Of those who deal in Witchcrafts, and, when questioned,

Refuse to plead their guilt or innocence,

And stubbornly drag death upon themselves.

Mather. O sight most horrible! In a land like this,

Spangled with Churches Evangelical, Inwrapped in our salvations, must we seek

In mouldering statute-books of English Courts

Some old forgotten Law, to do such deeds?

Those who lie buried in the Potter's Field

Will rise again, as surely as ourselves

That sleep in honoured graves with epitaphs;

And this poor man, whom we have made a victim,

Hereafter will be counted as a martyr!

FINALE.

SAINT JOHN.

(SAINT JOHN wandering over the face of the Earth.)

Saint John. The Ages come and go,
The Centuries pass as Years;
My hair is white as the snow,
My feet are weary and slow,
The earth is wet with my tears!
The kingdoms crumble, and fall
Apart, like a ruined wall,
Or a bank that is undermined
By a river's ceaseless flow,
And leave no trace behind!
The world itself is old;
The portals of Time unfold
On hinges of iron, that grate
And groan with the rust and the
weight,

Like the hinges of a gate That hath fallen to decay; But the evil doth not cease; There is war instead of peace, Instead of Love there is hate; And still I must wander and wait, Still I must watch and pray, Not forgetting in whose sight, A thousand years in their flight Are as a single day. The life of man is a gleam Of light, that comes and goes Like the course of the Holy Stream, The cityless river, that flows From fountains no one knows, Through the Lake of Galilee, Through forests and level lands, Over rocks, and shallows, and sands Of a wilderness wild and vast, Till it findeth its rest at last In the desolate Dead Sea!

But alas! alas for me Not yet this rest shall be! What, then! doth Charity fail? Is Faith of no avail? Is Hope blown out like a light By a gust of wind in the night? The clashing of creeds, and the strife Of the many beliefs, that in vain Perplex man's heart and brain, Are naught but the rustle of leaves, When the breath of God upheaves The boughs of the Tree of Life, And they subside again! And I remember still The words, and from whom they came, Not he that repeateth the name, But he that doeth the will! And Him evermore I behold Walking in Galilee, Through the cornfield's waving gold, In hamlet, in wood, and in wold, By the shores of the Beautiful Sea. He toucheth the sightless eyes; Before him the demons fice; To the dead He sayeth: Arise! To the living: Follow me! And that voice still soundeth on From the centuries that are gone, To the centuries that shall be! From all vain pomps and shows, From the pride that overflows, And the false conceits of men; From all the narrow rules And subtleties of Schools, And the craft of tongue and pen; Bewildered in its search, Bewildered with the cry: Lo, here! lo, there, the Church! Poor, sad Humanity Through all the dust and heat Turns back with bleeding feet, By the weary road it came, Unto the simple thought By the great Master taught, And that remaineth still: Not he that repeateth the name, But he that doeth the will!

JUDAS MACCABÆUS.

ACT I.

THE CITADEL OF ANTIOCHUS AT JERUSALEM.

Scene I.—Antiochus; Jason.

Antiochus. O Antioch, my Antioch, my city!

Queen of the East! my solace, my delight!

The dowry of my sister Cleopatra

When she was wed to Ptolemy, and

Won back and made more wonderful by me!

I love thee, and I long to be once more Among the players and the dancing women

Within thy gates, and bathe in the Orontes,

Thy river and mine. O Jason, my High-Priest,

For I have made thee so, and thou art

Hast thou seen Antioch the Beautiful? Jason. Never, my Lord.

Antiochus. Then hast thou never seen
The wonder of the world. This city of
David

Compared with Antioch is but a village, And its inhabitants compared with Greeks

.\re mannerless boors.

Jason. They are barbarians,

Antiochus. They must be civilized. They must be made to have more gods than one:

And goddesses besides.

Iason. They shall have more.
Antiochus. They must have hippodromes, and games, and baths,
Stage-plays and festivals, and most of

The Dionysia.

Jason. They shall have them all.

Antiochus. By Heracles! but I should like to see

These Hebrews crowned with ivy, and arrayed

In skins of fawns, with drums and flutes and thyrsi,

Revel and rot through the solemn streets

Of their old town. Ha, ha! It makes me merry

Only to think of it!—Thou dost not laugh.

Jason. Yea, I laugh inwardly.

Antiochus. The new Greek leaven Works slowly in this Israelitish dough! Have I not sacked the Temple, and on the altar

Set up the statue of Olympian Zeus To Hellenize it?

Jason. Thou hast done all this. Antiochus. As thou wast Joshua once and now art Jason,

And from a Hebrew hast become a Greek,

So shall this Hebrew nation be translated,

Their very natures and their names be changed,

And all be Hellenized.

It shall be done.

Antiochus. Their manners and their laws and way of living

Shall all be Greek. They shall unlearn their language,

And learn the lovely speech of Antioch.
Where hast thou been to-day? Thou comest late.

Jason. Playing at discus with the other priests

In the Gymnasium.

Antiochus. Thou hast done well.

There's nothing better for you lazy
priests

Than discus-playing with the common people.

Now tell me, Jason, what these Hebrews call me

When they converse together at their games.

Jason. Antiochus Epiphanes, my Lord;

Antiochus the Illustrious.

Antiochus. Oh, not that; That is the public cry; I mean the name

They give me when they talk among themselves,

And think that no one listens; what is that?

Jason. Antiochus Epimanes, my Lord!

Antiochus. Antiochus the Mad! Ay, that is it.

And who hath said it? Who hath set in motion

That sorry jest?

Jason. The Seven Sons insane
Of a weird woman, like themselves
insane.

Antiochus. I like their courage, but it shall not save them.

They shall be made to eat the flesh of swine

Or they shall die. Where are they?

Jason. In the dungeons
Beneath this tower.

Antiochus. There let them stay and

Till I am ready to make Greeks of them,

After my fashion.

Jason. They shall stay and starve.— My Lord, the Ambassadors of Samaria Await thy pleasure.

Antiochus. Why not my displeasure? Ambassadors are tedious. They are men

Who work for their own ends, and not for mine;

There is no furtherance in them. Let them go

To Apollonius, my governor

There in Samaria, and not trouble me.

What do they want?

Jason. Only the royal sanction
To give a name unto a nameless
temple

Upon Mount Gerizim.

Antiochus. Then bid them enter.

This pleases me, and furthers my designs.

The occasion is auspicious. Bid them enter.

Scene II.—Antiochus; Jason; the Samaritan Ambassadors.

Antiochus. Approach. Come forward; stand not at the door

Wagging your long beards, but demean yourselves

As doth become Ambassadors. What seek ye?

An Ambassador. An audience from the King.

Antiochus. Speak, and be brief. Waste not the time in useless rhetoric. Words are not things.

Ambassador (reading). "To King

Antiochus,
The God, Epiphanes; a Memorial
From the Sidenians who live of

From the Sidonians, who live at Sichem."

Antiochus. Sidonians?

Ambassador. Ay, my Lord.

Antiochus. Go on, go on!

And do not tire thyself and me with bowing!

Ambassador (reading). "We are a colony of Medes and Persians."

Antiochus. No, ye are Jews from one of the Ten Tribes;

Whether Sidonians or Samaritans Or Jews of Jewry, matters not to me; Ye are all Israelites, ye are all Jews.

When the Jews prosper, ye claim kindred with them;

When the Jews suffer, ye are Medes and Persians;

I know that in the days of Alexander Ye claimed exemption from the annual tribute

In the Sabbatic Year, because, ye said, Your fields had not been planted in that year.

Ambassador (reading). "Our fathers, upon certain frequent plagues,

And following an ancient superstition, Were long accustomed to observe that

Which by the Israelites is called the Sabbath.

And in a temple on Mount Gerizim Without a name, they offered sacrifice. Now we, who are Sidonians, beseech

Who art our benefactor and our saviour, Not to confound us with these wicked lews,

But to give royal order and injunction

To Apollonius in Samaria, Thy governor, and likewise to Nicanor, Thy procurator, no more to molest us; And let our nameless temple now be

named
The Temple of Jupiter Hellenius."

Antiochus. This shall be done. Full
well it pleaseth me

Ye are not Jews, or are no longer Jews,

But Greeks; if not by birth, yet Greeks by custom.

Your nameless temple shall receive the name Of Jupiter Hellenius. Ye may go!

SCENE III.—Antiochus; Jason.

Antiochus. My task is easier than I dreamed. These people

Meet me half-way. Jason, didst thou take note

How these Samaritans of Sichem said They were not Jews? that they were Medes and Persians,

They were Sidonians; anything but hews?

'T is of good augury. The rest will follow

Till the whole land is Hellenized.

Jason. My Lord,
These are Samaritans. The tribe of
Judah

Is of a different temper, and the task Will be more difficult.

Antiochus. Dost thou gainsay me? Jason. I know the stubborn nature of the Jew.

Yesterday, Eleazer, an old man,

Being fourscore years and ten, chose rather death

By torture than to eat the flesh of swine.

Antiochus. The life is in the blood, and the whole nation

Shall bleed to death, or it shall change its faith!

Jason. Hundreds have fled already to the mountains

Of Ephraim, where Judas Maccabæus Hath raised the standard of revolt against thee.

Antiochus. I will burn down their city, and will make it

Waste as a wilderness. Its thorough-

Shall be but furrows in a field of ashes. It shall be sown with salt as Sodom is! This hundred and fifty-third Olympiad Shall have a broad and blood-red seal upon it,

Stamped with the awful letters of my name,

Antiochus the God, Epiphanes!— Where are those Seven Sons?

Jason. My Lord, they wait Thy royal pleasure.

Antiochus. They shall wait no longer!

ACT II.

THE DUNGEONS IN THE CITADEL.

SCENE I.—THE MOTHER of the SEVEN SONS alone, listening.

The Mother. Be strong, my heart! Break not till they are dead.

All, all my Seven Sons; then burst asunder,

And let this tortured and tormented soul

Leap and rush out like water through the shards

Of earthen vessels broken at a well. O my dear children, mine in life and

death,
I know not how ye came into my
womb;

I neither gave you breath, nor gave you life,

And neither was it I that formed the members

Of every one of you. But the Creator, Who made the world, and made the heavens above us,

Who formed the generation of mankind. And found out the beginning of all things,

He gave you breath and life, and will again

Of his own mercy, as ye now regard Not your own selves, but his eternal law.

I do not murmur, nay, I thank thee, God,

That I and mine have not been deemed unworthy

To suffer for thy sake, and for thy law,

And for the many sins of Israel.

Hark! I can hear within the sound of scourges!

I feel them more than ye do, O my sons!

But cannot come to you. I, who was wont

To wake at night at the least cry ye made,

To whom ye ran at every slightest hurt,—

I cannot take you now into my lap
And soothe your pain, but God will
take you all

Into his pitying arms, and comfort you, And give you rest.

A Voice (within). What wouldst thou ask of us?

Ready are we to die, but we will never Transgress the law and customs of our fathers.

The Mother. It is the voice of my first-born! O brave

And noble boy! Thou hast the privi-

Of dying first, as thou wast born the

The same Voice (within). God looketh on us, and hath comfort in us;

As Moses in his song of old declared, He in his servants shall be comforted.

The Mother. I knew thou wouldst not fail!—He speaks no more,

He is beyond all pain!

Antiochus (within). If thou eat not Thou shall be tortured throughout all the members

Of thy whole body. Wilt thou eat then?

Second Voice (within). No.

The Mother. It is Adaiah's voice. I tremble for him.

I know his nature, devious as the wind, And swift to change, gentle and yielding always.

Be steadfast, O my son!

The same Voice (within). Thou, like a fury,

Takest us from this present life, but

Who rules the world, shall raise us up again

Into life everlasting.

The Mother. God, I thank thee
That thou hast breathed into that
timid heart

Courage to die for thee. O my Adaiah, Witness of God! if thou for whom I feared

Canst thus encounter death, I need not fear;

The others will not shrink.

Third Voice (within). Behold these hands

Held out to thee, O King Antiochus,
Not to implore thy mercy, but to show
That I despise them. He who gave
them to me

Will give them back again.

The Mother. O Avilan, It is thy voice. For the last time I

hear it;
For the last time on earth, but not the

To death it bids defiance, and to torture. It sounds to me as from another world, And makes the petty miseries of this Seem unto me as naught, and less than naught.

Farewell, my Avilan; nay, I should say Welcome, my Avilan; for I am dead Before thee. I am waiting for the others.

Why do they linger?

Fourth Voice (within). It is good, O King,

Being put to death by men, to look for hope

From God, to be raised up again by Him.

But thou—no resurrection shalt thou have

To life hereafter.

The Mother. Four! already four! Three are still living; nay, they all are living,

Half here, half there. Make haste, Antiochus,

To reunite us; for the sword that cleaves

These miserable bodies makes a door Through which our souls, impatient of release,

Rush to each other's arms.

Fifth Voice (within). Thou hast the power;

Thou doest what thou wilt. Abide awhile,

And thou shalt see the power of God, and how

He will torment thee and thy seed.

The Mother. O hasten; Why dost thou pause? Thou who hast slain already

So many Hebrew women, and hast hung

Their murdered infants round their necks, slay me,

For I too am a woman, and these boys
Are mine. Make haste to slay us all,
And hang my lifeless babes about my
neck.

Sixth Voice (within). Think not, Antiochus, that takest in hand

To strive against the God of Israel, Thou shalt escape unpunished, for his wrath

Shall overtake thee and thy bloody house.

The Mother. One more, my Sirion, and then all is ended.

Having put all to bed, then in my turn I will lie down and sleep as sound as they.

My Sirion, my youngest, best beloved!

And those bright golden locks, that I so oft

Have curled about these fingers, even

Are foul with blood and dust, like a lamb's fleece,

Slain in the shambles.—Not a sound I

This silence is more terrible to me Than any sound, than any cry of pain, That might escape the lips of one who dies.

Doth his heart fail him? Doth he fall away

In the last hour from God? O Sirion, Sirion,

Art thou afraid? I do not hear thy voice.

Die as thy brothers died. Thou must not live!

SCENE II.—THE MOTHER; AN-TIOCHUS; SIRION.

The Mother. Are they all dead?
Antiochus. Of all thy Seven Sons
One only lives. Behold them where
they lie;

How dost thou like this picture?

The Mother. God in heaven!
Can a man do such deeds, and yet not die

By the recoil of his own wickedness? Ye murdered, bleeding, mutilated bodies

That were my children once, and still are mine,

I cannot watch o'er you as Rizpah watched

In sackcloth o'er the seven sons of Saul,

Till water drop upon you out of heaven

And wash this blood away! I cannot mourn

As she, the daughter of Aiah, mourned the dead,

From the beginning of the barleyharvest

Until the autumn rains, and suffered

The birds of air to rest on them by

Nor the wild beasts by night. For ye have died

A better death, a death so full of life That I ought rather to rejoice than mourn.—

Wherefore art thou not dead, O Sirion? Wherefore art thou the only living thing

Among thy brothers dead? Art thou afraid?

Antiochus. O woman, I have spared him for thy sake.

For he is fair to look upon and comely; And I have sworn to him by all the

gods
That I would crown his life with joy
and honour,

Heap treasures on him, luxuries, delights,

Make him my friend and keeper of my secrets,

If he would turn from your Mosaic Law

And be as we are; but he will not listen.

The Mother. My noble Sirion!

Antiochus. Therefore I beseech

Who art his mother, thou wouldst speak with him,

And wouldst persuade him. I am sick of blood.

The Mather. Yea, I will speak with him and will persuade him.

O Sirion, my son! have pity on me, On me that bare thee, and that gave thee suck,

And fed and nourished thee, and brought thee up

With the dear trouble of a mother's

Unto this age. Look on the heavens above thee,

And on the earth and all that is therein; Consider that God made them out of things

That were not; and that likewise in this manner

Mankind was made. Then fear not this tormentor;

But, being worthy of thy brethren, take
Thy death as they did, that I may
receive thee

Again in mercy with them.

Antiochus. I am mocked,

Yea, I am laughed to scorn.

Sirion. Whom wait ye for? Never will I obey the King's commandment,

But the commandment of the ancient Law,

That was by Moses given unto our fathers.

And thou, O godless man, that of all others

Art the most wicked, be not lifted up,

Nor puffed up with uncertain hopes, uplifting

Thy hand against the servants of the Lord,

For thou hast not escaped the righteous judgment

Of the Almighty God, who seeth all things!

Antiochus. He is no God of mine; I fear Him not.

Sirion. My brothers, who have suffered a brief pain,

Are dead; but thou, Antiochus, shalt suffer

The punishment of pride. I offer up My body and my life, beseeching God

That He would speedily be merciful Unto our nation, and that thou by plagues

Mysterious and by torments mayest confess

That He alone is God.

Antiochus. Ye both shall perish By torments worse than any that your God,

Here or hereafter, hath in store for me.

The Mother. My Sirion, I am proud of thee!

Antiochus. Be silent!
Go to thy bed of torture in yon chamber,
Where lie so many sleepers, heartless
mother!

Thy footsteps will not wake them, nor thy voice,

Nor wilt thou hear, amid thy troubled dreams,

Thy children crying for thee in the night!

The Mother. O Death, that stretchest thy white hands to me,

I fear them not, but press them to my lips,

That are as white as thine; for I am Death,

Nay, am the Mother of Death, seeing these sons

All lying lifeless.—Kiss me, Sirion.

ACT III.

THE BATTLE-FIELD OF BETH-HORON.

Scene I.—Judas Maccabæus in armour before his tent.

Judas. The trumpets sound; the echoes of the mountains

Answer them, as the Sabbath morning breaks

Over Beth-horon and its battle-field, Where the great captain of the hosts of God,

A slave brought up in the brick-fields of Egypt,

O'ercame the Amorites. There was no day

Like that, before or after it, nor shall

The sun stood still; the hammers of the hail

Beat on their harness; and the captains set

Their weary feet upon the necks of kings,

As I will upon thine, Antiochus, Thou man of blood!—Behold the rising

Strikes on the golden letters of my

banner,
Be Elohim Yehovah! Who is like

To thee, O Lord, among the gods?—
Alas!

I am not Joshua, I cannot say,

"Sun, stand thou still on Gibeon, and thou Moon,

In Ajalon!" Nor am I one who wastes

The fateful time in useless lamentation; But one who bears his life upon his hand

To lose it or to save it, as may best Serve the designs of Him who giveth life.

Scene II.—Judas Maccabæus; Jewish Fugitives.

Judas. Who and what are ye, that with furtive steps
Steal in among our tents?

Fugitives. O Maccabæus,

Outcasts are we, and fugitives as thou art,

Jews of Jerusalem, that have escaped From the polluted city, and from death. *Judas*. None can escape from death.

Say that ye come To die for Israel, and ye are welcome.

What tidings bring ye?

Fugitives. Tidings of despair.
The Temple is laid waste; the precious vessels,

Censers of gold, vials and veils and crowns,

And golden ornaments, and hidden treasures,

Have all been taken from it, and the Gentiles

With revelling and with riot fill its courts,

And dally with harlots in the holy places.

Judas. All this I knew before.

Fugitives. Upon the altar Are things profane, things by the law forbidden;

Nor can we keep our Sabbaths or our Feasts.

But on the festivals of Dionysus Must walk in their processions, bearing

To crown a drunken god.

Judas. This too I know.
But tell me of the Jews. How fare the
Jews?

Fugitives. The coming of this mischief hath been sore

And grievous to the people. All the land

Is full of lamentation and of mourning. The Princes and the Elders weep and wail;

The young men and the maidens are made feeble;

The beauty of the women hath been changed.

Judas. And are there none to die for Israel?

'T is not enough to mourn. Breastplate and harness

Are better things than sackcloth. Let

Lament for Israel; the men should die.

Fugitives. Both men and women die; old men and young:

Old Eleazer died: and Máhala

With all her Seven Sons.

Judas. Antio

Judas. Antiochus,
At every step thou takest there is left
Abloody footprint in the street, by which
The avenging wrath of God will track
thee out!

It is enough. Go to the sutler's tents: Those of you who are men, put on such armour

As ye may find; those of you who are women,

Buckle that armour on; and for a watchword

Whisper, or cry aloud, "The Help of God."

Scene III.—Judas Maccabæus; Nicanor.

Nicanor. Hail, Judas Maccabæus!

Judas. Hail!--Who art thou
That comest here in this mysterious
guise

Into our camp unheralded?

Nicanor. A herald

Sent from Nicanor.

Judas. Heralds come not thus. Armed with thy shirt of mail from head to heel,

Thou glidest like a serpent silently
Into my presence. Wherefore dost
thou turn

Thy face from me? A herald speaks his errand

With forehead unabashed. Thou art a spy

Sent by Nicanor.

Nicanor. No disguise avails! Behold my face; I am Nicanor's self.

Judas. Thou art indeed Nicanor. I salute thee.

What brings thee hither to this hostile camp

Thus unattended?

Nicanor. Confidence in thee.
Thou hast the nobler virtues of thy race,
Without the failings that attend those
virtues.

Thou canst be strong, and yet not tyrannous.

Canst righteous be and not intolerant. Let there be peace between us.

Judas. What is peace? Is it to bow in silence to our victors?

Is it to see our cities sacked and pillaged,

Our people slain, or sold as slaves, or fleeing

At night-time by the blaze of burning towns;

Jerusalem laid waste; the Holy Temple Polluted with strange gods? Are these things peace?

Nicanor. These are the dire necessities that wait

On war, whose loud and bloody enginery

I seek to stay. Let there be peace between

Antiochus and thee.

Judas. Antiochus?

What is Antiochus, that he should prate Of peace to me, who am a fugitive? To-day he shall be lifted up; to-morrow Shall not be found, because he is re-

Unto his dust; his thought has come to nothing.

There is no peace between us, nor can be.

Until this banner floats upon the walls Of our Jerusalem.

Nicanor. Between that city
And thee there lies a waving wall of
tents

Held by a host of forty thousand foot, And horsemen seven thousand. What hast thou

To bring against all these?

Judas. The power of God, Whose breath shall scatter your white tents abroad,

As flakes of snow.

Nicanor. Your Mighty One in heaven Will not do battle on the Seventh Day; It is his day of rest.

Judas. Silence, blasphemer.

Go to thy tents.

Nicanor. Shall it be war or peace?

Judas. War, war, and only war. Go

to thy tents

That shall be scattered, as by you were

scattered

The torn and trampled pages of the Law,

Blown through the windy streets.

Nicanor. Farewell, brave foe!

Judas. Ho, there, my captains!

Have safe-conduct given

Unto Nicanor's herald through the camp,

And come yourselves to me.—Farewell, Nicanor!

Scene IV.--Judas Maccabæus; Captains and Soldiers.

Judas. The hour is come. Gather the host together

For battle. Lo, with trumpets and with songs

The army of Nicanor comes against

Go forth to meet them, praying in your hearts,

And fighting with your hands.

Captains. Look forth and see!
The morning sun is shining on their shields

Of gold and brass; the mountains glisten with them,

And shine like lamps. And we, who are so few

And poorly armed, and ready to faint with fasting,

How shall we fight against this multitude?

Judas. The victory of a battle standeth not

In multitudes, but in the strength that cometh

From heaven above. The Lord forbid that I

Should do this thing, and flee away from them.

Nay, if our hour be come, then let us die;

Let us not stain our honour.

Captains. 'T is the Sabbath.
Wilt thou fight on the Sabbath,
Maccabæus?

Judas. Ay; when I fight the battles of the Lord,

I fight them on his day, as on all others.

Have ye forgeten certain fugitives

That fled once to these hills, and hid themselves

In caves? How their pursuers camped against them

Upon the Seventh Day, and challenged them?

And how they answered not, nor cast a stone,

Nor stopped the places where they lay concealed,

But meekly perished with their wives and children,

Even to the number of a thousand souls?

We who are fighting for our laws and lives

Will not so perish.

Captains. Lead us to the battle!

Judas. And let our watchword be,

"The Help of God!"

Last night I dreamed a dream; and in my vision

Beheld Onias, our High-Priest of old, Who holding up his hands prayed for the Jews.

This done, in the like manner there appeared

An old man, and exceeding glorious, With hoary hair, and of a wonderful And excellent majesty. And Onias

said:
"This is a lover of the Jews, who prayeth

Much for the people and the Holy City,—

God's prophet Jeremias." And the

Held forth his right hand and gave unto me

A sword of gold; and giving it he said:

"Take thou this holy sword, a gift from God,

And with it thou shalt wound thine adversaries."

Captains. The Lord is with us!

Judas. Hark! I hear the trumpets

Sound from Beth-horon; from the battle-field

Of Joshua, wherehe smotethe Amorites, Smote the Five Kings of Eglon and of Jarmuth,

Of Hebron, Lachish, and Jerusalem,

As we to-day will smite Nicanor's hosts

And leave a memory of great deeds behind us.

Captains and Soldiers. The Help of God!

Judas. Be Elohim Yehovah!
Lord, thou didst send thine Angel in
the time

Of Esekias, King of Israel,

And in the armies of Sennacherib

Didst slay a hundred fourscore and
five thousand.

Wherefore, O Lord of heaven, now also send

Before us a good angel for a fear, And through the might of thy right arm let those

Be stricken with terror that have come this day

Against thy holy people to blaspheme!

ACT IV.

THE OUTER COURTS OF THE TEMPLE AT JERUSALEM.

SCENE I.—JUDAS MACCABÆUS; CAPTAINS; JEWS.

Judas. Behold, our enemies are discomfited.

Jerusalem has fallen; and our banners Float from her battlements, and o'er her gates

Nicanor's severed head, a sign of terror.

Blackens in wind and sun.

Captains. O Maccabæus, The citadel of Antiochus, wherein

The Mother with her Seven Sons was murdered.

Is still defiant.

Judas. Wait.

Captains. Its hateful aspect Insults us with the bitter memories Of other days.

Judas. Wait; it shall disappear And vanish as a cloud. First let us cleanse

The Sanctuary. See, it is become
Waste like a wilderness. Its golden
gates

Wrenched from their hinges and consumed by fire;

Shrubs growing in its courts as in a forest;

Upon its altars hideous and strange idols;

And strewn about its pavement at my feet

Its Sacred Books, half-burned and painted o'er

With images of heathen gods.

Jews. Woe! woe!
Our beauty and our glory are laid
waste!

The Gentiles have profaned our holy places!

(Lamentation and alarm of trumpets.)

Judas. This sound of trumpets, and
this lamentation,

The heart-cry of a people toward the heavens,

Stir me to wrath and vengeance. Go, my captains;

I hold you back no longer. Batter down

The citadel of Antiochus, while here We sweep away his altars and his gods.

Scene II.—Judas Maccabæus: Jason; Jews.

Jews. Lurking among the ruins of the Temple,

Deep in its inner courts, we found this man,

Clad as High-Priest.

Judas. I ask not who thou art,
I know thy face, writ over with deceit
As are these tattered volumes of the
Law

With heathen images. A priest of God

Wast thou in other days, but thou art

A priest of Satan. Traitor, thou art Jason.

Jason. I am thy prisoner, Judas Maccabæus.

And it would ill become me to conceal My name or office.

Judas. Over yonder gate
There hangs the head of one who was

a Greek.

What should prevent me now, thou man of sin,

From hanging at its side the head of one Who born a Jew hath made himself a Greek?

Jason. Justice prevents thee.

Judas. Justice? Thou art stained With every crime 'gainst which the Decalogue

Thunders with all its thunder.

Jason. If not Justice, Then Mercy, her handmaiden.

Judas. When hast thou At any time, to any man or woman, Or even to any little child, shown

mercy?

Jason. I have but done what King
Antiochus

Commanded me.

Judas. True, thou hast been the

With which he struck; but hast been such a weapon,

So flexible, so fitted to his hand,

It tempted him to strike. So thou hast urged him

To double wickedness, thine own and his.

Where is this King? Is he in Antioch Among his women still, and from his windows

Throwing down gold by handfuls, for the rabble

To scramble for?

Jason. Nay, he is gone from there, Gone with an army into the far East.

Judas. And wherefore gone?

Jason. I know not. For the space
Of forty days almost were horsemen
seen

Running in air, in cloth of gold, and armed

With lances, like a band of soldiery; It was a sign of triumph.

Judas. Or of death. Wherefore art thou not with him?

Jason. I was left

For service in the Temple.

Judas. To pollute it, And to corrupt the Jews; for there are

Whose presence is corruption; to be with them

Degrades us and deforms the things we do.

Jason. I never made a boast, as some men do,

Of my superior virtue, nor denied The weakness of my nature, that hath

made me

Subservient to the will of other men.

Judas. Upon this day, the five-and-

twentieth day
Of the month Caslan, was the Temple

Profaned by strangers,—by Antiochus And thee, his instrument. Uponthis day Shall it be cleansed. Thou, who didst lend thyself

Unto this profanation, canst not be A witness of these solemn services.

There can be nothing clean where thou art present.

The people put to death Callisthenes, Who burned the Temple gates; and if they find thee

Will surely slay thee. I will spare thy life

To punish thee the longer. Thou shalt wander

Among strange nations. Thou, that hast cast out

So many from their native land, shalt perish

In a strange land. Thou, that hast left so many

Unburied, shalt have none to mourn_ for thee,

Nor any solemn funerals at all,

Nor sepulchre with thy fathers.—Get thee hence!

(Music. Procession of Priests and people, with citherns, harps, and cymbals. JUDAS MACCABÆUS puts himself at their head, and they go into the inner courts.)

SCENE III .- JASON alone.

Jason. Through the Gate Beautiful I see them come,

With branches and green boughs and leaves of palm,

And pass into the inner courts. Alas! I should be with them, should be one of them,

But in an evil hour, an hour of weakness,

That cometh unto all, I fell away
From the old faith, and did not clutch
the new,

Only an outward semblance of belief: For he new faith I cannot make mine own,

Not being born to it. It hath no root

Within me. I am neither Jew nor Greek,

But stand between them both, a renegade

To each in turn; having no longer faith

In gods or men. Then what mysterious charm,

What fascination is it chains my feet, And keeps me gazing like a curious child

Into the holy places, where the priests Have raised their altar?—Striking stones together,

They take fire out of them, and light the lamps

In the great candlestick. They spread the veils,

And set the loaves of shewbread on the table.

The incense burns; the well-remembered odour

Comes wafted unto me, and takes me back

To other days. I see myself among them

As I was then; and the old superstition Creeps over me again!—A childish fancy!—

And hark! they sing with citherns and with cymbals,

And all the people fall upon their faces,

Praying and worshipping!—I will away

Into the East, to meet Antiochus

Upon his homeward journey, crowned with triumph.

Alas! to-day I would give everything To see a friend's face, or to hear a voice

That had the slightest tone of comfort in it!

ACT V.

THE MOUNTAINS OF ECBATANA.

SCENE I.—ANTIOCHUS; PHILIP;

Antiochus. Here let us rest awhile. Where are we, Philip?

What place is this?

Philip. Ecbatana, my Lord; And yonder mountain range is the Orontes.

Antiochus. The Orontes is my river at Antioch.

Why did I leave it? Why have I been tempted

By coverings of gold and shields and breast-plates

To plunder Elymais, and be driven From out its gates, as by a fiery blast Out of a furnace?

Philip. These are fortune's changes.

Antiochus. What a defeat it was!

The Persian horsemen

Came like a mighty wind, the wind Khamáseen,

And melted us away, and scattered us

As if we were dead leaves, or desert sand.

Philip. Be comforted, my Lord; for thou hast lost

But what thou hadst not.

Antiochus. I, who made the Jews
Skip like the grasshoppers, am made
myself

To skip among these stones.

Philip. Be not discouraged. Thy realm of Syria remains to thee; That is not lost nor marred.

Antiochus. Oh, where are now The splendours of my court, my baths

and banquets?
Where are my players and my dancing

women?
Where are my sweet musicians with their pipes,

That made me merry in the olden time? I am a laughing-stock to man and brute. The very camels, with their ugly faces, Mock me and laugh at me.

Philip. Alas! my Lord

It is not so. If thou wouldst sleep awhile,

All would be well.

Antiochus. Sleep from mine eyes is gone,

And my heart faileth me for very care.

Dost thou remember, Philip, the old
fable

Told us when we were boys, in which the bear

Going for honey overturns the hive, And is stung blind by bees? I am that beast,

Stung by the Persian swarms of Elymais.

Philip. When thou art come again to Antioch,

These thoughts will be as covered and forgotten

As are the tracks of Pharaoh's chariotwheels

In the Egyptian sands.

Antiochus. Ah! when I come Again to Antioch! When will that be? Alas! alas!

Scene II.—Antiochus; Philip; A Messenger.

Messenger. May the King live forever!

Antiochus. Who art thou, and whence comest thou?

Messenger. My Lord, I amea messenger from Antioch, Sent here by Lysias.

Antiochus. A strange foreboding Of something evil overshadows me. I am no reader of the Jewish Scriptures; I know not Hebrew; but my High-Priest Jason,

As I remember, told me of a Prophet Who saw a little cloud rise from the sea Like a man's hand, and soon the heaven was black

With clouds and rain. Here, Philip, read; I cannot;

I see that cloud. It makes the letters dim

Before mine eyes.

Philip (reading). "To King Anti-ochus,

The God, Epiphanes."

Antiochus. Oh mockery!
Even Lysias laughs at me!—Go on,
go on!

Philip (reading). "We pray thee hasten thy return. The realm Is falling from thee. Since thou hast gone from us

The victories of Judas Maccabæus
Form all our annals. First he overthrew

Thy forces at Beth-horon, and passed on,

And took Jerusalem, the Holy City.
And then Emmaus fell; and then
Bethsura,

Ephron and all the towns of Galaad, And Maccabæus marched to Carnion." Antiochus. Enough, enough! Go call my chariotmen;

We will drive forward, forward, without ceasing,

Until we come to Antioch. My cap-

My Lysias, Gorgias, Seron, and Nicanor,

Are babes in battle, and this dreadful Jew

Will rob me of my kingdom and my crown.

My elephants shall trample him to dust; I will wipe out his nation, and will make Jerusalem a common burying place, And every home within its walls a tomb!

(Throws up his hands, and sinks into the arms of attendants, who lay him upon a bank.)

Philip. Antiochus! Antiochus!

The King is ill! What is it, O my Lord?

Antiochus. Nothing. A sudden and sharp spasm of pain,

As if the lightning struck me, or the knife

Of an assassin smote me to the heart.
'T is passed, even as it came. Let us set forward.

Philip. See that the chariots be in readiness;

We will depart forthwith.

Antiochus. A moment more. I cannot stand. I am become at once

Weak as an infant. Ye will have to lead me.

Jove, or Jehovah, or whatever name Thou wouldst be named,—it is alike to me.—

If I knew how to pray, I would entreat To live a little longer.

Philip. O my Lord,
Thou shalt not die; we will not let

Antiochus. How canst thou help it, Philip? Oh the pain! Stab after stab. Thou hast no shield

against

This unseen weapon. God of Israel, Since all the other gods abandon me, Help me. I will release the Holy City,

Garnish with goodly gifts the Holy Temple.

Thy people, whom I judged to be unworthy

To be so much as buried, shall be equal Unto the citizens of Antioch.

I will become a Jew, and will declare Through all the world that is inhabited The power of God!

Philip. He faints. It is like death. Bring here the royal litter. We will bear him

Into the camp, while yet he lives.

Antiochus. O Philip, Into what tribulation am I come!

Alas! I now remember all the evil

That I have done the Jews; and for this cause

These troubles are upon me, and be-

I perish through great grief in a strange

Philip. Antiochus! my King!

Antiochus. Nay, King no longer. Take thou my royal robes, my signet ring,

My crown and sceptre, and deliver

Unto my son, Antiochus Eupator; And unto the good Jews, my citizens, In all my towns, say that their dying monarch

Wisheth them joy, prosperity, and

I who, puffed up with pride and arrogance,

Thought all the kingdoms of the earth mine own,

If I would but outstretch my hand and take them,

Meet face to face a greater potentate,

King Death—Epiphanes—the Illustrious! [Dies.

MICHAEL ANGELO: A FRAGMENT.

DEDICATION.

NOTHING that is shall perish utterly, But perish only to revive again In other forms, as clouds restore in rain

The exhalations of the land and sea.

Men build their houses from the masonry

Of ruined tombs; the passion and the pain

Of hearts, that long have ceased to beat, remain

To throb in hearts that are, or are to be.

So from old chronicles, where sleep in dust

Names that once filled the world with trumpet tones,

I build this verse; and flowers of song have thrust

Their roots among the loose disjointed stones,

Which to this end I fashion as I

Quickened are they that touch the Prophet's bones.

PART FIRST.

I.-PROLOGUE AT ISCHIA.

The Castle Terrace. VITTORIA COLONNA and JULIA GONZAGA.

Victoria. Will you then leave me, Julia, and so soon,

To pace alone this terrace like a ghost? *Julia*. To-morrow, dearest.

Vittoria. Do not say to-morrow. A whole month of to-morrows were too soon.

You must not go. You are a part of

Julia. I must return to Fondi.

Vittoria. The old castle Needs not your presence. No one waits for you.

Stay one day longer with me. They who go

Feel not the pain of parting; it is they Who stay behind that suffer. I was thinking

But yesterday how like and how un-

Have been, and are, our destinies. Your husband,

The good Vespasian, an old man, who seemed

A father to you rather than a husband, Died in your arms; but mine, in all the flower

And promise of his youth, was taken from me

As by a rushing wind. The breath of battle

Breathed on him, and I saw his face no more,

Save as in dreams it haunts me. As our love

Was for these men, so is our sorrow for them.

Yours a child's sorrow, smiling through its tears;

But mine the grief of an impassioned woman,

Who drank her life up in one draught of love.

Julia. Behold this locket. This is the white hair

Of my Vespasian. This the flower-oflove, This amaranth, and beneath it the device.

Non moritura. Thus my heart remains True to his memory; and the ancient castle,

Where we have lived together, where he died,

Is dear to me as Ischia is to you.

Vittoria. I did not mean to chide you.

Julia. Let your heart Find, if it can, some poor apology For one who is too young, and feels too keenly

The joy of life, to give up all her days To sorrow for the dead. While I am true

To the remembrance of the man I loved

And mourn for still, I do not make a show

Of all the grief I feel, nor live secluded And, like Veronica da Gambara,

Drape my whole house in mourning, and drive forth

In coach of sable drawn by sable horses.

As if I were a corpse. Ah, one to-day Is worth for me a thousand yesterdays.

Vittoria. Dear Julia! Friendship has its jealousies

As well as love. Who waits for you at Fondi?

Julia. A friend of mine and yours; a friend and friar.

You have at Naples your Fra Bernar-

And I at Fondi have my Fra Bastiano, The famous artist, who has come from Rome

To paint my portrait. That is not a sin. Vittoria. Only a vanity.

Julia. He painted yours. Vittoria. Do not call up to me those days departed,

When I was young, and all was bright about me,

And the vicissitudes of life were things But to be read of in old histories,

Though as pertaining unto me or mine

Impossible. Ah, then I dreamed your dreams,

And now, grown older, I look back and see

They were illusions.

Julia. Yet without illusions
What would our lives become, what we
ourselves?

Dreams or illusions, call them what you will,

They lift us from the commonplace of life

To better things.

Vittoria. Are there no brighter dreams,

No higher aspirations, than the wish To please and to be pleased?

Julia. For you there are: I am no saint; I feel the world we live

Comes before that which is to be hereafter,

And must be dealt with first.

Vittoria. But in what way?

Julia. Let the soft wind that wafts to us the odour

Of orange blossoms, let the laughing sea And the bright sunshine bathing all the world,

Answer the question.

Vittoria. And for whom is meant
This portrait that you speak of?

Julia. For my friend The Cardinal Ippolito.

Vittoria. For him?

Julia. Yes, for Ippolito the Magnificent.

'T is always flattering to a woman's pride

To be admired by one whom all admire.

Vittoria. Ah, Julia, she that makes herself a dove

Is eaten by the hawk. Be on your guard.

He is a Cardinal; and his adoration Should be elsewhere directed.

Julia. You forget
The horror of that night, when Barbarossa,

The Moorish corsair, landed on our coast

To seize me for the Sultan Soliman; How in the dead of night, when all were sleeping, He scaled the castle wall; how I escaped,

And in my night-dress, mounting a swift steed,

Fled to the mountains, and took refuge there

Among the brigands. Then of all my friends

The Cardinal Ippolito was first

To come with his retainers to my rescue.

Could I refuse the only boon he asked At such a time, my portrait?

Vittoria. I have heard Strange stories of the splendours of his

palace,
And how, apparelled like a Spanish
Prince,

He rides through Rome with a long retinue

Of Ethiopians and Numidians

And Turks and Tartars, in fantastic dresses,

Making a gallant show. Is this the way

A Cardinal should live?

Julia. He is so young; Hardly of age, or little more than that; Beautiful, generous, fond of arts and letters,

A poet, a musician, and a scholar; Master of many languages, and a player

On many instruments. In Rome, his palace

Is the asylum of all men distinguished In art or science, and all Florentines Escaping from the tyranny of his cousin,

Duke Alessandro.

Vittoria. I have seen his portrait, Painted by Titian. You have painted it In brighter colours.

Julia. And my Cardinal, At Itri, in the courtyard of his palace, Keeps a tame lion!

Vittoria. And so counterfeits

St. Mark, the Evangelist!

Julia. Ah, your tame lion Is Michael Angelo.

Vittoria. You speak a name That always thrills me with a noble sound, As of a trumpet! Michael Angelo!
A lion all men fear and none can tame;
A man that all men honour, and the
model

That all should follow; one who works and prays,

For work is prayer, and consecrates his life

To the sublime ideal of his art.

Till art and life are one; a man who holds

Such place in all men's thoughts, that when they speak.

Of great things done, or to be done, his name

Is ever on their lips.

Julia. You too can paint
The portrait of your hero, and in
colours

Brighter than Titian's; I might warn you also

Against the dangers that beset your path;

But I forbear.

Vittoria. If I were made of marble, Of Fior di Persico or Pavonazzo,

He might admire me: being but flesh and blood,

I am no more to him than other wo-

That is am nothing.

Julia. Does he ride through Rome Upon his little mule, as he was wont, With his slouched hat, and boots of Cordovan,

As when I saw him last?

Vittoria. Pray do not jest. I cannot couple with his noble name A trivial word! Look, how the setting sun

Lights up Castel-a-mare and Sorrento, And changes Capri to a purple cloud! And there Vesuvius with its plume of smoke,

And the great city stretched upon the shore

As in a dream!

Julia. Parthenope the Siren! Vittoria. And you long line of lights, those sunlit windows

Blaze like the torches carried in procession

To do her honour! It is beautiful!

Julia. I have no heart to feel the beauty of it!

My feet are weary, pacing up and down These level flags, and wearier still my thoughts

Treading the broken pavement of the Past.

It is too sad. I will go in and rest,
And make me ready for to-morrow's
journey.

Vittoria. I will go with you; for I would not lose

One hour of your dear presence. 'T is enough

Only to be in the same room with you. I need not speak to you, nor hear you speak;

If I but see you, I am satisfied.

[They go in.

MONOLOGUE: THE LAST JUDGMENT.

MICHAEL ANGELO'S Studio. He is at work on the cartoon of the Last Judgment.

Michael Angelo. Why did the Pope and his ten Cardinals

Come here to lay this heavy task upon me?

Were not the paintings on the Sistine ceiling

Enough for them? They saw the Hebrew leader

Waiting, and clutching his tempestuous beard.

But heeded not. The bones of Julius Shook in their sepulchie. I heard the sound;

They only heard the sound of their own voices.

Are there no other artists here in Rome To do this work, that they must needs seek me?

Fra Bastian, my Fra Bastian, might have done it,

But he is lost to art. The Papal Seals, Like leaden weights upon a dead man's eves.

Press down his lids; and so the burden falls

On Michael Angelo, Chief Architect

And Painter of the Apostolic Palace.
That is the title they cajole me with,
To make me do their work and leave
my own;

But having once begun, I turn not back.

Blow, ye bright angels, on your golden trumpets

To the four corners of the earth, and wake

The dead to judgment! Ye recording angels,

Open your books and read! Ye dead, awake!

Rise from your graves, drowsy and drugged with death,

As men who suddenly aroused from sleep

Look round amazed, and know not where they are!

In happy hours, when the imagination Wakes like a wind at midnight, and the soul

Trembles in all its leaves, it is a joy To be uplifted on its wings, and listen To the prophetic voices in the air That call us onward. Then the work we do

Is a delight, and the obedient hand Never grows weary. But how different is it

In the disconsolate, discouraged hours, When all the wisdom of the world appears

As trivial as the gossip of a nurse
In a sick-room, and all our work seems
useless.

What is it guides my hand, what thoughts possess me,

That I have drawn her face among the angels,

Where she will be hereafter? O sweet dreams,

That through the vacant chambers of my heart

Walk in the silence, as familiar phantoms

Frequent an ancient house, what will ye with me?

T is said that Emperors write their names in green

When under age, but when of age in purple.

So Love, the greatest Emperor of them all,

Writes his in green at first, but afterwards

In the imperial purple of our blood. First love or last love,—which of these two passions

Is more omnipotent? Which is more fair,

The star of morning, or the evening star?

The sunrise or the sunset of the heart? The hour when we look forth to the unknown,

And the advancing day consumes the shadows,

Or that when all the landscape of our lives

Lies stretched behind us, and familiar places

Gleam in the distance, and sweet memories

Rise like a tender haze, and magnify
The objects we behold, that soon must
vanish?

What matters it to me, whose countenance

Is like Laocoön's, full of pain? whose forehead

Is a ploughed harvest-field, where three-score years

Have sown in sorrow and have reaped in anguish?

To me, the artisan, to whom all women

Have been as if they were not, or at

A sudden rush of pigeons in the air, A flutter of wings, a sound, and then a silence?

I am too old for love; I am too old To flatter and delude myself with visions

Of never-ending friendship with fair women,

Imaginations, fantasies, illusions,

In which the things that cannot be take shape,

And seem to be, and for the moment are. (Convent bells ring.)

Distant and near and low and loud the bells.

Dominican, Benedictine, and Franciscan,

Jangle and wrangle in their airy towers,

Discordant as the brotherhoods themselves

In their dim cloisters. The descending sun

Seems to caress the city that he loves, And crowns it with the aureole of a saint.

I will go forth and breathe the air awhile.

II.--SAN SILVESTRO.

A Chapel in the Church of San Silvestro on Monte Cavallo.

VITIORIA COLONNA, CLAUDIO TOLONMEI, and others.

Vittoria. Here let us rest awhile, until the crowd

Has left the church. I have already sent

For Michael Angelo to join us here.

Messer Claudio. After Fia Bernardino's wise discourse

On the Pauline Epistles, certainly Some words of Michael Angelo on

Were not amiss, to bring us back to earth.

Michael Angelo (at the door). How like a Saint or Goddess she appears!

Diana or Madonna, which I know not, In attitude and aspect formed to be At once the artist's worship and despair!

Vittoria. Welcome, Maestro. We were waiting for you.

Michael Angelo. I met your messenger upon the way,

And hastened hither.

Vittoria. It is kind of you To come to us, who linger here like gossips

Wasting the afternoon in idle talk.

These are all friends of mine and friends of yours.

Michael Angelo. If friends of yours, then are they friends of mine.

Pardon me, gentlemen. But when I entered

I saw but the Marchesa.

Vittoria. Take this seat Between me and Ser Claudio Tolom-

Who still maintains that our Italian tongue

Should be called Tuscan. But for that offence

We will not quarrel with him.

Michael Angelo. Eccellenza— Vittoria. Ser Claudio has banished Eccellenza

And all such titles from the Tuscan tongue.

Messer Claudio. 'T is the abuse of them, and not the use,

I deprecate.

Michael Angelo. The use or the abuse,

It matters not. Let them all go together,

As empty phrases and frivolities, And common as gold-lace upon the collar

Of an obsequious lackey.

Vittoria. That may be, But something of politeness would go with them:

We should lose something of the stately manners

Of the old school.

Messer Claudio. Undoubtedly.

Vittoria. But that Is not what occupies my thoughts at present,

Nor why I sent for you, Messer Michele.

It was to counsel me. His Holiness

Has granted me permission, long desired,

To build a convent in this neighbourhood,

Where the old tower is standing, from whose top

Nero looked down upon the burning city.

Michael Angelo. It is an inspiration!
Vittoria. I am doubtful

How I shall build; how large to make the convent,

And which way fronting.

Michael Angelo. Ah, to build, to build!

That is the noblest art of all the arts. Painting and sculpture are but images, Are merely shadows cast by outward

On stone or canvas, having in themselves

No separate existence. Architecture, Existing in itself, and not in seeming A something it is not, surpasses them As substance shadow. Long, long years ago,

Standing one morning near the Baths of Titus,

I saw the statue of Laocoon

Rise from its grave of centuries, like a ghost

Writhing in pain; and as it tore away The knotted serpents from its limbs, I heard,

Or seemed to hear, the cry of agony
From its white, parted lips. And still
I marvel

At the three Rhodian artists, by whose hands

This miracle was wrought. Yet he

Far nobler works who looks upon the ruins

Of temples in the Forum here in Rome. If God should give me power in my old age

To build for Him a temple half as grand As those were in their glory, I should count

My age more excellent than youth itself,

And all that I have hitherto accomplished

As only vanity.

Vittoria. I understand you.

Art is the gift of God, and must be used.

Unto His glory. That in art is highest
Which aims at this. When St. Hilarion
blessed

The horses of Italicus, they won
The race at Gaza, for his benediction
O'erpowered all magic; and the people
shouted

That Christ had conquered Marnas. So that art

Which bears the consecration and the seal

Of holiness upon it will prevail

Over all others. Those few words of yours

Inspire me with new confidence to build. What think you? The old walls might serve, perhaps,

Some purpose still. The tower can hold the bells.

Michael Angelo. If strong enough. Vittoria. If not, it can be

strengthened.

Michael Angelo. I see no bar nor drawback to this building,

And on our homeward way, if it shall please you,

We may together view the site.

Vittoria. I thank you.

I did not venture to request so much.

Michael Angelo. Let us now go to
the old walls you spake of,

Vossignoria-

Vittoria. What, again, Maestro? Michael Angelo. Pardon me, Messer Claudio, if once more

I use the ancient courtesies of speech. I am too old to change.

III .-- CARDINAL IPPOLITO.

SCENE I.--A richly furnished apartment in the Palace of CARDINAL IPPOLITO. Night.

JACOPO NARDI, an old man, alone.

Nardi. I am bewildered. These Numidian slaves,

In strange attire; these endless antechambers;

This lighted hall, with all its golden splendours,

Pictures, and statues! Can this be the dwelling

Of a disciple of that lowly Man

Who had not where to lay his head?

These statues

Are not of Saints; nor is this a Madonna,

This lovely face, that with such tender eyes

Looks down upon me from the painted canvas.

My heart begins to fail me. What can he

Who lives in boundless luxury at Rome Care for the imperilled liberties of Florence,

Her people, her Republic? Ah, the rich Feel not the pangs of banishment. All

Are open to them, and all hands extended.

The poor alone are outcasts; they who risked

All they possessed for liberty, and lost; And wander through the world without a friend.

Sick, comfortless, distressed, unknown, uncared for.

SCENE II.—JACOPO NARDI; CAR-DINAL IPPOLITO, in Spanish cloak and slouched hat.

Ippolito. I pray you pardon me if I have kept you

Waiting so long alone.

Nardi. I wait to see

The Cardinal.

Ippolito. I am the Cardinal; And you?

Nardi. Jacopo Nardi.

Ippolito. You are welcome. I was expecting you. Philippo Strozzi Had told me of your coming.

Nardi. 'T was his son

That brought me to your door.

Ippolito. Pray you, be seated. You seem astonished at the garb I wear, But at my time of life, and with my habits,

The petticoats of a Cardinal would be— Troublesome; I could neither ride nor walk,

Nor do a thousand things, if I were dressed

Like an old dowager. It were putting

Young as the young Astyanax into goblets

As old as Priam.

Nardi. Oh, your Eminence Knows best what you should wear.

Ippolito. Dear Messer Nardi, You are no stranger to me. I have read Your excellent translation of the books Of Titus Livius, the historian

Of Rome, and model of all historians
That shall come after him. It does you
honour:

But greater honour still the love you bear

To Florence, our dear country, and whose annals

I hope your hand will write, in happier days

Than we now see.

Nardi. Your Eminence will pardon The lateness of the hour.

Ippolito. The hours I count not As a sun-dial; but am like a clock, That tells the time as well by night as

So, no excuse. I know what brings you here.

You come to speak of Florence.

Nardi. And her woes. Ippolito. The duke, my cousin, the black Alessandro,

Whose mother was a Moorish slave, that fed

The sheep upon Lorenzo's farm, still lives

And reigns.

Nardi. Alas, that such a scourge Should fall on such a city!

The Wild Boar in the gardens of Lorenzo,

The beast obscene, should be the monument

Of this bad man.

Nardi. He walks the streets at night With revellers, insulting honest men. No house is sacred from his lusts.

The convents

Are turned by him to brothels, and the honour

Of woman and all ancient pious customs Are quite forgotten now. The offices Of the Priori and Gonfalonieri

Have been abolished. All the magistrates

Are now his creatures. Liberty is dead.

The very memory of all honest living

Is wiped away, and even our Tuscan tongue

Corrupted to a Lombard dialect.

Ippolito. And, worst of all, his impious hand has broken

The Martinella,—our great battle bell, That, sounding through three centuries, has led

The Florentines to victory,—lest its voice

Should waken in their soul some memory

Of far-off times of glory.

Nardi. What a change Ten little years have made! We all remember

Those better days, when Niccolà Capponi,

The Gonfaloniere, from the windows
Of the Old Palace, with the blast of
trumpets,

Proclaimed to the inhabitants that

Was chosen King of Florence; and already

Christ is dethroned, and slain; and in his stead

Reigns Lucifer! Alas, alas, for Florence!

Ippolito. Lilies with lilies, said Savonarola;

Florence and France! But I say Florence only,

Or only with the Emperor's hand to help us

In sweeping out the rubbish.

Nardi. Little hope
Of help is there from him. He has
betrothed

His daughter Margaret to this shameless Duke.

What hope have we from such an Emperor?

Ippolito. Baccio Valori and Philippo Strozzi,

Once the Duke's friends and intimates, are with us.

And Cardinals Salvati and Ridolfi.

We shall soon see, then, as Valori says, Whether the Duke can best spare honest men,

Or honest men the Duke.

Nardi. We have determined

To send ambassadors to Spain, and lay Our griefs before the Emperor, though I fear

More than I hope.

Ippolito. The Emperor is busy With this new war against the Algerines.

And has no time to listen to complaints From our ambassadors; nor will I trust them,

But go myself. All is in readiness For my departure, and to-morrow

morning

I shall go down to Itri, where I meet Dante da Castiglione and some others,

Republicans and fugitives from Florence,

And then take ship at Gaëta, and go To join the Emperor in his new crusade Against the Turk. I shall have time enough

And opportunity to plead our cause.

Nardi (rising). It is an inspiration,
and I hail it

As of good omen. May the power that sends it

Bless our beloved country, and restore
Its banished citizens. The soul of
Florence

Is now outside its gates. What lies within

Is but a corpse, corrupted and corrupting.

Heaven help us all. I will not tarry longer,

For you have need of rest. Good-night. Good-night!

SCENE III.—CARDINAL IPPOLITO; FRA SEBASTIANO; Turkish attendants.

Ippolito. Fra Bastiano, how your portly presence

Contrasts with that of the spare Florentine

Who has just left me!

Fra Sebastiano. As we passed each other,

I saw that he was weeping.

Ippolito, Poor old man!

Fra Sebastiano, Who is he?

Ippolito. Jacopo Nardi. A brave soul;

One of the Fuorusciti, and the best
And noblest of them all; but he has
made me

Sad with his sadness. As I look on you My heart grows lighter. I behold a man

Who lives in an ideal world, apart From all the rude collisions of our life, In a calm atmosphere.

Fra Schastiano. Your Eminence
Is surely jesting. If you knew the

Of artists as I know it, you might think Far otherwise.

Ippolito. But wherefore should I jest? The world of art is an ideal world,—
The world I love, and that I fain would live in;

So speak to me of artists and of art,
Of all the painters, sculptors, and
musicians

That now illustrate Rome.

Fra Sebastiano. Of the musicians, I know but Goudimel, the brave maestro

And chapel-master of his Holiness, Who trains the Papal choir.

Ippolito. In church, this morning, I listened to a mass of Goudimel, Divinely chanted. In the Incarnatus, In lieu of Latin words, the tenor sang With infinite tenderness, in plain Italian,

A Neapolitan love-song.

Fra Sebastiano. You amaze me. Was it a wanton song?

Ippolito. Not a divine one, I am not over-scrupulous, as you know, In word or deed, yet such a song as that,

Sung by the tenor of the Papal choir, And in a Papal mass, seemed out of place;

There's something wrong in it.

Fra Sebastiano. There's something wrong

In everything. We cannot make the world

Go right. 'T is not my business to reform

The Papal choir.

Ippolito. Nor mine, thank Heaven! Then tell me of the artists.

Fra Sebastiano. Naming one I name them all; for there is only one: His name is Messer Michael Angelo. All art and artists of the present day Centre in him.

Ippolito. You count yourself as nothing?

Fra Sebastiano. Or less than nothing, since I am at best

Only a portrait-painter; one who draws With greater or less skill, as best he

The features of a face.

Ippolito. And you have had Thehonour, nay, the glory, of portraying Julia Gonzaga! Do you count as nothing

A privilege like that? See there the portrait

Rebuking you with its divine expression.

Are you not penitent? He whose skilful hand

Painted that lovely picture has not right To vilipend the art of portrait-painting. But what of Michael Angelo?

Fra Sebastiano. But lately Strolling together down the crowded Corso,

We stopped, well pleased, to see your Eminence

Pass on an Arab steed, a noble creature, Which Michael Angelo, who is a lover Of all things beautiful, and especially When they are Arab horses, much admired,

And could not praise enough.

Ippolito (to an attendant). Hassan, to-morrow,

When I am gone, but not till I am gone,—

Becareful about that, - take Barbarossa To Messer Michael Angelothe sculptor, Who lives there at Macello dei Corvi, Near to the Capitol; and take besides Some ten mule-loads of provender, and

Your master sends them to him as a present.

Fra Sebastiano. A princely gift.
Though Michael Angelo

Refuses presents from his Holiness,

Yours he will not refuse.

Ippolito. You think him like Thymcetes, who received the wooden horse

Into the walls of Troy. That book of Virgil

Have I translated in Italian verse, And shall, some day, when we have

leisure for it,

Be pleased to read you. When I speak of Troy

I am reminded of another town

And of a lovelier Helen, our dear Countess

Julia Gonzaga. You remember, surely, The adventure with the corsair Barbarossa,

And all that followed?

Fra Sebastiano. A most strange adventure;

A tale as marvellous and full of wonder As any in Boccaccio or Sacchetti;

Almost incredible!

Ippolito. Were I a painter I should not want a better theme than that:

The lovely lady fleeing through the night

In wild disorder; and the brigands'

With the red fire-light on their swarthy faces.

Could you not paint it for me?

Fra Sebastiano. No, not I.

It is not in my line.

Ippolito. Then you shall paint
The portrait of the corsair, when we
bring him

A prisoner chained to Naples; for I feel Something like admiration for a man Who dared this strange adventure.

Fra Sebastiano. I will do it.

But catch the corsair first.

Ippolito. You may begin To-morrow with the sword. Hassan, come hither:

Bring me the Turkish scimitar that hangs

Beneath the picture yonder. Now unsheathe it.

'T is a Damascus blade; you see the inscription

In Arabic: La Allah! illa Allah!—
There is no God but God.

Fra Sebastiano. How beautiful In fashion and in finish! It is perfect. The Arsenal of Venice cannot boast A finer sword.

Ippolito. You like it? It is yours. Fra Sebastiano. You do not mean it. Ippolito. I am not a Spaniard,

To say that it is yours and not to mean it.

I have at Itri a whole armoury

Full of such weapons. When you paint the portrait

Of Barbarossa, it will be of use.

You have not been rewarded as you should be

For painting the Gonzaga. Throw this bauble

Into the scale, and make the balance equal.

Till then suspend it in your studio; You artists like such trifles.

Fra Sebastiano. I will keep it In memory of the donor. Many thanks. Ippolito. Fra Bastian, I am growing tired of Rome.

The old dead city, with the old dead people;

Priests everywhere, like shadows on a wall,

And morning, noon, and night the ceaseless sound

Of convent bells. I must be gone from here:

Though Ovid somewhere says that Rome is worthy

To be the dwelling-place of all the Gods,

I must be gone from here. To-morrow morning

I start for Itri, and go thence by sea To join the Emperor, who is making

Upon the Algerines; perhaps to sink Some Turkish galleys, and bring back in chains

The famous corsair. Thus would I avenge

The beautiful Gonzaga.

Fra Sebastiano. An achievement Worthy of Charlemagne, or of Orlando. Berni and Ariosto both shall add A canto to their poems, and describe you

As Furioso and Innamorato. Now I must say good-night.

Ippolito. You must not go; First you shall sup with me. My seneschal,

Giovan Andrea dal Borgo a San Sepolcro,—

I like to give the whole sonorous name, It sounds so like a verse of the Æneid,— Has brought me eels fresh from the Lake of Fondi,

And Lucrine oysters cradled in their shells:

These, with red Fondi wine, the Cæcuban

That Horace speaks of, under a hundred keys

Kept safe, until the heir of Posthumus Shall stain the pavement with it, make a feast

Fit for Lucullus, or Fra Bastian even; So we will go to supper, and be merry. Fra Sebastiano. Beware! Remember that Bolsena's eels

And Vernage wine once killed a Pope of Rome!

Ippolito. 'T was a French Pope; and then so long ago;

Who knows?—perhaps the story is not true.

IV.—BORGO DELLE VERGINE AT NAPLES.

Room in the Palace of Julia Gonzaga. Night. Julia Gonzaga, Giovanni Valdesso.

Julia. Do not go yet.

Valdesso. The night is far advanced; I fear to stay too late, and weary you With these discussions.

Julia. I have much to say. I speak to you, Valdesso, with that frankness

Which is the greatest privilege of friendship,—

Speak as I hardly would to my confessor,

Such is my confidence in you.

Valdesso.

Dear Countess.

If loyalty to friendship be a claim Upon your confidence, then I may claim it.

Julia. Then sit again, and listen unto things

That nearer are to me than life itself. Valdesso. In all things I am happy to obey you,

And happiest then when you command me most.

Julia. Laying aside all useless rhetoric,

That is superfluous between us two,
I come at once unto the point, and say.
You know my outward life, my rank
and fortune;

Countess of Fondi, Duchess of Trajetto,

A widow rich and flattered, for whose

In marriage princes ask, and ask it only To be rejected. All the world can offer Lies at my feet. If I remind you of it It is not in the way of idle boasting, But only to the better understanding Of what comes after.

Valdesso. God hath given you also Beauty and intellect; and the signal grace

To lead a spotless life amid temptations. That others yield to.

Julia. But the inward life,—
That you know not; 't is known but to
myself,

And is to me a mystery and a pain: A soul disquieted and ill at ease,

A mind perplexed with doubts and apprehensions.

A heart dissatisfied with all around me, And with myself, so that sometimes I weep.

Discouraged and disgusted with the world.

Valdesso. Whene'er we cross a river at a ford,

If we would pass in safety, we must keep

Our eyes fixed steadfast on the shore beyond,

For if we cast them on the flowing stream,

The head swims with it; so if we would cross

The running flood of things here in the world,

Our souls must not look down, but fix their sight

On the firm land beyond.

Julia. I comprehend you.
You think I am too worldly; that myhead

Swims with the giddying whirl of life about me.

Is that your meaning?

Valdesso. Yes; your meditations Are more of this world and its vanities Than of the world to come.

Julia. Between the two

I am confused.

Valdesso. Yet have I seen you listen Enraptured when Fra Bernardino preached

Of faith and hope and charity.

Julia. I listen,
But only as to music without meaning.
It moves me for the moment, and I
think

How beautiful it is to be a saint,
As dear Vittoria is; but I am weak
And wayward, and I soon fall back
again

To my old ways, so very easily.

There are too many week-days for one
Sunday.

Valdesso. Then take the Sunday with you through the week,

And sweeten with it all the other days.

Julia. In part I do so; for to put a

stop

To idle tongues, what men might say of me

If I lived all alone here in my palace, And not from a vocation that I feel For the monastic life, I now am living With Sister Caterina at the convent Of Santa Chiara, and I come here only On certain days, for my affairs, or visits

Of ceremony, or to be with friends.
For I confess, to live among my friends
Is Paradise to me; my Purgatory
Is living among people I dislike.
And so I pass my life in these two

And so I pass my life in these two worlds,

This palace and the convent.

Valdesso. It was then

The fear of man, and not the love of God,

That led you to this step. Why will you not

Renounce the world, and give your heart to God,*

Julia. If God so commands it, Wherefore hath He not made me capable

Of doing for Him what I wish to do As easily as I could offer Him This jewel from my hand, this gown I

wear.

Or aught else that is mine?

Valdesso. The hindrance lies In that original sin, by which all fell. Julia. Ah me, I cannot bring my

troubled mind To wish well to that Adam, our first

parent, Who by his sin lost Paradise for us,

And brought such ills upon us.

Valdesso.

We ourselves,

When we commit a sin, lose Paradise,

As much as he did. Let us think of

And how we may regain it.

Julia. Teach me, then, To harmonize the discord of my life, And stop the painful jangle of these

Valdesso. That is a task impossible,

You tune your heart-strings to a higher key

Than earthly melodies.

Julia. How shall I do it? Point out to me the way of this perfection,

And I will follow you; for you have made

My soul enamoured with it, and I cannot

Rest satisfied until I find it out.

But lead me privately, so that the world

Hear not my steps; I would not give occasion

For talk among the people.

^{*}For some unexplained reason, the sentence has been left incomplete; apparently the omission was not more than a half line.

Valdesso. Now at last I understand you fully. Then, what need

Is there for us to beat about the bush? I know what you desire of me.

Julia. What rudeness! If you already know it, why not tell me?

Valdesso. Because I rather wait for you to ask it

With your own lips.

Julia. Do me the kindness, then, To speak without reserve; and with all frankness,

If you divine the truth, will I confess in Valdesso. I am content.

Julia. Then speak.

Valdesso. You would be free From the vexatious thoughts that come and go

Through your imagination, and would have me

Point out some royal road and lady-like Which you may walk in, and not wound your feet.

You would attain to the divine perfec-

And yet not turn your back upon the world:

You would possess humility within, But not reveal it in your outward actions;

You would have patience, but without the rude

Occasions that require its exercise; You would despise the world, but in such fashion

The world should not despise you in return;

Would clothe the soul with all the Christian graces,

Yet not despoil the body of its gauds; Would feed the soul with spiritual food, Yet not deprive the body of its feasts; Would seem angelic in the sight of God, Yet not too saint-like in the eyes of men;

In short, would lead a holy Christian life

In such a way that even your nearest friend

Would not detect therein one circumstance To show a change from what it was before.

Have I divined your secret?

Julia. You have drawn The portrait of my inner self as truly As the most skilful painter ever painted A human face.

Valdesso. This warrants me in saying You think you can win heaven by compromise.

And not by verdict.

Julia. You have often told me That a bad compromise was better

Than a good verdict.

Valdesso. Yes, in suits at law; Not in religion. With the human soul There is no compromise. By faith alone

Can man be justified.

Julia. Hush, dear Valdesso; That is a heresy. Do not, I pray you, Proclaim it from the house-top, but preserve it

As something precious, hidden in your

As I, who half believe and tremble at it.

Valdesso. I must proclaim the truth.

Julia. Enthusiast!

Why must you? You imperil both yourself

And friends by your imprudence. Pray, be patient.

You have occasion now to show that virtue

Which you lay stress upon. Let us return

To our lost pathway. Show me by what steps

I shall walk in it.

[Convent bells are heard.

Valdesso. Hark! the convent bells

Are ringing: it is midnight: I must

Are ringing; it is midnight; I must leave you.

And yet I linger. Pardon me, dear Countess,

Since you to-night have made me your confessor,

If I so far may venture, I will warn you Upon one point.

Julia. What is it? Speak, I pray you, For I have no concealments in my conduct;

All is as open as the light of day. What is it you would warn me of? Valdesso. Your friendship

With Cardinal Ippolito.

What is there Iulia. To cause suspicion or alarm in that, More than in friendships that I entertain

With you and others? I ne'er sat with him

Alone at night, as I am sitting now

With you, Valdesso.

Valdesso. Pardon me; the portrait That Fra Bastiano painted was for him.

Is that quite prudent?

Julia. That is the same question Vittoria put to me, when I last saw her. I make you the same answer. That was not

A pledge of love, but of pure gratitude. Recall the adventure of that dreadful

When Barbarossa with two thousand Moors

Landed upon the coast, and in the darkness

Attacked my castle. Then, without delay,

The Cardinal came hurrying down from

To rescue and protect me. Was it

That in an hour like that I did not weigh

Too nicely this or that, but granted him

A boon that pleased him, and that flattered me?

Valdesso. Only beware lest, in disguise of friendship,

Another corsair, worse than Barbarossa, Steal in and seize the castle, not by storm

But strategy. And now I take my leave.

Julia. Farewell; but ere you go, look forth and see

How night hath hushed the clamour and the stir

Of the tumultuous streets. The cloud less moon

Roofs the whole city as with tiles of silver ;

The dim, mysterious sea in silence sleeps.

And straight into the air Vesuvius lifts

His plume of smoke. How beautiful Voices in the street. Giovan Andrea. Poisoned at Itri. Another Voice. Poisoned? Who is

poisoned?

Giovan Andrea. The Cardinal Ippolito, my master.

Call it malaria. It was very sudden. [Iulia swoons.

V.-VITTORIA COLONNA.

A room in the Torre Argentina.

VITTORIA COLONNA and JULIA GONZAGA.

Vittoria. Come to my arms and to my heart once more;

My soul goes out to meet you and embrace you,

For we are of the sisterhood of sorrow. I know what you have suffered.

Julia. Name it not.

Let me forget it.

Vittoria. I vill say no more. Let me look at you. What a joy it is To see your face, to hear your voice again!

You bring with you a breath as of the morn,

A memory of the far-off happy days When we were young. When did you come from Fondi?

Julia. I have not been at Fondi since-

Vittoria. Ah me! You need not speak the word; I understand you.

Julia. I came from Naples by the lovely valley,

The Terra di Lavoro.

And you find me Vittoria. But just returned from a long journey northward.

I have been staying with that noble woman,

Renée of France, the Duchess of Ferrara.

Julia. Oh, tell me of the Duchess. I have heard

Flaminio speak her praises with such warmth

That I am eager to hear more of her And of her brilliant court.

Vittoria. You shall hear all. But first sit down and listen patiently While I confess myself.

Julia. What deadly sin

Have you committed?

Vittoria. Not a sin; a folly. I chid you once at Ischia, when you told me

That brave Fra Bastian was to paint your portrait.

Julia. Well I remember it.

Vittoria. Then chide me now,
For I confess to something still more
strange.

Old as I am, I have at last consented To the entreaties and the supplications Of Michael Angelo—

Julia. To marry him?
Vittoria. I pray you, do not jest with
me! You know,

Or you should know, that never such a thought

Entered my breast. I am already married.

The Marquis of Pescara is my husband, And death has not divorced us. *Iulia*. Pardon me.

Julia. Have I offended you?

Vittoria. No, but have hurt me.
Unto my buried lord I give myself,
Unto my friend the shadow of
myself,

My portrait. It is not from vanity, But for the love I bear him.

Julia. I rejoice
To hear these words. Oh, this will be
a portrait

Worthy of both of you! [A knock. Vittoria. Hark! he is coming. Julia. And shall I go or stay?

Vittoria. By all means, stay.

The drawing will be better for your presence;

You will enliven me.

Julia. I shall not speak; The presence of great men doth take from me All power of speech. I only gaze at them

In silent wonder, as if they were gods,
Or the inhabitants of some other
planet.

Enter MICHAEL ANGELO.

Vittoria. Come in.

Michael Angelo. I fear my visit is ill timed;

I interrupt you.

Vittoria. No; this is a friend Of yours as well as mine,—the Lady Julia,

The Duchess of Trajetto.

Michael Angelo to Julia. I salute you.

'T is long since I have seen your face, my lady;

Pardon me if I say that having seen it, One never can forget it.

Julia. You are kind To keep me in your memory.

Michael Angelo. It is
The privilege of age to speak with

frankness.
You will not be offended when I say
That never was your beauty more di-

vine.

[Julia, When Michael Angelo con-

descends to flatter
Or praise me, I am proud, and not offended.

Vittoria. Now this is gallantry enough for one;

Show me a little.

Michael Angelo. Ah, my gracious lady,

You know I have not words to speak your praise.

I think of you in silence. You conceal Your manifold perfections from all

And make yourself more saint-like day by day,

And day by day men worship you the more.

But now your hour of martyrdom has come.

You know why I am here.

Vittoria. Ah yes, I know it;
And meet my fate with fortitude. You find me

Surrounded by the labours of your hands:

The Woman of Samaria at the Well, The Mater Dolorosa, and the Christ Upon the Cross, beneath which you have written

Those memorable words of Alighieri, "Men have forgotten how much blood it costs."

Michael Angelo. And now I come to add one labour more,

If you will call that labour which is pleasure,

And only pleasure.

Vittoria. How shall I be seated? Michael Angelo (opening his portfolio). Just as you are. The light falls well upon you.

Vittoria. I am ashamed to steal the time from you

That should be given to the Sistine Chapel.

How does that work go on?

Michael Angelo (drawing). But tardily.

Old men work slowly. Brain and hand alike

Are dull and torpid. To die young is best,

And not to be remembered as old men Tottering about in their decrepitude.

Vittoria. My dear Maestro! have you, then, forgotten

The story of Sophocles in his old age?

Michael Angelo. What story is it?

Vittoria. When his sons accused him,

Before the Areopagus, of dotage,

For all defence, he read there to his Judges

The Tragedy of Œdipus Coloneus,— The work of his old age.

Michael Angelo. 'T is an illusion, A fabulous story, that will lead old men

Into a thousand follies and conceits.

Vittoria. So you may show to cavillers your painting

Of the Last Judgment in the Sistine Chapel.

Michael Angelo. Now you and Lady Julia shall resume

The conversation that I interrupted.

Vittoria. It was of no great import; nothing more

Nor less than my late visit to Ferrara, And what I saw there in the ducal palace.

Will it not interrupt you?

Michael Angelo. Not the feast. Vittoria. Well, first, then, of Duke Ercole: a man

Cold in his manners, and reserved and silent,

And yet magnificent in all his ways; Not hospitable unto new ideas,

But from state policy, and certain rea-

Concerning the investiture of the duchy,

A partisan of Rome, and consequently Intolerant of all the new opinions.

Julia. I should not like the Duke.
These silent men,

Who only look and listen, are like wells That have no water in them, deep and empty.

How could the daughter of a king of France

Wed such a duke?

Michael Angelo. The men that women marry,

And why they marry them, will always

A marvel and a mystery to the world. Vittoria. And then the Duchess,-how shall I describe her,

Or tell the merits of that happy nature Which pleases most when least it thinks of pleasing?

Not beautiful, perhaps, in form and feature,

Yet with an inward beauty, that shines through

Each look and attitude and word and gesture;

A kindly grace of manner and 1 chaviour,

A something in her presence and her

That makes her beautiful beyond the

Of mere external beauty; and in heart So noble and devoted to the truth, And so in sympathy with all who strive After the higher life.

Julia. She draws me to her As much as her Duke Ercole repels me.

Vittoria. Then the devout and honourable women

That grace her court, and make it good • to be there;

Francesca Bucyronia, the true-hearted, Lavinia della Rovere and the Orsini, The Magdalena and the Cherubina,

And Anne de Parthenai, who sings so sweetly;

All lovely women, full of noble thoughts And aspirations after noble things.

Julia. Boccaccio would have envied you such dames.

Vittoria. No; his Fiammettas and his Philomenas

Are fitter company for Ser Giovanni; I fear he hardly would have comprehended

The women that I speak of.

Michael Angelo. Yet he wrote
The story of Griseldis. That is something

To set down in his favour.

Vittoria. With these ladies Was a young girl, Olympia Morata, Daughter of Fulvio, the learned scholar,

Famous in all the universities:

A marvellous child, who at the spinning wheel,

And in the daily round of household cares,

Hath learned both Greek and Latin; and is now

A favourite of the Duchess and companion

Of Princess Anne. This beautiful young Sappho

Sometimes recited to us Grecian odes That she had written, with a voice whose sadness

Thrilled and o'ermastered me, and made me look

Into the future time, and ask myself What destiny will be hers.

Julia. A sad one, surely.

Frost kills the flowers that blossom out of season:

And these precocious intellects portend A life of sorrow or an early death. Vittoria. About the court were many learned men;

Chilian Sinapius from beyond the Alps, And Celio Curione, and Manzolli,

The Duke's physician; and a pale young man,

Charles d'Espeville of Geneva, whom

Doth much delight to talk with and to

For he hath written a book of Institutes
The Duchess greatly praises, though
some call it

The Koran of the heretics.

Julia. And what poets Were there to sing you madrigals, and

Olympia's eyes and Cherubina's tresses? Vittoria. None; for great Ariosto is

no more.

The voice that filled those halls with melody

Has long been hushed in death.

Julia. You should have made A pilgrimage unto the poet's tomb, And laid a wreath upon it, for the words He spake of you.

Vittoria. And of yourself no less, And of our master, Michael Angelo.

Michael Angelo. Of me?

Vittoria. Have you forgotten that he calls you

Michael, less man than angel, and divine?

You are ungrateful.

Michael Angelo. A mere play on words.

That adjective he wanted for a thyme, To match with Gian Bellino and Urbino.

Vittoria. Bernardo Tasso is no longer

Nor the gay troubadour of Gascony, Clement Marot, surnamed by flatterers The Prince of Poets and the Poet of Princes.

Who, being looked upon with much disfavour

By the Duke Ercole, has fled to Venice.

Michael Angelo. There let him stay
with Pietro Aretino,

The Scourge of Princes, also called Divine.

The title is so common in our mouths, That even the Pifferari of Abruzzi, Who play their bag-pipes in the streets of Rome

At the Epiphany, will bear it soon, And will deserve it better than some

Vittoria. What bee hath stung you? Michael Angelo. One that makes no honey;

One that comes buzzing in through every window,

And stabs men with his sting. A bitter thought

Passed through my mind, but it is gone again ;

I spake too hastily.

I pray you, show me Iulia.

What you have done.

Michael Angelo. Not yet; it is not finished.

PART SECOND.

I.--MONOLOGUE.

A room in MICHAEL ANGELO'S house.

Michael Angelo. Fled to Viterbo, the old Papal city

Where once an Emperor, humbled in his pride,

Held the Pope's stirrup, as his Holiness Alighted from his mule! A fugitive From Cardinal Caraffa's hate, who

His thunders at the house of the Col-

With endless bitterness !-- Among the

In Santa Caterina's convent hidden, Herself in soul a nun! And now she chides me

For my too frequent letters, that disturb Her meditations, and that hinder me And keep me from my work; now graciously

She thanks me for the crucifix I sent her, And says that she will keep it: with one hand

Inflicts a wound, and with the other heals it. Reading. "Profoundly I believed that God would grant vou

A supernatural faith to paint this Christ:

I wished for that which now I see fulfilled

So marvellously, exceeding all my

Nor more could be desired, or even so much.

And greatly I rejoice that you have made

The angel on the right so beautiful; For the Archangel Michael will place

You, Michael Angelo, on that new day, Upon the Lord's right hand! And waiting that,

How can I better serve you than to

To this sweet Christ for you, and to beseech you

To hold me altogether yours in all things."

Well, I will write less often, or no more, But wait her coming. No one born in Rome

Can live elsewhere; but he must pine for Rome,

And must return to it. I, who am born And bred a Tuscan and a Florentine, Feel the attraction, and I linger here As if I were a pebble in the pavement Trodden by priestly feet. This I endure,

Because I breathe in Rome an atmosphere

Heavy with odours of the laurel leaves That crowned great heroes of the sword and pen,

In ages past. I feel myself exalted To walk the streets in which a Virgil walked.

Or Trajan rode in triumph; but far

And most of all, because the great Colonna

Breathes the same air I breathe, and is to me

An inspiration. Now that she is gone, Rome is no longer Rome till she return. This feeling overmasters me. I know not

If it be love, this strong desire to be

Forever in her presence; but I know That I, who was the friend of solitude, And ever was best pleased when most

Now weary grow of my own company. For the first time old age seems lonely to me.

[Opening the Divina Commedia.

I turn for consolation to the leaves
Of the great master of our Tuscan
tongue,

Whose words, like coloured garnetshirls in lava,

Betray the heat in which they were engendered.

A mendicant, he ate the bitter bread Of others, but repaid their meagre gifts With immortality. In courts of princes He was a by-word, and in streets of towns

Was mocked by children, like the Hebrew prophet,

Himself a prophet. I too know the cry, Go up, thou bald head! from a generation

That, wanting reverence, wanteth the best food

The soul can feed on. There's not room enough

For age and youth upon this little planet.

Age must give way. There was not room enough

Even for this great poet. In his song I hear reverberate the gates of Florence.

Closing upon him, never more to open; But mingled with the sound are melodies

Celestial from the gates of paradise. He came and he is gone. The people knew not

What manner of man was passing by their doors,

Until he passed no more; but in his vision

He saw the torments and beatitudes Of souls condemned or pardoned, and hath left

Behind him this sublime Apocalypse.

I strive in vain to draw here on the margin

The face of Beatrice. It is not hers, But the Colonna's. Each hath his ideal, The image of some woman excellent, That is his guide. No Grecian art, nor Roman,

Hath yet revealed such loveliness as hers.

II.-VITERBO.

VITTORIA COLONNA at the convent window.

Vittoria. Parting with friends is temporary death,

As all death is. We see no more their faces,

Nor hear their voices, save in memory. But messages of love give us assurance That we are not forgotten. Who shall

That from the world of spirits comes no greeting,

No message of remembrance? It may be

The thoughts that visit us, we know not whence,

Sudden as inspiration, are the whispers Of disembodied spirits, speaking to us As friends, who wait outside a prison wall,

Through the barred windows speak to those within. [A pause. As quiet as the lake that lies beneath me, As quiet as the tranquil sky above me, As quiet as a heart that beats no more, This convent seems. Above, below, all

peace!
Silence and solitude, the soul's best friends.

Are with me here, and the tumultuous world

Makes no more noise than the remotest planet. [A pause.

O gentle spirit, unto the third circle
Of heaven among the blessed souls
ascended,

Who, living in the faith and dying for it,

Have gone to their reward, I do not sigh For thee as being dead, but for myself That I am still alive. Turn those dear eyes,

Once so benignant to me, upon mine,

That open to their tears such uncon tiolled

And such continual issue. Still awhile Have patience; I will come to thee at last.

A few more goings in and out these doors,

A few more chimings of these convent bells,

A few more prayers, a few more sighs and tears,

And the long agony of this life will end, And I shall be with thee. If I am wanting

To thy well-being, as thou art to mine, Have patience; I will come to thee at last.

Ye winds that loiter in these cloister gardens,

Or wander far above the city walls, Bear unto him this message, that I ever Or speak or think of him, or weep for him.

By unseen hands uplifted in the light Of sunset, yonder solitary cloud

Floats, with its white apparel blown abroad,

And wafted up to heaven. It fades away, And melts into the air. Ah, would that I Could thus be wafted unto thee, Francesco,

A cloud of white, an incorporeal spirit!

III.—MICHAEL ANGELO AND BEN-VENUTO CELLINI.

Scene I.—Michael Angelo, Benvenuto Cellini in gay attire.

Benvenuto. A good day and good year to the divine

Maestro Michael Angelo, the sculptor!

Michael Angelo. Welcome, my Benvenuto.

Benvenuto. That is what My father said, the first time he beheld This handsome face. But say farewell, not welcome.

I come to take my leave. I start for Florence

As fast as horse can carry me. I long To set once more upon its level flags These feet, made sore by your vile Roman pavements.

Come with me; you are wanted there in Florence.

The Sacristy is not finished.

Michael Angelo. Speak not of it! How damp and cold it was! How my bones ached

And my head reeled, when I was working there!

I am too old. I will stay here in Rome, Where all is old and crumbling, like myself,

To hopeless ruin. All roads lead to Rome.

Benvenuto. And all lead out of it.
Michael Angelo. There is a charm,
A certain something in the atmosphere,
That all men feel, and no man can
describe.

Benvenuto. Malaria?

Michael Angelo. Yes, malaria of the mind,

Out of this tomb of the majestic Past;

The fever to accomplish some great work
That will not let us sleep. I must go on

Until I die.

Benvenuto. Do you ne'er think of Florence?

Michael Angelo. Yes; whenever I think of anything beside my work, I think of Florence. I remember, too.

The bitter days I passed among the quarries

Of Seravezza and Pietrasanta;

Road-building in the marshes; stupid people,

And cold and rain incessant, and mad

Of mountain wind, like howling Dervishes,

That spun and whirled the eddying snow about them

As if it were a garment; aye, vexations
And troubles of all kinds, that ended
only

In loss of time and money.

Benvenuto. True, Maestro; But that was not in Florence, You should leave Such work to others. Sweeter memories Cluster about you, in the pleasant city Upon the Arno.

Michael Angelo. In my waking dreams

see the marvellous dome Brunelleschi.

Ghiberti's gates of bronze, and Giotto's tower;

And Ghirlandajo's lovely Benci glides With folded hands amid my troubled thoughts,

A splendid vision! Time rides with the old

At a great pace. As travellers on swift steeds

See the near landscape fly and flow behind them,

While the remoter fields and dim horizons

Go with them, and seem wheeling round to meet them,

So in old age things near us slip away,

And distant things go with us. Pleasantly

Come back to me the days when, as a vouth,

I walked with Ghirlandajo in the gardens

Of Medici, and saw the antique statues, The forms august of gods and godlike

And the great world of art revealed itself

To my young eyes. Then all that man hath done

Seemed possible to me. Alas! how little

Of all I dreamed of has my hand achieved! Benvenuto. Nay, let the Night and

Morning, let Lorenzo

And Julian in the Sacristy at Florence, Prophets and Sibyls in the Sistine Chapel,

And the Last Judgment answer. finished?

Michael Angelo. The work is nearly done. But this Last Judgment Has been the cause of more vexation to me

Than it will be of honour. Ser Biagio,

Master of ceremonies at the Papal court.

A man punctilious and over nice,

Calls it improper; says that those nude forms,

Showing their nakedness in such shameless fashion,

Are better suited to a common bagnio, Or wayside wine-shop, than a Papal

Chapel. To punish him I painted him as Minos And leave him there as master of ceremonies

In the Infernal Regions. What would

you Have done to such a man?

Benvenuto. I would have killed him. When any one insults me, if I can I kill him, kill him.

Michael Angelo. Oh, you gentlemen, Who dress in silks and velvets, and wear swords.

Are ready with your weapons, and have

A taste for homicide.

Eenvenuto. I learned that lesson Under Pope Clement at the siege of Rome.

Some twenty years ago. As I was standing

Upon the ramparts of the Campo Santo With Alessandro Bene, I beheld

A sea of fog, that covered all the plain, And hid from us the foe; when suddenly,

A misty figure, like an apparition,

Rose up above the fog, as if on horse-

At this I aimed my arquebus, and fired. The figure vanished; and there rose a

Out of the darkness, long and fierce and loud.

With imprecations in all languages. It was the Constable of France, the

Bourbon. That I had slain.

Michael Angelo. Rome should be grateful to you.

Benvenuto. But has not been; you shall hear presently.

During the siege I served as bombardier,

There in St. Angelo. His Holiness One day was walking with his Cardinals On the round bastion, while I stood above

Among my falconets. All thought and feeling,

All skill in art and all desire of fame, Were swallowed up in the delightful

Of that artillery. I saw far off, Within the enemy's trenches on the Prati,

A Spanish cavalier in scarlet cloak; And firing at him with due aim and range,

I cut the gay Hidalgo in two pieces. The eyes are dry that wept for him in Spain.

His Holiness, delighted beyond mea-

With such display of gunnery, and amazed '

To see the man in scarlet cut in two, Gave me his benediction, and absolved

From all the homicides I had committed

In service of the Apostolic Church, Or should commit thereafter. From that day

I have not held in very high esteem The life of man.

Michael Angelo. And who absolved Pope Clement?

Now let us speak of Art.

Benvenuto. Of what you will.

Michael Angelo. Say, have you seen
our friend Fra Bastian lately,

Since by a turn of fortune he became Friar of the Signet?

Benvenuto. Faith, a pretty artist
To pass his days in stamping leaden
seals

On Papal bulls!

Michael Angelo. He has grown fat and lazy,

As if the lead clung to him like a sinker. He paints no more since he was sent to Fondi

By Cardinal Ippolito to paint

The fair Gonzaga. Ah, you should have seen him

As I did, riding through the city gate,

In his brown hood, attended by four horsemen,

Completely armed, to frighten the banditti.

I think he would have frightened them alone,

For he was rounder than the Q of Giotto.

Benvenuto. He must have looked more like a sack of meal

Than a great painter.

Michael Angelo. Well, he is not great,

But still I like him greatly. Benvenuto, Have faith in nothing but in industry. Be at it late and early; persevere, And work right on through censure and applause,

Or else abandon Art.

Benvenuto. No man works harder Than I do. I am not a moment idle. Michael Angelo. And what have you to show me?

Benvenuto. This gold ring,
Made for his Holiness,—my latest
work,

And I am proud of it. A single diamond,

Presented by the Emperor to the Pope. Targhetta of Venice set and tinted it; I have reset it, and retinted it

Divinely, as you see. The jewellers Say I've surpassed Targhetta.

Michael Angelo. Let me see it. A pretty jewel.

Benvenuto. That is not the expression.

Pretty is not a very pretty word
To be applied to such a precious stone,
Given by an Emperor to a Pope, and
set

By Benvenuto!

Michael Angelo. Messer Benvenuto, I lose all patience with you; for the gifts

That God hath given you are of such a kind,

They should be put to far more noble

Than setting diamonds for the Pope of Rome.

You can do greater things.

Benvenute. The God who made me

Knows why he made me what I am,—
a goldsmith,

A mere artificer.

Michael Angelo. Oh no; an artist, Richly endowed by nature, but who wraps

His talent in a napkin, and consumes

His life in vanities.

Benvenuto. Michael Angelo May say what Benvenuto would not bear

From any other man. He speaks the truth.

I know my life is wasted and consumed In vanities; but I have better hours And higher aspirations than you think. Once, when a prisoner at St. Angelo, Fasting and praying in the midnight darkness,

In a celestial vision I beheld

A crucifix in the sun, of the same substance

As is the sun itself. And since that

There is a splendour round about my

That may be seen at sunrise and at sunset

Above my shadow on the grass. And now

I know that I am in the grace of God, And none henceforth can harm me.

Michael Angelo. None but one,— None but yourself, who are your greatest foe.

He that respects himself is safe from others;

He wears a coat of mail that none can pierce.

Benvenuto. I always wear one.

Michael Angelo. O incorrigible! At least, forget not the celestial vision. Man must have something higher than himself

To think of.

Benvenuto. That I know full well. Now listen.

I have been sent for into France, where grow

The Lilies that illumine heaven and earth,

And carry in mine equipage the model Of a most marvellous golden salt-cellar For the king's table; and here in my brain

A statue of Mars Armipotent for the fountain

Of Fontainebleau, colossal, wonderful. I go a goldsmith, to return a sculptor. And so farewell, great Master. Think of me

As one who, in the midst of all his follies.

Had also his ambition, and aspired To better things.

Michael Angelo. Do not forget the vision.

Scene II.—Michael, Angelo sitting down again to the Divina Commedia.

Michael Angelo. Now in what circle of his poem sacred

Would the great Florentine have placed this man?

Whether in Phlegethon, the river of blood,

Or in the fiery belt of Purgatory,

I know not, but most surely not with those

Who walk in leaden-cloaks. Though he is one

Whose passions, like a potent alkahest, Dissolve his better nature, he is not That despicable thing, a hypocrite;

He doth not cloak his vices, nor deny them.

Come back, my thoughts, from him to Paradise.

IV .-- FRA SEBASTIANO DEL PIOMBO.

SCENE I.—MICHAEL ANGELO; FRA SEBASTIANO DEL PIOMBO.

Michael Angelo (not turning round).
Who is it?

Fra Sebastiano. Wait, for I am out of breath.

In climbing your steep stairs.

Michael Angelo. Ah, my Bastiano, If you went up and down as many stairs

As I do still, and climbed as many ladders,

It would be better for you. Pray sit down.

Your idle and luxurious way of living Will one day take your breath away entirely,

And you will never find it.

Fra Sebastiano. Well, what then? That would be better, in my apprehension.

Than falling from a scaffold.

Michael Angelo. That was nothing. It did not kill me; only lamed me slightly;

I am quite well again.

Fra Sebastiano. But why, dear Master,

Why do you live so high up in your house,

When you could live below and have a garden,

As I do?

Michael Angelo. From this window I can look

On many gardens; o'er the city roofs See the Campagna and the Alban hills; And all are mine.

Fra Sebastiano. Can you sit down in them,

On summer afternoons, and play the lute,

Or sing, or sleep the time away?

Michael Angelo.

I r

Michael Angelo. I never Sleep in the day-time; scarcely sleep at night;

I have not time. Did you meet Benvenuto

As you came up the stair?

Fra Sebastiano. He ran against me On the first landing, going at full speed;

Dressed like the Spanish captain in a play,

With his long rapier and his short red cloak.

Why hurry through the world at such a pace?

Life will not be too long.

Michael Angelo. It is his nature,—A restless spirit, that consumes itself With useless agitations. He o'erleaps The goal he aims at. Patience is a plant

That grows not in all gardens. You are made

Of quite another clay.

Fra Sebastiano. And thank God for it.

And now, being somewhat rested, I will tell you

Why I have climbed these formidable stairs.

I have a friend, Francesco Berni, here,

A very charming poet and companion, Who greatly honours you and all your doings,

And you must sup with us.

Michael Angelo. Not I, indeed.
I know too well what artists' suppers are.

You must excuse me.

Fra Sebastiano. I will not excuse you.

You need repose from your incessant work;

Some recreation, some bright hours of pleasure.

Michael Angelo. To me, what you and other men call pleasure,

Is only pain. Work is my recreation, The play of faculty; a delight like that

Which a bird feels in flying, or a fish In darting through the water,—nothing more.

I cannot go. The Sibylline leaves of life

Grow precious now, when only few remain.

I cannot go.

Fra Sebastiano. Berni, perhaps, will read

A canto of the Orlando Innamorato.

Michael Angelo. That is another reason for not going.

If aught is tedious and intolerable, It is a poet reading his own verses.

Fra Sebastiano. Berni thinks somewhat better of your verses

Than you of his. He says that you speak things,

And other poets words. So, pray you, come.

Michael Angelo. If it were now the Improvisatore,

Luigi Pulci, whom I used to hear
With Benvenuto, in the streets of
Florence,

I might be tempted. I was younger then,

And singing in the open air was pleasant.

Fra Sebastiano. There is a Frenchman here, named Rabelais,

Once a Franciscan friar, and now a doctor,

And secretary to the embassy:

A learned man, who speaks all languages,

And wittiest of men; who wrote a book Of the Adventures of Gargantua,

So full of strange conceits one roars with laughter

At every page; a jovial boon-companion

And lover of much wine. He too is coming.

Michael Angelo. Then you will not want me, who am not witty,

And have no sense of mirth, and love not wine.

I should be like a dead man at your banquet.

Why should I seek this Frenchman, Rabelais?

And wherefore go to hear Francesco Berni,

When I have Dante Alighieri here, The greatest of all poets?

Fra Sebastiano. And the dullest; And only to be read in episodes.

His day is past. Petrarca is our poet.

Michael Angelo. Petrarca is for
women and for lovers,

And for those soft Abati, who delight To wander down long garden walks in summer,

Tinkling their little sonnets all day long,

As lap-dogs do their bells.

Fra Sebastiano. I love Petrarca. How sweetly of his absent love he sings,

When journeying in the forest of Ardennes!

"I seem to hear her, hearing the boughs and breezes

And leaves and birds lamenting, and the waters

Murmuring flee along the verdant herbage."

Michael Angelo. Enough. It is all seeming, and no being.

If you would know how a man speaks in earnest,

Read here this passage, where St. Peter thunders

In Paradise against degenerate Popes And the corruptions of the church, till all

The heaven about him blushes like a sunset.

I beg you to take note of what he says About the Papal seals, for that con-

Your office and yourself.

Fra Sebastiano (reading). Is this the passage?

"Nor I be made the figure of a seal To privileges venal and mendacious; Whereat I often redden and flash with fire!"—

That is not poetry.

Michael Angelo. What is it, then? Fra Sebastiano. Vituperation; gall that might have spirted

From Aretino's pen.

Michael Angelo. Name not that man!

A profligate, whom your Francesco Berni

Describes as having one foot in the brothel

And the other in the hospital; who lives
By flattering or maligning, as best

serves
His purpose at the time. He writes to

me With easy arrogance of my Last Judg-

ment, In such familiar tone that one would

Say

The great event already had transpired, And he was present, and from observation

Informed me how the picture should be painted.

Fra Sebastiano. What unassuming, unobtrusive men

These critics are! Now, to have Aretino

Aiming his shafts at you brings back to mind

The Gascon archers in the square of Milan,

Shooting their arrows at Duke Sforza's statue.

By Leonardo, and the foolish rabble Of envious Florentines, that at your David

Threw stones at night. But Aretino praised you.

Michael Angelo. His praises were ironical. He knows

How to use words as weapons, and to wound

While seeming to defend. But look, Bastiano,

See how the setting sun lights up that picture!

Fra Sebastiano. My portrait of Vittoria Colonna.

Michael Angelo. It makes her look as she will look hereafter,

When she becomes a saint!

Fra Schastiano. A noble woman!

Michael Angelo. Ah, these old

hands can fashion fairer shapes
In marble, and can paint diviner pictures,

Since I have known her.

Fra Sebastiano. And you like this picture;

And yet it is in oils, which you detest. Michael Angelo. When that barbarian Jan Van Eyck discovered The use of oil in painting, he degraded His art into a handicraft, and made it Sign-painting, merely, for a country inn Or wayside wine-shop. 'T is an art for women,

Or for such leisurely and idle people As you are, Fra Bastiano. Nature paints not

In oils, but frescoes the great dome of heaven

With sunsets, and the lovely forms of clouds

And flying vapours.

Fra Sebastiano. And how soon they fade!

Behold you line of roofs and belfries painted

Upon the golden background of the sky,

Like a Byzantine picture, or a portrait

Of Cimabue. See how hard the out-

Sharp-cut and clear, not rounded into shadow.

Yet that is nature.

Michael Angelo. She is always right.
The picture that approaches sculpture
nearest

Is the best picture.

Fra Sebastiano. Leonardo thinks
The open air too bright. We ought
to paint

As if the sun were shining through a mist.

'T is easier done in oil than in distemper.

Michael Angelo. Do not revive again the old dispute;

I have an excellent memory for forgetting,

But I still feel the hurt. Wounds are not healed

By the unbending of the bow that made them.

Fra Sebastiano. So say Petrarca and the ancient proverb.

Michael Angelo. But that is past. Now I am angry with you,

Not that you paint in oils, but that, grown fat

And indolent, you do not paint at all. Fra Sebastiano. Why should I paint? Why should I toil and sweat,

Who now am rich enough to live at ease.

And take my pleasure?

Michael Angelo. When Pope Leo died.

He who had been so lavish of the wealth

His predecessors left him, who received A basket of gold-pieces every morning, Which every night was empty, left behind

Hardly enough to pay his funeral.

Fra Sebastiano. I care for banquets, not for funerals.

As did his Holiness. I have forbidden

All tapers at my burial, and procession Of priests and friars and monks; and have provided

The cost thereof be given to the poor!

Michael Angelo. You have done wisely, but of that I speak not.
Ghiberti left behind him wealth and

children ;

But who to-day would know that he had lived,

If he had never made those gates of bronze

In the old Baptistery,—those gates of bronze,

Worthy to be the gates of Paradise. His wealth is scattered to the winds; his children

Are long since dead; but those celestial gates

Survive, and keep his name and memory green.

Fra Sebastiano. But why should I fatigue myself? I think

That all things it is possible to paint Have been already painted; and if not,

Why, there are painters in the world at present

Who can accomplish more in two short months

Than I could in two years; so it is well

That some one is contented to do nothing,

And leave the field to others.

Michael Angelo. O blasphemer!
Not without reason do the people call
you

Sebastian del Piombo, for the lead Of all the Papal bulls is heavy upon you,

And wraps you like a shroud.

Fra Sebastiano. Misericordia! Sharp is the vinegar of sweet wine, and sharp

The words you speak, because the heart within you

Is sweet unto the core.

Michael Angelo. How changed you are

From the Sebastiano I once knew, When poor, laborious, emulous to excel, You strove in rivalry with Baldassare And Raphael Sanzio.

Fra Sebastiano. Raphael is dead; He is but dust and ashes in his grave, While I am living and enjoying life, And so am victor. One live Pope is worth

A dozen dead ones.

Michael Angelo. Raphael is not dead:

He doth but sleep; for how can he be dead

Who lives immortal in the hearts of men?

He only drank the precious wine of youth,

The outbreak of the grapes, before the vintage

Was trodden to bitterness by the feet of men.

The gods have given him sleep. We never were

Nor could be foes, although our followers,

Who are distorted shadows of ourselves,

Have striven to make us so; but each one worked

Unconsciously upon the other's thought, Both giving and receiving. He perchance

Caught strength from me, and I some greater sweetness

And tenderness from his more gentle nature.

I have but words of praise and admiration

For his great genius; and the world is fairer

That he lived in it.

Fra Schastiano. We at least are friends:

So come with me.

Michael Angelo. No, no; I am best pleased

When I'm not asked to banquets. I have reached

A time of life when daily walks are shortened,

And even the houses of our dearest friends,

That used to be so near, seem far away. Fra Sebastiano. Then we must sup without you. We shall laugh

At those who toil for fame, and make their lives

A tedious martyrdom, that they may live

A little longer in the mouths of men! And so, good-night.

Michael Angelo. Good-night, my Fra Bastiano.

Scene II.—Michael Angelo, returning to his work.

Michael Angelo. How will men speak of me when I am gone,

When all this colourless, sad life is ended,

And I am dust? They will remember only

The wrinkled forehead, the marred countenance,

The rudeness of my speech, and my rough manners,

And never dream that underneath them all

There was a woman's heart of tenderness;

They will not know the secret of my life Locked up in silence, or but vaguely hinted

In uncouth rhymes, that may perchance survive

Some little space in memories of men! Each one performs his life-work, and then leaves it;

Those that come after him will estimate His influence on the age in which he lived.

V .-- PALAZZO BELVEDERE.

TITIAN'S studio. A painting of Danaë with a curtain before it. TITIAN, MICHAEL ANGELO, and GIORGIO VASARI.

Michael Angelo. So you have left at last your still lagoons,

Your City of Silence floating in the sea, And come to us in Rome.

Titian. I come to learn,
But I have come too late. I should
have seen

Rome in my youth, when all my mind was open

To new impressions. Our Vasari here Leads me about, a blind man, groping darkly Among the marvels of the past. I touch them,

But do not see them.

Michael Angelo. There are things in Rome

That one might walk barefooted here from Venice

But to see once, and then to die content.

Titian. I must confess that these majestic ruins

Oppress me with their gloom. I feel as one

Who in the twilight stumbles among tombs,

And cannot read the inscriptions carved upon them.

Michael Angelo. I felt so once; but I have grown familiar

With desolation, and it has become No more a pain to me, but a delight.

Titian. I could not live here. I must have the sea,

And the sea-mist, with sunshine interwoven

Like cloth of gold; must have beneath my windows

The laughter of the waves, and at my door

Their pattering footsteps, or I am not happy.

Michael Angelo. Then tell me of your city in the sea,

Paved with red basalt of the Paduan hills.

Tell me of art in Venice. Three great names,

Giorgione, Titian, and the Tintoretto, Illustrate your Venetian school, and send

A challenge to the world. The first is dead.

But Tintoretto lives.

Titian. And paints with fire, Sudden and splendid, as the lightning paints

The cloudy vault of heaven.

Giorgio. Does he still keep Above his door the arrogant inscription That once was painted there,—"The colour of Titian,

With the design of Michael Angelo"?

Titian. Indeed, I know not. 'T was a foolish boast,

And does no harm to any but himself. 'Perhaps he has grown wiser.

Michael Angelo. When you two Are gone, who is there that remains behind

To seize the pencil falling from your fingers?

Giorgio. Oh, there are many hands upraised already

To clutch at such a prize, and hardly wait

For death to loose your grasp,—a hundred of them;

Schiavone, Bonifazio, Campagnola, Moretto, and Moroni; who can count them,

Or measure their ambition?

Titian. When we are gone,
The generation that comes after us
Will have far other thoughts than ours.
Our ruins

Will serve to build their palaces or tombs.

They will possess the world that we think ours,

And fashion it far otherwise

Michael Angelo. I hear Your son Orazio and your nephew Marco

Mentioned with honour.

Titian. Ay, brave lads, brave lads. But time will show. There is a youth in Venice,

One Paul Caghari, called the Veronese, Still a mere stripling, but of such rare promise

That we must guard our laurels, or may lose them.

Michael Angelo. These are good tidings; for I sometimes fear That, when we die, with us all art will

die.

Tis but a fancy. Nature will provide Others to take our places. I rejoice To see the young spring forward in the race,

Eager as we were, and as full of hope And the sublime audacity of youth.

Titian. Men die and are forgotten.
The great world

Goes on the same. Among the myriads Of men that live, or have lived, or shall live, What is a single life, or thine or mine, That we should think all nature would stand still

If we were gone? We must make room for others.

Michael Angelo. And now, Maestro, pray unveil your picture

Of Danae, of which I hear such praise.

Titian (drawing back the curtain).

What think you?

Michael Angelo. That Acrisius did well

To lock such beauty in a brazen tower, And hide it from all eyes.

Titian. The model truly

Was beautiful.

Michael Angelo. And more, that you were present,

And saw the showery Jove from high Olympus

Descend in all his splendour.

Titian. From your lips Such words are full of sweetness.

Michael Angelo. You have caught These golden hues from your Venetian sunsets.

Titian. Possibly.

Michael Angelo. Or from sunshine through a shower

On the lagoons, or the broad Adriatic.
Nature reveals herself in all our arts.
The pavements and the palaces of
cities

Hint at the nature of the neighbouring

Red lavas from the Euganean quarries Of Padua pave your streets; your pal-

Are the white stones of Istria, and gleam

Reflected in your waters and your pictures.

And thus the works of every artist

Something of his surroundings and his habits.

The uttermost that can be reached by colour

Is here accomplished. Warmth and light and softness

Mingle together. Never yet was flesh Painted by hand of artist, dead or living, With such divine perfection. Titian. I am grateful For so much praise from you, who are a master;

While mostly those who praise and those who blame

Know nothing of the matter, so that mainly

Their censure sounds like praise, their praise like censure.

Michael Angelo. Wonderful! won-derful! The charm of colour

Fascinates me the more that in myself The gift is wanting. I am not a painter. Giorgio. Messer Michele, all the arts are yours,

Not one alone; and therefore I may venture

To put a question to you.

Michael Angelo. Well, speak on. Giorgio. Two nephews of the Cardinal Farnese

Have made me umpire in dispute between them

Which is the greater of the sister arts, Painting or sculpture. Solve for me the doubt.

Michael Angelo. Sculpture and painting have a common goal,

And whosoever would attain to it, Whichever path he take, will find that goal

Equally hard to reach.

Giorgio. No doubt, no doubt;

But you evade the question.

Michael Angelo. When I stand In presence of this picture, I concede That painting has attained its uttermost;

But in the presence of my sculptured figures

I feel that my conception soars beyond All limit I have reached.

Giorgio. You still evade me.
Michael Angelo. Giorgio Vasari, I
have often said

That I account that painting as the best

Which most resembles sculpture. Here before us

We have the proof. Behold these rounded limbs!

How from the canvas they detach themselves,

Till they deceive the eye, and one would say,

It is a statue with a screen behind it!

Titian. Signori, pardon me; but all such questions

Seem to me idle.

Michael Angelo. Idle as the wind. And now, Maestro, I will say once more How admirable I esteem your work, And leave you, without further inter-

ruption.

Titian. Your friendly visit hath much honoured me.

Giorgio. Farewell.

Michael Angelo to Giorgio (going out). If the Venetian painters knew

But half as much of drawing as of colour, They would indeed work miracles in art, And the world see what it hath never seen.

VI.—PALAZZO CESARINI.

SCENE I.—VITTORIA COLONNA, seated in an arm-chair; Julia Gonzaga, standing near her.

Julia. It grieves me that I find you still so weak

And suffering.

Vittoria. No, not suffering; only dying.

Death is the chillness that precedes the dawn;

We shudder for a moment, then awake In the broad sunshine of the other life. I am a shadow, merely, and these hands. These cheeks, these eyes, these tresses that my husband

Once thought so beautiful, and I was proud of

Because he thought them so, are faded quite,—

All beauty gone from them.

Julia. Ah, no, not that. Paler you are, but not less beautiful.

Vittoria (folding her hands). O

gentle spirit, unto the third circle
Of heaven among the blessed souls
ascended,

Who living for the faith and dying for it, Have gone to their reward, I do not mourn For thee as being dead, but for myself That I am still alive. A little longer Have patience with me, and if I am wanting

To thy well-being as thou art to mine, Have patience; I will come to thee ere long.

Julia. Do not give way to these foreboding thoughts.

Vittoria. Hand me the mirror. I would fain behold

What change comes o'er our features when we die.

Thank vou. And now sit down beside me nere.

How glad I am that you have come to-day,

Above all other days, and at the hour When most I need you.

Julia. Do you ever need me? Vittoria. Always, and most of all to day and now.

Do you remember, Julia, when we walked,

One afternoon, upon the castle terrace At Ischia, on the day before you left me?

Julia. Well I remember; but it seems to me

Something unreal that has never been, Something that I have read of in a book,

Or heard of some one else.

Vittoria. Ten years and more Have passed since then; and many things have happened

In those ten years, and many friends have died:

Marco Flaminio, whom we all admired And loved as our Catullus; dear Valdesso,

The noble champion of free thought and speech;

And Cardinal Ippolito, your friend.

Julia. Oh, do not speak of him!
His sudden death

O'ercomes me now, as it o'ercame me then.

Let me forget it; for my memory

Serves me too often as an unkind friend, And I remember things I would forget

While I forget the things I would remember.

Vittoria. Forgive me; I will speak of him no more.

The good Fra Bernardino has departed, Has fled from Italy, and crossed the Alps.

Fearing Caraffa's wrath, because he taught

That He who made us all without our

Could also save us without aid of ours. Renée of France, the Duchess of Ferrara,

That Lily of the Loire, is bowed by winds

That blow from Rome; Olympia Morata

Banished from court because of this new doctrine.

Therefore be cautious. Keep your secret thought

Locked in your breast.

Julia. I will be very prudent. But speak no more, I pray; it wearies you.

Vittoria Yes, I am weary. Read to me.

Julia. Most willingly. What shall I read?

Vittoria. Petrarca's Triumph of Death. The book lies on the table.

Beside the casket there. Read where you find

The leaf turned down. 'T was there I left off reading.

Julia reads. "Not as a flame that by some force is spent,

But one that of itself consumeth quite,

Departed hence in peace the soul content,

In fashion of a soft and lucent light

Whose nutriment by slow gradation goes,

Keeping until the end its lustre bright.

Not pale, but whiter than the sheet of snows

That without wind on some fair hilltop lies,

Her weary body seemed to find repose.

Like a sweet slumber in her lovely eyes,

When now the spirit was no longer there,

Was what is dying called by the unwise.

E'en Death itself in her fair face seemed fair."

Isit of Laura that he here is speaking?--She doth not answer, yet is not asleep; Her eyes are full of light and fixed on something

Above her in the air. I can see naught Except the painted angels on the ceiling. Vittoria! speak! What is it! Answer me!—

She only smiles, and stretches out her

hands.

[The mirror falls and breaks.

Vittoria. Call my confessor!—
Not disobedient to the heavenly vision!
Pescara! my Pescara! [Dies.
Julia. Holy Virgin!
Her body sinks together,—she is dead!
[Kneels, and hides her face in Vittoria's lap.

SCENE II.—JULIAGONZAGA, MICHAEL ANGELO.

Julia. Hush! make no noise.

Michael Angelo. How is she?

Julia. Never better.

Michael Angelo. Then she is dead!

Julia. Alas! yes, she is dead!

Even death itself in her fair face seems fair.

Michael Angelo. How wonderful!

The light upon her face
Shires from the windows of another

world.
Saints only have such faces: Holy

Saints only have such faces: Holy Angels!

Bear her like sainted Catherine to her rest! [Kisses Vittoria's hand.

PART THIRD.

I .- MONOLOGUE.

Macello de Corvi. A room in MICHAEI. ANGELO'S house.

MICHAEL ANGELO, standing before a model of St. Peter's.

Michael Angelo. Better than thou I cannot, Brunelleschi,

And less than thou I will not! If the • thought

Could, like a windlass, lift the ponderous stones

And swing them to their places; if a breath

Could blow this rounded dome into the air,

As if it were a bubble, and these statues

Spring at a signal to their sacred stations,

As sentinels mount guard upon a wall, Then were my task completed. Now, alas!

Naught am I but a Saint Sebaldus, holding

Upon his hand the model of a church, As German artists paint him; and what years,

What weary years, must drag themselves along,

Ere this be turned to stone! What hindrances

Must block the way; what idle interferences

Of Cardinals and Canons of St. Peter's, Who nothing know of art beyond the colour

Of cloaks and stockings, nor of any building

Save that of their own fortunes! And what then?

I must then the short-coming of my means

Piece out by stepping forward, as the Spartan Was told to add a step to his short

sword.
And is Fra Bastian dead? Is all that light

Gone out? that sunshine darkened? all that music

And merriment, that used to make our lives

Less melancholy, swallowed up in silence

Like madrigals sung in the street at night

By passing revellers? It is strange indeed

That he should die before me: 'T is against

The laws of nature that the young should die,

And the old live; unless it be that some Have long been dead who think themselves alive,

Because not buried. Well, what matters it,

Since now that greater light, that was my sun,

Is set, and all is darkness, all is darkness!

Death's lightnings strike to right and left of me,

And, like a ruined wall, the world around me

Crumbles away, and I am left alone.
I have no friends, and want none. My
own thoughts

Are now my sole companions, thoughts of her,

That like a benediction from the skies Come to me in my solitude and soothe me.

When men are old, the incessant thought of Death

Follows them like their shadow; sits with them

At every meal; sleeps with them when they sleep;

And when they wake already is awake, And standing by their bedside. Then, what folly

It is in us to make an enemy

Of this importunate follower, not a friend!

To me a friend, and not an enemy, Has he become since all my friends are dead.

II .- VIGNA DI PAPA GIULIO.

SCENE I.—POPE JULIUS III. seated by the Fountain of Acqua Vergine, surrounded by Cardinals.

Julius. Tell me, why is it ye are discontent,

You, Cardinals Salviati and Marcello, With Michael Angelo? What has he done,

Or left undone, that ye are set against

When one Pope dies, another is soon made;

And I can make a dozen Cardinals, But cannot make one Michael Angelo. Cardinal Salviati. Your Holiness, we are not set against him;

We but deplore his incapacity.

He is too old.

fulius. You, Cardinal Salviati, Are an old man. Are you incapable? 'T is the old ox that draws the straightest furrow.

Cardinal Marcello. Your Holiness remembers he was charged

With the repairs upon St. Mary's bridge; Made coffeedams, and heaped up load on load

Of timber and travertine; and yet for years

The bridge remained unfinished, till we gave it

To Baccio Bigio.

Julius. Always Baccio Bigio! Is there no other architect on earth? Was it not he that sometime had in charge

The harbour of Ancona?

Cardinal Marcello. Ay, the same. Julius. Then let me tell you that your Baccio Bigio

Did greater damage in a single day
To that fair harbour than the sea had
done

Or would do in ten years. And him you think

To put in place of Michael Angelo, In building the Basilica of St. Peter! The ass that thinks himself a stag discovers

His error when he comes to leap the ditch.

Cardinal Marcello. He does not build; he but demolishes

The labours of Bramante and San Gallo.

Julius. Only to build more grandly.

Cardinal Marcello. But time passes,
Year after year goes by, and yet the
work

Is not completed. Michael Angelo Is a great sculptor, but no architect. His plans are faulty.

Julius. I have seen his model, And have approved it. But here comes the artist. Beware of him. He may make Persians of you,

To carry burdens on your backs forever.

Scene II.—The same: MICHAEL ANGELO.

Julius. Come forward, dear Maestro. In these gardens

All ceremonies of our court are banished.

Sit down beside me here.

Michael Angelo (sitting down). How graciously

Your Holiness commiserates old age And its infirmities!

Julius. Say its privileges.
Art I respect. The building of this palace

And laying out of these pleasant garden walks

Are my delight, and if I have not asked Your aid in this, it is that I forbear To lay new burdens on you at an age When you need rest. Here I escape from Rome

To be at peace. The tumult of the

Scarce reaches here.

Michael Angelo. How beautiful it is, And quiet almost as a hermitage!

Julius. We live as hermits here; and from these heights

O'erlook all Rome and see the yellow Tiber

Cleaving in twain the city, like a sword, As far below there as St. Mary's bridge. What think you of that bridge?

Michael Angelo. I would advise Your Holiness not to cross it, or not often;

It is not safe.

Julius. It was repaired of late.

Michael Angelo. Some morning you
will look for it in vain;

It will be gone. The current of the river

Is undermining it.

Julius. But you repaired it.

Michael Angelo. I strengthened all
its piers, and paved its road

With travertine. He who came after me

Removed the stone and sold it, and filled in

The space with gravel.

Julius. Cardinal Salviati
And Cardinal Marcello, do you listen?
This is your famous Nanni Baccio
Bigio.

Michael Angelo (aside). There is some mystery here. These Cardinals

Stand lowering at me with unfriendly eyes.

Julius. Now let us come to what concerns us more

Than bridge or gardens. Some complaints are made

Concerning the Three Chapels in St. Peter's;

Certain supposed defects or imperfections,

You doubtless can explain.

Michael Angelo. This is no longer The golden age of art. Men have become

Iconoclasts and critics. They delight not

In what an artist does, but set themselves

To censure what they do not comprehend.

You will not see them bearing a Madonna

Of Cimabue to the church in triumph, But tearing down the statue of a Pope To cast it into cannon. Who are, they That bring complaints against me?

Julius. Deputies
Of the Commissioners; and they complain

Of insufficient light in the Three Chapels.

Michael Angelo. Your Holiness, the insufficient light

Is somewhere else, and not in the Three Chapels.

Who are the deputies that make complaint?

Julius. The Cardinals Salviati and Marcello,

Here present.

Michael Angelo (rising). With permission, Monsignori,
What is it ye complain of?

• Cardinal Marcello. We regret You have departed from Bramante's plan,

And from San Gallo's.

Michael Angelo. Since the ancient time

No greater architect has lived on earth Than Lazzari Bramante. His design, Without confusion, simple, clear, welllighted,

Merits all praise, and to depart from it Would be departing from the truth. San Gallo,

Building about with columns, took all light

Out of this plan; left in the choir dark corners

For infinite ribaldries, and lurking places

For rogues and robbers; so that when the church

Was shut at night, not five and twenty men

Could find them out. It was San Gallo, then,

That left the church in darkness, and not I.

Cardinal Marcello. Excuse me; but in each of the Three Chapels

Is but a single window.

Michael Angelo. Monsignore, Perhaps you do not know that in the vaulting

Above there are to go three other •windows.

Cardinal Salviati. How should we know? You never told us of it. Michael Angelo. I neither am obliged, nor will I be,

To tell your Eminence or any other What I intend or ought to do. Your office

Is to provide the means, and see that thieves

Do not lay hands upon them. The designs

Must all be left to me.

Cardinal Marcello. Sir architect, You do forget yourself, to speak thus rudely

In presence of his Holiness, and

Who are his Cardinals.

Michael Angelo (putting on his hat).
I do not forget

I am descended from the Counts Canossa,

Linked with the Imperial line, and with Matilda,

Who gave the Church Saint Peter's Patrimony.

I, too, am proud to give unto the Church

The labour of these hands, and what of life

Remains to me. My father Buonarotti Was Podestà of Chiusi and Caprese.

I am not used to have men speak to me

As if I were a mason, hired to build A garden wall, and paid on Saturdays

So much an hour.

Cardinal Salviati (aside). No wonder that Pope Clement

Never sat down in presence of this man,

Lest he should do the same; and always bade him

Put on his hat, lest he unasked should do it!

Michael Angelo. If any one could the of grief and shame,

I should. This labour was imposed upon me;

I did not seek it; and if I assumed it,
'T was not for love of fame or love of
gain,

But for the love of God. Perhaps old

Deceived me, or self-interest, or ambition;

I may be doing harm instead of good.

Therefore, I pray your Holiness, release

Take off from me the burden of this work;

Let me go back to Florence.

Julius. Never, never, While I am living.

Michael Angelo. Doth your Holi-

Remember what the Holy Scriptures say

Of the inevitable time, when those

Who look out of the windows shall be darkened,

And the almond-tree shall flourish?

Julius. That is in

Ecclesiastes.

Michael Angelo. And the grasshopper

Shall be a burden, and desire shall fail, Because man goeth unto his long home. Vanity of Vanities, saith the Preacher; all

Is vanity.

Julius. Ah, were to do a thing

As easy as to dream of doing it, We should not want for artists. But

the men Who carry out in act their great designs Are few in number; aye, they may be

counted
Upon the fingers of this hand. Your place

Is at St. Peter's.

Michael Angelo. I have had my dream,

And cannot carry out my great conception,

And put it into act.

Julius. Then who can do it?
You would but leave it to some Baccio
Bigio

To mangle and deface.

Michael Angelo. Rather than that, I will still bear the burden on my shoulders

A little longer. If your Holiness
Will keep the world in order, and will
leave

The building of the church to me, the work

Will go on better for it. Holy Father, If all the labours that I have endured, And shall endure, advantage not my soul,

I am but losing time.

Julius (laying his hands on Michael Angelo's shoulders). You will be gainer

Both for your soul and body.

Michael Angelo. Not events Exasperate me, but the funest conclusions

I draw from these events; the sure decline

Of art, and all the meaning of that word;

All that embellishes and sweetens life, And lifts it from the level of low cares Into the purer atmosphere of beauty; The faith in the Ideal; the inspiration That made the canons of the church of Seville

Say, "Let us build, so that all men here-

Will say that we were madmen." Holy Father,

I beg permission to retire from here. *Julius*. Go; and my benediction be upon you.

SCENE III.—POPE JULIUS and the CARDINALS.

Julius. My Cardinals, this Michael Angelo

Must not be dealt with as a common mason.

He comes of noble blood, and for his crest

Bears two bull's horns; and he has given us proof

That he can toss with them. From this day forth

Unto the end of time, let no man utter The name of Baccio Bigio in my presence.

All great achievements are the natural fruits

Of a great character. As trees bear not

Their fruits of the same size and quality,

But each one in its kind with equal

So are great deeds as natural to great men

As mean things are to small ones. By his work

We know the master. Let us not perplex him.

III.-BINDO ALTOVITI.

A street in Rome. BINDO ALTOVITI, standing at the door of his house. MICHAEL ANGELO, passing.

Bindo. Good-morning, Messer
Michael Angelo!

Michael Angelo. Good-morning, Messer Bindo Altoviti!

Bindo. What brings you forth so early?

Michael Angelo. The same reason That keeps you standing sentinel at vour door,—

The air of this delicious summer morning.

What news have you from Florence?

Bindo. Nothing new;

The same old tale of violence and wrong.

Since the disastrous day at Monte Murlo,

When in procession, through San Gallo's gate,

Bareheaded, clothed in rags, on sorry steeds,

Philippo Strozzi and the good Valori Amid the shouts of an ungrateful people Were led as prisoners down the streets of Florence,

Hope is no more, and liberty no more. Duke Cosimo, the tyrant, reigns supreme.

Michael Angelo. Florence is dead: her houses are but tombs;

Silence and solitude are in her streets.

Bindo. Ah yes; and often I repeat
the words

You wrote upon your statue of the Night,

There in the Sacristy of San Lorenzo: "Grateful to me is sleep; to be of stone

More grateful, while the wrong and shame endure;

To see not, feel not, is a benediction; Therefore awake me not; oh, speak in whispers."

Michael Angelo. Ah, Messer Bindo, the calamities,

The fallen fortunes, and the desolation Of Florence are to me a tragedy

Deeper than words, and darker than despair.

I, who have worshipped freedom from my cradle,

Have loved her with the passion of a lover.

And clothed her with all lovely attributes That the imagination can conceive, Or the heart conjure up, now see her dead,

And trodden in the dust beneath the feet

Of an adventurer! It is a grief

Too great for me to bear in my old age.

Bindo. I say no news from Florence:
I am wrong,

For Benvenuto writes that he is coming To be my guest in Rome.

Michael Angelo. Those are good tidings.

He hath been many years away from us. Bindo. Pray you, come in.

Michael Angelo. I have not time to stay,

And yet I will. I see from here your house

Is filled with works of art. That bust in bronze

Is of yourself. Tell me, who is the master

That works in such an admirable way,
And with such power and feeling?

Bindo.

Benyenuto.

Bindo. Benvenuto. Michael Angelo. Ah? Benvenuto? 'T is a masterpiece!

It pleases me as much, and even more,

Than the antiques about it; and yet they

Are of the best one sees. But you have placed it

By far too high. The light comes from below,

And injures the expression. Were these windows

Above and not beneath it, then indeed

It would maintain its own among these works

Of the old masters, noble as they are. I will go in and study it more closely. I always prophesied that Benvenuto, With all his follies and fantastic ways,

Would show his genius in some work of art

That would amaze the world, and be a challenge

Unto all other artists of his time, [They go in.

IV .- IN THE COLISEUM.

MICHAEL ANGELO and TOMASO DE'
CAVALIERI.

Cavalieri. What do you here alone, Messer Michele?

Michael Angelo. I come to learn.
Cavalieri. You are already master,
And teach all other men.

Michael Angelo. Nay, I know nothing;

Not even my own ignorance, as some Philosopher hath said. I am a schoolboy

Who hath not learned his lesson, and who stands

Ashamed and silent in the awful presence

Of the great master of antiquity

Who built these walls cyclopean.

Cavalieri. Gaudentius

His name was, I remember. His reward

Was to be thrown alive to the wild beasts

Here where we now are standing.

Michael Angelo. Idle tales. Cavalieri. But you are greater than Gaudentius was,

And your work nobler.

Michael Angelo. Silence, I beseech you.

Cavalieri. Tradition says that fifteen thousand men

Were toiling for ten years incessantly Upon this amphitheatre.

Michael Angelo. Behold

How wonderful it is! The queen of flowers,

The marble rose of Rome! Its petals torn

By wind and rain of thrice five hun-

By wind and rain of thrice five hundred years;

Its mossy sheath half rent away, and sold

To ornament our palaces and churches, Or to be trodden under feet of man

Upon the Tiber's bank; yet what remains

Still opening its fair bosom to the sun, And to the constellations that at night Hang poised above it like a swarm of bees. Cavalieri. The rose of Rome, but not of Paradise;

Not the white rose our Tuscan poet

With saints for petals. When this rose was perfect

Its hundred thousand petals were not saints,

But senators in their Thessalian caps, And all the roaring populace of Rome; And even an Empress and the Vestal Virgins,

Who came to see the gladiators die, Could not give sweetness to a rose

like this.

Michael Angelo.

Michael Angelo. I spake not of its uses, but its beauty.

Cavalieri. The sand beneath our feet is saturate

With blood of martyrs; and these nifted stones

Are awful witnesses against a people Whose pleasure was the pain of dying men.

Michael Angelo. Tomaso Cavalieri, on my word,

You should have been a preacher, not a painter!

Think you that I approve such cruelties,

Because I marvel at the architects Who built these walls, and curved

these noble arches?
Oh, I am put to shame, when I consider

How mean our work is, when com-

pared with theirs! Look at these walls about us and

above us! They have been shaken by earth-

quakes, have been made
A fortress, and been battered by long
sieges;

The iron clamps, that held the stones together,

Have been wrenched from them; but they stand erect

And firm, as if they had been hewn and hollowed

Out of the solid rock, and were a part Of the foundations of the world itself. Cavalieri. Your work, I say again,

is nobler work,

Its vaulted passages are made the

caverns

Of robbers, and are haunted by the

Of murdered men.

Michael Angelo. A thousand wild flowers bloom

From every chink, and the birds build their nests

Among the ruined arches, and suggest New thoughts of beauty to the architect.

Now let us climb the broken stairs that lead

Into the corridors above, and study The marvel and the mystery of that art In which I am a pupil, not a master.

All things must have an end; the world itself

Must have an end, as in a dream I saw it.

There came a great hand out of heaven, and touched

The earth, and stopped it in its course.

The seas

Leaped, a vast cataract, into the abyss; The forests and the fields slid off, and floated

Like wooded islands in the air. The dead

Were hurled forth from their sepul-*chres; the living

Were mingled with them, and themselves were dead,—

All being dead; and the fair, shining cities

Dropped out like jewels from a broken crown.

Naught but the core of the great globe remained,

A skeleton of stone. And over it

The wrack of matter drifted like a cloud,

And then recoiled upon itself, and fell Back on the empty world, that with the weight

Reeled, staggered, righted, and then headlong plunged

Into the darkness, as a ship, when

By a great sea, throws off the waves at first

On either side, then settles and goes

Into the dark abyss, with her dead crew.

Cavalieri. But the earth does not move.

Michael Angelo. Who knows? who knows?

There are great truths that pitch their shining tents

Outside our walls, and though but dimly seen

In the gray dawn, they will be manifest When the light widens into perfect day. A certain man, Copernicus by name, Sometime Professor here in Rome, has whispered

It is the earth, and not the sun, that moves.

What I beheld was only in a dream, Yet dreams sometimes anticipate events,

Being unsubstantial images of things As yet unseen.

V.-MACELLO DE' CORVI.

MICHAEL ANGELO, BENVENUTO CELLINI.

Michael Angelo. So, Benvenuto, you return once more

To the Eternal City. 'T is the centre To which all gravitates. One finds no rest

Elsewhere than here. There may be other cities

That please us for a while, but Rome alone

Completely satisfies. It becomes to

A second native land by predilection, And not by accident of birth alone.

Benvenuto. I am but just arrived, and am now lodging

With Bindo Altoviti. I have been To kiss the feet of our most Holy

Father,
And now am come in haste to kiss the hands

Of my miraculous Master.

Michael Angelo. And to find him Grown very old.

Benvenuto. You know that precious stones

Never grow old.

Michael Angelo. Half sunk beneath the horizon,

And yet not gone. Twelve years are a long while.

Tell me of France.

Benvenuto. It were too long a tale
To tell you all. Suffice in brief to say
The King received me well, and loved
me well;

Gave me the annual pension that before me

Our Leonardo had, nor more nor less,

And for my residence the Tour de Nesle,

Upon the river-side.

Michael Angelo. A princely lodging. Benvenuto. What in return I did now matters not,

For there are other things, of greater moment,

I wish to speak of. First of all, the letter

You wrote me, not long since, about my bust

Of Bindo Altoviti, here in Rome. You said.

"My Benvenuto, I for many years

Have known you as the greatest of all goldsmiths,

And now I know you as no less a sculptor."

Ah, generous Master! How shall I e'er thank you

For such kind language?

Michael Angelo. By believing it. I saw the bust at Messer Bindo's house, And thought it worthy of the ancient masters,

And said so. That is all.

Benvenuto. It is too much; And I should stand abashed here in your presence,

Had I done nothing worthier of your praise

Than Bindo's bust.

Michael Angelo. What have you done that 's better?

Benvenuto. When I left Rome for Paris, you remember

I promised you that if I went a goldsmith

I would return a sculptor. I have kept The promise I then made.

Michael Angelo. Dear Benvenuto, I recognized the latent genius in you, But feared your vices.

Benvenuto. I have turned them all To virtues. My impatient, wayward nature,

That made me quick in quarrel, now has served me

Where meekness could not, and where patience could not,

As you shall hear now. I have cast in bronze

A statue of Perseus, holding thus aloft In his left hand the head of the Medusa.

And in his right the sword that severed it;

His right foot planted on the lifeless corse:

His face superb and pitiful, with eyes Down-looking on the victim of his vengeance.

Michael Angelo. I see it as it should be.

Benvenuto. As it will be When it is placed upon the Ducal Square,

Half-way between your David and the Judith

Of Donatello.

Michael Angelo. Rival of them both!

Benvenuto. But ah, what infinite
trouble have I had

With Bandinello, and that stupid beast,

The major-domo of Duke Cosimo, Francesco Ricci, and their wretched

Gorini, who came crawling round about

Like a black spider, with his whining

That sounded like the buzz of a mosquito!

Oh, I have wept in utter desperation, And wished a thousand times I had not left My Tour de Nesle, nor e'er returned to Florence,

Nor thought of Perseus. What malignant falsehoods

They told the Grand Duke, to impede my work,

And make me desperate!

Michael Angelo. The nimble lie
Is like the second-hand upon a clock;
We see it fly, while the hour-hand of
truth

Seems to stand still, and yet it moves unseen,

And wins at last, for the clock will not

Till it has reached the goal.

Benvenuto. My obstinacy Stood me in stead, and helped me to o'ercome

The hindrances that envy and ill-will Put in my way.

Michael Angelo. When anything is

People see not the patient doing of it, Nor think how great would be the loss to man

If it had not been done. As in a building

Stone rests on stone, and wanting the foundation

All would be wanting, so in human life Each action rests on the foregone event,

That made it possible, but is forgotten And buried in the earth.

Benvenuto. Even Bandinello, Who never yet spake well of anything, Speaks well of this; and yet he told the Duke

That, though I cast small figures well enough,

I never could cast this.

Michael Angelo. But you have done it,

And proved Ser Bandinello a false prophet.

That is the wisest way.

Benvenuto. And ah, that casting!
What a wild scene it was, as late at uight,

A night of wind and rain, we heaped the furnace

With pine of Serristori, till the flames

Caught in the rafters over us, and threatened

To send the burning roof upon our heads;

And from the garden side the wind and rain

Poured in upon us, and half-quenched our fires.

I was beside myself with desperation. A shudder came upon me, then a

fever;
I thought that I was dying, and was

forced

To leave the work-shop, and to throw myself

Upon my bed, as one who has no hope.

And as I lay there, a deformed old man

Appeared before me, and with dismal voice.

Like one who doth exhort a criminal Led forth to death, exclaimed, "Poor Benvenuto,

Thy work is spoiled! There is no remedy!"

As in a - Then with a cry so loud it might have reached

The heaven of fire, I bounded to my feet,

And rushed back to my workmen.
They all stood

Bewildered and desponding; and I looked

Into the furnace, and beheld the mass Half molten only, and in my despair

I fed the fire with oak, whose terrible heat

Soon made the sluggish metal shine and sparkle.

Then followed a bright flash, and an explosion,

As if a thunderbolt had fallen among us. The covering of the furnace had been

Asunder, and the bronze was flowing over;

So that I straightway opened all the sluices

To fill the mould. The metal ran like lava,

Sluggish and heavy; and I sent my workmen

To ransack the whole house, and bring together

My pewter plates and pans, two hundred of them,

And cast them one by one into the furnace

To liquefy the mass, and in a moment The mould was filled! I fell upon my

And thanked the Lord; and then we ate and drank

And went to bed, all hearty and contented.

It was two hours before the break of day.

My fever was quite gone.

Michael Angelo. A strange adventure,

That could have happened to no man alive

But you, my Benvenuto.

Renvenuto. As my workmen said To major-domo Ricci afterward

When he inquired of them: "'T was not a man,

But an express great devil."

Michael Angelo. And the statue? Benvenuto. Perfect in every part, save the right foot

Of Perseus, as I had foretold the Duke.

There was just bronze enough to fill the mould;

Not a drop over, not a drop too little. I looked upon it as a miracle

Wrought by the hand of God.

Michael Angelo. And now I see How you have turned your vices into virtues.

Benvenuto. But wherefore do I prate of this? I came

To speak of other things. Duke Cosimo

Through me invites you to return to Florence,

And offers you great honours, even to make you

One of the Forty-Eight, his Senators.

Michael Angelo. His Senators! That
is enough. Since Florence

Was changed by Clement Seventh from a Republic

Into a Dukedom, I no longer wish

To be a Florentine. That dream is ended.

The Grand Duke Cosimo now reigns supreme;

All liberty is dead. Ah, woe is me!
I hoped to see my country rise to heights

Of happiness and freedom yet unreached

By other nations, but the climbing wave Pauses, lets go its hold, and slides again

Back to the common level, with a hoarse

Death-rattle in its throat. I am too old

To hope for better days. I will stay here

And die in Rome. The very weeds, that grow

Among the broken fragments of her ruins,

Are sweeter to me than the garden flowers

Of other cities; and the desolate ring Of the Campagna round about her walls

Fairer than all the villas that encircle The towns of Tuscany.

Benvenuto. But your old friends!

Michael Angelo. All dead by viol ence. Baccio Valori

Has been beheaded; Guicciardini poisoned;

Philippo Strozzi strangled in his prison. Is Florence then a place for honest

To flourish in? What is there to prevent

My sharing the same fate?

Benvenuto. Why, this: if all Your friends are dead, so are your enemies.

Michael Angelo. Is Aretino dead?

Benvenuto. He lives in Venice,

And not in Florence.

Michael Angelo. 'T is the same to me. This wretched mountebank, whom flatterers

Call the Divine, as if to make the word

Unpleasant in the mouths of those who speak it

And in the ears of those who hear it, sends me

A letter written for the public eye, And with such subtle and infernal malice.

I wonder at his wickedness. 'T is he Is the express great devil, and not you. Some years ago he told me how to paint

The scenes of the Last Judgment.

Benvenuto. I remember. Michael Angelo. Well, now he writes to me that, as a Christian,

He is ashamed of the unbounded freedom

With which I represent it.

Hypocrite! Benvenuto. Michael Angelo. He says I show mankind that I am wanting In piety and religion, in proportion

As I profess perfection in my art. Profess perfection? Why, 't is only

men Like Bugiardini who are satisfied

With what they do. I never am content,

But always see the labour of my hand Fall short of my conception.

Benvenuto. I perceive The malice of this creature. He would taint you

With heresy, and in a time like this! "I is infamous!

Michael Angelo. I represent the angels

Without their heavenly glory, and the saints

Without a trace of earthly modesty. Benvenuto. Incredible audacity! The heathen Michael Angelo. Veiled their Diana with some drapery,

And when they represented Venus naked

They made her by her modest attitude Appear half clothed. But I, who am a Christian,

Do so subordinate belief to art That I have made the very violation Of modesty in martyrs and in virgins

A spectacle at which all men would

With half-averted eyes even in a brothel.

Benvenuto. He is at home there, and he ought to know

What men avert their eyes from in such places;

From the Last Judgment chiefly, I imagine.

Michael Angelo. But divine Providence will never leave

The boldness of my marvellous work unpunished;

And the more marvellous it is, the

'T is sure to prove the ruin of my fame!

And finally, if in this composition

I had pursued the instructions that he gave me

Concerning heaven and hell and para-

In that same letter, known to all the world,

Nature would not be forced, as she is now.

To feel ashamed that she invested me With such great talent; that I stand myself

A very idol in the world of art.

He taunts me also with the Mausoleum Of Julius, still unfinished, for the reason

That men persuaded the inane old man It was of evil augury to build

His tomb while he was living; and he speaks

Of heaps of gold this Pope bequeathed

And calls it robbery,—that is what he

What prompted such a letter?

Benvenuto. Vanity.

He is a clever writer, and he likes To draw his pen, and flourish it in the

Of every honest man, as swordsmen do Their rapiers on occasion, but to show How skilfully they do it. Had you followed

The advice he gave, or even thanked him for it,

You would have seen another style of fence.

'T is but his wounded vanity, and the wish

To see his name in print. So give it not A moment's thought; it will soon be forgotten.

Michael Angelo. I will not think of it, but let it pass

For a rude speech thrown at me in the street,

As boys threw stones at Dante.

Benvenuto. And what answer
Shall I take back to Grand Duke
Cosimo?

He does not ask your labour or your service:

Only your presence in the city of Florence,

With such advice upon his work in hand

As he may ask, and you may choose to give.

Michael Angelo. You have my answer. Nothing he can offer

Shall tempt me to leave Rome. My work is here,

And only here, the building of St. Peter's.

What other things I hitherto have done Have fallen from me, are no longer mine;

1 have passed on beyond them, and have left them

As milestones on the way. What lies before me,

That is still mine, and while it is unfinished

No one shall draw me from it, or persuade me,

By promises of ease, or wealth, or honour,

Till I behold the finished dome uprise Complete, as now I see it in my thought.

Benvenuto. And will you paint no more?

Michael Angelo. No more.

Benvenuto. 'T is well.

Sculpture is more divine, and more

like Nature,
That fashions all her works in high
relief,

And that is sculpture. This vast ball, the Earth,

Was moulded out of clay, and baked in fire;

Men, women, and all animals that breathe

Are statues and not paintings. Even the plants,

The flowers, the fruits, the grasses, were first sculptured,

And coloured later. Painting is a lie, A shadow merely.

Michael Angelo. Truly, as you say, Sculpture is more than painting. It is greater

To raise the dead to life than to

Phantoms that seem to live. The most majestic

Of the three sister arts is that which builds;

The eldest of them all, to whom the others

Are but the handmaids and the servitors,

Being but imitation, not creation.

Henceforth I dedicate myself to her.

Benvenuto. And no more from the

marble hew those forms

That fill us all with wonder?

Michael Angelo. Many statues
Will there be room for in my work.
Their station

Already is assigned them in my mind.

But things move slowly. There are hindrances,

Want of material, want of means, delays

And interruptions, endless interfer ence

Of Cardinal Commissioners, and disputes

And jealousies of artists, that annoy me.

But I will persevere until the work
Is wholly finished, or till I sink down
Surprised by Death, that unexpected
guest,

Who waits for no man's leisure, but steps in,

Unasked and unannounced, to put a

To all our occupations and designs.

And then perhaps I may go back to
Florence;

This is my answer to Duke Cosimo.

VI.-MICHAEL ANGELO'S STUDIO.

MICHAEL ANGELO and URBINO.

Michael Angelo (pausing in his work). Urbino, thou and I are both old men.

My etrength begins to fail me.

Urbino. Eccellenza,
That is impossible. Do I not see you
Attack the marble blocks with the
same furv

As twenty years ago?

Michael Angelo. "T is an old habit.

I must have learned it early from my
nurse

At Setignano, the stone-mason's wife; For the first sounds I heard were of the chisel

Chipping away the stone.

Urbino. At every stroke You strike fire with your chisel.

Michael Angelo. Aye, because The marble is too hard.

Urbino. It is a block That Topolino sent you from Carrara.

He is a judge of marble.

Michael Angelo. I remember. With it he sent me something of his making,—

A Mercury, with long body and short legs,

As if by any possibility

A messenger of the gods could have short legs.

It was no more like Mercury than you are,

But rather like those little plaster figures

That peddlers hawk about the villages As images of saints. But luckily

For Topolino, there are many people Who see no difference between what is

And what is only good, or not even good;

So that poor artists stand in their esteem

On the same level with the best, or higher.

Urbino. How Eccellenza laughed!
Michael Angelo. Poor Topolino!
All men are not born artists, nor will labour

E'er make them artists.

Urbino. No, no more Than Emperors, or Popes, or Cardinals.

One must be chosen for it. I have been

Your colour-grinder six and twenty years,

And am not yet an artist.

Michael Angelo. Some have eyes That see not; but in every block of marble

I see a statue,—see it as distinctly
As if it stood before me shaped and
perfect

In attitude and action. I have only
To hew away the stone walls that
imprison

The lovely apparition, and reveal it
To other eyes as mine already see it.
But I grow old and weak. What wilt
thou do

When I am dead, Urbino?

Urbino. Eccellenza, I must then serve another master.

Michael Angelo. Never!
Bitter is servitude at best. Already
So many years hast thou been serving

But rather as a friend than as a servant.

We have grown old together. Dost thou think

So meanly of this Michael Angelo As to imagine he would let thee serve, When he is free from service? Take

this purse, Two thousand crowns in gold.

Urbino. Two thousand crowns!

Michael Angelo. Ay, it will make
thee rich. Thou shalt not die

A beggar in a hospital. *Urbino.*Oh, Master! *Michael Angelo.* I cannot have them

with me on the journey
That I am undertaking. The last
garment

That men will make for me will have no pockets.

Urbino (kissing the hand of Michael Angelo). Mygenerous master! Michael Angelo. Hush!

Urbino. My Providence!

Michael Angelo. Not a word more. Go now to bed, old man.

Thou hast served Michael Angelo. Remember,

Henceforward thou shalt serve no other master.

VII.-THE OAKS OF MONTE LUCA.

MICHAEL ANGELO, alone in the woods.

Michael Angelo. How still it is among these ancient oaks!

Surges and undulations of the air
Uplift the leafy boughs, and let them
fall

With scarce a sound. Such sylvan quietudes

Become old age. These huge centennial oaks,

That may have heard in infancy the trumpets

Of Barbarossa's cavalry, deride

Man's brief existence, that with all his strength

He cannot stretch beyond the hundredth year.

This little acorn, turbaned like the Turk,

Which with my foot I spurn, may be an oak

Hereafter, feeding with its bitter mast The fierce wild-boar, and tossing in its

The cradled nests of birds, when all the

That now inhabit this vast universe,

They and their children, and their children's children,

Shall be but dust and mould, and nothing more.

Through openings in the trees I see below me

The valley of Clitumnus, with its farms And snow-white oxen grazing in the shade

Of the tall poplars on the river's brink.
O Nature, gentle mother, tender nurse!
I, who have never loved thee as I ought,
But wasted all my years immured in
cities.

And breathed the stifling atmosphere of streets,

Now come to thee for refuge. Here is peace.

Yonder I see the little hermitages

Dotting the mountain side with points of light,

And here St. Julian's convent, like a nest

Of curlews, clinging to some windy cliff.

Beyond the broad, illimitable plain Down sinks the sun, red as Apollo's quoit,

That, by the envious Zephyr blown aside,

Struck Hyacinthus dead, and stained the earth

With his young blood, that blossomed into flowers.

And now, instead of these fair deities, Dread demons haunt the earth; hermits inhabit

The leafy homes of sylvan Hamadryads; And jovial friars, rotund and rubicund, Replace the old Silenus with his ass.

Here underneath these venerable oaks, Wrinkled and brown and gnarled like them with age,

A brother of the monastery sits, Lost in his meditations. What may

The questions that perplex, the hopes that cheer him?—

Good-evening, holy father.

Monk. God be with you.

Michael Angelo. Pardon a stranger
if he interrupt

Your meditations,

Monk. It was but a dream.—
The old, old dream, that never will come true;

The dream that all my life I have been dreaming,

And yet is still a dream.

Michael Angelo. All men have dreams,

I have had mine; but none of them came true;

They were but vanity. Sometimes I think

The happiness of man lies in pursuing, Not in possessing; for the things possessed Lose half their value. Tell me of your dream.

Monk. The yearning of my heart, my sole desire,

That like the sheaf of Joseph stands upright,

While all the others bend and bow to it; The passion that torments me, and that breathes

New meaning into the dead forms of prayer,

Is that with mortal eyes I may behold The Eternal City.

Michael Angelo. Rome?

Monk. There is but one; The rest are merely names. I think

of it As the Celestial City, paved with gold,

As the Celestial City, paved with gold And sentinelled with angels.

Michael Angelo. Would it were. I have just fled from it. It is beleaguered

By Spanish troops, led by the Duke of Alva.

Monk. But still for me 't is the Celestial City,

And I would see it once before I die.

Michael Angelo. Each one must
bear his cross.

Monk. Were it a cross That had been laid upon me, I could bear it,

Or fall with it. It is a crucifix;

I am nailed hand and foot, and I am
• dying!

Michael Angelo. What would you see in Rome?

Monk. His Holiness.

Michael Angelo. Him that was once the Cardinal Caraffa?

You would but see a man of fourscore years,

With sunken eyes, burning like carbuncles,

Who sits at table with his friends for hours,

Cursing the Spaniards as a race of Jews And miscreant Moors. And with what soldiery

Think you he now defends the Eternal City?

Monk. With legions of bright angels. Michael Angelo. So he calls them;

And yet in fact these bright angelic legions

Are only German Lutherans.

Monk (crossing himself). Heaven protect us!

Michael Angelo. What further would you see?

Monk. The Cardinals,
Going in their gilt coaches to High
Mass.

Michael Angelo. Men do not go to Paradise in coaches.

Monk. The catacombs, the convents, and the churches;

The ceremonies of the Holy Week In all their pomp, or, at the Epiphany, The feast of the Santissimo Bambino

At Ara Cœli. But I shall not see them.

Michael Angelo. These pompous

Michael Angelo. These pompour ceremonies of the Church

Are but an empty show to him who knows The actors in them. Stay here in your convent,

For he who goes to Rome may see too much.

What would you further?

Nonk. I would see the painting Of the Last Judgment in the Sistine Chapel.

Michael Angelo. The smoke of incense and of altar candles

Has blackened it already.

Monk. Woe is me! Then I would hear Allegri's Miserere, Sung by the Papal choir.

Michael Angelo. A dismal dirge! I am an old, old man, and I have lived In Rome for thirty years and more, and know

The jarring of the wheels of that great world,

Its jealousies, its discords, and its strife.
Therefore I say to you, remain content
Here in your convent, here among your
woods.

Where only there is peace. Go not to Rome.

There was of old a monk of Wittenberg Who went to Rome; you may have heard of him;

His name was Luther; and you know what followed.

[The convent bell rings.

Monk (rising). It is the convent bell; it rings for vespers.

Let us go in; we both will pray for peace.

VIII .- THE DEAD CHRIST.

MICHAEL ANGELO'S Studio. MICHAEL ANGELO with a light, working upon the Dead Christ. Midnight.

Michael Angelo. O Death, why is it I cannot portray

Thy form and features? Do I stand too near thee?

Or dost thou hold my hand, and draw me back,

As being thy disciple, not thy master? Let him who knows not what old age is like

Have patience till it comes, and he will know.

I once had skill to fashion Life and Death

And Sleep, which is the counterfeit of Death;

And I remember what Giovanni Strozzi Wrote underneath my statue of the Night

In San Lorenzo, ah, so long ago!
Grateful to me is sleep! More grate-

Than it was then; for all my friends are dead;

And she is dead, the noblest of them all. I saw her face, when the great sculptor Death.

Whom men should call Divine, had at a blow

Stricken her into marble; and I kissed Her cold white hand. What was it held me back

From kissing her fair forehead, and those lips,

Those dead, dumb lips? Grateful to me is sleep!

Enter GIORGIO VASARI.

Giorgio. Good-evening, or good-morning, for I know not
Which of the two it is.

Michael Angelo. How came you in? Giorgio. Why, by the door, as all men do.

Michael Angelo. Ascanio Must have forgotten to bolt it.

Giorgio. Probably.

Am I a spirit, or so like a spirit,

That I could slip through bolted door or window?

As I was passing down the street, I saw A glimmer of light, and heard the wellknown chink

Of chisel upon marble. So I entered, To see what keeps you from your bed so late.

Michael Angelo (coming forward with the lamp). You have been revelling with your boon companions,

Giorgio Vasari, and you come to me At an untimely hour.

Giorgio. The Pope hath sent me. His Holiness desires to see again

The drawing you once showed him of the dome

Of the Basilica.

Michael Angelo. We will look for it. Giorgio. What is the marble group that glimmers there

Behind you?

Michael Angelo. Nothing, and yet everything,—

As one may take it. It is my own tomb That I am building.

Giorgio. Do not hide it from me. By our long friendship and the love I bear you,

Refuse me not!

Michael Angelo (letting fall the lamp). Life hath become to me An empty theatre,—its lights ex-

tinguished,

The music silent, and the actors gone; And I alone sit musing on the scenes That once have been. I am so old

that Death
Oft plucks me by the cloak, to come
with him;

And some day, like this lamp, shall I fall down,

And my last spark of life will be extinguished.

Ah mei ah me! what darkness of despair!

So near to death, and yet so far from God.

Longfellow's own notes are marked [L.]. Titles of poems are indicated by small capitals, thus—A PSALM OF LIFE; text references by italics, thus—As Lope says.

Page 3. A PSALM OF LIFE.—The "psalmist" of the sub-title is the poet himself, for Longfellow used the title "psalm" for several of his poems in referring to them. This poem was read by the poet to his class at the close of a lecture on Goethe. It was first published in the Knickerbocker Magazine for October, 1838, and then bore the following motto:—

Life that dares send A challenge to his end, And when it comes say—Welcome, friend! CRASHAW.

Page 4. THE REAPER AND THE FLOWERS.—"Dec. 6, 1838.—Wrote with peace in my heart, and not without tears in my eyes, The Reaper and the Flowers: a Psalm of Death. I have had an idea of this kind in my mind for a long time, without finding any expression for it in words. This morning it seemed to crystalize at once, without any effort of my own."—[L.'s Journal.]

Page 4. THE LIGHT OF STARS.—Originally entitled A Second Psalm of Life.

Page 5. FOOTSTEPS OF ANGELS.—Originally Evening Shadows. "He, the young," etc. (v. 4), was Longfellow's friend and brother-in-law, George W. Pierce; "the Being Beauteous" was Longfellow's first wife.

Page 6. FLOWERS.—"I wrote this poem on the 3rd of October, 1837, to send with a bouquet of autumnal flowers."—[L.] The "one who dwelleth by the castled Rhine" is Carodé, who wrote in *The Story Without an End*, "that she might become a floweret, and twinkle brightly as a blue star on the green firmament of earth."

Page 7. THE BELEAGURED CITY.—
"Similar to this was the Nacht Lager, or midnight camp, which seemed nightly to beleaguer the walls of Prague, but which disappeared upon the recitation of magical words." This note to Scott's Border Minstrelsy suggested the poem to Longfellow.

Page 8. MIDNIGHT MASS FOR THE DYING YEAR.—Originally The Fifth Psalm.

Page 9. EARLIER POEMS. - "These poems were written for the most part during my college life, and all of them before the age of nineteen. Some have found their way into schools, and seem to be successful. Others lead a vagabond and precarious existence in the corners of newspapers; or have changed their names and run away to seek their fortunes beyond the sea. I say with the Bishop of Avranches on a similar occasion: 'I cannot be displeased to see these children of mine, which I have neglected, and almost exposed, brought from their wanderings in lanes and valleys, and safely lodged, in order to go forth into the world together in a more decorous garb.' "—[L.]

Page 12. HYMN OF THE MORAVIAN NUNS.—Count Pulaski was a leader in the American War of Independence; the banner, which was embroidered for him by the Moravian Nuns of Bethlehem in Pensylvania, is preserved by the Maryland Historical Society at Baltimore.

Page 31. THE SKELRTON IN ARMOUR.—Longfellow formed this "legend" out of two theories which had been propounded: firstly, with regard to an ancient town at Newport, which it was thought might have been erected as early as the twelfth century; and secondly, with regard to the discovery at Fall River of a "skeleton in armour," which it was thought might be one of the original Viking discoverers of the Western Continent.

Page 33. THE WRECK OF THE HESPERUS.

""Dec. 17, 1839.—News of shipwrecks horrible on the coast. Twenty bodies washed ashore near Gloucester, one lashed to a piece of the wreck. There is a reef called Norman's Woe, where many of these took place; among others the schooner Hesperus.

I must write a ballad upon this."
"Dec. 30, 1839.— . . . suddenly it came into my mind to write the Ballad of the Schooner Hesperus; which I accordingly

did. Then I went to bed, but could not sleep. New thoughts were running in my mind, and I got up to add them to the ballad. It was three by the clock. I then went to bed and fell asleep. I feel pleased with the ballad. It hardly cost me an effort. It did not come into my mind by lines, but by stanzas."—[L.'s Journal.]

Page 36. THE VILLAGE BLACKSMITH.—
"Oct. 5, 1839.—Wrote a new Psalm of Life. It is The Village Blacksmath."—
[L.'s Journal.] The poet further said that the poem might be considered as in praise of an ancestor, the first Stephen Longfellow. The smithy stood not far from his house in Cambridge. The "spreading chestnut" was removed, despite the protests of Longfellow and others, in 1876, as it was then considered a danger to passing traffic.

Page 38. God's - ACRE. — Longfellow wrote an additional stanza, "which," he said, "I think improves the piece, and rounds it off more perfectly than before—the thought no longer resting on the cold furrow, but on the waving harvest beyond:—

Green gate of Paradise! let in the sun! Unclose thy portals, that we may behold Those fields elysian, where bright rivers run, As waving harvests bend like seas of gold."

This additional stanza was dropped when the poem was included in a volume.

Page 39. TO THE RIVER CHARLES.—The river which flows between Boston and Cambridge. The "three friends, all true and tried," were Charles Sumner, Charles Folsom, and Charles Amory.

Page 39. BLIND BARTIMEUS.—" Nov. 3, 1841.—I was reading this morning, just after breakfast, the tenth chapter of Mark, in Greek, the last seven verses of which contain the story of blind Bartimeus, and always seemed to me remarkable for their beauty. At once the whole scene presented itself to my mind in lively colours,-the walls of Jericho, the cold wind through the gate-way, the ragged, blind beggar, his shrill cry, the tumultuous crowd, the serene Christ, the miracle; and these things took the form I have given them. think I shall add to the title, 'supposed to be written by a monk of the Middle Ages,' as it is in the legend style."-[L.'s letter to a friend.]

Page 40. THE GORLET OF LIFE. -- Long-fellow first entitled this Fennel.

Page 42. EXCELSIOR. — This, perhaps Longlellow's most widely-known poem, was suggested to the poet by seeing the heading of a newspaper bearing the scal of the New York State—a shield with the rising sun, and the motto "Excelsior." To a correspondent who asked for his explanation of the poem, Longfellow wrote:—

"I have had the pleasure of receiving your note in regard to the poem Excelsior, and very willingly give you my intention in writing it. This was no more than to display, in a series of pictures, the life of a man of genius, resisting all temptations, laying aside all fears, heedless of all warnings, and pressing right on to accomplish his purpose. His motto is Excelsior— 'higher.' He passes through the Alpine village-through the rough, cold paths of the world-where the peasants cannot understand him, and where his watchword is in an 'unknown tongue.' He disregards the happiness of domestic peace and sees the glaciers-his fate-before him. He disregards the waining of the old man's wisdom and the fascinations of woman's He answers to all, 'Higher yet!' The monks of St. Bernard are the representatives of religious forms and ceremonies, and with their oft-repeated prayer mingles the sound of his voice, telling them there is something higher than forms and ceremonies. Filled with these aspirations, he perishes: without having reached the perfection he longed for; and the voice heard in the air is the promise of immortality and progress ever upward. You will perceive that Excelsior, an adjective of the comparative degree, is used adverbially; a use justified by the best Latin writers." Finding later that this was a mistake, he explained excelsior as the last word of the phrase Scopus meus est excelsior. "Dec. 8, 1846. -Looking over Brainard's poems, I find, in a piece called The Mocking-Bird, this

Mounts to the play-ground of the lark, high up

Quite to the sky. And then again it falls As a lost star falls down into the marsh.

Now, when in Excelsior I said,

A voice fell, like a falling star, Brainard's poem was not in my mind, nor

had I in all probability ever read it. Felton said at the time that the same image was in Euripides, or Pindar, I forget which. Of a truth, one cannot strike a spade into the soil of Parnassus, without disturbing the bones of some dead poet."—[L. in his Journal.] The poem was written on the back of a note from a friend, and the original MS. is preserved in the library of Harvard University.

Page 42. To WILLIAM E. CHANNING.—This was one of the anti-slavery poems written during the return voyage from Europe in 1842. Channing had died on October 2nd of the same year, so that, said Longfellow, "the poem addressed to him is no longer appropriate. I have decided, however, to let it remain as it was written, in testimony of my admiration for a great and good man."

Page 49. All the Foresters of Flanders.— The title of Foresters was given to the early governors of Flanders, appointed by the Kings of France.—[L.]

Page 49. Knights who bore the Fleece of Gold.—A famous Order established by Philippe de Bourgogne in 1430.

Page 49. I beheld proud Maximilian.—Son of the Emperor Frederick the Third, imprisoned by the burghers of Bruges, and only released on taking an oath that he would seek no vengeance on them for their rebellion.

Page 49. I Wheld the gentle Mary.— Mary de Valois, who went to Bruges as Countess of Flanders in 1477, and was in the same year married by proxy to the Archduke Maximilian.

Page 49. The bloody battle of the Spurs of Gold.—Fought between the French and Flemings outside Courtray on July 11, 1302.

Page 49. Saw the fight at Minnewater.— A fight between the inhabitants of Bruges and Ghent, consequent on the former attempting to cut a canal which would have injured the commerce of the latter.

Page 49. The Golden Dragon's nest.—The Golden Dragon, taken from the church of St. Sophia, at Constantinople, in one of the Crusades, and placed on the beliry of Bruges, was afterwards transported to Ghent by Philip van Artevelde, and still adorns the beliry of that city.—[L.]

Page 49. I am Roland.—The inscription on the alarm-bell at Ghent is, "Mynen naem is Roland; als ik klep is er brand, and als ik luy is er victorie in het land." My name is Roland; when I toll there is fire, and when I ring there is victory in the land.—[L.]

Page 50. THE ARSENAL AT SPRINGFIELD. -It was on his wedding journey that the poet found the inspiration which later resulted in this poem." "While Mr. Sumner was endeavouring to impress upon the attendant that the money expended upon these weapons of war would have been much better spent upon a great library, Mrs. Longfellow pleased her husband by remarking how like an organ looked the ranged and shining gun-barrels which covered the walls from floor to ceiling, and suggesting what mournful music Death would bring from them. 'We grew quite warlike against war,' she wrote, 'and I urged II. to write a peace poem."—Life of II. W. L., by Samuel Longfellow, ii. 2.

Page 52. Stretched its hand through every clime.—An old popular proverb of the town runs thus—

Nuremburg's Hand Goes through every land.—[L.]

Page 52. Sat the poet Melchior.—Melchior Pfinzing, a celebrated German sixteenth century poet, the hero of whose best known poem, Tenerdank, was the Emperor Maximilian.

Page 53. Wisest of the Twelve Wise Masters.—The Twelve Wise Masters was the title of the original corporation of the Mastersingers. Hans Sachs, the cobbler of Nuremberg, though not one of the original Twelve, was the most renowned of the Mastersingers, as well as the most voluminous. He flourished in the sixteenth century; and left behind him thirty-four folio volumes of manuscript, containing two hundred and eight plays, one thousand and seven hundred comic tales, and between four and five thousand lyric poems.—[L.]

Page 53. As in Adam Puschman's song.— Puschman, in his poem on the death of Sachs, describes him as he appeared in a vision:—

An old man,
Gray and white and dovelike,
Who had, in sooth, a great beard,
And read in a fair great book,
Beautiful with golden clasps.—[L.]

Page 57. The buried treasures of the miser, Time.—Some years after writing To a Child, Longfellow noted in his Journal that he had only then read for the first time Wordsworth's Ode on the Power of Sound, with its line, "All treasures hoarded by the miser, Time."

Page 59. THE OCCULTATION OF ORION.—Properly speaking, the "occultation" of a star is when it is hidden from our view by a planet. In explaining his error in applying to a constellation a word which could only be applied to a star, the poet said, "My observation is made from the hill of song, and not from that of science."

Page 60. THE BRIDGE.—First entitled The Bridge over the Charles.

Page 62. Who, unharmed, on his tusks once caught the bolts of the thunder .- "A delegation of warriors from the Delaware tribe having visited the governor of Virginia, during the Revolution, on matters of business, after these had been discussed and settled in council, the governor asked them some questions relative to their country, and, among others, what they knew or had heard of the animal whose bones were found at the Saltlicks on the Ohio. chief speaker immediately put himself into an attitude of oratory, and, with a pomp suited to what he conceived the elevation of his subject, informed him that it was a tradition handed down from their fathers, 'that in ancient times a herd of these tremendous animals came to the Big-bone licks, and began an universal destruction of the bear, deer, elks, buffaloes, and other animals which had been created for the use of the Indians: that the Great Man above, looking down and seeing this, was so enraged that he seized his lightning, descended on the earth, seated himself on a neighbouring mountain, on a rock of which his seat and the print of his feet are still to be seen, and hurled his bolts among them till the whole were slaughtered, except the big bull, who, presenting his forehead to the shafts, shook them off as they fell; but missing one at length, it wounded him in the side; whereon, springing round, he bounded over the Ohio, over the Wabash, the Illinois, and finally over the great lakes, where he is living at this day."—JEFFERson's Notes on Virginia, Query VI.-[L.]

Page 64. WALTER VON DER VOGELWEID.

One of the principal Minnesingers of the thirteenth century.

Page 66. THE OLD CLOCK ON THE STAIRS.—The home of Mrs. Longfellow's maternal grandfather in Pittsfield, Mass., now known as the Plunkett Mansion, is the house referred to in the opening stanza of this poem.

Page 68. MEZZO CAMMIN.—This sonnet was not published in *The Belfry of Bruges* volume, but is given here as belonging to the same period. It was written at Boppard on the Rhine, on August 25, 1842.

Page 69. Like imperial Charlemagne.—Charlemagne may be called by pre-eminence the monarch of farmers. According to the German tradition, in seasons of great abundance, his spirit crosses the Rhine on a golden bridge at Bingen, and blesses the cornfields and the vineyards. During his life-time he did not disdain, says Montesquieu, to sell the eggs from the farmyards of his domains, and the superfluous vegetables of his gardens; while he distributed among his people the wealth of the Lombards and the immense treasures of the Huns.—[L.]

Page 70. Acadie, home of the hapty.—L'Acadie, Cadie, Acadia, Accadia, or Arcadia—for by all these names has it been known—is now Nova Scotia. It was ceded to England by France in 1713; later, when the two countries were at war, the Acadians were suspected of helping the French—with whom their blood ties were strongest—and the Government ordered the forfeiture of all their property and their dispersal among the other colonies. •

Page 79. Tales of the Loup-garou in the forest—i.e., The wer-wolf.

Page 93. To braid St. Catherine's tresses.

—An "old maid" is described by a Norman saying as one who stays to do the hair of Saint Catherine.

Page 94. On the Acadian coast, etc.—Places on either side of the Mississippi where some hundreds of the dispossessed Acadians settled; the "coast" took its name from these settlers.

Page 116. THE BUILDING OF THE SHIP.

—The form of this poem was suggested by Schiller's Song of the Bell.

Page 120. Behold, at last, Each tall and tapering mast.—I wish to anticipate a criticism on this passage by stating that sometimes, though not usually, vessels are launched

fully sparred and rigged. I have availed myself of the exception as better suited to my purpose than the general rule; but the reader will see that it is neither a blunder nor a poetic license. On this subject a friend in Portland, Maine, writes me thus: - -"In this State, and also, I am told, in New York, ships are sometimes rigged upon the stocks, in order to save time, or to make There was a fine large ship launched last summer at Ellsworth, fully sparred and rigged. Some years ago a ship was launched here, with her rigging, spars, sails, and cargo aboard. She sailed the next day, and was never heard of again! I hope this will not be the fate of your poem!"-[L.]

Page 123. CHRYSAOR. — First entitled The Evening Star.

Page 124. Sir Humphrey Gilbert.— "When the wind abated and the vessels were near enough, the Admiral was seen constantly sitting in the stern, with a book in his hand. On the 9th of September he was seen for the last time, and was heard by the people of the *Hind* to say, 'We are as near heaven by sea as by land.' In the following night, the lights of the ship suddenly disappeared. The people in the other vessel kept a good look-out for him during the remainder of the voyage. On the 22nd of September they arrived, through much tempest and peril, at Falmouth. But nothing more was seen or heard of the Admiral."-BEL-KNAP'S American Biography, i. 203.—[L.]

Page 128. These severe afflictions.—
"Although affliction cometh not forth of the dust, neither doth trouble spring out of the ground."—Job v. 6.

Page 132. Witlaf, a king of the Saxons.—Witlaf, or Wiglaf, as the modern historians call him, was not a king of the Saxons, but of the Mercians, and one of the most formidable of Egbert's opponents.

Page 134. TEGNER'S DRAPA—i.e., Tegner's death-song. First entitled Tegner's Death. Esaias Tegner (1782-1846) was a famous Swedish poet.

Page 136. HYMN.—The brother was the Rev. Samuel Longfellow; later, the biographer of the poet.

Page 137. THE SONG OF HIAWATHA.— This Indian Edda—if I may so call it—is founded on a tradition, prevalent among the LO.

North American Indians, of a personage of miraculous birth, who was sent among them to clear their rivers, forests, and fishinggrounds, and to teach them the arts of peace. He was known among different tribes by the several names of Michabou, Chiabo, Manabozo, Tarenya-wagon, and Hiawatha. Mr. Schoolcraft gives an account of him in his Algic Researches, Vol. I. p. 134; and in his History, Condition, and Prospects of the Indian Tribes of the United States, Part III. p. 314, may be found the Iroquois form of the tradition, derived from the verbal narrations of an Onondaga chief. Into this old tradition I have woven other curious Indian legends, drawn chiefly from the various and valuable writings of Mr. Schoolcraft, to whom the literary world is greatly indebted for his indefatigable zeal in rescuing from oblivion so much of the legendary lore of the The scene of the poem is among Indians. the Ojibways on the southern shore of Lake Superior, in the region between the Pictured Rocks and the Grand Sable.

VOCABULARY.

Adjidau'mo, the red squirrel. Ahdeek', the reindeer. Ahkose'win, fever. Ahmeek', the beaver. Algon'quin, Ojihway. Annemee'kee, the thunder. Apuk'wa, a bulrush. Baim-wa'wa, the sound of the thunder. Bemah'gut, !he grape-vine. Be'na, the pheasant. Big-Sea-Water, Lake Superior. Bukada'win, famine. Cheemaun', a birch canoe. Chetowaik', the plover. Chibia'bos, a musician; friend of Hiawatha; ruler in the Land of Spirits. Dahin'da, the bull-frog. Dush-kwo-ne'she, or Kwo-ne'she, the dragon-fly. Esa, shame upon you. Ewa-yea', lullaby. Ghee'zis, the sun. Gitche Gu'mee, the Big Sea-Water, Lake Superior. Gitche Man'ito, the Great Spirit, the Master of Life.

Hiawa'tha, the Wise Man, the Teacher; son

Wenonah, daughter of Nokomis.

of Mudjekeewis, the West-Wind, and

Gushkewau', the darkness.

2 F 2

Ia'goo, a great boaster and story-teller. Mushkoda'sa, the grouse. Inin'ewug, men, or pawns in the Game of the Na'gow Wudj'oo, the Sind Dunes of Lake Superior. Bowl.Ishkoodah', fire; a comet. Nah'ma, the sturgeon. Jee'bi, a ghost, a spirit. Nah'ma-wusk, spearmint. Joss'akced, a prophet Nee-ba-naw'baigs, water spirits Kabibonok'ka, the North-Wind. Nenemoo'sha, sweetheart. Kagh, the hedgehog. Nepah'win, *sleep*. Ka'go, do not. Noko'mis, a grandmother; mother of Kangangee', the raven. Wenonah. No'so, my father. Kaw, *no*. Nush'ka, look! look! Kayoshk', the sca-gull. Kaween', no indeed. Odah'min, the strawberry. Okahah'wis, the fresh water herring. Kee'go, a fish. Keeway'din, the North-West Hand, the Ome'mee, the pigeon. Home-Wind. Ona'gon, *a bowl*. Kena'heek, a serpent. Onaway', awake. Keneu', the great war-eagle. Ope'chee, the robin. Keno'zha, the pukerel. Osse'o, Son of the Evening Star. Ko'ko-ko' ho, the ewl. Owais'sa, the bluebird. Kuntasoo', the Game of Plum-stones. Oweenee', wife of Ossev. Kwa'sınd, the Strong Man. Ozawa'heek, a round piece of brass or or Dush-kwo-ne'she, the copper in the Game of the Bowl. Kwo-ne'she, Pah'-puk kee'na, the grasshopper. dragon-fly. Mahnahbe'zee, the swan. Pau'guk, death. Pau-Puk-Kee'wis, the handsome Yenadizze, Mahng, the Toon. Mahn go-tay'see, loon-hearted brave. the Storm-Fool. Mahnomo'nee, wild rice. Pauwa'ting, Sault Sainte Marie. Ma'ma, the woodpecker. Pe'boan, Winter. Maskeno'zha, the pike. Pem'ican, meat of the deer or buffalo dried and pounded. Me'da, a medicinc-man. Pezheekee', the bison. Pishnekuh', the brant. Mecnah'ga, the blueberry. Megissog'won, the great Pearl-Feather, a magician and the Manito of Wealth. Pone'mah, hereafter. Pugasaing', Game of the Bowl. Meshinau'wa, *a pipe bearer*. Minjekah'wun, Hiawatha's mittens. Puggawau'gun, a war-club. Minneha'ha, Laughing Water; a waterfall Puk-Wudj'ies, little wild men of the woods; pygmies. on a stream running into the Mississippi, Sah' wa, the perch. between Fort Snelling and the Falls of St. Anthony. Sebowish'a, rapids. Minneha'ha, Laughing Water; wife of Segwun', Spring. Hiawatha. Sha'da, the pelican. Minne-wa'wa, a pleasant sound, as of the Shahbo'min, the gooseberry. wind in the trees. Shah-shah, long ago. Mishe-Mo'kwa, the Great Bear, Shaugoda'ya, a coward. Shawgashee', the crawfish. Mishe-Nah'ma, the Great Sturgeon. Miskodeed', the Spring Beauty, the Clay-Shawonda'see, the South-Wind. Shaw-shaw, the swallow. tonia Virginica. Monda'min, Indian corn. Shesh'ebwug, ducks; pieces in the Game of Moon of Bright Nights, April. the Bowl. Moon of Leaves, May. Shin'gebis, the diver or grebe. Moon of Strawberries, June. Showain' neme'shin, pity me. Moon of the Falling Leaves, September. Shuh-shuh'gah, the blue heron. Moon of Snow-Shoes, November. Soan-ge-ta'ha, strong-hearted. Mudjekee'wis, the West-Wind; father of Subbeka'she, the spider. Hiawatha. Sugge'ma, the mosquito. Mudway-aush'ka, sound of waves on a shore. To'tem, family coat-of-arms.

Ugh, yes. Ugudwash', the sun-fish. Unktahee', the God of Water. Wabas'so, the rabbit; the North. Wabe'no, a magician, a juggler. Wabe'no-wusk, varrow. Wasbun, the East-Wind. Wa'bun An'nung, the Star of the East, the Morning Star. Wahono'win, a cry of lamentation. Wah-wah-tay'see, the fire-fly. Wam'pum, beads of shell. Waubewy'on, a white skin wrapper. Wa'wa, the wild goose. Waw-beek, a rock. Waw-be-wa'wa, the white goose. Wawonais'sa, the whippoorwill. Way-muk-kwa'na, the caterpillar. Wen'digoes, gian/s. Weno'nah, Hiawatha's mother, daughter of Nokomis. Yenadiz'ze, an idler and gambler; an Indian dandy .-- [I..]

Page 137. In the vale of Tavasentha.— This valley, now called Norman's Kill, is in Albany County, New York. —[L.]

Page 138. On the mountains of the Prairie. - Mr. Catlin, in his North American Indians, Vol. II. p. 160, gives an interesting account of the Côteau des Prairies, and the Red Pipestone Quarry. He says:-" Here (according to their traditions) happened the mysterious birth of the red pipe, which has blown its fumes of peace and war to the remotest corners of the continent; which has visited every warrior, and passed through its reddened stem the irrevocable oath of war and desolation. And here, also, the peace-breathing calumet was born, and fringed with the eagle's quills, which has shed its thrilling fumes over the land, and soothed the fury of the relentless savage. The Great Spirit at an ancient period here called the Indian nations together, and, standing on the precipice of the red pipe stone rock, broke from its wall a piece, and made a huge pipe by turning it in his hand, which he smoked over them, and to the North, the South, the East, and the West, and told them that this stone was red—that it was their flesh that they must use it for their pipes of peace—that it belonged to them all, and that the war-club and scalping-knife must not be raised on its ground. At the last whiff of his pipe his head went into a great

cloud, and the whole surface of the rock for several miles was melted and giazed; two great ovens were opened beneath, and two women (guardian spirits of the placed entered them in a blaze of fire; and they are heard there yet (Tso-mec-cos-tee and Tso-mec-cos-te-won-dee), answering to the invocations of the high-priests or medicinemen, who consult them when they are visitors to the sacred place."—[L.]

Page 141. Hark you, Bear! you are a covard.—This aneedote is from Heckewelder. In his account of the Indian Nations, he describes an Indian hunter as addressing a bear in nearly these words. "I was present," he says, "at the delivery of this curious invective; when the hunter had despatched the bear, I asked him how he thought that poor animal could understand what he said to it. "Oh," said he in answer, "the bear understood me very well; did you not observe how ashaned he looked while I was upbraiding him?"—Trans. Imerican Philosophical Society, Vol. I. p. 240.—[L.]

Page 147. Hush! the Naked Bear willhear thee — Heckewelder, in a letter published in the Transactions of the American Philosophical Society, Vol. IV. p. 260, speaks of this tradition as prevalent among the Mohicans and Delawaies. "Their reports," he says, "run thus: that among all animals that had been formerly in this country, this was the most ferocious; that it was much larger than the largest of the common bears, and remarkably long-bodied; all over (except a spot of hair on its back of a white colour) . . . The history of this animal naked. used to be a subject of conversation among the Indians, especially when in the woods a-hunting. I have also heard them say to their children when crying: 'Hush! the naked bear will hear you, be upon you, and devour you.'"--[L.]

Page 153. Where the Falls of Minnehaha, etc.—"The scenery about Fort Snelling is rich in beauty. The Falls of St. Anthony are familiar to travellers, and to readers of Indian sketches. Between the fort and these falls are the 'Little Falls,' forty feet in height, on a stream that empties into the Mississippi. The Indians called them Mine-hah-hah, or 'laughing waters.'"—MRS. EASTMAN'S Ducotah, Introd. p. ii.—[L.]

Page 176. Sand Hills of the Nagow Wudioo. - A description of the Grand Sable, or - great sand dunes of Lake Superior, is given in Foster and Whitney's Geology of the Lake Superior Land District, Part II. p. 131 .-"The Grand Sable possesses a scenic interest little inferior to that of the Pictured Rocks. The explorer passes abruptly from a coast of consolidated sand to one of loose materials; and although in the one case the cliffs are less precipitous, yet in the other they attain a higher altitude. He sees before him a long reach of coast, resembling a vast sand bank, more than three hundred and fifty feet in height, without a trace of vegetation. Ascending to the top, rounded hillocks of blown sand are observed, with occasional clumps of trees, standing out like oases in the desert."--[L.]

Page 177. Onaway! Awake, beloved!—The original of this song may be found in Littell's Living Age, Vol. XXXV. p. 45.—[L.]

Page 178. Or the Red Swan floating. flying.—The fanciful tradition of the Red Swan may be found in Schoolcraft's Algu Researches, Vol. II. p. 9.—[L.]

Page 183. Il'hen I think of my betoved.

—The original of this song may be found in Oneota, p. 15.—[L.]

Page 184. Sing the mysteries of Mendamin.-The Indians hold the maize, or Indian corn, in great veneration. "They esteem it so important and divine a grain, says Schoolcraft, "that their story-tellers invented various tales, in which this idea is symbolized under the form of a special gift from the Great Spirit. The Odjibwa-Algonquins, who call it Mon-da-min, that is, this Spirit's grain or berry, have a pretty story of the kind, in which the stalk in full tassel is represented as descending from the sky, under the guise of a handsome youth, in answer to the prayers of a young man at his fast of virility, or coming to manhood. It is well known that corn-planting and corn-gathering, at least among all the still uncolonized tribes, are left entirely to the females and children, and a few superannuated old men. It is not generally known, perhaps, that this labour is not compulsory, and that it is assumed by the females as a just equivalent, in their view, for the onerous and continuous labour of the other sex, in providing meats, and skins for clothing, by

the chase, and in defending their villages against their enemies, and keeping intrudets off their territories. A good Indian housewife deems this a part of her prerogative, and prides herself to have a store of corn to exercise her hospitality, or duly honour her husband's hospitality in the entertainment of the lodge guests."—Oncota, p. 82.—[L.]

Page 184. Thus the fields shall be more fruitful. - "A singular proof of this belief, in both sexes, of the mysterious influence of the steps of a woman on the vegetable and insect creation, is found in an ancient custom, which was related to me, respecting corn-planting. It was the practice of the hunter's wife, when the field of corn had been planted, to choose the first dark or overclouded evening to perform a secret circuit, sans habillement, around the field. For this purpose she slipped out of the lodge in the evening, unobserved, to some obscure nook, where she completely dis-Then, taking her matchecota, or principal garment, in one hand, she dragged it around the field. This was thought to insure a prolific crop, and to prevent the assaults of insects and worms upon the grain. It was supposed they could not creep over the charmed line."-Onebta, p. 83.-[L.]

Page 186. With his prisoner-string he bound him.—"These coids," says Mr. Tanner, "are made of the bark of the clm-tree, by boiling and then immersing it in cold water. . . . The leader of a war party commonly carries several fastened about his waist, and if, in the course of the fight, any one of his young men takes a prisoner, it is his duty to bring him immediately to the chief, to be tied, and the latter is responsible for his safe keeping."—Captivity and Adventures, p. 412.—[L.]

Page 187. Wagemin, the thief of cornfields, Paimosaid, who steals the maize-ear.—"If one of the young female huskers finds a red ear of corn, it is typical of a brave admirer, and is regarded as a fitting present to some young warrior. But if the ear be crooked, and tapering to a point, no matter what colour, the whole circle is set in a roar, and wa-ge-min is the word shouted aloud. It is the symbol of a thief in the cornfield. It is considered as the image of an old man stooping as he enters the lot. Had the chisel of Praxiteles been employed.

to produce this image, it could not more vividly bring to the minds of the merry group the idea of a pilferer of their favourite mondamin. . . . The literal meaning of the term is, a mass, or crooked ear of grain; but the ear of corn so called is a conventional type of a little old man pilfering ears of corn in a cornfield. It is in this manner that a single word or term, in these curious languages, becomes the fruitful parent of many ideas. And we can thus perceive why it is that the word wagemin is alone competent to excite merriment in the husking This term is taken as a basis of circle. the cereal chorus, or corn song, as sung by the Northern Algonquin tribes. coupled with the phrase Paimosaid-a permutative form of the Indian substantive, made from the verb pim-o-sa, to walk. Its literal meaning is he who walks, or the walker; but the ideas conveyed by it are, he who walks by night to pilfer corn. offers, therefore, a kind of parallelism in expression to the preceding term."-Onedta, p. 254.—[L.]

Page 194. Pugasaing, with thirteen pieces. -This Game of the Bowl is the principal game of hazard among the Northern tribes of Indians. Mr. Schoolcraft gives a particular account of it in Onedta, p. 85. 'This game," he says, "is very fascinating to some portions of the Indians. They stake at it their ornaments, weapons, clothing, canoes, horses, everything in fact they possess; and have been known, it is said, to set up their wives and children, and even to forfeit their own liberty. such desperate stakes I have seen no examples, nor do I think the game itself in common use. It is rather confined to certain persons, who hold the relative rank of gamblers in Indian society-men who are not noted as hunters or warriors, or steady providers for their families. Among these are persons who bear the term of Ienadizzewug, that is, wanderers about the country, braggadocios, or fops. It can hardly be classed with the popular games of amusement, by which skill and dexterity are acquired. I have generally found the chiefs and graver men of the tribes, who encouraged the young men to play ball, and are sure to be present at the customary sports, to witness, and sanction, and applaud them, speak lightly and disparagingly of this game of hazard. Yet it cannot be denied that some of the chiefs, distinguished in war and the chase, at the West, can be referred to as lending their example to its fascinating power." See also his *History*, Conditions, and Prospects of the Indian Tribes, Part II. p. 72.—[L.]

Page 202. To the Pictured Rocks of sandstone. The reader will find a long description of the Pictured Rocks in Foster and Whitney's Geology of the Lake Superior Land District, Part II. p. 124. From this I make the following extract:-"The Pictured Rocks may be described, in general terms, as a series of sandstone bluffs extending along the shore of Lake Superior for about five miles, and rising, in most places, vertically from the water, without any beach at the base, to a height varying from fifty to nearly two hundred feet. Were they simply a line of cliffs, they might not, so far as relates to height or extent, be worthy of a rank among great natural curiosities, although such an assemblage of rocky strata, washed by the waves of the great lake, would not, under any circumstances, be destitute of grandeur. To the voyager, coasting along their base in his frail canoc. they would, at all times, be an object of dread; the recoil of the surf, the rockbound coast, affording for miles no place of refuge-the lowering sky, the rising wind —all these would excite his apprehension. and induce him to ply a vigorous oar until the dreaded wall was passed. But in the Pictured Rocks there are two features which communicate to the scenery a wonderful and almost unique character. These are, first, the curious manner in which the cliffs have been excavated and worn away by the action of the lake, which for centuries has dashed an ocean-like surf against their base; and, second, the equally curious manner in which large portions of the surface have been coloured by bands of brilliant It is from the latter circumstance that the name, by which these cliffs are known to the American traveller, is derived; while that applied to them by the French voyageurs ('Les Portails') is derived from the former, and by far the most striking peculiarity. The term Pictured Rocks has been in use for a great length of time; but when it was first applied we have been vunable to discover. It would seem that the first travellers were more impressed with the novel and striking distribution of colours on the surface than with the

astonishing variety of form into which the cliffs themselves have been worn. . . . Our voyageurs had many legends to relate of the pranks of the *Menni-bojou* in these caverns, and, in answer to our inquiries, seemed disposed to fabricate stories without end of the achievements of this Indian deity."—[L.]

Page 214. Toward the sun his hands were lifted.—In this manner, and with salutations, was Father Marquette received by the Illinoir. See his Voyages et Découvertes, Section V.—[L.]

Page 220. The Puritan maiden Priscilla.

—Priscilla Molines, or Mullines, with her father, mother, and brother, was among the Pilgrims of the Mayflower. All her relatives died during the first winter in the New World. Later, she married John Alden, and became one of the ancestors of Longfellow.

Page 224. The May-flowers blooming around him.—The Mayflower of New England, Epigea repens, is the trailing arbutus, and is supposed to have been given the name by the immigrants after the vessel in which they had journeyed. The vessel, of course, took its name from the English Mayflower, or hawthom.

Page 252. TALES OF A WAYSIDE INN. -Writing to a correspondent, the poet said: "The Wayside Inn has more foundation in fact than you may suppose. The town of Sudbury is about twenty miles from Cambridge. Some two hundred years ago, an English family by the name of Howe built there a country, house, which has remained in the family down to the present time, the last of the race dying but two years ago. Losing their fortune, they became inn-keepers; and for a century the Red-Horse Inn has flourished, going down from father to son. The place is just as I have described it, though no longer an inn. All this will account for the landlord's coat-of-arms, and his being a justice of the peace, and his being known as 'the Squire'—things that must sound strange in English ears. the characters are real. The musician is Ole Bull; the Spanish Jew, Israel Edrehi, whom I have seen as I have painted him, etc., etc." The "etc." were the poet, Mr. T. W. Parsons; the Sicilian, Signor Luigi Monti; the theologian, Professor Daniel Treadwell; the student, Mr. Henry Ware

Wales, a scholar of promise, who died young, bequeathing a valuable collection of books to Harvard College. The "inn" was an actual one, and Longfellow first named the collection of poems *The Sudbury Tales*.

Page 253. By the great Major Molineaux.

—The lines engraved on the window of the Sudbury inn by Major William Molineux, jun., on June 24, 1774, run:—

What do you think? Here is good diink, Perhaps you may not know it; If not in haste, Do stop and taste! You merry folk will show it.

Nathaniel Hawthorne wrote a tale entitled My Kinsman, Major Molineux.

Page 257. PAUL REVERE'S RIDE.—For a discussion of the historical "ride," see Memorial History of Boston, III. 101.

Page 262. THE FALCON OF SER FEDERIGO. - This story, from Boccaccio's Decameron (ninth tale, fifth day), is also found in other of the old writers. Tennysor retold the same story in his dramatic poen The Falcon.

Page 273. KING ROBERT OF SICILY.— This story has been told in many forms, in the Gesta Romanorum, and in Hindoo legends. Longfellow seems to have taken it from Leigh Hunt's Jar of Haney from Mount Hybla.

Page 316. TORQUEMADA.—Longfellow wrote of this poem, "A dismal story of fanaticism; but in its main points historic. See De Castro, *Protestantes Espanoles*, p. 310."

Page 322. THE BIRDS OF KILLING-WORTH.—Killingworth is a town in Connecticut; the name is a corruption of Kenilworth. Longfellow invented the beautiful story, simply basing it upon an annual custom in the town of holding a bird-killing competition aimed at the extinction of birds believed to be harmful to the corn.

Page 378. CHARLEMAGNE.—" May 12, 1872.—Wrote a short poem on Charlemagne from a story in an old chronicle, De Factis Caroli Magni, quoted by Canti, Storia degli Italiani, II. 122."—[L.'s Journal.]

Page 387. ELIZABETH.—Founded on a prose tale, *The Youthful Emigrant*, by Lydia Maria Child.

Page 405. THE MOTHER'S GHOST.-Founded on a Danish ballad

Page 414. THE LADDER OF ST. AUGUSTINE.—The words of St. Augustine are, "De vitiis nostris scalam nobis facinus, si vitia ipsa calcamus."—Sermon III. De Avensione.—[L.]

Page 415. In Mather's Magnalia Christi
-Book I. chap. vi.

Page 420. And the Emperor but a Macho!
—Macho, in Spanish, signifies a mule.
Golondrina is the feminine form for Golondrina, a swallow, and also a cant name for a deserter.—[L.]

Page 421. THE TWO ANGELS. -Written on the occasion of the birth of a daughter to the poet, and the death of the young and beautiful wife of James Russell Lowell.

Page 424. OLIVER BASSELIN. Oliver Basselin, the "Pére joyeux de Vaudeville," flourished in the fifteenth century, and gave to his convivial songs the name of his native valleys, in which he sang them, Vaux-de-Vire. This name was afterwards orrupted into the modern Vaudeville.

Page 425. VICTOR GALBRAITH.—Victor Galbraith was a bugler in a company of volunteer cavalry, and was shot in Mexico for some breach of discipline. It is a common superstition among soldiers, that no balls will kill them unless their names are written on them. The old proverb says: "Every bullet has its billet."—[L.]

Page 428. I remember the sea-fight faraway.—This was the engagement between the Enterprise and Boxer off the harbour of Portland, in which both captains were slain. They were buried side by side in the cemetery on Mountjoy.—[L.] The Enterprise was an American, and the Boxer an English brig, and the fight took place in 1813, the Enterprise proving the victor and taking the captive vessel into Portland harbour, from which the contest had been viewed by the inhabitants.

Page 433. SANTA FILOMENA.—"At Pisa, the church of San Francisco contains a chapel dedicated lately to Santa Filomena; over the altar is a picture, by Sabatelli, representing

the Saint as a beautiful, nymph-like figure, floating down from heaven, attended by two angels bearing the lily, palm, and javelm, and beneath, in the foreground, the sick and maimed, who are healed by her intercession."—MRS. JAMESON, Sacred and Legendary Art, II. 298.—[L.] Santa Filomena was meant in its modern application for Miss Florence Nightingale.

Page 437. SANDALPHON.—See Stehelin's Traditions of the Jews.

Page 454. THE LERONS OF ELMWOOD.—Elmwood was the home of Longfellow's neighbour, friend, and fellow-poet, James Russell Lowell.

Page 459. VITTORIA COLONNA.—Vittoria Colonna, on the death of her husband, the Marchese di Pescara, retired to her castle at Ischia (Maruné), and there wrote the Ode upon his death which gained her the title of Divine.—[L.]

Page 460. THE REVENGE OF RAIN-IN-THE-FACE.—General Custer, "the White Chief with yellow hair," was surprised by the Sioux on June 25, 1876, and, with his entire force, put to death.

Page 461. THE EMPEROR'S GLOVE.—
"Combien faudrait-il de peaux d'Espagne
pour faire un gant de cette grandeur?"
A play upon the words gant, a glove, and
Gand, the French for Ghent.—[L.]

Page 468. THE WHITE CZAR.—The White Czar is Peter the Great. Batyushka, Father dear, and Gosudar, Sovereign, are titles the Russian people are fond of giving to the Czar in their popular songs.—[L.]

Page 472. HAWTHORNE.—Written after the poet had attended the funeral of Nathaniel Hawthorne at the beautiful cemetery of Sleepy Hollow, Concord.

Page 479. DIVINA COMMEDIA.—These six sonnets were written while the poet was engaged in translating Dante's great work, and two prefaced each of the three sections of the Commedia.

Page 486. MORITURI SALUTAMUS.—
"We who are about to die, salute you."

Page 494. THREE FRIENDS OF MINE.—Cornelius Felton, President of Harvard; Agassiz, the famous scientist; and Charles Sumner, one of the most notable of American statesmen.

Page 500. Here lies the gentle humorist —i.e., Washington Irving.

Page 502. PARKER CLEAVELAND.—A distinguished naturalist, who was senior professor when Longfellow was at Bowdoin College.

Page 508. WAPENTAKE.—"When any came to take the government of the Hundred or Wapentake in a day and place appointed, as they were accustomed to meete, all the better sort met him with lances, and he alighting from his horse, all rise up to him, and he setting or holding his lance upright, all the rest come with their lances, according to the auncient custome in confirming league and publike peace and obedience, and touch his lance or weapon, and thereof called Wapentake, for the Saxon or old English wapun is weapon, and tac, tactus, a touching, thereby this meeting called Wapentake, or touching of weapon, because that by that signe and ceremonie of touching weapon or the lance, they were sworne and confederate."-Master Lamberd in Minshew. -[L.]

Page 524. THE IBON PEN.—The pen was made of a piece of iron from Bonnivard's prison at Chillon, and the handle of wood from the old American frigate Constitution, and was bound with gold, in which were set three precious stones from Maine, Ceylon, and Siberia.

Page 540. THE CHILDREN'S CRUSADE.

—The "Children's Crusade" was an event of 1212, when it is said that an army of about 20,000 children, mostly boys, set out from Cologne for the Holy Land, under the leadership of a boy of ten. The "army" was reduced to about seven thousand when it reached Genoa, where it was hoped that the sea would divide, and allow the pilgrims to pass dryshod to Palestine. Only two ship-loads reached Pisa to embark, so the story runs, the rest wandering back to Germany.

Page 543. So the Hexameter, rising and singing, etc.—In his diary, under date of February 24, 1847, Longfellow wrote:—

"Walking down to Felton's this morning, seduced by the magnetic influence of the air and the approach to classic ground, I composed the following, a pendant to Schiller's:—

In Hexameter headlong the cataract plunges, In Pentameter up whirls the eddying mist, In my afternoon's walk I changed it and added three more.

I.

 In Hexameter plunges the headlong cataract downward,
 In Pentameter up whirls the eddying mist,

11.

In Hexameter rolls sonorous the peal of the organ;
In Pentameter soft rises the chant of the chou.

111

In Hexameter gallops delighted a beggar on horseback;In Pentameter, whack! tumbles he off of his

.

steed.

In Hexameter sings serenely a Harvard Professor;
In Pentameter him damns censorious Poe,"

Page 545. IIERMES TRISMEGISTUS.—
This poem was headed by the following motto from Iamblichus:—"As Seleucus narrates, Hermes describes the principles that rank as wholes in two myriads of books; or, as we are informed by Manetho, he perfectly unfolded these principles in three myriads six thousand five hundred and twenty-five volumes. . . . Our ancestors dedicated the inventions of their wisdom to this deity, inscribing all their own writings with the name of Hermes."

Page 550. THE BELLS OF SAN BLAS.— This was the last poem Longfellow wrote. It was finished nine days before his death.

Page 553. COPLAS DE MANRIQUE.—This poem of Manrique is a great favourite in Spain. No less than four poetic Glosses, or running commentaries, upon it have been published, no one of which, however, possesses great poetic merit. That of the Carthusian monk, Rodrigo de Valdepeñas, is the best. It is known as the Glosa del Cartujo. There is also a prose Commentary by Luis de Aranda. The following stanzas of the poem were found in the author's pocket, after his death on the field of battle:—

O World! so few the years we live, Would that the life which thou dost give Were life indeed! Alas! thy sorrows fall so fast, Our happiest hour is when at last The soul is freed.

Our days are covered o'er with grief, And sorrows neither few nor brief Veil all in gloom; Left desolate of real good, Within this cheerless solitude No pleasures bloom.

Thy pilgrimage begins in tears, And ends in bitter doubts and fears, Or dark despair; Midway so many toils appear, That he who lingers longest here Knows most of care.

Thy goods are bought with many a groan, By the hot sweat of toil alone, And weary hearts; Fleet-footed is the approach of woe, But with a lingering step and slow lits form departs.—[L.].

THE CHILDREN OF THE Page 574. LORD'S SUPPER. — When this poem was first published, the introduction to the volume in which it was included contained this note: "There is one poem in this volume to which a few introductory remarks may be It is The Children of the Lord's Supper, from the Swedish of Bishop Tegnér, a poem which enjoys no inconsiderable reputation in the North of Europe, and for its beauty and simplicity merits the attention of English readers. It is an Idyl, descriptive of scenes in a Swedish village, and belongs to the same class of poems as the Luise of Voss and the Hermann und Dorothea of Goethe. But the Swedish poet has been guided by a surer taste than his German predecessors. His tone is pure and elevated, and he rarely, if ever, mistakes what is trivial for what is simple.

Page 575. The Feast of the Leafy Pavilions. — In Swedish, Löfhyddohögtiden, the Leafhuts'-high-tide. —[L.]

Page 575. Hörberg.—The peasant-painter of Sweden. He is known chiefly by his altar-pieces in the village churches.—[L.]

Page 576. Wallin. — A distinguished pulpit-orator and poet. He is particularly remarkable for the beauty and sublimity of his psalms.—[L.]

Page 586. Nils Juel gave heed to the tempest's roar.—Nils Juel was a celebrated Danish Admiral, and Peder Wessel a Vice-Admiral, who for his great prowess received the popular title of Tordenskiold, or Thundershield. In childhood he was a tailor's apprentice, and rose to his high rank before he was twenty-eight, when he was killed in a duel.

Page 587. THE ELECTED KNIGHT.— This strange and somewhat mystical ballad is from Nyerup and Rahbek's Danske Viser fra Middelalderen. It seems to refer to the first preaching of Christianity in the North, and to the institution of Knight-Errantry. The three maidens I suppose to be Faith, Hope, and Charity. The irregularities of the original have been carefully preserved in the translation.—[L.]

Page 613. THE BLIND GIRL OF CASTEL CUILIE ... "September 30, 1849.—I think I shall translate Jasmin's Blind Girl of Castel Cuille—a beautiful poem, unknown to English ears and hearts, but well deserving to be made known."-[L.'s Journal.] "Jasmin, the author of this beautiful poem, is to the South of France what Burns is to the South of Scotland -the representative of the heart of the people-one of those happy bards who are born with their mouths full of birds (la bouco pleno d' aouzelous). He has written his own biography in a poetic form, and the simple narrative of his poverty, his struggles, and his triumphs is very touching."-[1..] Jasmin died in 1864; a biography of him by Dr. Samuel Smiles was published in 1891.

Page 634. SEVEN SONNETS AND A CANZONE.—These were originally prefaced by Longfellow as follows:—"The following translations are from the poems of Michael Angelo as revised by his nephew, Michael Angelo the Younger, and were made before the publication of the original text by Guasti."

Page 649. THE SPANISH STUDENT.— This originally appeared in *Graham's Magazine*, September-November, 1842. In the following year it was issued as a book, with this motto from Burns on the title-page—

What's done we partly may compute, But know not what's resisted,

and with the following brief preface:-

"The subject of the following play is taken in part from the beautiful tale of Cervantes, La Gitanilla. To this source, however, I am indebted for the main incident only, the love of a Spanish student for a Gypsy girl, and the name of the heroine, Preciosa. I have not followed the story in any of its details.

"In Spain this subject has been twice handled dramatically; first by Juan Perez de Montalvan, in *La Gitanilla*, and afterwards by Antonio de Solis y Rivadeneira

in La Gitavilla de Madrid.

"The same subject has also been made use of by Thomas Middleton, an English dramatist of the seventeenth century. His play is called *The Spanish Gypsy*. The main plot is the same as in the Spanish pieces; but there runs through it a tragic underplot of the loves of Rodrigo and Doña Clara, which is taken from another tale of Cervantes, La Fuerza de la Sangre.

"The reader who is acquainted with La Gitanilla of Cervantes, and the plays of Montalvan, Solis, and Middleton, will perceive that my treatment of the subject

differs entirely from theirs."

Page 649. As Lope says:-

La cólera
De un Español sentado no se templa,
Sino le representan en dos horas
Hasta el final juicio desde el Génesis.
LOPE DE VEGA.—[L.]

Page 650. Abernuncio Satanas!—"Digo, Señora, respondió, Sancho, lo que tengo dicho, que de los azotes abernuncio. Abrenuncio, habeis de decir, Sancho, y no como decis, dijo el Duque."—Don Quixote, Part II. ch. 35.—[L.]

Page 655. Fray Carrillo.—The allusion here is to a Spanish Epigram.

Siempre Fray Carrillo estás Cansándonos acá fuera; Quien en tu celda estuviera Para no verte jamas!

Böni. de Faber, Floresta, No. 611.-[L.]

Page 655. Padre Francisco. —This is from an Italian popular song.

"Padre Francesco,"
Padre Francesco!"

-Cosa volete del Padre Francesco?

"Vè una bella ragazzina
Che si vuole confessar!"
Fatte! entrare, fatte! entrare!

Che la voglio confessare.

KOPISCH, Volkthümliche Poesien aus allen
Mundarten Italiens and seiner Inseln, p. 194.

[L.]

Page 656. Ave! cujus calcem clare.— From a monkish hymn of the twelfth century, in Sir Alexander Croke's Essay on Rhyming Latin Verse, p. 109.—[L.]

Page 660. The gold of the Busné.—Busné is the name given by the Gypsies to all who are not of their race.—[L.]

Page 660. Count of the Calls. — The Gypsies call themselves Calés. See Borrow's valuable and extremely interesting work, The Zincali.—[L.]

Page 662. Asks if his money-bags would rise.—"? Y volviéndome a un lado, ví à un Avariento, que estaba preguntando à otro, (que por haber sido embalsamado, y estar léxos sus tripas no hablaba, porque no habian llegado si habian de resucitar aquel dia todos los enterrados) si resucitarian unos bolsones suyos?"—El Sueño de las Calaveras.—[L.]

Page 662. And amen! said my Cid Campeador.—A line from the ancient Poema del Cid.

Amen, dixo Mio Cid el Campeador. Line 3044.--[L.]

Page 662. The river of his thoughts.—
This expression is from Dante:—

Si che chiaro Per essa scenda della mente il fiume.

Byron has likewise used the expression.

—[L.] See *The Dream*, line 57.

Page 663. Mari Franca.—A common Spanish proverb, used to turn aside a question one does not wish to answer:—

Porque casó Mari Franca Quatro leguas de Salamanca.—[L.]

Page 663. Ay, soft, emerald eyes.—The Spaniards, with good reason, consider this colour of the eye as beautiful, and celebrate it in song; as, for example, in the well-known Villancico:—

Ay ojuelos verdes, Ay los mis ojuelos, Ay hagan los cielos Que de mi te acuerdes i

Tengo confianza De mis verdes ojos. BOHL DE FABER, Floresta, No. 255.

Dante speaks of Beatrice's eyes as emeralds.—Purgatorio, xxxi. 115. Lami says, in his Annotazioni, "Erano i suoi occhi d' un turchino verdiccio, simile a quel del mare."—[L.]

Page 664. The Avenging Child. - See the ancient Ballads of El Infante Vengador, and Calaynos. --[L.]

Page 664 All are sleeping.—From the Spanish.—BOHL DE FABER, Floresta, No. 282.—[L.]

Page 670. Good night. — From the Spanish; as are likewise the songs immediately following, and that which commences the first scene of Act III. (by Lopez Maldonado).—[L.]

Page 677. The evil eye. - " In the Gitano language, casting the evil eye is called Ouerelar nausla, which simply means making sick, and which, according to the common superstition, is accomplished by casting an evil look at people, especially children, who, from the tenderness of their constitution, are supposed to be more easily blighted than those of a more mature age. After receiving the evil glance, they fall

sick, and die in a few hours.

"The Spaniards have very little to say respecting the evil eye, though the belief in it is very prevalent, especially in Andalusia, amongst the lower orders. A stag's horn is considered a good safeguard, and on that account a small horn, dipped with silver, is frequently attached to the children's necks by means of a cord braided from the hair of a black mare's tale. Should the evil glance be cast, it is imagined that the horn receives it, and instantly snaps asunder. Such horns may be purchased in some of the silversmiths' shops at Seville."-Borwow's Zincali, Vol. I. ch. 9.—[L.]

Page 678. On the top of a mountain Istand. - This and the following scraps of song are from Borrow's Zincali. Gypsy words in the same scene may be thus interpreted: - John-Dorados, pieces of gold; Pigeon, a simpleton; In your morocco, stripped; Doves, sheets; Moon, a shirt; Chirelin, a thief; Murcigalleros, those who steal at nightfall; Rastilleros, footpads; Hermit, a highway robber; Planets, candles; Commandments, the fingers; St. Martin asleep, to rob a person asleep; Lanterns, eyes; Goblin, police officer; Papagayo, a spy; Vineyards and Dancing John, to take flight.—[L.]

Page 682. If thou art sleeping, maiden. From the Spanish; as is likewise the song of the Contrabandista on page 683.—[L.]

Page 684. THE MASQUE OF PANDORA. -This was adapted for the stage, set to music by Mr. Alfred Cellier, and produced at the Boston Theatre in 1881.

Page 737. THE GOLDEN LEGEND.—The old Legenda Aurea, or Golden Legend, was originally written in Latin, in the thirteenth century, by Jacobus de Voragine, a Dominican friar, who afterwards became Archbishop of Genoa, and died in 1292. He called his book simply Legends of the Saints. The epithet of Golden was given it by his admirers; for, as Wynkin de Worde says, "Like as passeth gold in value all other metals, so this Legend exceedeth all other books." But Edward Leigh, in much distress of mind, calls it "a book written by a man of a leaden heart for the basenesse of the errours, that are without wit or reason, and of a brazen forehead, for his impudent boldnesse in reporting things so fabulous and incredible." This work, the great text-book of the legendary lore of the Middle Ages, was translated into French in the fourteenth century by Jean de Vignay, and in the fifteenth into English by William Caxton, It has lately been made more accessible by a new French translation: La Legende Dorle, traduite du Latin, par M. G. B. Paris, 1850. There is a copy of the original, with the Gesta Longobardorum appended, in the Harvard College Library, Cambridge, printed at Strasburg, 1496. The title-page is wanting; and the volume begins with the Tabula Legendorum. I have called this poem the Golden Legend, because the story upon which it is founded seems to me to surpass all other legends in beauty and significance. It exhibits, amid the corruptions of the Middle Ages, the virtue of disinterestedness and self-sacrifice, and the power of Faith, Hope, and Charity, sufficient for all the exigencies of life and death. The story is told, and perhaps invented, by Haitmann von der Aue, a Minnesinger of the twelfth century. The original may be found in Mailath's Altdeutsche Gedichte, with a modern German version. There is another in Marbach's Volksbilcher, No. 32.—[L.]

Page 738. For these bells have been anointed, And baptized with holy water !-The consecration and baptism of bells is one of the most curious ceremonies of the Church in the Middle Ages. The Council of Cologne ordained as follows: -"Let the bells be blessed, as the trumpets of the Church militant, by which the people are assembled to hear the word of God; the clergy to announce his mercy by day, and his truth in their nocturnal vigils: that by their sound the faithful may be invited to prayers, and that the spirit of devotion in them may be increased. The fathers have also maintained that demons, affrighted by the sound of bells calling Christians to prayers, would flee away; and when they fled, the persons of the faithful would be secure: that the

destruction of lightnings and whirlwinds would be averted, and the spirits of the storm defeated."—Edinburgh Encyclopædia, Art. "Bells." See also Scheible's Kloster, VI. 776.—[L.]

Page 749. It is the malediction of Evel—"Nec esses plus quam femina, quæ nunc etiam viros transcendis, et quæ maledictionem Evæ in benedictionem vertisti Mariæ."—Epistola Abelardi Heloissæ.—
[L.]

Page 757. To come back to my text!—In giving this sermon of Friar Cuthbert as a specimen of the Risus Paschales, or street-preaching of the monks at Easter, I have exaggerated nothing. This very anecdote, offensive as it is, comes from a discourse of Father Barletta, a Dominican friar of the fifteenth century, whose fame as a popular preacher was so great that it gave rise to the proverb—

Nescit predicare Qui nescit Barlettare.

"Among the abuses introduced in this century," says Tiraboschi, "was that of exciting from the pulpit the laughter of the hearers; as if that were the same thing as converting them. We have examples of this, not only in Italy, but also in France, where the sermons of Menot and Maillard, and of others, who would make a better appearance on the stage than in the pulpit, are still celebrated for such follies."

If the reader is curious to see how far the freedom of speech was carried in these popular sermons, he is referred to Scheible's Kloster, Vol. I., where he will find extracts from Abraham a Sancta Clara, Sebastian Frank, and others; and in particular an anonymous discourse called Der Gräuel der Verwitstung, The Abomination of Desolation, preached at Ottakring, a village west of Vienna, November 25, 1782, in which the license of language is carried to its utmost limit. See also Prédicatoriana, ou Révélations singulières et amusantes sur les Prédicateurs; par G. P. Philomneste. This work contains extracts (Menin.) from the popular sermons of St. Vincent Ferrier, Barletta, Menot, Maillard, Marini, Raulin, Valladier, De Besse, Camus, Père André, Bening, and the most eloquent of all, Jacques Brydaine. My authority for the spiritual interpretation of bell-ringing, which follows, is Durandus, Ration. Divin. Offic., Lib. I. cap. 4.—[L.]

Page 759. THE NATIVITY: a Miracle-Play.—A singular chapter in the history of the Middle Ages is that which gives account of the early Christian Drama, the Mysteries, Moralities, and Miracle Plays, which were at first performed in churches, and afterwards in the streets, on fixed or movable stages. For the most part, the Mysteries were founded on the historic portions of the Old and New Testaments, and the Miracle-Plays on the lives of Saints; a distinction not always observed, however, for in Mr. Wright's Early Mysteries and other Latin Poems of the Twelfth and Thirteenth Centuries, the Resurrection of Lazarus is called a Miracle, and not a Mystery. The Moralities were plays in which the Virtues and Vices were personified. The earliest religious play which has been preserved is the Christos Paschon of Gregory Nazianzen, written in Greek, in the fourth century. Next to this come the remarkable Latin plays of Roswitha, the Nun of Gandersheim, in the tenth century, which, though crude and wanting in artistic construction, are marked by a good deal of dramatic power and interest. A handsome edition of these plays, with a French translation, has been lately published, entitled Theatre de Rotsvitha, Religieuse allemande du Xº Par Charles Magnin. Paris, Siècle. The most important collections of English Mysteries and Miracle-Plays are those known as the Townley, the Chester, and the Coventry Plays. The first of these collections has been published by the Surtees Society, and the other two by the Shakespeare Society. In his Introduction to the Coventry Mysteries, the editor, Mr. Halliwell, quotes the following passage from Dugdale's Antiquities of Warwickshire:-"Before the suppression of the monasteries, this city was very famous for the pageants, that were played therein, upon Corpus - Christi day; which, occasioning very great confluence of people thither, from far and near, was of no small benefit thereto; which pageants being acted with mighty state and reverence by the friars of this house had theaters for the severall scenes, very large and high, placed upon wheels, and drawn to all the eminent parts of the city, for the better advantage of spectators; and contain'd the story of the New Testament, composed into old English Rithme, as appeareth by an ancient MS. intituled Ludus Corporis Christi, or

Ludus Conventria. I have been told by some old people, who in their younger years were eye-witnesses of these pageants so acted, that the yearly confluence of people to see that shew was extraordinary great, and yielded no small advantage to this city." The representation of religious plays has not yet been wholly discontinued by the Roman Church. At Ober-Ammergau, in the Tyrol, a grand spectacle of this kind is exhibited once in ten years. very graphic description of that which took place in the year 1850 is given by Miss Anna Mary Howitt, in her Ari-Student in Munich, Vol. I. chap 4. Mr. Bayard Taylor, in his Eldorado, gives a description of a Mystery he saw performed at San Lionel, in Mexico. See Vol. II., chap. 11. In 1852 there was a representation of this kind by Germans in Boston: and I have now before me the copy of a play-bill, announcing the performance, on June 10, 1852, in Cincinnati, of the Great Biblico-Historical Drama, the Life of Jesus Christ, with the characters and the names of the performers. -- [L.]

Page 767. The Scriptorium. —A most interesting volume might be written on the Calligraphers and Chrysographers, the transcribers and illuminators of manuscripts in the Middle Ages. These men were for the most part monks, who laboured, sometimes for pleasure and sometimes for penance, in multiplying copies of the

classics and the Scriptures.

"Of all bodily labours which are proper for us," says Cassiodorus, the old Calabrian monk, "that of copying books has always been more to my taste than any other. The more so, as in this exercise the mind is instructed by the reading of the Holy Scriptures, and it is a kind of homily to the others, whom these books may reach. is preaching with the hand, by converting the fingers into tongues; it is publishing to men in silence the words of salvation; in fine, it is fighting against the demon with pen and ink. As many words as a transcriber writes, so many wounds the demon receives. In a word, a recluse, seated in his chair to copy books, travels into different provinces without moving from the spot, and the labour of his hands is felt even where he is not." Nearly every monastery was provided with its Scriptorium. Nicolas de Clairvaux, St. Bernard's secretary, in one of his letters describes his cell, which he calls Scriptoriolum, where he copied books. And Mabillon, in his Etudes Monastiques, says that in his time were still to be seen at Citeaux "many of those little cells, where the transcribers and bookbinders worked." Silvestre's Paleographie Universelle contains a vast number of fac-similes of the most beautiful illuminated manuscripts of all ages and all countries; and Montfaucon, in his Palaographia Graca, gives the names of over three hundred calligraphers. He also gives an account of the books they copied, and the colophons with which, as with a satisfactory flourish of the pen, they closed their long-continued labours. Many of these are very curious; expressing joy, humility, remorse; entreating the reader's prayers and paidon for the writer's sins; and sometimes pronouncing a malediction on any one who should steal the book. A few of these I subjoin:-

"As pilgrims rejoice, beholding their native land, so are transcribers made glad,

beholding the end of a book."

"Sweet is it to write the end of any book."

"Ye who read, pray for me, who have written this book, the humble and sinful Theodulus."

"As many therefore as shall read this book, pardon me, I beseech you, if aught I have erred in accent acute and grave, in apostrophe, in breathing soft or aspirate; and may God sawe you all! Amen."

"If anything is well, praise the transcriber; if ill, pardon his unskilfulness."

"Ye who read, pray for me, the most sinful of all men, for the Lord's sake."

"The hand that has written this book shall decay, alas! and become dust, and go down to the grave, the corrupter of all bodies. But all ye who are of the portion of Christ, pray that I may obtain the pardon of my sins. Again and again I beseech you with tears, brothers and fathers, accept my miserable supplication, O holy choir! I am called John, woe is me! I am called Hiereus, or Sacerdos, in name only, not in unction."

"Whoever shall carry away this book, without permission of the Pope, may he incur the malediction of the Holy Trinity, of the Holy Mother of God, of Saint John the Baptist, of the one hundred and eighteen holy Nicene Fathers, and of all the Saints; the fate of Sodom and Gomorrah; and the halter of Judas! Anathema, amen."

"Keep safe, O Trinity, Father, Son and Holy Ghost, my three fingers, with which I have written this book."

"Mathusalas Machir transcribed this divinest book in toil, infirmity, and dangers

many."

"Bacchius Barbardorius and Michael Sophianus wrote this book in sport and laughter, being the guests of their noble and common friend Vincentius Pincllus, and Petrus Nunnius, a most learned man."

This last colophon Montfaucon does not suffer to pass without reproof. "Other calligraphers," he remarks, "demand only the prayers of their leaders, and the pardon of their sins; but these glory in their wantonness."—[L.]

Page 770. Drink down to your peg!-One of the canons of Archbishop Anselm, promulgated at the beginning of the twelfth century, ordains "that priests go not to drinking-bouts, nor drink to pegs." In the times of the hard-drinking Danes, King Edgar ordained that pins or nails should be fastened into the drinking-cups or horns at stated distances, and whosoever should drink beyond those marks at one draught should be obnoxious to a severe punish-Sharpe, in his History of the Kings of England, says: "Our ancestors were formerly famous for compotation; their liquor was ale, and one method of amusing themselves in this way was with the pegtankard. I had lately one of them in my hand. It had on the inside a row of eight pins, one above another, from top to bottom. It held two quarts, and was a noble piece of plate, so that there was a gill of ale, half a pint Wincester measure, The law was, that between each peg. every person that drank was to empty the space between pin and pin, so that the pins were so many measures to make the company all drink alike, and to swallow the same quantity of liquor. This was a pretty sure method of making all the company drunk, especially if it be considered that the rule was, that whoever drank short of his pin, or beyond it, was obliged to drink again, and even as deep as to the next pin."—[L.]

Page 771. The convent of St. Gildas de Rhuys.—Abelard, in a letter to his friend Philintus, gives a sad picture of this monastery. "I live," he says, "in a barbarous country, the language of which I do not

understand; I have no conversation but with the rudest people. my walks are on the inaccessible shore of a sea, which is perpetually stormy. my monks are only known by their dissoluteness, and living without any rule or order. could you see the abby, Philintus, you would not can it one. the doors and walls are without any ornament, except the heads of wild boars and hinds feet, which are nailed up against them, and the hides of frightful animals. the cells are hung with the skins of deer. the monks have not so much as a bell to wake them, the cocks and dogs supply that defect. in short, they pass their whole days in hunting; would to heaven that were their greatest fault! or that their pleasure terminated there! I endeavour in vain to recall them to their duty; they all combine against me, and I only expose myself to continual vexations and dangers. I imagine I see every moment a naked sword hang over my head. sometimes they surround me, and load me with infinite abuses; sometimes they abandon me, and I am left alone to my own tormenting thoughts. make it my endeavour to merit by my sufferings, and to appease an angry God. sometimes I grieve for the loss of the house of the Paraclete, and wish to see it again. ah Philintus, does not the love of Heloise still burn in my heart? I have not yet triumphed over that unhappy passion. the midst of my retirement I sigh, I weep, I pine, I speak the dear name Heloise, and am pleased to hear the sound."-Letters of the Celebrated Abelard and Heloise. Translated by Mr. John Hughes. Glasgow, 1751.—[L.]

Page 780. Were it not for my magic garters and staff.-The method of making the Magic Garters and the Magic Staff is thus laid down in Les Secrets Merveilleux du Petit Albert, a French translation of Alberti Parvi Lucii Libellus de Mirabilibus Natura Arcanis: - "Gather some of the herb called mother-wort, when the sun is entering the first degree of the sign of Capricorn; let it dry a little in the shade, and make some garters of the skin of a young hare; that is to say, having cut the skin of the hare into strips two inches wide, double them, sew the beforementioned herb between, and them on your legs. No horse can long keep up with a man on foot, who is furnished with these garters."-Page 128.

"Gather, on the morrow of All-Saints, a strong branch of willow, of which you will make a staff, fashioned to your liking. Hollow it out, by removing the pith from within, after having furnished the lower end with an iron ferule. Put into the bottom of the staff the two eyes of a young wolf, the tongue and heart of a dog, three green lizards, and the hearts of three swallows. These must all be dried in the sun, between two papers, having been first sprinkled with pulverized saltpetre. Besides all these, put into the staff seven leaves of vervain, gathered on the eve of St. John the Baptist, with a stone of divers colours, which you will find in the nest of the lapwing, and stop the end of the staff with a pomel of box, or of any other material you please, and be assured that this staff will guarantee you from the perils and mishaps which too often befall travellers, either from robbers, wild beasts, mad dogs, or venomous It will also procure you the good-will of those with whom you lodge."-Page 130.—[L.]

Page 782. Saint Elmo's stars.—So the Italian sailors call the phosphorescent gleams that sometimes play about the masts and rigging of ships.—[L.]

Page 783. The School of Salerno.—For a history of the celebrated schools of Salerno and Monte-Cassinc, the reader

is referred to Sir Alexander Croke's Introduction to the Regimen Sanitatis Salernitanum; and to Kurt Sprengel's Geschichte der Arzneikunde, I. 463, or Jourdan's French translation of it, Histoire de la Médecine, II. 354.—[L.]

Page 829 He must spell Baker.—A local expression for doing anything difficult. In the old spelling-books, Baker was the first word of two syllables, and when a child came to it he thought he had a hard task before him.—[L.]

Page 848. To King Antiochus, etc.—See Whiston's Josephus, Antiquities of the fews, Book XII. chap. v.

Page 849. The Dungeons in the Citadel.—See the Apocrypha, Maccahees, Book II. chap. vii.

Page 863. The bones of Julius - 1.e., Julius II., who became Pope in 1503. The Julius who appears in the poem is Julius III.

Page 865. San Silvestro.—See Grimm's Life of Michael Angelo, II. 293-305.

Page 881. It was the Constable of France, . . . That I had slain.—See Memoirs of Benvenuto Cellini, chap. vii.

Page 901. And ah, that casting !- See Memoirs of Benvenuto Cellini, chap. xli.

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